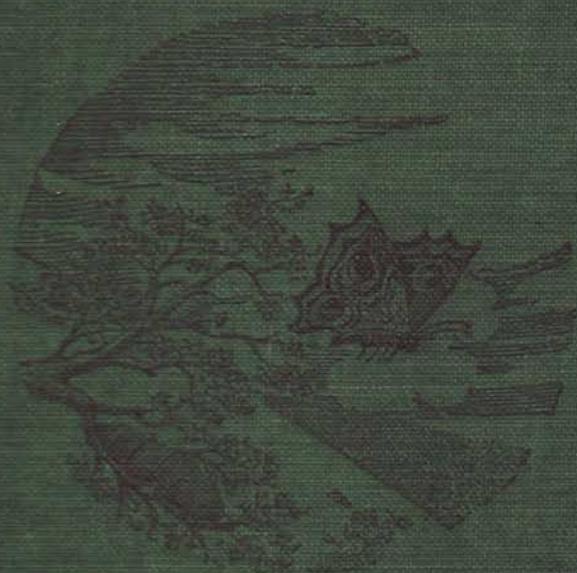


The CHRYSALIS



PRISON EPICS

BY

Inmates of State and Federal Institutions

1916



OUR ERRING BROTHER IN QUOD
The old boy is thinking it over

Drawn Expressly for THE CHRYSALIS by an Inmate
of Sing Sing.

The Chrysalis

by

FEDERAL PRISONERS

And Inmates of State Penal Institutions

J. J. O'DONNELL
Publisher
ATLANTA, GA.

Note—To avoid complications with prison rules, kindly address all communications, relative to this volume or the contributors, to the Publisher.

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J. J. O'DONNELL



PREFACE

THE CHRYSALIS is a unique work—the only collection of its kind ever published. Sociologists, criminologists and prison welfare workers have presented to the public page after page dealing with American prisons and the unfortunate strata of society found behind their walls, but they have never been convicted and to the minds of a great many, this makes a tremendous difference. The views presented in this volume are the first authentic collection of original manuscripts from the pens of the prisoners themselves.

The authors comprise an army of prisoners recruited from representative penal institutions of the United States. The gems of thought included in these pages are the brain product of the brightest minds to be found in prison cells. Segregated from their fellowmen by high walls and guarded watch towers, these prisoners have combined to give to the public in general and to thinking American citizen in particular, the views of the man behind locks and bars.

The volume draws pictures true to life of conditions in prison and of those who dwell there. This is of mutual benefit to the public and the prisoner. The public is interested in knowing the prisoner exactly as he is, for only in the light of this information can correct judgment be formed concerning treatment of the delinquent. The prisoner, on the other hand, is equally interested, for public opinion must in the end be the governing factor in penal affairs.

THE CHRYSALIS bubbles over with inspiration; it teaches courage and fortitude; it pleads for a universal brotherhood of man. No philosophical study of society—no scientific doctrine of crime and criminals can be complete without intimate knowledge of the subject. It was with a desire to satisfy this need of intimate knowledge, the Editor conceived the idea of THE CHRYSALIS. In presenting it to the public, he believes he is furnishing the answer to many of the complexities and riddles linked with the most stubborn of human problems—the problem of reformation and reclamation for the weak and unfortunate rather than punishment and vengeance.

DEDICATION

In a spirit of deep appreciation, I beg to dedicate this little volume to all of those of freeman's estate as well as prisoners everywhere. The verse and prose herein contained have been written in the solitude of prison cells under difficulties known only to those who have been similarly situated. The surroundings of the contributors, as may be easily imagined, have not been highly inspirational.

The book not only has literary value, but, if read in the spirit in which it was written, will divert and exalt the mind of the reader.

THE EDITOR.

