

The World
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WHAT THEY CAUGHT

Fishing Anecdotes Which Are Out of the Ordinary Run.

An Ancient Fish Story from a Very Reliable Source.

Great and Small Catches and How They Were Made.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNEY.

THE EVENING WORLD has opened a Fish Story Contest as a novel, timely and interesting feature. The usual prize, a gold double eagle, will be given for the best fish story submitted.

ANCIENT BUT VERY GOOD.

A Fish Story Submitted by the Rev. Mr. ... Not as Original as Always Interesting.

Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go up to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me.

But Jonah rose up to flee into Parashah from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tharshish; so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tharshish from the presence of the Lord.

Then the Lord sent a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship like to be broken.

Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship, and he lay and was fast asleep.

So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him: What meanest thou, oh sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us that we perish not.

And they said every one to his fellow: Come and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is done unto us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah.

Then said they unto him: Tell us, pray thee, for whose cause is this evil upon us? What is thy occupation? and forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship, and he lay and was fast asleep.

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now better known as the Michigan grayling, because it is found in the waters of Northern Michigan only. In the pioneer lumbering days this fish was found in great abundance in the Maumee River, and at certain seasons of the year because so plentiful as to impede the current of the river. People desiring to graze simply went to the river bank and picked them out with the hand, just as they would gather driftwood. It is related that these fish were so closely packed that the men used one year as to prevent the loggers floating their timber from the runways to the mills at the mouth of the river. In after years the fish became scarce, almost extinct, but since 1878 they have been taken with the hook in large quantities. Wm. A. May.

Yes, It Was Strange.

Last Summer a wealthy friend of mine invited me to visit him at a famous sporting club on Long Island and try my luck at trout fishing. I boarded a train at Hunter's Point and when the conductor came to take up my ticket I was so engrossed in a copy of THE EVENING WORLD that, after having produced my pocketbook and taken my ticket therefrom, I absent-mindedly threw the pocketbook out of the car window, mistaking it for a cigarette pack, and just about finished. Overwhelmed with grief at my thoughtlessness I was hardly in any state to enjoy fishing. But fish I did, and after many hours was rewarded by a trout weighing over three pounds. While taking him from the hook his piteous expression, almost human, struck me, so setting him on the head I staid. Can any of your readers account for this remarkable coincidence? T. T.

Caught a Fish Rebbber.

I was fishing for sunfish on dock at Fifty-sixth street, East River, one day last March. I strung my fish on a strong line, made one end fast to the stringpiece of the dock and let the fish float in the water to keep them fresh. When I had about fifty on the string I thought of taking a rest. On looking down I noticed my fish disappearing. Seeing the last one grabbed the string and pulled it down and gave a sudden pull and felt I had something heavy on the end.

Finding I could not manage it alone I called a man to help me, and he pulled it on shore and was surprised to find a monster sea-bass had swallowed my fifty sunfish. Each of them weighed a half pound. We carried them up the bank to a clearing in the grass and opened the sea-bass. I found my sunfish all entangled in the intestines of the bass, otherwise unharmed. After cleaning the bass he weighed exactly twenty-five pounds. This is all true, as the man who helped me can prove. J. L., East Fifty-sixth street.

Fishing in a School of Bass.

This was my experience last August while fishing for black bass at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. I anchored my boat on the fishing grounds, baited and cast out my lines and awaited results. Ten minutes later, when suddenly looking around, I saw coming towards me an immense school of bass. The water for some distance around was black with them. I could see by the jumping of minnows that they were feeding. I calculated that they would pass near me, so hastily reeling in my three lines I was ready to cast among them. Seeing my chance, I let go my line and it seemed that the bait had not touched the water before a large sized bass struck it. I hooked him, and he struck me and hurriedly cast out the others and hooked two more. By this time they had all passed out of reach, so I went to work, and after much difficulty, landed the two fish which, upon being weighed, tipped the scales at 13 1/2 pounds. Strange to say, I killed no more that day. S. E.

