

MRS. EVA HAMILTON.

A Visit to the Place of Her Imprisonment.

NEW JERSEY'S STATE PRISON.

It is a Gloomy Place—The Difficulty of Seeing Eva—What Good Behavior Will Do For Her.



HERE is a first-time for everything. One who has often entered that inclosure shut off from the outside view, where perhaps a thousand people form a little prison world, may have become accustomed to it; but one who visits it for the first time, as so with far different sensations. The prison walls are silent, but speak to the imagination of scenes within. Seldom, if ever, is a face seen at the barred windows, for these openings are too high for the inmates to catch a glimpse through them of the outside world. Indeed, a state prison is a gloomy, silent place, seeming from without to cover gloom and silence within.

The New Jersey state prison at Trenton, where Eva Hamilton is confined, is such a building in outward appearance. It is broad and low, of brown stone, and with something of the Egyptian style of architecture seen in the Temple of New York. About it are such low houses and yards as are to be expected on the outskirts of a city. The visitor who walks up to the door will find no side windows, as in ordinary schools. There is simply the door bell, which is pushed before the eyes of all who enter are printed rules for visitors. These mention times and intervals at which visitors, parents, brothers, sisters, may visit those within.

Then these people have parents, brothers, sisters. They are human beings. They are not cast off and cause others to suffer. The thing is answered by a prison official in uniform. The woman at the window, the visitor passes in, the lock is turned behind him, and the key—long about the officer's person—is withdrawn. It is not a pleasant feeling to



VIEW OF PRISON.

know that you are locked in. You pass to the right and are ushered into a reception room. It is the only apartment you will see fitted up like an ordinary room. While you wait, now and then a male prisoner, noting some visitor coming in, will look at you, wearing only the striped trousers and shirt without the jacket, passes in or out. Even here there is a better look than on the outside.

If you go to the prison to catch a view of Eva Hamilton you will be disappointed. Before you leave the reception room you may know this. So great has been the pressure to see this woman, so singularly attractive to the public, that visitors have been shut out of the woman's department altogether. Although the prison is usually open in every part at stated hours to those who wish to inspect it, since Eva Hamilton's arrival the woman's department has been closed to all who call. If you have special business with the prisoner, or if you represent the press, you may be favored, though even then the chances are that you will only be allowed to communicate with her in writing, and it is useless for sightseers to go to Trenton to see her, for she is not to be seen.



IN THE CORRIDOR.

As you stand looking about, a squad of prisoners pass. They all wear the striped trousers and jacket. Each man has his hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him, and all walk with the slow step of prisoners. A convict stands with his face to the wall, his head hung, and looking down at his feet. He is waiting for something or some one, and he will wait as long as it takes. This is prison discipline, and it is intended to keep the convict from gazing about him, especially at visitors.

The Trenton prison is composed of buildings or wings radiating from the central rotunda. Some of them are new, and some were built in 1877. The new ones have a line of cells built in several tiers, each tier with a balcony in the center, the cells facing outward on the sides. One can pass along one side of the end of the wing, around it, and back by the other side. The light is let in from high windows in the walls of the wing. The wings built in 1877 differ essentially in this respect. Instead of facing outward, they face inward, two rows being opposite each other and opening on a corridor. It is in such a wing as this that the woman are confined. Mrs. Patterson is the matron, and her exclusive care the prisoners are committed. While the male prisoners go to work in shops separate from the prison wing in which are their cells, the women work in the corridor upon which their cells face. In this corridor, flanked by three tiers of cells

one may see women in their plain old dressing of blue checked stuff, working at the sewing machines and with the needles. There are only thirty-seven of them, and they are kept busy making such articles as are needed in the prison. Mrs. Hamilton has not been set to work. Her nervous system has been badly strained, and doubtless her not being given work is by direction of the prison physician. Her cell is on the top tier. Here she passes her time brooding over her situation; perhaps looking forward to a time when she shall be released. She has been committed for two years, but by good behavior may reduce the term by four months and twelve days. This will make the term of her confinement one year, seven months and eighteen days, at the end of which time she may go free, and if the public curiosity about her is not cooled by that time she may fly very high as a sensation. But whether she will be rearrested and tried for conspiracy in foisting a spurious child upon Robert Hay Hamilton is another question. Judging by his past action, if her prosecution rests with him he will not trouble her.



EXERCISE.

The cell, like all others, is closed with an iron grating, through which the light from the window high in the wall opposite streams dimly. The cells of the women at work below are kept open. Mrs. Hamilton is locked since she occupied it. In it is a cot on which she spends much of her time. Beyond this there is no furniture except a wooden stool.

