

# PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 170.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## HOW PEOPLE GO TO JAIL.

AND WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM WHEN THEY GET THERE.

**The Magistrate's Expeditious Methods—What Jailor Rankin Has to Say About the Prison—Some More Facts About What Has Happened There.**

"The building is an almshouse, an insane asylum, a penitentiary and a jail—and what are we to do?" says Jailor Rankin in reply to some of the statements made by PROGRESS last week.

It will be remembered that PROGRESS distinctly stated that it gave only facts, leaving the public to judge how far the officials and the public were respectively to blame. The jailor cannot be censured for what he cannot help.

But the almshouse has a diet list under which men do not become physically prostrated; in the lunatic asylum patients are kept clean and well fed, and have medical supervision; in the penitentiary they are equally well off. The jail stands alone, unique in its dirt and in its effects in the debasing of humanity.

Mr. Rankin says there are no clothes to give long term prisoners. That is a matter for the municipality to look after. As a matter of fact, however, there are plenty of overall suits in the storeroom, and now and then some prisoners are allowed to wear them. They are fit for summer only.

William Apt was confined in the jail two months and twelve days waiting for trial, while the police were hunting up evidence against him. In that time there were imperative reasons why he should have had a frequent change of clothing, and twice, at least, orders to this effect were given by the police magistrate. They were not obeyed. The poor boy was in a pitiable state when he was sent to Dorchester where he found at least the cleanliness and medical attention that he needed while in the jail.

The board of health has visited the prison this week, in consequence of what PROGRESS said last Saturday. What their inspector discovered has transpired. He reports the ventilation bad, and the jail unhealthy. He ought to have said that it could not be much worse in either respect.

He will be convinced of this if he accompanies the turnkey on his morning rounds when the cell doors are opened.

Better still, if he could get locked up in a full cell for twenty-four hours, he will be able to swear to it.

So far as it went his report bears out every one of the statements that appeared in PROGRESS. He found the cells overcrowded and evidently had no difficulty finding the vermin. He suggested cleansing and a change of furniture!

Under the present system of doing things, it is quite possible for a man who is not even charged with an offence to become a prisoner in a criminal cell. Until recently every prisoner sent from the police court to the jail was accompanied by a commitment, which was the jailor's authority for holding him in custody. Of late, however, a more expeditious process has been in vogue. So soon as the prisoners are fined they are sent to the cells of the police office. Here it used to be the custom for them to remain until the commitments were made out, or as frequently happened, they could procure money to pay their fines.

Under the present order of things there is no such delay. Some court has decided that a lock-up is not a prison where prisoners may be detained after conviction, and so the magistrate, without waiting for a commitment to be made out, packs the offender into jail with all possible celerity. The policeman who accompanies him simply rings the bells of the jail office, and when the door is opened he passes the prisoner in without any comment. The turnkey receives his guest under the supposition that he is sent from the court, but for all he knows to the contrary the policeman may have grabbed the man on the street and shoved him in as a huge joke or part of a private plot to get somebody out of the way.

"What's your name?" asks the turnkey. (It depends on which one is in charge as to the form of reception.)

"Where is my commitment? That ought to show," may be the answer.

"Eh!" exclaims the astonished official. "Where did you get all your law? Well, you're in here and you've got to stay here. You had better answer the questions, for you will find this is the wrong place in which to be ugly."

True enough. There the prisoner is and there he has to stay, unless he avails himself of a lawyer who would soon free him from his illegal durance.

No wonder the policemen have instructions to keep a firm grasp on the arms of men thus taken without legal warrant from the police office to the jail. If they did get away would it be an escape in the eye of the law?

It might be supposed that the commitments would be sent in immediately after the prisoners. So they are, where the court has reason to apprehend enquiry. In cases where a good deal is involved, they

are sent with the body. In the great majority of common drunks, assaults, etc., however, there may be a delay of any time from one week to sixty days. In the meantime the prisoner only knows that he has been fined a certain amount, but whether his term in jail is to be ten days or six months is purely a matter of conjecture. In the meantime he is kept on the rack of suspense until the long delayed paper arrives and the turnkey informs him of his fate. An enterprising lawyer ought to find a profitable practice under this state of affairs.

Commitments are for ten, twenty, thirty days, etc. If a prisoner had reason to suppose that his term was ten days, but found no commitment at the end of that time, he would begin to be anxious. If on the eleventh day the commitment came in marked for the unusual period of fifteen days, he might suppose that the matter had been overlooked, and that five days had been added to legalize the detention beyond the usual time.

