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NO. 3.

THE Inner Voice

NEW JERSEY
STATE PRISON
NEW JERSEY
TRENTON N.J.



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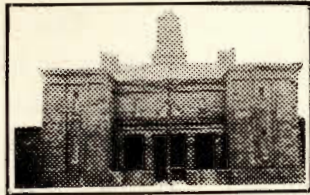
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THE INNER VOICE



NEW JERSEY



VERITAS VINCIT



STATE PRISON

VOL. 1.

TRENTON. N. J., CHRISTMAS, 1918.

NO. 3.

Wilson Urges All Americans to Join Red Cross for Christmas Roll Call

To the American People:

One year ago 22,000,000 Americans by enrolling as members of the Red Cross at Christmas time, sent to the men who were fighting our battles overseas a stimulating message of cheer and good will. They made it clear that our people were of their own free choice united with the Government in the determination not only to wage war with the instruments of destruction, but also by every means in their power to repair the ravages of the invader and sustain and renew the spirit of the army and of the homes which they represented.

The friends of the American Red Cross in Italy, Belgium and France have told, and will tell again, the story of how the Red Cross workers restored morale in the hospitals, in the camps and at the cantonments, and we ought to be very proud that we have been permitted to be of service to those whose sufferings and whose glory are the heritage of humanity.

Now, by God's grace, the Red Cross Christmas message of 1918 is to be a message of peace as well as a message of good will. But peace does not mean that we can fold our hands. It means further sacrifice. Our membership must hold together and be increased for the great tasks to come. We must prove conclusively to an attentive world that America is permanently aroused to the needs of the new era, our old indifference gone forever.

The exact nature of the future service of the Red Cross will depend upon the programme of the Associated Governments, but there is immediate need to-day for every heartening word and for every helpful service. We must not forget that our soldiers and our sailors are still under orders and still have duties to perform of the highest consequence, and that the Red Cross Christmas membership means a great deal to them.

The people of the saddened lands, moreover, returning home to-day where there are no homes must have the assurance that the hearts of our people are with them in the dark and doubtful days ahead. Let us, so far as we can, help them back to faith in mercy and in future happiness.

As President of the Red Cross, conscious in this great hour of the value of such a message from the American people, I should be glad if every American would join the Red Cross for 1919, and thus send forth to the whole human family the Christmas greeting for which it waits and for which it stands in greatest need.

Woodrow Wilson.

THE INNER VOICE

Published under the auspices of James H. Mulheron, Principal
Keeper and the Board of Delegates.

OUR AIMS

To educate, to uplift and instill a desire in the heart of all to improve present conditions. To increase our knowledge of the necessary things and forget everything connected with the nether side of life except as it has a bearing on our ambition for a better future. To prove to our readers by our ardent search for the better things, that we have forgotten the past and are looking forward to the dawn of a better day.

EDITOR, A. F. C.

THE LITTLE THINGS

Are we making the most of our opportunities? Are we taking advantage of our chances to rehabilitate our code of morals, strengthening the good and eliminating the evil when occasions arise or are some of us simply "doing time," oblivious to the fact that just as we sow, so shall we reap and that unless we lay the foundation of right living while here behind prison walls, we are very unlikely to do so when we are free again.

When we got into trouble most of us were sorry, not sorry for what we did—we had no ethical qualms—but sorry we had been caught. Those were our first feelings. Later we thought of how our act would affect those near and dear to us and, in many cases, dependent on us. We pictured their surprise and anguish and realized more clearly than ever before our duty to them and determined henceforth to do by them as we now hoped them to do by us. And then we became philosophical. We looked at "the game" from all sides and it didn't take us long to see that there was nothing in it. We summed it all up, pitted the days of plenty against the lean ones to come, and they didn't balance. We meditated, and the worth-while things in life assumed proportions undreamed-of and became more desirable than ever before. We wondered why we had been such fools and how we could have been so blind. And finally we resolved to cut it all out, decided to unconditionally surrender to our better selves and when we again picked up the broken thread of life to weave a pattern that would not only be pleasing to our dear ones but a comfort to ourselves when we thought of what, but for the Grace of God, we might have been.

But Time is the great adjuster. Just as a man grows older and discards the shams and humbugs of life so does Time filter our resolutions and retain only such as have strength of character and should be retained. Have we unalterably kept our promises to ourselves? Are we as contrite as we were? If not, is it because we are in the dark and do not know which way to turn?