"Jumping" Florida Mulletts.

Last Winter, while on a fishing cruise in the Indian River, Florida, I spent the night with an old time "Flinder cracker." About 12 o'clock at night we procured a big light-wood torch and entered the boat carefully so as not to alarm the fish. He sat astern and I in the bow, holding the torch as the boat was shoved fast into the stream. We had no sooner entered the stream than a school of mulletts headed for the boat and began plunging right square into it. They came so fast that I could not get a line on the glimmer, or they will sink us. This style of catching fish is called "jumping mulletts," and it is true. T. T. HADEN, 200 West Thirty-seventh street.

This Happened in Scotland.

Walking one day on the bank of a small stream in the south of Scotland, I saw a salmon in the water, close to an overhanging ledge. To cut a stick from a willow bush and fix a hook on it was the work of a minute. Lying gently down, I hooked him. My awkward position, coupled with the slippery state of the bank, enabled him to get his tail on my hand, he shooting off with hook and stick. A year afterwards, walking near the same place, I saw a fish in the stream lying under the bottom of my hat, and I was obliged to throw a line over him, when to my surprise fish and bush went off down the stream like a steam launch. I have known fish, after much difficulty, land the three fish which, upon being weighed, tipped the scales at 13 1/2 pounds. Strange to say, I killed no more that day. S. E.

SAVED BY A TARPON.

Startling Adventure of a Florida Fisherman and His Happy Ending.

It was at Punta Rasa, Fla., in the Summer of 1887 I prepared my skiff for a good fishing bout, and pulled out into the deep waters in the hope of catching one of those far-famed "red roppers," as the natives call them. I had just thrown over my line with hook well baited with a fat-sized shiner when I felt a savage tug at the end of my line. I gave a quick, responsive jerk, but in doing so lost my balance, falling headlong backward overboard. My impulse was to haul onto the line, and as I was sinking I got several turns of it around my arm and hand. Being no swimmer I felt that my only hope was in that line. It suddenly relaxed, and I was free to be going down, down to a bottomless grave. Hope deserted me. I knew that I was drowning, and was pulled up with powerful jerks. Suddenly my head bumped against the bottom of my skiff, and the next instant my hand was jammed against the gunwale. I clung there gasping for breath. After while I raised my head high out of water, my chest on the gunwale of the boat. The sight that met my eyes brought me still further to consciousness.

It Must Have Been a Straggler.

Capt. Krack, the greatest fisherman of New York, caught a large bass in 1856 in the following manner: He was fishing in the East River, opposite the Navy Yard, when he hooked a large fish. He struggled hard for about three hours, and being unable to haul him into the boat, he let his line out to its full extent, and was towed down as far as Governor's Island. Securing his boat he jumped ashore, and after a short, hard struggle, landed a bass, a regular beauty, which tipped the scales at 20 1/2 pounds, which was afterwards exhibited at the Bevere House, where it was admired by his fisherman friends. 875 Decatur street, Brooklyn.

Where Fish Abound.

A few years ago, when collecting hunting and fishing data for a railroad guide book, I was told of the so-called English grayling,

HELP IT ALONG.

Before Leaving Town Subscribe to the Free Doctor Fund.

Your Contribution May Save a Poor Little Life.

And It Will Make Your Vacation All the More Enjoyable.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes THE EVENING WORLD (\$100.00), Fannie Pollock's collection (\$4.00), etc.

A Band of Enterprising Workers.

I received a call this a. m. from a little miss with tickets such as I incline one to you. I send you one to show you the interest taken in this good cause. The little miss, whose name is Nellie Biefield, of 2111 Third avenue, says that there are three or four about her age working in this case, and from what I understand their amount will nearly equal that given by THE EVENING WORLD. They have already received quite an amount of cash. This little caller is a worker. Their ages are about twelve years each. Yours respectfully, WORLD READER, 49 Warren street, New York.

GRAND PARLOR FAIR

In Aid of "The Evening World" Sick Babies' Fund.