A short time ago a man was sent into the jail without being allowed time to get money to pay his fine. Three hours later he had the cash and at once informed the turnkey. That official told him that the commitment had not come in, and that he could do nothing until it arrived. He, however, undertook to procure it, but as his hours off duty were the hours of ease of the magistrate and his clerk, it was not until the next evening that the paper arrived and he was released. This man had never before been in jail. He had been convicted of drunkenness on the oath of a policeman, to whom he had given "back talk," and who was bound to prove a case, but he was advised by a lawyer that the conviction would be set aside on a review. He stayed in jail thirty hours after he was ready to pay his fine, on account of the court's way of doing business. In the meantime he was kept in a cell with five others, had to sleep on the floor on an ill-smelling bed, and had not even a blanket to cover him, because there were "none to spare."

PROGRESS showed last week that the jail is dirty. It is nonsense for the authorities to say that this cannot be helped. The beds, as they are called, are made of coarse sacking, containing a little straw. When a prisoner is discharged, his bed is thrown into a storeroom, where it is left in the company of all the other beds, wholly or partially dirty, until it is thrown into the cell of some new comer.

Under the most favorable circumstances these often used beds smell bad and are infested with fleas, but the prisoners look upon the latter as a very mild infestation.

In some of the lower cells, bed-bugs (said to be as large as five-cent pieces) may be seen crawling on the walls. In the same locality a prisoner and his companion killed fifty cockroaches in one night.

In every respectable public institution there is a diet list. It may be coarse, but it is usually sufficient to sustain the human body, and it is varied a little at times. Several years ago a rubicund and portly member of the municipal council succeeded in getting a motion passed that the jail diet be bread and water—and a limited quantity of bread at this. This inhuman order was put in force and continued until last year. It did not decrease drunkenness nor keep the jail empty. It simply shattered men's constitutions and unfitted them for any honest work. Such a diet would starve a dog. When there was evidence of a prisoner collapsing under it, the jail surgeon would try to repair the damage by ordering a change. It was not intended to kill men for getting drunk, but simply to torture them. Under the best of circumstances they came out with trembling limbs, wasted frames and pallid faces. How many lives that might have been made useful were wrecked by this barbarous usage can never be known. One case may serve as a sample.

A year ago last winter a young man was sent to jail for ten days. It was not long, but long enough to starve and discourage him, so he got drunk again and served ten days more. This did not help matters, and when he came before the court again he was sent up for twenty days. That settled the matter. Two days after his release he was prostrated from the effects of anaemia and debility, and nine days later he was dead. Bread and water killed him.

It was a slow, cruel, judicial murder, perpetrated in a prison where religious services are held two or three times a week, and where to this day well-meaning people try to administer spiritual food to physically hungry bodies.

If the man who was responsible for the bread and water diet could hear some of the curses which are still heaped upon him by some who experienced it, his face might lose some of its accustomed joviality.

There has been a better diet since July, 1890. It will, at least, keep body and soul together. It is the same thing the year round, and may be analyzed as follows:

An excess of hot water and molasses, with leaves which indicate the presence of a trace of tea.

Barley, or barley and rice broth, in which is a small piece of "flanks and shanks" beef, supplied at seven cents a pound.

Dry baker's bread. Plenty of coarse salt. In what quantities these are doled out and how they are served will be told later.

## SHE ONLY LOVES ONE.

A ST. JOHN MAN WILL ENJOY BACHELOR LIFE

And His Freedom, while an Englishman Takes His Place in the Affections of His Lady Love—Many Stories and Some of Them True.

The following interesting despatch from St. John appears in the *Mail*, of Halifax: "Society in this city is much excited over the somewhat extraordinary action of one of its belles. She is a well-known Orange street young lady, daughter of a popular and wealthy gentleman, and is now visiting a lady friend of hers in Halifax. She has for some time past been engaged to a well known bank clerk of this city, and judging from the attention paid to each other it has been long supposed that there was much love between them. Current comment long ago fixed upon the young lady the seal of faithfulness to her admirer, and it was known that she was wholly unable to remain away from St. John even for a few days' visit, because of her dislike to be absent from him. The marriage day was fixed—early in August—and an elaborate bridal trousseau was ordered from England. Every arrangement was perfected. Suddenly, and without apparently the slightest reason, the engagement with the bank clerk was broken off, and the young lady became engaged to another gentleman, a member of a well known firm here. She went to Halifax to visit, as stated above, and now the young gentleman to whom she is now engaged is a guest at one of your city hotels, and the engagement with him is to culminate in the marriage of the happy couple upon the day originally set apart and intended as the wedding day of the bank clerk and the young lady. And the bank clerk is not in it. Behold the fickleness of woman."

