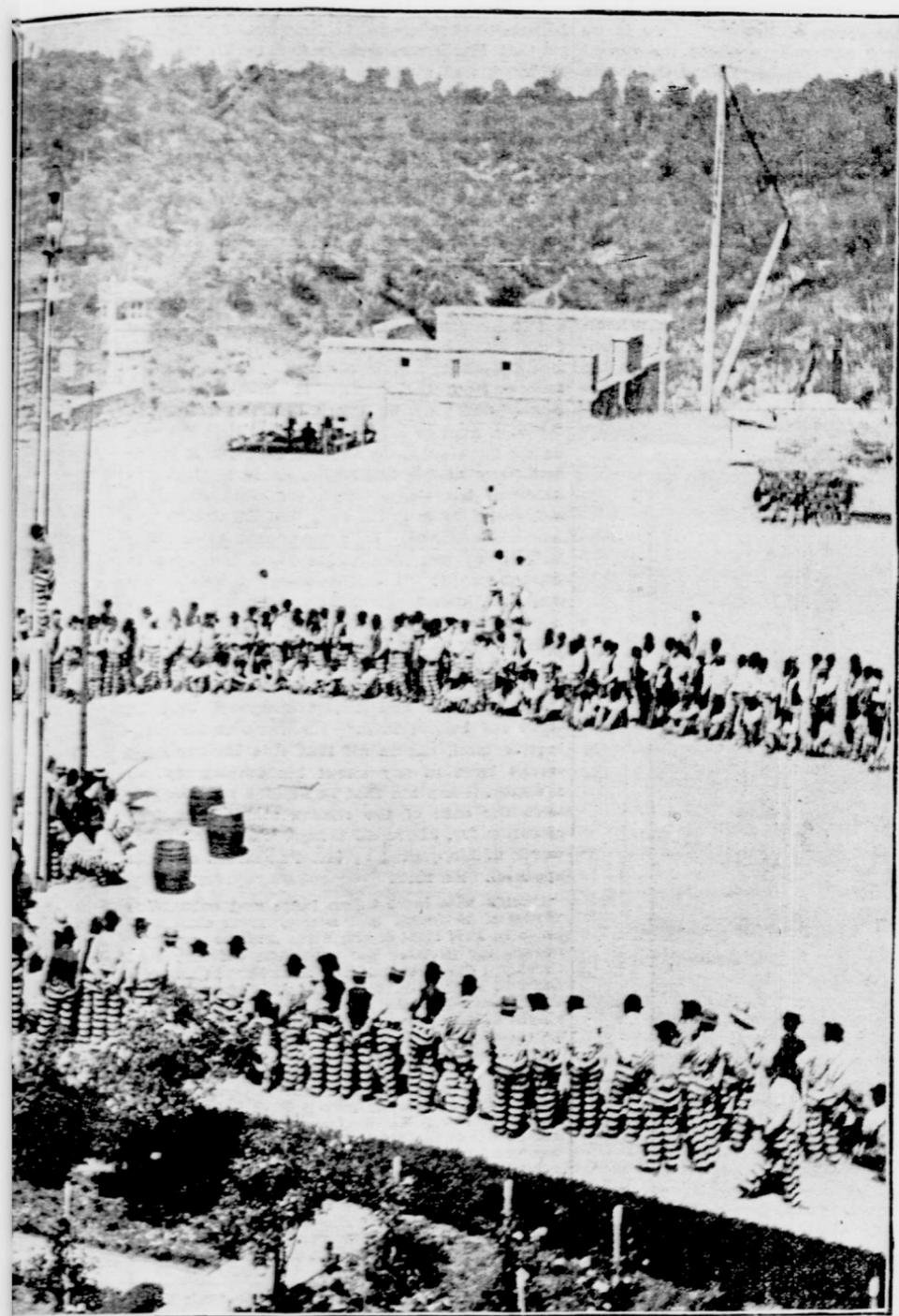


S ARE ALLOWED TO CONVERSE, SMOKE AND ENGAGE IN ATHLETIC PASTIMES



PRISON YARD ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

a chance shot, and it was a successful one. Briare now struggled with the remaining convict who held him, and succeeded in jumping over a steep bank, pulling the prisoner with him. This was the opportunity that the guards longed for. The moment Briare was out of their way, they opened a withering fire from Gatling gun and rifle. Just as the firing began Captain Murphy, the pluckiest and most capable officer the prison has ever known, arrived on the scene and, with Warden Aull, joined in the battle. These two officers and a guard named Fitch were human targets for the convict fire for twenty minutes. When the first shot was fired the escaping prisoners took refuge among the granite rocks and returned the fire of the guards. After a fusillade which lasted for nearly twenty-five minutes, a hat placed upon a gun barrel suddenly appeared from the convicts' lair as a signal of surrender. Upon examination it was found that three prisoners were killed, two of them being literally chopped to pieces by the Gatling gun fire. One was hit by thirty-two bullets and another by twenty-nine. Of the remaining five men three were severely wounded and two were unhurt. No guard or officer was injured. The convicts believed that the guards would be intimidated by the audacity of their plan and the presence of their weapons. Sontag remarked, when he was placed on the operating table of the prison hospital: "We played our cards wrong, and lost; but we have another game coming, and we'll win." The interpretation of this was that when they next attempted an escape they would conceal themselves first and shoot down the unsuspecting men that guarded their way of exit.

Prisoners have tried to escape in various ways. They resort to all kinds of strategy. One fellow lived for a couple of days in a sewer, hoping to eventually get away; but he was finally located in a half dead condition and received the "red shirt degree," which means that when a prisoner attempts to escape he is made to don a bright scarlet shirt, so that he can be distinguished more readily from the convicts with the regulation striped shirt. A white band is sewed across the back of this cardinal shirt, and the convict's number is displayed upon it in large black figures.

Another instance of convict strategy occurred at Represa eight years ago. A prisoner employed in the paint shop secretly weighted and sewed together a number of burlap sacks and painted them the color of alfalfa. Shrouded in this disguise, which resembled a great green