Note.—Owing to the stigma attached to being incarcerated behind the gray-walls-of-retribution, the Editor has omitted the names of the authors. The signature of many was merely a number as inmates of prisons are not known by names behind the grim walls.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

In selecting an appropriate name for this book, the triumph of the Federal prisoner and other contributors, who have risen from the sordid conditions behind prison walls, led me to think of the butter fly that comes radiant from the ugly cocoon, and I chose the title:

"THE CHRYSALIS"

In looking over the manuscripts I could scarcely realize they emanated from those cities-of-the-living-dead—prisons.

When one reads beautiful verse and prose, he naturally thinks of them as issuing from beautiful sources, charming surroundings, inspiring scenes and circumstances. As Senator James Hamilton Lewis once said: "The jewel must have its setting, the rose must have its perfume, the masterpiece must have its frame, the poet must have his inspiring surroundings. The world must have its beautiful women, with their gowns and jewels and expensive hats and tidy shoes and soft attentions." That men with only the bare necessities of life, shut away from every good force, crushed down into utter oblivion, should rise from the ashes of their shattered lives and give to the world such exalted and exalting thoughts as these lines is beyond doubt proof that the soul of man has depths unfathomable, powers indestructible.

In undertaking the publication of this volume, I do not so much serve the prisoners, as honor myself.

Though the circumstances under which these prison epics were written would be sufficient to arouse curious interest in them, I commend them to the public solely on their merits. They are the utterances of souls undismayed.

The Chrysalis



The aims and objects of publishing the little book entitled THE CHRYSLIS, I deem most worthy; and judging from the contents I believe, where the volume goes, it will bless mankind.

James G. Woodward

Mayor of Atlanta, Ga.

STATE OF OHIO
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
COLUMBUS

Feb. 10th, 1916.

Mr. J. J. O'Donnell,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of your letter calling attention to the publication you are to issue under the title, "The Chrysalis", which book is to embrace articles from the brightest minds incarcerated in penal institutions of our nation. It seems fitting in this connection that you have chosen "The Chrysalis" as the name for your brochure, the word "chrysalis" meaning "the gold-colored pupa of butterflies".

I am sure the pulsing sentences of those penal institution inmates who will contribute to your publication will be sentences teeming with pure diction; sentences tending to prompt to higher ideals, to a nobler purpose in living; sentences that will inspire us to sugar up a bit our sour days and to ever grasp opportunity to extend a cheery greeting and helping hand to the ones less fortunate than ourselves.

I am glad to know of your purpose to place such a booklet on the market and shall count it a pleasure and a privilege to be so fortunate as to secure a copy thereof. It is self evident that this publication will not only benefit the man and woman behind prison walls; it will as well bring to the man and woman, blessed with freedom, a higher sense of the obligation they owe to society.

Yours very respectfully,



Governor of Ohio.



JOHN E. WHITE, D. D.
Pastor Second Baptist Church.

FOREWORD

*"Two men looked through prison bars;
One saw mud, the other saw stars."*

The readers of this lovely little book will come into fellowship with men who had the opportunity to "see mud," but who won their soul's emancipation because they looked for the stars. It will help you to visit their observatories and see the stars through their eyes. They will teach you to study the stars for yourself and to kick the mud triumphantly from your feet. For we are in prison somehow. Life's barriers of sin and sorrow and death shut every man in. Therefore, this book is a good book for every man. It is a rare and exquisite collection, being free-hearted and sincere. We, who have never seen the authors would call them our "Brethren" and wish them mighty well for all their days.

JOHN E. WHITE, D. D.
Pastor Second Baptist Church.

APPRECIATIVE

It is with a feeling of pride we offer to the public THE CHRYSALIS. Not pride in any individual; not pride in any individual effort. But a proper exultation in the results of the efforts of all who have contributed to the making of this book.

Men well known in the ecclesiastical and literary world, men who have proved themselves both brilliant and gracious, have devoted their valuable time, their able talents and their spirit of superlative love to the task of aiding and uplifting their weaker brethren.