Wednesday & Thursday Afternoon & Even'g. July 10th-11th, 1889.

From 2 to 5 and 8 to 10 P. M. At No. 205 East 115th Street.

TICKETS - - 10 CENTS.

From a Brooklyn "E." Engineer.

Please accept my mite towards helping the sick little ones. It is through such channels the Lord helps them. O. F. BALSTON, Office of Chief Engineer Kings County Elevated Road.

Another Good Collection.

Here is \$4.25 collected by Fannie Pollock and friends at 437 East Fifty-sixth street for the Sick Babies' Fund.

To Help the Babies.

I am a little girl and am going to the country. I thought I would spend my last day in collecting some money to help the little sick ones. I send \$4.00. SUSIE PINSON, 127 Hancock street, Brooklyn.

From "a Pugilist Out of Work."

I am a pugilist, out of work, but I find money no object for such an honest cause as THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund. I inclose you my mite (five cents), and will send more when I win that \$3,000 purse offered by the California Athletic Club. MARTIN E. SLOCUM.

More Mites.

Inclosed please find a few collections I have made in the cause of the Baby Fund, as follows: Adolph Mayer, 10c.; Walter Klaber, 5c.; Theodore Bernan, 10c.; S. L. Bear, 10c.; A. W. Welch, 5c. By kindly accepting the same you will oblige, ADOLPH MAYER.

"BLIND LOVE," the Latest Thrilling Romance by WILKIE COLLINS, begins in the SUNDAY WORLD. Don't Fail to Start this Story with the First Instalment.

Jake Kilrain Writes About His Training for the Great Battle. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

BRIDES OF THE CHURCH.

Three Young Women Make Their Vows at St. Teresa's Church This Morning.

An impressive ceremony took place at St. Teresa's Church this morning. Two young women took their solemn vows in the order of St. Ursula, a convent of which is attached to the church, and a young girl took the white veil of the novitiate.

Killed After Leaving His Sweetheart.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., June 29.—While returning from a visit to Mary O'Brien, whom he was to marry next week, William Sauerwein last night fell from the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway bridge and was killed. He was a prosperous marketman in this city.

"BLIND LOVE," a new Novel by WILKIE COLLINS, Opening Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD. Don't Fail to begin with the First Instalment.

Bowery Music. (From Poek.)



Mr. Wragg (to lodging-house clerk)—See here, mister, I can't sleep, because dat feller in der nex' room snores so awful! Clerk—Huh! Yer didn't expect to get a lullaby by der Metropolitan Opera-house orchestra fer 15 cents, did yer?

"Chinese Polks," a Musical Gem Written Expressly for the SUNDAY WORLD by C. Edgar Dobson.

BEAT ITS RECORD!

"The Evening World" Scored Its Best on the Yale-Harvard Race.

It Was the Only Sporting Extra Worthy of the Name.

No Other Paper Gave the News of the Race Last Evening.

Its Realistic Picture of the Great Aquatic Event the Wonder of All.

It was again demonstrated beyond a doubt last night that THE EVENING WORLD'S Sporting Extra is always up to the times and spares no pains to furnish the earliest news of all the important sporting events that will interest its readers.

THE EVENING WORLD was the only paper that printed an account last evening of the great race between the crews of Yale and Harvard, and much satisfaction was expressed at its enterprise.

All lovers of outdoor sports were on the watch to hear the result of the race, and when the alleged Sporting Extra (?) of another afternoon paper came out there was a rush for it by people who were anxious to learn the outcome of the great contest between the collegiate lighters; but their surprise and disgust when they hunted through the sheet and failed to find what they most desired was outspoken.

The worthless "Sporting Extra" was thrown away in contempt, and it was said: "Oh, wait until THE EVENING WORLD comes along. It will have it." And it did.

Although THE EVENING WORLD was published but a few minutes later than the bogus Sporting Extra, it contained a full and graphic report of the contest, between the representatives of the rival colleges.