This is one of the queer paragraphs that should be headed "Home News from Abroad." PROGRESS prints it as such, and is pleased to have an opportunity of correcting some of its inaccuracies. On the whole, however, the story is correct, and as the usual nine days have not yet expired it is still talked about on every corner and in every nook where people gather and converse.

The young people referred to could not be better known if their names were printed in this column. They move among the people sometimes called "exclusive," and made no secret of the fact that they intended to stand before the minister in the near future. In fact, great preparations were actually made for that happy event. The prospective bride had a trousseau that was the envy of her admiring friends, and the good fortune of the gentleman was freely commented upon. PROGRESS is informed upon excellent authority that he, in the fulness and generosity of his heart, had gone to much expense and trouble in preparing a nest for his bird, and in this endeavor he had the cordial assistance of his friends.

The lady on the other hand had also entered into the preparations in a lavish and energetic fashion. The very latest whims in dress were ordered for the event, and the artistic ability of the future bride was utilized to decorate a portion of the trousseau. In other words it was "hand painted." To any one who does not follow the foibles of fashion, or even take much interest in that sort of thing, the stories that have been circulated about the outfit of the couple must have been very amusing. Some of them were true, but others were the output of vivid imaginations who related in just what was retailed in earnest. And so the story grew. The wedding was fixed for a Wednesday in early August, but it has been postponed. The lady has changed her mind. That is a woman's privilege, apparently, and she has taken advantage of it while she could. Her friends, however, and the majority of her sex will not agree that her hasty decision was in any degree just.

The reason for all of this must be sought in earlier attachments. Both the lady and gentleman had found congenial companions before they met, and had formed attachments which, in one case at least, was somewhat rudely broken off. The lady evidently retained much of her friendship and something beside for the young Englishman (who, by the way, is not stopping at a Halifax hotel but is in Toronto), which in his absence did not trouble her too much. He returned to the city some months ago, and the result was disastrous to the hopes and aspirations of the young Canadian.

**Must Have a Two-Cent Stamp.**

Every week a number of copies of PROGRESS are sent to the post office dead letter department. They are papers mailed by people in the city, who forget that the paper cannot be forwarded unless prepaid by a two-cent stamp—a one-cent stamp is not enough, for the sixteen-page page is over-weight. This should be remembered when mailing the paper to friends in other places; otherwise they will not receive the paper.

## ALL WANT A HOLIDAY.

How the Retail Clerks are Hustling for Friday Afternoon.

The clerks in the uptown stores have been doing some hustling lately, and the result has been that many of them have shorter hours of work.

When the tradesmen and employes in the wholesale houses were agitating for a Saturday half holiday last summer, the retail clerks knew it would be impossible for them to get such a privilege and they remained inactive. They worked their usual hours while their more fortunate fellow workers in other lines of business were off enjoying a holiday.

This summer, however, the Saturday half holiday has almost been lost sight of in the efforts that have been made in the way of securing a Friday half holiday. The "Friday half holiday" seems to be the cry everywhere, and one after another the different business houses are falling into line.

The grocers' clerks have been very active during the week, and Wednesday night presented a long list of names that showed just how much ground had been covered since they started out. But the canvassers were sad. Every man in the business had signed the paper except one, and as he kept a large store in a central part of the city, they were afraid that his refusal to enter into the agreement would make all their labor in vain. He had reasons for refusing to close his place of business, but as the same arguments had been set aside, and the agreement signed by a grocer who kept next door, the clerks were prone to attribute his unwillingness to sign the agreement to other causes. However, they were reasonable enough to understand that any business man has a perfect right to do as he pleased in the matter, and although somewhat disappointed, their labors ended so far as the solitary grocer was concerned.

The shoe clerks, however, were more persistent in their efforts to make the early closing movement general, and lost no opportunity of appealing to the public to help them out. Their only opposition was received in the North End, and the reception they received from a dealer in that part of the city probably had a good deal to do with their aggressiveness.

The clerks in every line of business, who are agitating for shorter hours, all recognize the fact that they are asking a privilege; and that their success depends on the good will of their employers. When their requests are not even considered with courtesy, however, this is apt to be lost sight of. One of the shoe dealers who refused to enter into the agreement, expressed an opinion of shoe clerks in general, that was not very flattering to say the least. The dealer thought they were a lot of loafers who were not killed with work at any time, and only wanted another opportunity to engage in their favorite pastime.