These men of achievement, of kindly spirit, of helping hand, have proved to all Christendom that unselfishness is imbedded in their hearts and that helping the other fellow is their daily occupation.

Contributors to this volume include prisoners confined in penal institutions from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from San Quentin to Blackwell Island. These men furnished their letters especially for the encouragement, uplift and educational advancement of prisoners everywhere, and to some extent, enlighten the non-inmates as to the character, the needs and the rights of the inmates, with the sincere hope that THE CHRYSALIS WILL HAVE A LARGE SALE AND BECOME A POWER FOR GOOD—A NATION-WIDE, RECOGNIZED CHAMPION OF THE WEAK AND UNFORTUNATE.

Have we not, then, ample justification for pride, when we can present to the public THE CHRYSALIS, containing their beautiful thoughts, so beautifully expressed?

Especially cordial acknowledgment is due the following gentlemen who, from the goodness of their hearts, made the book possible, by guaranteeing the payment of its production:

HON. JOSEPH M. HUFFAKER, Commonwealth's Attorney.
REV. DR. H. K. FENNER, Pastor Second English Lutheran Church.
REV. DR. W. H. BRINEY, Pastor Broadway Christian Church.
REV. DR. S. S. WALTZ, Pastor First English Lutheran Church.
REV. DR. J. W. CANTRELL, Rector Methodist Episcopal Church.
REV. JOHN H. STILLI, Pastor St. John's Church.
MR. CLEM HUGGINS, Attorney-at-Law.
MR. F. HUNTER BURKE, Attorney-at-Law.
DR. JOSEPH A. SWEENEY, Atherton Building.
MR. T. W. CALLAHAN, Theatrical Manager.
MR. ROBERT DONAHUE, President Donahue Detective Agency, Realty Building.
MR. JOSEPH H. TOAL, New York.
MR. CHRISTOPHER McCULLOUGH, Brooklyn, New York.

INTRODUCTORY

C. B. WILMER,

Rector St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Georgia.

The primary purpose of this little book is, through its sale, to raise a fund wherewith the author of these poems may start life anew after his release from the Atlanta Federal prison.

I am informed that with him "writing is rather a diversion"; that "he has never been schooled in writing, and has not received so much as a penny for his work in that line of endeavor. His serious work while penciling poems was doing penal servitude, cutting stone in the sheds of the Federal prison."

Perhaps I may be pardoned for relating a personal incident explaining how I happened to become acquainted with the author's writing and interested in the writer. A little more than a year ago, in the spring, I had been thinking of my Easter sermon.

Easter, as the Festival of our Lord's Resurrection, we rightly regard as a joyous occasion. But as the brightest light casts the darkest shadow, whenever an obstacle intervenes, so here. The Resurrection of our Lord has as its background His Crucifixion; and that means sin. Moreover, just because the Resurrection was the King's being "established" as King of men, His "making good" in common parlance, this means that the present day rejection of the Risen King is sin worse than the original Crucifixion.

And so with the "shadow of Easter" in my mind, it chanced, or it came to pass, at any rate, that my eye fell upon the following poem in the columns of the ATLANTA CONSTITUTION:

FROM A PRISON CELL

"There is no hour so dark, so black,
As that which turns the memory back
To scenes and deeds we thought we had
Forever buried with the dead.
A thing once done can never die;
It boots not how serene the sky
May spread and smile above our head;
A thing once done can never die;
The best way to undo the deed
That makes our heart and conscience bleed,
Is just to look above and say,
I will pursue a better way.

A man, no matter how debased,
Or low, or fallen, or disgraced,
Can rise above his yesterdays,
By deeds to-day all men must praise.
One thing we never must forget;
We owe all mankind the debt
Of service and of friendship true;
Who pays this debt must live anew.
And this his high record shall be—
A freeman of eternity."