lizard, he crawled through an alfalfa field and would have escaped had not a guard discovered his trail. Sometimes convicts conceal themselves in the trucks of the prison train. A few have boldly jumped into the river. One convict plunged in above the dam, and went over the 80-foot falls. His body was never found. Another prisoner concealed himself in a refuse barrel, and had an accomplice cover him over with garbage, but at an inopportune moment he put his head out for air and was discovered. Every train and vehicle that leaves the prison grounds is thoroughly searched, and escape by that means is practically impossible.

The main portion of convict labor is used in the quarrying and dressing of granite. The newly arrived prisoner is placed in the quarries regardless of his trade or profession. After a few months have passed, and the officers learn

something of the man, he is placed, if their opinion of him is favorable, at the work of his craft, provided, of course, that his craft is not the picking of pockets. Some of the men are very clever, and, though convicts, still bear the trace of innate refinement and culture. These men usually fill the preferred positions. A large corps of men is also assigned to the cultivation of fruit, vegetables and hay for the sole use of the prison.

The food of the convict is better in quality and variety than in most State prisons. The heavy labor of the men requires it, and the rich and abundant products of the California soil make it an easy matter to feed the convict well.

The Chinese, Japanese and negroes are quartered by themselves. The Chinese prisoners are quiet, giving little or no trouble to the officers. They submit to prison rule with a resignation that is pitiable, yet humorous, to observe. Trouble with the Chinese prisoners is invariably encountered when they first arrive. The Chinaman will vigorously protest at first and finally "kow tow" and "salaam" to the turnkey in the hope of saving his queue from the barber's shears. But his protests are all in vain, for the queue is clipped—usually by force—amid the shrill chattering of the sorrowful Chinaman.

MACEDONIAN REFUGEES.

Continued from sixth page.

could not lie on their backs from burns and bruises inflicted in order to make them divulge where the guns of the revolutionists were hidden. Four had their legs broken. They had been carried across the border by companions. One man had several ribs broken, and the ligaments of his chest were so badly strained that he would be deformed for the remainder of his life. He said that a rope had been tied about each of his shoulders, and a stick stuck through it at his back, and the cord had been twisted tighter and tighter until his shoulder blades almost met, and, unfortunately for him, he did not know where a single gun was, and had not money enough to buy one from his persecutors, for the Turkish troops sold guns to the peasants in order to confiscate them. Mme. Bakhmeteff was told of burns in some hospital cases where hot irons were put on the refugees' backs to enable the soldiers to extort guns or money for them.