When the paper was sent out on the street there was a wild rush made for copies, and the newshyds did a livelier trade than they have for many a day.

The regular readers of THE EVENING WORLD waited until that paper was brought to them, and a majority of those who had been swindled by purchasing the alleged "Sporting Extra" were prompt to supply themselves with copies of THE EVENING WORLD.

It was a great paper—as it always is. In addition to giving the report of the great race, which divided attention with the game of baseball between our Giants and the Indianapolis team, THE EVENING WORLD'S Sporting Extra gave reports of the other baseball games, a full description of the Cedarhurst races, interesting sporting gossip, a story of the preparations for the nine-day walking-match at Coney Island, a story concerning the prospects of a race for the America Cup, the Sullivan-Kilrain fight and much more interesting sporting news, besides a complete record of the day's doings in all parts of the country.

Such a paper as THE EVENING WORLD presented its readers with last evening, is beyond comparison with any other sheet.

Those whose good fortune it was to obtain copies of THE EVENING WORLD extra before they were all sold, were loud in their praise of the enterprise exhibited in giving the report of the "Variety" race, for that was the most important and interesting feature.

Indeed, the story was pronounced complete, and many exclamations of surprise were heard at the novel manner of reporting in a cut the race as it was rowed over the New London course.

Many wondered how one that was so great a deal of skill. Special correspondents of THE EVENING WORLD'S staff were stationed at different points all along the University course, and they sent bulletins every few moments telling how the race was progressing.

These reports were received over special wires leading to THE EVENING WORLD'S editorial rooms, and then sent to the compositor, who set them in type, so that within a few seconds after the race was finished the paper was put to the press-room, and the paper was sent out on the street in a very few moments.

The cut which accompanied the report of the race, showing the full course, with the exact positions of the crews as they started and as they ended the race, was a marvel of the zinc etcher's art, and showed how rapidly a plate can be turned out by THE WORLD photo-engraving department.

A large plate was first made, showing the course over which the crews rowed.

Then the plate was brought into THE EVENING WORLD editorial rooms, and the article was set in type, so that the reports of the race were received, and as fast as information, telling where the boats were and how they were transferred the small plates made to represent the boats to the large plate.

In this way a complete picture of the race was given, and as good an idea of the race as could be obtained from THE EVENING WORLD'S diagram as by attending the race itself.

The boats were shown at the starting point opposite Groton Heights, then at the first mile, when Yale was two seconds ahead; again at the second mile, Yale being 27 seconds in advance of her competitor, and at the end of the third mile, when the Yale crew was 17 seconds in advance of Harvard, and last of all, and the most important, a picture of the finish was given, showing Yale well in advance of the Harvard crew.

This work was one of the most novel that has ever been undertaken by an afternoon newspaper, and THE EVENING WORLD received credit on all sides.

THE EVENING WORLD is always on deck, usually first and often alone.

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Child-Wrangs of India for the SUNDAY WORLD.

BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.

Table with 4 columns: League, Team, Wins, Losses. Includes National League and American Association.

Atlantic Association.

Table with 4 columns: League, Team, Wins, Losses. Includes Jersey City, Worcester, etc.

Refused a Toast to the German Emperor.

