

# HOME FOR AMERICAN JEAN VALJEAN

## MAUDE BALLINGTON BOOTH AND HER "HOPE HALLS" FOR HARDENED HABITUAL CRIMINALS



A "HOPE HALL" PARLOR

A "HOPE HALL" DINING ROOM

FROM such raw material as the most hardened habitual criminals in twenty-two of our grim state prisons Maude Ballington Booth, the "Little Mother" of the convicts, is day by day, turning out Jean Valjeans and starting them in the world afresh.

A woman who can take in hand a notorious burglar who has served many terms for safe-cracking and the like, and who can get this man employment as night watchman at a bank whose officials know his career, is, indeed, performing miracles, you would say. And a woman who can go to employers who have put a man in Sing Sing for abusing a position of trust and persuade them to take that man back, at his old desk, you would call equally wonderful. Maude Ballington Booth is performing these and scores of equally amazing miracles, week in and week out. How she succeeds, prison authorities wonder. It is simply because she has the true psychology of crime down pat; because she combines with a motherly heart the faculty, which so many of us lack, of seeing the spots on the barn door without losing sight of the door itself. And above all, she is a consistent Christian—Hugo's good bishop of "Les Miserables" come to life in the form of a woman.

To her three homes, established in the past few years, Mrs. Booth is taking discharged convicts and keeping them until they have had a fresh start in life. Of the more than 600 ex-prisoners to whom she has thus hidden "godsend" in their new road to perdition, 20 per cent are uncertain and have been lost track of, 5 per cent have perhaps returned to prison. But the last 300 may be said to have proved to be Jean Valjeans, 20 per cent are uncertain and have been lost track of, 5 per cent have perhaps returned to prison. But the last 300 may be said to have proved to be Jean Valjeans, 20 per cent are uncertain and have been lost track of, 5 per cent have perhaps returned to prison.

**Hard to Begin Afresh.**  
A vast proportion of these men would have either to starve, just after leaving prison, were it not for these hidden "godsend" developed by the "Little Mother." The only kind of help offered to them would, in most cases, be that of a past fellow in crime. The first to greet the liberated convict is very often the published announcement of his discharge, supplemented by a review of his crimes. Even escaping this blow, his very nervous system marks him as an object of suspicion. The street, to his unaccustomed ears, is a roaring torrent. Every car appears bent on running him down. His face is marked by the long-tailed prison pallor. About his legs still clings the shuffle of the lock-step. Instinctively he folds his arms when spoken to.

To the policeman patrolling the streets and the detectives mingling with the crowds these signs tell too plainly where the freshly liberated convict was made known to the world. He has been forbidden to look up from his prison labor, should any one pass through his shop or because the director has demanded that his eyes be dropped and kept down while anyone has passed him in prison corridor or yard. Indeed in some prisons the liberated convict is turned their faces to the wall whenever approached.

**Worst Punishment After Prison.**  
His stutter and stammer are the result of long silence. If he does find employment some ever faithful servant probably informs his employer that he is hiring an ex-convict. These are some of the conditions which excited the pity of the "Little Mother." The real punishment of the prisoner commences after the liberty he has so long sought for comes. "Now that I know somebody loves me," wrote one of these unfortunates to her.

In the course of her work Mrs. Booth makes many addresses in the prison chapels. In one of these she volunteered to correspond with any convicts who had no friends to write to. Nothing how eagerly many men in the stripes embraced this opportunity to outpour their hearts to some one, she repeated the offer at each prison visited. One day she received from a long-term prisoner a letter which she read, and which she said, was the first letter in seven years, for he had no one in the world who cared whether he lived or died.

"You said you loved us," the communication began. "Nobody ever said that to me before in my whole life. I hardly know what the word means. You spoke of home. The nearest approach to it I ever had was my time in the kitchen of one of the state prisons, where the officer was very kind to me."