The above poem so evidently proceeding from the author's own inner soul life, and not being the product of imagination or sentimentality, made so deep an impression upon me that I used it entire in my Eastern morning sermon, and naturally became interested in the other literary work of the same writer, but most of all in the man himself.

The writer of these lines is not in any sense a literary critic, and makes no attempt to appraise these poems as to their literary value; but he begs to call attention to the general fact, and the significant fact which appears here and there, that the author's incarceration has had the effect of throwing him in upon himself; in other words, has given him an opportunity which comes to many men through prison walls of many kinds, but of which he has availed himself in an unusual degree.

The following quotations will illustrate my meaning:

FROM "SOLITUDE."

"The angels of the thought world come
And deign to make with me their home;
Converse with me in language rare
That makes my life a heaven here.

I see what they can never see,
Who pass their time in city throngs;
And free as they can never be,
To sing the world's eternal songs.

The prisoner, forgot, alone,
Where friendship's voice is never known,
By thy assistance, quits his den,
And breaths sweet Freedom's air again.

FROM "HEART OF HEAVEN."

"O, heart of heaven, breathe on me
Thy fragrant breath of purity;
Chasten my soul and make of me
A freeman of eternity.

The question of the value of these sentiments or of their mode of expression from a purely literary point of view seems to me quite impertinent when compared with their value as witnessing to the power of a soul made free. They bring fresh testimony of the fact that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage"; and that "the mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell; a hell of heaven."

This leads me to mention the author's views of prison management, which have been published from time to time in GOOD WORDS, the paper published in the Federal Prison, and have attracted the favorable attention of such able and discriminating magazines as THE OUTLOOK, edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

I may call attention to the following two quotations from "Rhyme and Reason":

"When we put men in prison they should be put there because they can not be trusted with freedom, not because of retaliation and a desire for revenge"; also, "Going to prison does not degrade a man, it only publishes his degradation."

I most earnestly add my wish to that of the author's other friends that this volume may find a sale which will materially aid him in his laudable ambition of usefulness in life, and also spread abroad ideas which can not fail to be a blessing to others.

A Tribute from Rabbi Dr. David Marx

Here is a man who has heard God's song in the night. Deprived of physical liberty, he has dared lift up his eyes to the mountains and has found in their loftier altitude that Help which pushes back nocturnal darkness and doubt, and bathes all life in light and joy. He sings in prison. His appeal is to that which is best in man. Experience has not embittered him. Nay, rather, it has ennobled him. It has given him a philosophical attitude towards the evils that befall. Like Epictetus of old, he too, has refused to surrender that freedom of the soul which is man's rarest and noblest possession. For such men, prisons of stone and steel compel the thought how best to live so that their companions may catch the inspiration:

"Within, within, deliverance must be found;
Each one, his prison makes."

We welcome this little book, especially the verse, which was flung red hot from the soul-forged of one who, while in prison has emancipated himself. It is a message to his fellowmen outside the walls. A perusal of its pages raises a mighty question:

"Who is a prisoner;
Who is really free?"

David Marx

Minister to The Jewish Temple, Atlanta, Ga.

AN INTERESTING MAN

The author of these poems is an interesting man. He has done something wrong; that makes him interesting. He confesses his guilt. A confession is always interesting. Sinners as we are, we wonder what evil the other man has done. We listen, or we read with interest, but better still, we note that the author has learned, or is learning, by "means of evil that good is best." This book is a product of that experience, and by happy choice in its title suggests how "out of evil good may come." Instead of being a condemnation of penal confinement, it is an able defense of it. The prison has been a means of grace; solitude has turned the man's thoughts inward; leisure has given rein to his imagination; reflection has lent it aid and given to fancy atmosphere and wings. He soars to higher things.

With all these elements of interest, THE CHRYSALIS goes forth with a message to struggling men. It is not a tract or a history, but a lyric poem, telling of what men have thought and wrought. Out of his suffering he is able to sing a song of hope and faith and courage. Others, more fortunate, but bearing each his cross, may be inspired by this example and say, "What man has done that man can do again."