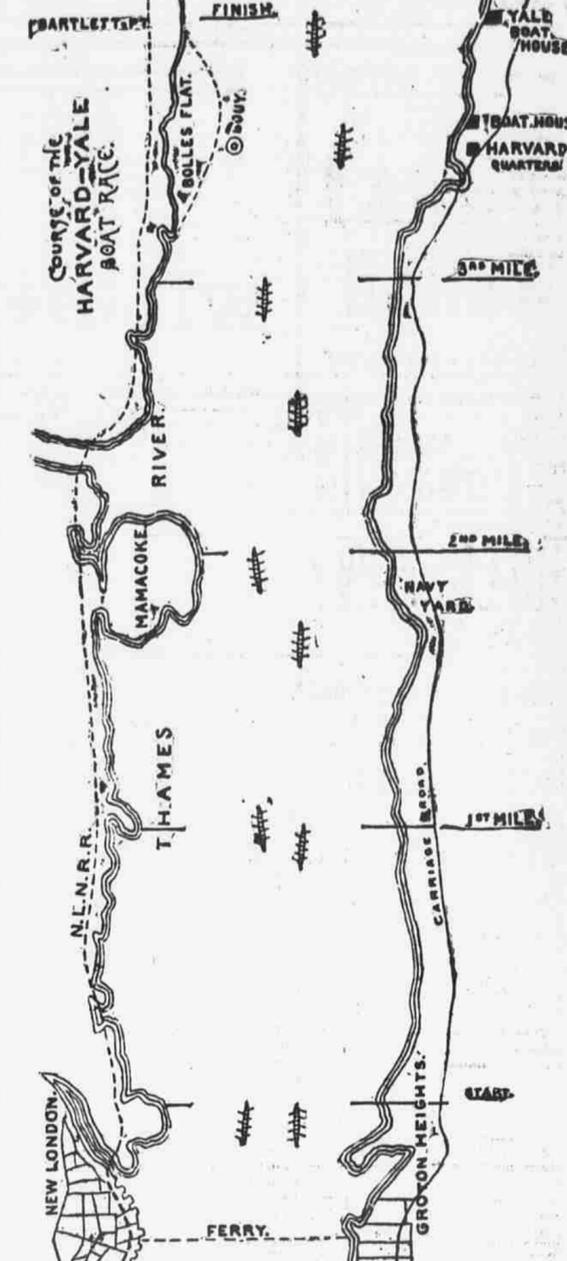
BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION. BERLIN, June 29.—The Gazette at Magdeburg reports that some Russian officers, dining recently with several Germans at Stuttgart, refused to drink a toast to the German Emperor.

An Astonishing Tale of Marital Infidelity Among Prominent Society People of New York. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

THE NEW LONDON COURSE.

Diagram of the Scene of Yale's Aquatic Victory Over Harvard Last Evening.

(From Yesterday's "Evening World" Sporting Extra.)



CHAINED TO A FLATIRON. HATTON'S NECK WAS BROKEN

NOVEL METHOD TO CURE TOMMY BIRMINGHAM OF RUNNING AWAY. BUT DR. SHEPARD SAYS THAT DROWNING WAS THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

He Was an Incurable Lad and His Father Adopted This Punishment—It Did Not Hurt Him, but Was an Effective Check—His Sister Tells What a Bad Boy He Is.

Little Tommy Birmingham, of Newark street, Jersey City Heights, was running about the streets this morning near his home. His heart was light, for he was free from the fetters which have kept him at home most of the time for three weeks.

Tommy is a bright lad, about ten years old. He has an irresistible desire to run away from home and school. To be put up in the narrow confines of the school-room, and be deprived of the pleasure of running around in the free air, is a severe punishment to him.

Tommy has caused his father considerable trouble and anxiety, and about three weeks ago he hit upon a plan to keep the boy at home.

A flatiron, weighing about five pounds, was fastened to Tommy's wrist by a dog chain. He carried the flatiron around the house and yard. He could have gone out on the street if he had wanted to, but he was ashamed to do that.

Father has had so much trouble with Tommy," said his twelve-year-old sister to THE EVENING WORLD reporter this morning. "He used to run away every chance he got, and he wouldn't go to school if he could help it."

"Papa thought the flatiron and chain would keep him at home, and it did. The chain didn't hurt Tommy's wrist. It was put on just tight enough so he couldn't slip his hand through."

"Mamma was buried Thursday. She had been sick a long time, and papa was worried about Tommy and thought this would be the best way to keep him out of the house."

"Are you looking for Tommy Birmingham?" asked a man on the corner. "Well, you won't catch him. He saw you coming out of his house and knew you were after him, so he just scooted down the street. Oh, he's a sharp boy, Tommy is."

Seeking a Wage Franchise.