Whatever may be said as to the laboriousness of the work done by a clerk in one of the city stores, it must be admitted that the hours are long, and that being confined to their place of business from early morning to late at night is not conducive to health and happiness. That they are not busy at all times is not the fault of the clerks by any means, and anyone who is not a victim of chronic laziness will find killing time in a shoe store the hardest kind of work. As regards the shoe clerks' request for early closing, it is generally considered that in the majority of stores there is not enough business done after 7 o'clock in the evening to warrant them being kept open, and if their is any "loafing" done it is after that hour.

The stand taken by such firms as Waterbury & Rising, Geo. H. McKay, and others in regard to the matter is the more commendable. When they decided to close their stores earlier than usual, it was without any regard whatever as to what action others in the same line of business might take. They would close their stores, and whether others followed their example made no difference.

**Wanted to Make Sure.**

A story is told in connection with the late strike, which show, that no matter what may happen, some people are determined to keep up with the times. While the strike was on, the book keeper of one of the mills, was one day somewhat surprised to receive a call from the wife of one of the strikers. She wanted to know if he would advance her \$6. The book keeper consulted the owner of the mill, who readily granted her request, and the woman went away happy. Somebody, however, was curious enough to find out what the money was wanted for, and a startling discovery was made. The \$6 was invested in strawberries and sugar, which was in turn converted into the "family preserves." She probably was in doubt as to how long the strike would continue, and knew just how long the strawberry season would last.

**Large assortment Picnic Prizes, at wholesale prices at McArthur's Book Store King street.**

## NO LONGER A BIG HOLE.

THE OPERA HOUSE WILL OPEN ABOUT SEPT. 10 OR SEPT. 15.

**Splendid Seating Bought for the House—The Scenic Artist and Stage Carpenter on Hand—An Income Not Calculated Upon Which Gives 6 per cent Upon Paid Stock.**

The "hole in the ground" is no longer there—the St. John opera house will be opened September 10th or 15th. This statement is official—made by the president of the company, Mr. A. O. Skinner, to PROGRESS, and the public can accept it as such.

The directors have "got a move on them" lately and the sinews of war, or work rather, having appeared, their interest in the completion of the building has increased to such an extent that there is no lack of helpers now. That is as it should be.

There is plenty to be done, however, before the date of the opening. The interior finishing is being pushed forward very rapidly, and it is expected that the staging can be taken down in a few days. The galleries are taking their finishing touches, the electric light people are preparing to put in the illumination, and as a consequence it is a very busy spot just at present.

One of the most expensive parts of the house—the seating—was ordered this week. Any one who has seen the chair chosen by the directors, cannot help being pleased with it. The choice was made with great care from a large number of samples which were shipped to this city for that purpose, and it certainly reflects credit upon the committee, who proceeded on the principle that the house must be seated luxuriously and comfortably in order to give it the popularity extended to first-class opera houses in other cities. The chair is very handsome as well as exceedingly easy and comfortable. It is made of oak, highly polished and beautifully finished. The seat is covered with plush, which gives it the necessary comfort, and the arms are also covered with plush. The color has not been decided upon yet, but it will be chosen so as to harmonize with the decorations which will be made when the plaster is sufficiently dry and set. That will probably not be for some months yet.

One of the first scenic artists of the United States left New York this week to paint the scenery for the new house. He comes with splendid recommendations, and no doubt his work will speak for itself. The stage carpenter is also on the way here at this writing, and will put the stage in perfect order and shape.

All these facts will not only be interesting but pleasing to the public as well as the stockholders. PROGRESS has often said that there should be more of the latter, or at any rate more stock subscribed. People with money to invest have held back for various causes, chiefly however because of the reports against the site which were industriously circulated at the start, and again because of the assertions that it would not pay. It may interest those people and others to know that there is every indication that the stockholders will obtain a large percentage on their investment. As a matter of fact the directors sold a privilege this week which has not been counted upon—the advertising in the Opera house programme—for a sum that will alone pay more than six per cent upon the amount of paid up stock. It begins to look as though the St. John Opera house will have as successful an opening season as the Bangor house which in a city not more than two thirds the size of United St. John paid a dividend of 18 per cent. to its stockholders the first year.

The opening attraction has not been wholly decided upon yet, but the indications are that it will be a first-class company, with first class people.