It is the old lesson newly told—out of darkness comes light; out of error—truth; out of death—life; out of prison—freedom and righteousness.

Let us trust that the man who teaches has learned his lesson and can use his freedom nobly.

Better than the poems is the man behind them. Let us wait and see what he can make of his life. He has made so much out of defeat and bitterness, we look with interest to see what he will make of joy and gladness.

An elder prisoner spoke of "fighting a good fight, running the course and of keeping the faith." This sentiment, a modern writer has turned into verse. Let us quote a poem to a poet and make it our God-speed:

"Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in, and lend a hand."

J. R. Arkin

Dean of St. Philip's Cathedral, Atlanta, Georgia.

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT

A Human Interest Story

"THE CHRYSALIS reminds me of an incident of human interest. In fact, every time I see the author of the poems I think of it; yes and every time I think of him my mind harks back to the happening," said an Atlanta Prison Guard.

"I have seen many sorrowful and heart-rending sights in my life time. I have seen men shot, stabbed and slashed into ribbons, crushed and beaten. I have seen two men caught by a powder explosion, their eyes burnt out and the skin peeling on their faces, and heard them begging to be put out of their misery. But the most heart-rending thing I ever went through (and there is nothing tender about me), happened in the East Cell House shortly after the author entered the prison, in the dead silence of a summer's night, when I was on the 'dog-watch.' As usual, I was noticing many who could not sleep. Self-communing, the aching of sorrowing hearts kept them awake. All of a sudden, out of the stillness of midnight the terrible agonizing voice of the author rang out in his sleep:

"'Oh! Mother! Mother! Mother!'

"That cry sent a shudder through me and moved me more deeply than all the other sorrowing and horrowing scenes I have referred to rolled into one. If I had the power to grant a pardon or a parole that night, that chap would have been the one to have received it. When a lad can call on his mother in his sleep, he is not all bad. There are hopes for him, and it is up to society to exploit the good that is in him, or put up with the bad that is in him."

"HELP THE OTHER FELLOW."

—*Henry Ford*

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"Book of Unique Value" says George Gordon Battle, America's foremost criminal lawyer and prison reform worker

JAMES A. O'GORMAN
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TELEPHONE 4334 HANOVER
CABLE ADDRESS "COUNSELLOR"

37 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Feb. 12th, 1916.

J. J. O'Donnell, Esq.,
Editor of "The Chrysalis",
Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Mr. O'Donnell:

The plan of "The Chrysalis" as outlined in your letter attracts my deepest interest. Such a publication expressing the views of some of the most intelligent of the unfortunate men who have run counter to the laws will have a unique value.

At the present time there is a widespread interest in the great subject of prison reform. The country is awakening to the fact that our methods of punishment are not only cruel but expensive and inefficient. There is no tendency to abate the punishment of the man who wilfully violates the law. In fact, I think that the importance of self-restraint and the necessity of conserving public order and decency is becoming more emphasized. The lessons taught by the European war show the need for discipline and obedience by authority on the part of our citizens.

On the other hand, the punishment should be so devised as to reform the individual as far as is possible, and at the same time to protect society. Above all, the penal law should be enforced in the spirit of humanity.

All of these considerations are in the thoughts of the men and women of this country who are giving attention to our national problems. Such a book as "The Chrysalis" will be of great value to all who are sincerely studying this question. Furthermore, the book will be keenly interesting as a human document and will stand as a monument to a worthy deed. I wish for it every success.

Faithfully yours,

Geo Gordon Battle

Resolve

Written Expressly for and Dedicated to the THE CHRYSALIS
by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile, to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee.