**"If Someone Cares, I Will Try."**  
Born in an Irish parsonage, this unfortunate had never known father or mother, love or sympathy. Put to work when a small child, he had immediately fallen among evil companions, and since then had spent his whole life in state prisons, except for short holidays in the slums between one discharge and the next arrest. "Now that I know somebody loves me," his letter closed. "This and many like it set Mrs. Booth to thinking. She decided upon her homes for just such men as this, and this very one, in fact, after becoming one of her board-

aries, now has a happy little home of his own and is a useful member of society.

"The boys needed a home, and the need called for speedy action," said she the other day. "When we first started the plan were all talked over in prison. I took the most, not the public, into my confidence. Our idea was to have a place that would be a real home and not an institution. We did not want a mission in the city with sleeping rooms attached; certainly not a place placarded 'Prisoners' Home,' 'Shelter for Ex-Convicts,' or such. It was to be a home hidden away from the public, and as much as possible patterned after that to which the mother would welcome her boy were she living and able to do so. In Sing Sing prison we named our home, and the name chosen was 'Hope Hall'."

The house which she first opened was a large frame building on Washington Heights, once used as a club. Then she found a ten-acre farm in the country which is better shut off from the public gaze. This is her "Hope Hall No. 1." There it might be a veritable barrier between the past and the future she spared nothing on its equipment and appointments.

The first "Hope Hall" inmate was recalled by Mrs. Booth. He was a hardened ex-convict just out of prison, who had come unannounced to her office, handing over a sandbag, revolver and some cartridges, which he had got from many futile efforts to find honest work.

She took him in, and soon he worked himself up to the trusted office of "sergeant" of the home. But the dread "torment consumption" already had taken root in his lungs, and he was found open air work on one of the railroad lines. The disease could not be curbed, and he came back to Hope Hall to die. His own mother had refused to see him or own him since his return from prison, nor would she even come to his deathbed.

Two other "Hope Halls" have lately been established, in Illinois and Iowa. The latter was founded and given to the ex-convicts by L. R. Coffin, a co-laborer of the "Little Mother." The maintenance of the Eastern home, however, has forced Mrs. Booth to spend much of her time on the lecture platform. All of her earnings have been given to the work.

When the writer asked permission to visit the nearest "Hope Hall" Mrs. Booth firmly but courteously refused. "No newspaper men have been permitted to visit the 'Hope Halls,'" she said. "From the first we have wished the sacredness of their home privacy to be respected. All too long have these, our friends, been marked men, pointed out and associated with their crimes and made to feel that they are the lawful prey of the morbidly curious." One of her workers had, however, just taken some photographs of the homes, which the writer was permitted to publish.

That the "Little Mother" is a practical psychologist, so far as reform is concerned, is best proved by the rules which she has adopted for her "Hope Halls."

There are no public meetings, no experience meetings. Talk of wrong-doing is often the first step to feeling one can do it again," said she. "The shame and humiliation that should be felt are soon lost to those who talk much of what they have been, and a spirit of exaggeration and almost boastfulness takes its place. We strongly urge silence regarding the past, and, as far as possible, the forgetting of its sad memories."

All inmates are employed in some necessary work about the halls; some in the laundry, some at painting, carpentering or building; some as cooks, gardeners, farmers, hewers, etc. There are no industries, such as mat and broom-making. These, in Mrs. Booth's opinion, would spoil the home aspect of the Halls or rob men of their ambition to strike out in the world for themselves.

The buildings are envolved with well-kept lawns, with flower beds, rose bushes, vines and shrubs, orchards of fruit trees and fields well ploughed and cultivated in the farming season. The sleeping-rooms contain white enameled iron beds. The floors are strewn with rugs, lace curtains hang at the windows, and pictures adorn the walls. The dining tables are always immaculate with white linen, while plants bloom in the windows, and waiters in white jackets and aprons serve the food. In the parlor, lecture-room and library there are all of the comforts and cozy appointments of the average prosperous citizen's home, a piano, which the men gather about in the evenings; a

phonograph with a large megaphone, bookcases well stocked with the standard literature, potted plants, bright-colored pictures, tapestries and comfortable furniture. There are also tables on which games may be played and broad piazzas where all may gather on Summer nights.