Nelly Bly recently created quite a sensation by publishing an interview with Mrs. Hamilton in The New York World, in which the prisoner told her side of the story of her woes. Miss Bly also gave some pictures of Mrs. Hamilton's appearance. The visitor found her in her cell lying on her cot, her face hidden in her hands, and she was crying bitterly. The door opened and the visitor stopped inside. In a few words she told the prisoner that she had come to give through the newspaper she represented all she might have to say to the world.

"Without a word," says Nelly Bly, "with-out one question, the desolate woman flung her arms around me and sobbed so terribly that I almost feared she would not be quieted."

"Her fiery hair had long since been cut off, and she had a pretty face, but a weak one. She looked so much younger than I had expected. In the simple blue gown, plain waist and straight skirt, with a black and white breakfast shawl pinned about her throat, her long brown hair hanging in one

WOMEN AT WORK.

braided down her back, she looked not more than 30 years old. A pretty, slender girl," Mrs. Hamilton had long since been visited denying much that has been alleged, but so far admitting being implicated in the purchase of children—though as she averred in other people's interest and for purposes foreign to imposition on Hamilton—that her denials do not seem to afford a good defense. Whether she will eventually prove her statements in a question which can not be decided till she comes into court. The Philadelphia Record gives an interview with Mr. Hamilton's lawyer, Mr. E. H. Root, in reference to these statements in which, among other things, he says:

"She had said repeatedly that if Mr. Hamilton would only come to her after her arrest she would explain everything which he considered a grievance. Like a gentleman, he did so, in order that she could have no excuse for saying he treated her unfairly, but when he visited her in jail she did not defend herself from the most important charge against her. In fact, she gave no explanation at all. Instead, she tried to regain her old power over him; but now, having given up all hope of receiving his assistance, she turns against him.

"The real point of the whole matter is that she admits being mixed up with procuring other babies, though claiming to be the mother of that named off on Mr. Hamilton. This we are prepared to prove untrue. On this whole question, I will add that all the vile insinuations with which she tries to blacken Mr. Hamilton's character, including the suggestion that he gave her money to pay doctors for criminal practice, are un-qualifiedly false."

The visitor having seen the involuntary home—if it can in any sense be called a home—of between 800 and 900 prisoners, turns his back without reluctance, the iron gate is unlocked, and lets him into the hall leading to the door opening on to the street.

The attending official then puts the key into the door, shuts the bolt, the door opens, and the visitor steps out into the pure air. The man walks down upon him; the streets, the houses, once more appear, while behind him he hears the bolt thrown back which separates the prisoners from what he sees and feels.

A Rural Opinion. The city girl's a queer concern. Tho' she's a lot of things she has to learn, Tho' she may claim with angry heat Her education a quite complete.

She don't know yabs from pizen weed, Nor noddin' 'bout about the feeds. Her noddin' 'bout about the feeds. Her noddin' 'bout about the feeds.

Her 'gally she's sheers of lux, An' as for cows and goats that's mild She's kinder pious that they're wild.

She can't climb fences, good, nor trees, An' she's no use at haults bea— But then jus take her all in all, She's purty nice—the city gal!

—Susie M. Best in St. George's Journal.

A CRISIS AVERTED.

Callithumpian and His Wife Exchange Domestic Grievances.

A painful exposition lifted across the face of the young husband. "It is time we understood each other, Elifeda," he said, as he drummed on the table with trembling fingers. "I think I have a right to know the cause of your dissatisfaction, your avowed loathing, your fits of abstraction and gloom."

"Have I ever made any complaint, Callithumpian?" said the young wife, looking in a wistful, melancholy way out of the window. "You have not, Elifeda," returned Callithumpian. "If you would only say what it is I would see if I couldn't fix the thing up somehow," he continued, despondently, "even if it cost me \$4."

"I wouldn't cost more than—but no matter!" exclaimed Elifeda, hopefully. "Then you confess that it is something that might be healed by the disbursement of a little filthy lucre?"

And Callithumpian W. Magruder took out a lean and bilious looking pocketbook. "I confess nothing."

The young husband replaced the pocketbook with great promptness and precision of mind. "Elifeda," he entreated, "won't you tell me what it is that ails you? I know you are not happy."

"I cannot deny it—and a tear stood in her eye—"I don't even enjoy my gun!"

"If you can't trust me, Elifeda, whom can you trust?" "Give it up!"

"As ye please men!" remarked Nora, putting her head in through the doorway. "What'll ye have for dinner the day?"

"Anything that's in the house, Nora," replied the dejected mistress; "it doesn't make any difference."