Prate not of thy repentance. But believe
The spark divine dwells in thee; let it grow.
That which the upreaching spirit can achieve
The grand and all creative forces know;
They will assist and strengthen as the light
Lifts up the acorn to the oak-tree's height.
Thou hast but to resolve, and lo! God's whole
Great universe shall fortify thy soul.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Right of the Prisoner

Written expressly for THE CHRYSALIS by the Hon. Edw. F.
Dunne, Governor of Illinois.

Prisoners found guilty of violating the Criminal Code forfeit, for the time being, their right to liberty but not their manhood, nor the right to redeem themselves by good living. When confined by the State, reformation of the convict and not vengeance should be the motive that actuate his keepers in their treatment of the convict in prison.

Discipline can be enforced without brutality and the debt of imprisonment can be collected by the State without usurious inhumanity on the part of the jailer. When the debt is paid the prisoner should be released in so far as possible, "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled," to resume his rights and duties outside of prison walls.

The ledger between him and the State having been balanced by the debt and its payment the State, as well as the prisoner, should turn over the leaf and open up a new account.

This has been the policy of the State of Illinois in recent years.

E. F. Dunne

Governor of the State of Illinois

"GOOD WISHES"—*from Jane Addams*

Editor THE CHRYSALIS:

I wish very much that I could send the article for which you ask, but I am already so far behind with writing I have promised myself that I dare not take on anything more at present.

With all good wishes for the success of THE CHRYSALIS, I am, sincerely yours,

Jane Addams

Hull House
Chicago

People Growing Better

Written Expressly for THE CHRYSALIS by Joseph H. Toal, of New York. Man of Affairs and a Friend to Prisoners Everywhere.

Prison reform and a study of the prisoner, his crime, morality, environments, education, mentality, social possibilities and impossibilities, together with a determination to elevate him by a process of reasoning, helpfulness and encouragement, are not the least of the many things which go to prove that the world is growing better. Prisoners, with prison-living conditions improved, are everywhere evidencing an appreciation of this new interest taken in their behalf, and, as in other reforms where sincerity and practicability go hand in hand, are responding in a reciprocal manner.

With the dawn of each succeeding year comes an epoch of advancement in humanity's morals, learning and understanding, proving to all observing ones that the world—the people—is growing better.

Joseph H. Toal

Punishment

Written Expressly for THE CHRYSALIS by the Hon. Clarence Darrow, famous Western lawyer and author.

The law has no power for finding the worth of a man. Certain people pass statutes forbidding this act and that, and sending to prison those who do the things that are forbidden. A man is arrested and placed on trial. Neither the court nor the jury tries to find out whether the man is good or bad, but only whether he did the thing charged; he may have done it and still be better than the jury that convicts him and the judge who send him to prison.

Man is filled with conflicting emotions. He hates, he fears, he envies and is jealous. Likewise he loves, he is loyal, he is sympathetic and charitable. All life is a conflict between these emotions, ever moving him this way and that. The more emotional the man, the farther the pendulum swings back and forth. The weaker the emotion, the narrower and safer the path; the less he is for good or ill or rather for good and ill. Only the dead are free from evil and these alone have no emotions. All emotions are rooted deep in men and necessary to the preservation of life. Hate and fear have done their part and are still doing their part to save the individual life. It ought to be that these emotions will grow less needful as the ages go by, until through the magic of imagination, love and sympathy and charity can preserve the race, but no artificial laws or cruel punishment can help in this development.

The man who maliciously kills his neighbor, and the jury and the judge who send him to prison or death are moved by the same emotions—hate and fear. No one could kill or condemn the man he loves. Every person who really loves another can understand and account for his every act and even love him more for the deep feelings that take possession of his life. All judgments are hard and cruel. They take no account of the emotions of the heart but condemn the acts alone.