**Has Men on Parole.**  
Convicts are also sent from the state prisons to the Hope Halls, on parole, under Mrs. Booth's sponsorship. Many of these are men who would have no chance of gaining such liberty did she not volunteer responsibility for them. She finds them work, keeps in touch with them from month to month, and reports regularly to the prison authorities until she finally has the pleasure of handing them their final discharge papers.

"In Illinois most of our 'boys' are taken from the prisons on parole, owing to the indeterminate sentence law in force in that state," said Mrs. Booth. "Most of these men would have had no chance had we not taken them home, being of the utterly friendless class, for whom no one else would stand sponsor. Of these we received there during last year 171 men, of whom only 20 proved unsatisfactory."

"Hope Hall 'graduates' working within reach often run 'home' for a visit during the holidays. At a recent anniversary of the New York home 70 sat down to supper together, 70 years, composed respectively of 'home boys' and 'gradu-

ates," competed on the baseball grounds, while little children whose fathers had been given back to them romped in the shade of the big trees, and grateful lives looked on with glad, hopeful faces.

But what of the women in our prisons or the women and children left behind them through letters from her 'boys.' The mothers are soon as she discovers the grim minions of the law? Discharged women convicts are taken to Mrs. Booth's volunteer rescue homes. They are so few in number that Hope Halls on the scale afforded for men are not needed, but they receive the same care and are given a start in the same way as are given their fallen brothers. Starving wives and hapless children of men in prison are fed and clothed by the "Little Mother" as soon as she discovers them through letters from her 'boys.' The mothers are found wholesome employment, and the little ones, if need be, are sent to one of two children's homes provided by the Volunteers of America, the well-known philanthropic organization of which Ballington Booth—husband of the "Little Mother"—is general-in-chief.

"Speaking in general of her work of reform Mrs. Booth said:

"The Judge and jury take cognizance only of the offense; the police and prison records note the list of charges and the number of returns to prison; but those of us who seek to know the man beneath the criminal have a right to go back and ask ourselves, 'What chance did this man have to get out and to be as we are?'" JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

## Racing System and the Consequent Poverty

Divers Ways for Not Beating the Bookies, Told in Slang by a Wise Guy.

"A FEW minutes ago," observed the race-follower with the outstanding ears, the alert eyes, and the four-karat, blue-white, shirt-front boulder. "I was hovering alongside a fat-cook, who was worrying himself by doing things with a pencil on a pad."

"He was whittling common arithmetic down to shavings by figuring how much he would have yanked down if he had parlayed ein buck on all of the gee-goes, including a couple of 99-to-1 babykeys, that skiddooed first under the wire at Hot Springs yesterday."

"When he got through with that pad-and-pencil dope, he had John D. Rockefeller looking for a soup handout at a Hoteward Bound Mission."

"The combination ticket on the whole six would only have paid about eighty-two billion bones, with a few Amalgamated coppers over to buy papers, peanuts and gum with."

"In milk-tickets or rain-checks, a little bank-roll like that would stuff a line of freight cars that would reach from here to Hong Kong."

"When he got through making those figures, this arithmeticker I'm mentioning prodded me for the price of a shave and enough to get his laundry out. I fell for the touch, because his scroll work on the pad had amused me a whole lot."

"Hot I felt like taking him down to Wing Moy's and staking him to a new yen-hok. It looked sad to me that such a high-smoker should have such punk tools, and a blunt yen-hok is bound to haul a smooch."

"This small parlayer believes in that run-it-along-on-the-hull-six system, and that's the reason he's not feeding on ginger-snaps and cheese, purchased in tickle lots, for so long that, if he ever found himself sitting in front of a surfeit-steamy beef stew at an honest Injun table, he'd get the gibbers and imagine he had 'em."