**Clergymen and Endowment Societies.**

One of the endowment orders with lodges in this city, includes among its members two or three clergymen, and in one lodge the only sick benefits that have been paid since its organization were to a minister of the gospel. He drew \$40. The fact that clergymen sanction these societies by their presence and co-operation, and by drawing sick benefits, is the source of great satisfaction to the promoters of these swindling schemes. It affords an argument, which in many cases will be unanswerable. Yet the fact remains, as PROGRESS has pointed out, that the \$40 drawn by the clergyman will come out of the pocket of somebody else who is probably not as well able to lose it.

**The Concerts at the Palace.**

The parlor concerts at the Palace rink this week have been drawing good houses. The company includes a number of excellent performers, and that their efforts have been appreciated was evident by the frequent applause every evening. As an amusement resort, the Palace rink, with its attractive fittings is becoming popular; but a good deal of this is due to the excellent management.

## DISCUSSION AMONG THE JURORS.

A Newspaper Man Starts in as a Reformer and Meets Opposition.

The coroners never have any difficulty in getting a jury together. In fact, they have a number of experienced men to choose from, whenever anything occurs that makes an inquest necessary.

With experienced jurors, finding a verdict is one of the simplest things in the world, but when a new man is on the jury, it is sometimes a little difficult. The old hands know all about the business, even to the amount coming to them when the job is completed, and in considering the case, the expediency of arriving at the financial part of the proceedings is seldom lost sight of. To write out a verdict is an easy matter, for professional jurors have a form of their own which usually suits all cases and covers all the points. A newspaper man who recently served on a coroner's jury, discovered that the style was somewhat different from that practised in newspaper offices. It lacked the brevity and terseness that characterises the average newspaper item; it contained too many unnecessary words, more, in fact, than the reporter could stand, and he started in as a reformer.

In this he met with decided opposition. The professional jurors wanted the verdict to read, "by a sword held in the hand of," etc.; but the reporter could not see the necessity of the word "held." He claimed that if the sword was in the man's hand, he could not help holding it, and therefore the word was unnecessary. The professionals, however, thought the word was indispensable, because it told what was being done; and that there might be some uncertainty as to whether the hand was resting on the sword or the sword resting on the hand. There was a long discussion on this point, and it was only when the reporter refused to sign any verdict with "held" in it, that the professionals gave in and decided to present their effort to the coroner.

**THEY TAKE THEIR CHANCES.**

**Travellers Who Leave Their Baggage in the Depot and Go Up Town.**

"I've left a valise inside on the heater, will it be all right?" was the query put to an officer outside the I. C. R. depot, by a man who arrived on the eastern train Thursday evening, and seemed unwilling to carry his luggage up town with him. "You will have to take your chances," was the answer. "But if you leave it in the parcel room it will be safe enough."

The passenger did not wait to hear any more, but started off to be surrounded by a dozen or so hotel runners on the sidewalk. He took his chances and left the valise in the depot, where perhaps a hundred people would pass and repass it before he got back; and did not even tell the officer which valise was his. Five cents would have paid for its safe keeping for any length of time, but he preferred to take his chances.

And this is only a sample case. Scores of travellers do the same thing every week. Valises and parcels can be seen laying around the depot all the time. Nobody knows who they belong to. This may account for their not being carried off by other than the owners, but it is remarkable that nothing has ever been stolen from the depot, except in one or two cases, when the thief was captured before he had gone very far.

It is almost impossible for the officers to keep the run of these parcels, but the fact that brass buttons are always conspicuous around the depot probably has a good deal to do with the safety of the luggage. Yet this shows how careless travellers are, as a rule, and speaks well for the honesty of St. John people.

**The Merchants Exchange Assured.**

A short time ago PROGRESS noted the fact that the new building of Messrs. Pugsley was being very well rented, and that efforts were being made to use the very large room for a merchants' exchange. Since then more than 100 merchants have agreed to become members of the exchange. Each member will have a desk, and will have the opportunity and privilege of meeting many business men there at any hour in the day. It will really be an exchange where goods will be bought and sold—a sort of Chubb's corner on an improved plan. PROGRESS is glad to note the success of the movement.

**Should Join the Union.**

It is a common remark nowadays that woman is displacing man in the trades and professions, but it is only lately that the house painters have had any reason to feel alarmed. One of the attractions on City road last week, however, was a woman hard at work with a brush and paint pot making the outside of a house look a good deal brighter. And she had reached the second story, too.

**Here's a Conundrum.**

A correspondent wants an answer to the following conundrum: If it takes about one dozen men, a steam roller, and three attendants six months to make a portion of a street about a block in length, how long would it take, and at what cost, to complete Smythe street?