No man is his own creator. He is born with certain feelings, passions, instincts and cast in certain environment which controls his life, and then praised or blamed, not for the things he did but the things that were done to him. Every act is the result of causes reaching back to the beginning of life, causes which are all powerful and which must produce the act. Every

one is a victim. Every one helpless in the mysterious toils of life. Whether what man calls evil can ever be wholly overcome, no one can tell, but certain it is that hate can not cure hate, cruelty can not destroy cruelty, fear can not cast out fear. Certain it is that love begets love, that charity breeds charity, that mercy and pity soften the hearts of men. To be all wise means to be all forgiving, for it means all understanding.

Every prison is built on hate and fear. Every prison makes hate and fear. Every prison feeds the things it seeks to cure. Even were we to admit that some are born so defective that they never can live with their fellow-man, then they should be confined and treated with all the love and care that the physicians, the nurse and the friend give to the sufferer in the hospital ward. All punishment falls short, for it fails to touch the heart; it seeks to control by fear, which can have only an evil result. No one can be helped or purified excepting from within, and unless the heart is right nothing is right.

Before any real constructive work can be done to abolish the cruelty of prison, man must learn that punishment itself is illogical, unscientific and unspeakably cruel. Once take this terrible obsession from the brains of man and he can set earnestly at work to study causes, to change conditions and to find real cures. If one could admit that a court and a jury were all wise, and that they were clothed with the sight to read the soul and heart and the infinite causes that moved their victim, we might then have some respect for human judgments. But court and jury and lawyers are each and all limited, filled with prejudice and wholly ignorant of the foundation and emotions of life. They are blind condemners of the blind. The hopelessness of it all lies in the fact that the scientist, the student, the humanitarian, the best and greatest of the world have always known these things, and still the stupid and blind mediocre class which rules and has always ruled the world, has met hate with hate and fear with fear and added all the brutal strength to burden the hearts of men and add to the suffering and misery of the world. Still, in spite of this a new sense is coming over the world and it will not be so many years until humanity will ask pardon of the millions of victims whose lives have been broken in prison walls, just as to-day they bow their head in humility at the thought of the insane, the feeble minded and the geniuses that they once loaded with chains and confined to prison and visited with torture.

In St. Peter's Church

Written Expressly for THE CHRYSALIS by E. A. Barron, New York.
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This season of the year, when the heart throws off its worldly husk, and flowers into the beauty of altruistic love, the mind runs easily to the review of kindness and incidents that have sweetened the sometime too-acid wine of life. Looking along the way I have traveled, I see shining among the myriad remembrances, one simple episode which is to me at once the most beautiful and the most touching act of sympathy I ever observed.

It was fifteen years ago, a summer time in Rome. A friend and I had sought relief from the burning sun in the cool depths of St. Peter's, idling from wonder to wonder at the sacred vastness—so vast, you know, that in its area you may set the Cathedral of St. Paul's, London; the Doumo of Milan, and Westminster Abbey at once. Besides ourselves and some few figures in the far region of the principal altar, there was but a woman with a nursing babe in her arms. She was a picture of wretched poverty that still could smile. Her black dress of mean material, and worn, the figure that hunger had shaped to disproportionate slenderness, the half-nude child, the inert dejected attitude of the mother, made more pathetic the lingering loveliness of a face still young. I called my friend's attention to her.

"We'll give her something as we go out," he said.

Presently was heard a noisy smiting of the pavement, repeated at regular intervals. Coming stolidly up the nave, glancing neither left nor right, was an old man, a long rude staff in his right hand, who struck sharply against the pavement, supporting his steps as he walked. He had not removed from his head the ragged remainder of a gray felt hat. The woman looked at him oddly. She seemed to see something of closer kin to poverty than even herself, and so old, so pitifully old, yet so strongly resolute as he smote his way along as if to a definite objective.

She shifted her babe to the other arm as the man drew nearer. Opposite her he came to a sudden, hesitating halt. He looked around, searchingly, not curiously. He approached the woman and spoke to her. She pointed to the statue of St. Peter. The old man looked in the direction. He stood still a moment, then slowly took the rag of a hat from his head and went toward the image of the saint, a sort of awe manifest in his halting move-