"But they all believe in their systems. I used to believe in the system thing myself. I'd hang on to a system till I became so amok that I'd have to fasten my gullies to my shoulders with safety-pins for fear they'd slip down—and then I'd go and dig up another system."

"If there's any known or unknown system of not copying the kale on the Shetlands that I have not had a wallop at, I want somebody to whirl along quick and put me next to the name and number of it, so that I can spin out and get lost until all danger of my taking a back at the new one is over."

"The first system that ever rocked me in the cradle of the weens was that play-to-hull-so-much-a-day thing, and that



HAD ROCKEFELLER LOOKING FOR A HANDOUT.

of yesterday. I can remember that I used to frequently pull out that so much a day and expenses as often as once in every forty-nine days.

"I never came so close to having to slip back now through the drift and discard

as I did while I was playing that I-only-want-so-much-a-day system.

"The system itself is all right. If anything, I'd call it pretty high as good as Uncle Sam's of Columbia bonds. The reason why it was not a dividend payer while I was toying along with it is a long, painful narrative, little Brighteyes, which your weary old Uncle Jabes would faint to dwell upon. One thing that system did teach me, and that was how to ink away the bum spots on a hat. But almost any old system will teach you a few-gee play how to do that if he stays with it long enough."

"The next system that I used as an obesity cure was that long one, desiring the favorite to run second for you, and getting the spinach down that way."

"I went along with one for nearly an entire summer, and I often knew myself to pull out as high as \$1.50 per diem in it. On the majority of days, however, I got pulled in for everything but the buttons on my tunic."

"When they tap your nerve so that you'll hand the grinning layer six hard-wonned aces on the even-money favorite to skate second at 1 to 3 for the place, the transaction ain't worth you a few-gee two-gee note if it goes through, then it's time for you to hunt for a job as floor-walker in a ten-cent store, mess-meat, and that last, as far-back-as-you-can-get, in F. flat, either."

"If there was any lightning calculator that can dope it out where the player of that favorite-to-run-second system gets off when it's favorite in a straight row run eighth, I want to know what kind of a bookie he uses and if he rolls and cooks 'em himself."

"The only reason why that system didn't nudge me into the midnight bread line was that the line wasn't going at the time I am speaking of."

"The next system that engaged my rapt and tapped attention was that neat and tasty little plan whereby you play the one thing a day that you 'like' as far back as you can get, and you get 'em."

"This one works out on paper as pretty good as the balance sheet of a Chadwecked bank published four days before Cassie was pinched, and you begin to yawn to your ker-tish on it, you find out that all this talk about there being such things as rebates is caloric atmosphere. There's no rebate, even of what you stuff in, on that as-far-back-as-you-can-get-even-money system. The whole successful operation of that gas depends upon your going to the gee-gee that you 'like,' and there's always at least one in each of the six prints that you 'like.' If you could fix it up so that you could find out with a goose-bone or a divining rod which one of 'em you 'like' best, and go to it, you'd probably drift down to the water-front barrel-houses even sooner."

"I stayed with that system until I broke down that real thing, figure in the foreground of a flashlight picture of the famine in Hindostan, and then I stopped 'liking' anything and dug up another system that had to be purely arbitrary to get by."

"This was that cummin' little consensus

system that you may have heard a rumor or two of. The consensus is one of those you-can't-lose systems. I mean, when you play it with a pencil and pad. But when you fall for it with the rat carpet and the kitchen cloth because you need the cash to keep them from hanging a combination padlock on your door while you're around the corner staking yourself to a stogie, the consensus system is just as good and game a loser as any of the rest of them, and if I don't know, Alcyon, your old Doctor Consensus himself isn't there with the wisdom about his own prescription."

"In playing the consensus, all you've got to do is pick out the stingers that the majority of the newspapers pick out in their regular selections to deliver the duff. Then you wrap up a piece of gauze, tie a piece of an abandoned shirt and go out to hunt for the price to pay that one."