"I want to see these, doctor," she said to the little man in charge at Dubnitzka.

The doctor looked at her in amazement. He was not accustomed to women of Mme. Bakhmeteff's stamp.

"This is a serious matter, doctor," she said. "When I get back I want to be able to say I saw."

The attendants were ordered to bare the men's backs and to prove to Mme. Bakhmeteff that what they and the doctor said was true. It was a horrible ordeal, but the courageous woman went through it bravely. The peasants down in that country believe that bruises and wounds and burns are cured most quickly by the application of the raw side of a fresh lamb-skin. Several refugees wrapped up in this way arrived while Mme. Bakhmeteff was on the frontier, and as the hides of the sheep were pulled off their backs much of their own skin came with them. Her sympathy went out mainly to the women. Many were crazed by the crimes and atrocities which had been committed. Some of these horrors were indescribable. It had been the custom in one province to steal young Christian girls for the harems of Turkish governors and other officials. As soon as a female child began to reveal promise of physical charm a small cross was tattooed between her eyes. The cross saved these girls from inferior harems, but drew upon them other persecutions, and many so marked were among the fugitives.

Many women had had their girls as mere children captured before their eyes by soldiers, and if the men interfered they were shot down. One woman came across the border with her infant on her back, and when she lifted it down found it cold in death from a bullet fired at her as she was crossing into Bulgarian territory.

Women and men were crowded into the same little hospitals when Mme. Bakhmeteff arrived. Many were lying on the floors, with hardly skins enough to cover them. She secured other buildings, had them fitted out with cots and blankets, and had the women moved into them. She went on to Katcharino, Risolelo, Dragodan, Bobochova, the monastery of the Bulgarian monks at Rilo and all the other towns where the fugitives were quartered, and she carried on the same work. Wherever she went she had an escort of soldiers, usually with an officer in charge; but her faithful kavass Yenni, a Macedonian himself, slept with all his weapons in his belt by Mme. Bakhmeteff's door every night and shadowed her by day. At Risolelo a bright eyed boy, about twelve years old, crept up to Mme. Bakhmeteff and asked if she would take him home with her. He had a remarkable story that won her heart, and she brought him back to Sofia when she came. His father and mother had disappeared, and he worked in a café for his living in a small town not far from the border. His master was suspected of being an insurgent, but no information could be got out of him. So the soldiers took the boy, carried him off to the woods and threatened to kill him if he did not tell where the man had hidden the guns. They had raised their swords to kill him when a large band of Macedonians came over a hill, and the Turks fled before them, leaving the boy behind. His rescuers sent him across the border with a band of fugitives. He begged piteously that Mme. Bakhmeteff would take him with her, and promised that he would serve her faithfully.

There is not work enough to employ a fifth of the refugees in the villages where they are quartered. In Dubnitzka, a town of 6,000 inhabitants, there are nearly one thousand, and they are still coming in despite the Sultan's reforms in Macedonia. In one little place near the monastery there are as many refugees as inhabitants. In consequence, they have to be supported almost entirely by charity. Mme. Bakhmeteff has managed her meagre funds with the utmost economy and has sought to save a remnant of the money which she has at her disposal until the warm weather. She has systematized everything and cut down her expenditures until the whole number of fugitives is now fed with three frugal meals a day at 28 centimes apiece—less than 6 cents—and at this low figure they have meat three times a week.

Before she made a second trip to the border Mme. Bakhmeteff went to St. Petersburg to report on her discoveries. There she was made an honorary member of the organization of which Count Ignatieff is at the head. Countess Ignatieff and Mme. Olga Navikoff are the only other women who have received this distinction. Mme. Bakhmeteff's reports were translated into many languages and sent by the various diplomats at Sofia to their governments, and there is little doubt that her work helped to unite the powers in their demands upon the Sultan for reforms. Mme. Bakhmeteff is the daughter of the late General Edward F. Beale, of Washington, who served during President Grant's administration as Minister to Austria. It was while she was in Vienna that she met and became the wife of the noted Russian diplomat, who now holds one of the most delicate posts in Europe. There are two other American women in Sofia whose husbands have high positions under the Bulgarian Government. Baroness Ebner Von Eschenbach is from Mexico, and Mme. Hadjimichief is from Chicago.



GENERAL VIEW OF REPRESA PRISON, CALIFORNIA.