"Elifeda," vociferated Mr. Magruder, as the kitchen lady withdrew, "has this trouble of yours anything to do with the victrola?"

"Callithumpian!" replied the young wife, in a voice of misery, "I don't know why I should keep it a secret any longer. Think of me as you will, but I cannot help it. My heart is breaking, Callithumpian!"

she sobbed, "for—for—a—mass—of—of—of—cabbages!"

The devoted young husband took the hysterical form of his cherished Elifeda on his lap. "Is that all?" he whispered in her ear. "My own, I have a confession to make myself. I have not always been the gay, light hearted creature I have seemed. With outward calmness I have been writhing and miserable on account of an unmet longing for onions! I did not dare to speak of it. I did not know how you stood on the onion question. I sternly repressed the longing. I suffered in silence. But we will sorrow no more, my darling. The shadow of domestic discord is lifted from our house. H! there, Nora! Nourah!"

"Yes!" "Cabbages and onions for dinner, Nora, and plenty of them! Do you hear?" "Yes, sir."

And while the afternoon waned and the shadows grew longer and longer and the wind of early autumn blew softly through maples, whose leaves were ripening for their fall, the happy Callithumpian W. and Elifeda Magruder sat hand in hand in the cozy parlor and sniffed in sublime contentment of soul the essential New England odors that stole upward from the kitchen and permeated all the hallowed precincts of their home—Chicago Tribune.

Involuntary Generosity.

Mr. Creek of Northport—Can I get you a pair of the 'tonny ketchup, friend?"

The Fall. Now cooler winds begin to blow, The solar fire less fiercely glow. The heated tent is nearly o'er, The paper collar wags no more.

The girl puts up her bathing suit, Her haste of straw the wealthy suit. The fat man laughs aloud with glee, Nor more his mind is in a tree.

The yacht is out at wharves and docks, We're near the autumnal equinox. And people who regard their health For autumn clothing spend their wealth.

Physico-Financial Sermons. "Look here," said Grabbinger to Slopegh, "when are you going to pay me that hundred dollars you borrowed about eight years ago?"

"Do you mean to say that I owe you a hundred dollars?" "To be sure. You certainly haven't forgotten it."

"My dear sir, I do not doubt that you loaned a hundred dollars to some one eight years ago, but I can demonstrate by science that I am not the man."

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He Had Not Finished.

First Boy—Say, Jim, throw away that cigar and join with me. Second Boy—No, I don't want to, I ain't near sick yet—Mumsey's Weekly.

It Wasn't the Principle. A young man with excited soap and flushed face halted an officer in front of the City Hall the other day and stated that he had been robbed.

"When and where?" naturally inquired the officer. "Out on the exposition grounds this forenoon."

"How much?" "Well, as near as I can figure it there was about forty cents in the pocketman's."

"Have any suspicions?" "No, I missed it after coming out of the main show."

"Principle of the thing be hanged!" hotly exclaimed the young man. "What I'm after is my forty cents, and if I don't get it I'll have to walk thirteen miles on the railroad track! Principle is all right when you have a big bundle, but I'd see a ton of it blowed high sky before I'd walk thirteen miles!"—Detroit Free Press.

My Pretty Typewriter. My office of late has seemed brighter. More cheerful by far than it was; it may be the pretty typewriter. Who sits near my desk is the cause.

A radiant, beaming young creature; In typewriting circles a belle; Always fit to smile to each new To punctate rightly or false.

Her mouth like a half opened rose is, Her hair rivaled gold in the sun, Tip tilted her dim little nose is, Her eyes are a heavenly blue.

I really should feel lost without her; For while there's no cause for alarm, There's something attractive about her: A thrilling, intoxicating charm.

Her typewritten letters are fearful, Her fingers they tickle my ears, I could not, and she becomes tearful, And thinks I am awfully dear.

She breaks into silvery laughter As soon as forgiven, and I've forgotten no end of them after. She's gone—she leaves promptly at five.

My wife, who is somewhat suspicious, Dropped into my office today; And found me I thought it judicious To send my typewriter away.

I really shall feel lost without her, For while I intended no harm, My wife noticed something about her. That filled her dear soul with alarm.

What the Other Girl Gets. One of Denver's leading and wealthiest citizens has just built an elegant residence on Capitol Hill. It is intended as a wedding present to a daughter who is to be married soon.

Distracted Sportman who has mistaken his companion for a deer and shot him—O, how grieved I am! Wounded Man—Certainly, old boy, I am sorry I was not a deer. It will be such a disappointment to you.—New York Sun.

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