"After you've traipsed along with the consensus system for about three months, you'll know how to write a series of articles for a ten-cent magazine about 'How to Get By on the Eat Thing Without Producing.'"

"I played the consensus system constantly for three months, and at the end of that time I stepped on one of these weighting machines that announces your weight through a phonograph. The best that the machine would stake me to for my slot investment was 'Nothing doing—get off.'"

"From the consensus I sphered along to the jockey system. I guess that's perfectly miserable on paper, that jockey system."

"The dub who worked it out for me in a note-book had fringe on the bottoms of his trousers that reminded me of lambrquin tassels, but all that he sounded as good as he uncovers those figures about the workings of the jockey system in real life that I fell into the habit of rubbering around for a pair of coupon scissors."

"As I said, I saw Joe, the turf writer, the boys who'd been nailing four wins and two seconds a day out of six races would bring 43 also-runs under the tape, and the minute I'd cut a boy like that off my list, the next race out he'd fetch a \$0 to 1 crab home to a two-gee, and that's how I was flagged and fanned, curving and going, both ends from the middle, by the favorite jockey thing."

"As soon as I'd frame up a mash-bunch on a coming boy, just signed by Sidney Pagot or Jack Doyce or E. R. Keene at a salary of whatever the turf writers wanted to scratch it down at, the kid would develop into a stretch-skulker or a rum-fighter or they'd get him from the outside, and then I'd have to prowl around for a new dead one in the riding game to become enamored of for gambling purposes."

"As I said, I ever got out of playing the jockey system was a knowledge of quintuple entry bookkeeping that would get me a job any time I needed it as fourth assistant accountant for a dog-catcher."

"Then I stumbled on that follow-the-money system, and when I got hold of

that one my pals asked me who had been leaving me money, I looked and felt so glad."

"I'd just keep the duff right down at the bottom of my clothing until I saw how the boys who soaked \$20,000 to a race got down. If I saw Pittsburgh Phil or Riley Grannan or Dave Galsinger or John W. Gates' dingo commissioner rump-aling about the bookies' line sitting up the price against something that even didn't look to have an outside chance to me, I'd shut my eyes to my own line of thinks and go to the played one with all the enthusiasm of a periodical editor getting a high-ball light-up for the first time in a year."

"Then the played mutts would lose."

"I hadn't as soon began phishy the follow-the-educated-duff system and chasing the plungers and their commissioners around the rings than the turf reporters began to print stories of how much cash all of the noted plungers were losing. They didn't print anything about how much I was losing, because they were callous, or something."

"One day I saw Joe, in the act of getting down \$40,000 on an even-money crustacean in his shed that his boy Hil-debrand was to pilot, and I all but broke it to the ground, because I was losing down my \$22 on that one. When the race was over and Mr. Yeager's thing showed dazzling speed after it was all off and the numbers were up, the plunger person, I observed, cooled out by applying a quart of the hissy amber-juice to his covered works, and I heard him laugh loud over the contraptions. Then he stopped into an \$25,000 Mercedes and was chauffeured home by his imported buzz-wagon motorman."

"I staked myself to a high-collared beer, and then beat my way back to town on a trolley-car."

"The system thing is all right when you are just feeling around and don't need it."

"But if you try to show me that it ever fetches anything to a merry-go-round follower who stays with the game all the year 'round and who has found out the difference between a package of dope-charts and a pound of side-meal, I'm from the state that Joe Folk resides in, and you've got to produce the specifications and blue prints."—Copyright, 1905, Washington News Association.

CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

A railroad constructed by one party upon the land of another from materials furnished by the latter, under an express agreement that the road should be the property of the owner of the land, and should remain so until paid for by the party constructing it, when a bill of sale should be made to the latter, is held in Webster Lumber Co. vs. Keystone Lumber & M. Co. (W. Va.), 95 L. R. A. 33, to be a fixture and a part of the realty. The question of the nature of a railroad—whether real estate or personal property—is treated in a note to this case.