Lawyer Frank J. Bowman, representing a corporation the promoters of which are not known, is seeking to secure a franchise to run a line of eight stages from the foot of Wall street, near the foot of Liberty street, North River.

Puzzles and Prizes for the Little Folks in the SUNDAY WORLD'S Children's Page.

"BLIND LOVE"

will be printed in THE SUNDAY WORLD, beginning to-morrow. This is a Modern Story with scenes laid in Ireland.

Readers of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," and other marvellous productions from Wilkie Collins's pen will be certain to read

"BLIND LOVE."

Begin with the beginning. Remember that this story will be published EXCLUSIVELY in America in the NEW YORK SUNDAY WORLD.

THE ONLY PAPER IN THE FIELD.

THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra was the only paper in New York, or indeed in the whole country, that gave the public last evening the news of the result of the exciting Yale-Harvard boat race.

And not only was the result of the race printed in these columns yesterday, but detailed bulletins of the preliminaries and a lucid description of the great race from start to finish.

The account was graphically illustrated with a large double-column cut of the course, showing the boats at their relative positions at each mile of the course from the start to the finish. This was an unparalleled achievement in the line of rapid illustrative work.

Hardly had the colors of Yale reached the haven of aquatic victory at New London when THE EVENING WORLD, with its bulletins and its accurate diagram, was selling on the streets of New York.

THE EVENING WORLD tries to be duly modest, but it is proud of this achievement and of the enthusiasm, with which it was received by its myriad readers in all parts of the metropolis and vicinity.

Next!

GLORIFYING THE POOR MAN'S SUGAR-BOWL.

The history of monopoly never recorded a more brazen and atrocious robbery of the people than that now being engineered by the Sugar Trust speculators.

The jeweled hand that clutches the poor man's sugar-bowl is insatiate in its greed. The price of this necessity of the people has already been raised 40 per cent by the Trust managers, and the height of their avarice is far from reached.

The apparent apathy of the public serves as encouragement to the schemers.

Is there no limit to the patience of the people?

FRED DOUGLASS AND HAYTI.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) WASHINGTON, June 29.—The selection of Fred Douglass to be Minister to Hayti is one of the most interesting of the President's latest appointments.

The discussion of the appointment brings out very different ideas as to its wisdom and the qualifications of the appointee.

A large number of people look upon Mr. Douglass as a man of great ability, and in view of the complications disturbing the Haytian Government it is urged that a white man, and one of exceptionally great qualifications, should be sent to represent us there.

Others insist that Mr. Douglass, as a representative colored man, is a man of great ability, and as generally known, first came to the North as a fugitive slave.

IT WILL BE CLEAR TO-MORROW.

Sevt. Dunn's Flaming Prediction for Those Who Contemplate an Outing.

Threatening clouds darkened the sky this morning. At times a few drops of rain fell, and it looked as though the day would be a rainy one. But as the morning progressed the clouds lifted and the sun shone out bright and clear, only to give place to the clouds again a little later.

The atmosphere was hot and muggy. In Sevt. Dunn's sky parlor on the roof of the Equitable Building, however, it was cool and comfortable. To an EVENING WORLD reporter Sevt. Dunn said that the outlook for to-morrow was bright.

There might be light showers this afternoon, and the thermometer would remain stationary, but to-morrow will be clear. The temperature this morning was 74, with 82 degrees of humidity.

Gilmore at Home Again.

There will be a grand concert this afternoon and evening at the Oriental and Manhattan Beach Hotel. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore's return to the hotel will be celebrated by two grand concerts to-morrow afternoon and evening, at which will be heard his wife, Italo Campesini, Signora Clementina De Vere and Miss Helen Dudley Campbell.

Mrs. Debuté Goes to the Island.

Mrs. Annie Debuté, who was sentenced for a term of one year and fined \$200 for brutally assaulting her seven-year-old stepchild, Della, at her home, 508 West Thirty-fourth street, was this morning taken from the Tombs in the Black Maria, to begin her sentence in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

Lecture by Dr. McGlynn.