There is a way, many ways. It is in being attentive to the little things, making the most of each opportunity to do a little favor, a little kind act, a little duty. Our artificial life is made up of trifling duties, small tasks and if we are not faithful in that which is least we are unfaithful in the whole.

We must take our duties and be strong in them. The harder they are and the more obstacles we have to overcome, the stronger we will be for the conquering of them. We must always keep in mind that it is not what we are getting here but what we are going to be when we leave here that counts. We must take our burdens and trials and losses and wrongs, if come they do, in the spirit in which they are sent, as opportunities for the development of self control. When we do that we shall be a long way on the right road, a long, long road, the travelling of which will not be wearisome for we can look off on the landscape through the forest trees or from some overtopping crag and at each step see more and more of the cutlying beauty of field and lake and forest and hill and stream, till at last we reach the summit of it all, where the whole vast scene will open to our view. If we will only look to the little things now this great view will soon be ours.

 THAT LETTER HOME

When you write that letter home, does it ever occur to you how much it means to those near and dear to you? If you are far from home and it is the only link between you and them, can you not imagine them waiting and watching for the post which brings news from you? And do you not know that they are going to be made happy or miserable by what you say?

When you write that letter you assume certain responsibilities and should consider its effect on the recipient. You have no more right to burden that one with your troubles, whether they be real or imaginary, than you have to subject them to a contagious disease. No doubt they are suffering, perhaps infinitely more than you, and you play the part of a coward and hypocrite when you add to their burdens with a tale of your trials and tribulations.

If it's a letter to your mother, can you weigh each word too carefully or be too painstaking in its composition? The "written word" at its best may never quite express your thoughts as you might wish them to be understood; it will however, be accepted at its face value. Make it shine and sparkle like the golden double-eagle, radiating gleams of love and hope and confidence in the future and let it ring true.

TO OUR FRIENDS

When you pack that box for the boys "over there" who are doing so much to bring about universal democracy, will you not remember that we also are doing our bit? While we have not been called upon to make the supreme sacrifice as have many of our erstwhile companions, we have done and are doing that which we feel deserves your consideration.

We have invested in Liberty Bonds, War Saving Stamps, contributed to the Red Cross from our earnings of two and one half cents per day and are now doing war work under the direction of government officials.

Our soldier boys are winning glory and their enthusiasm is never allowed to wane for lack of amusements, but we are patiently plodding at work-benches, heartened by our confidence that in the near future we will be given the chance to redeem our past by rehabilitating devastated France and Belgium as the Apache and English ne'er-do-well have done on the battlefields of France.

In the meantime, there are moments that we ask you to make pleasant ones by sending us a share of your slacker records. Let them do their bit by helping us do ours.

The Editor of The Inner Voice will be pleased to acknowledge in these columns the receipt of these slackers and will immediately induct them into service.

Adjutant General C. Edw. Murray, in inimitable style, delivered an address which many of us will remember for some time. Straight from the shoulder, in language we all understood, he brought home to us our dependence on the Almighty and in unequivocal terms made us realize the all-importance of getting right with God. To say that he found an appreciative and responsive audience would be putting it mildly. The unanimous decision of those present that he be sentenced to serve a life term as visiting speaker is an inadequate expression of our appreciation of him as a man's man and accomplished speaker. We hope to be soon again honored by a visit from him.

OUR LIBRARY

Fellows, are you taking advantage of the library, our library? Have you ever stopped to think of what it means to you? Have you realized its scope and magnitude? Do you know that in this institution you have more chance for learning than the people of France, Italy, Russia, Spain, Turkey and other European countries. Neither Washington nor Lincoln had the advantages of a library of over seven thousand volumes.

Why not grasp the opportunity, take care of those idle minutes by study. Travel with Stoddard; learn something of the sciences. If you feel blue and the cares of the world rest heavily on your shoulders, cast them off by chatting with Mark Twain or by reading the works of our popular authors. You will find them all in our library. Each and every one will do its part. Scan the catalogue, meet a different writer each week. Study their characters and prepare yourself so that when you are ready to sing, "Going Home," you will be of a broader character, a keener student of human nature and a man of learning. All this can easily be accomplished by just a few minutes with our books each day.

Do not let this opportunity slip by; do not become blue and depressed; awaken yourself so that your brain does not become dormant and thereby lose all that you ever knew. A minute lost can never be regained. "Time and tide wait for no man." Start now and use our library, use it as you have never used it before. Make the fellows in the library hustle and wear out shoe leather by your numerous calls for books. Read, study, learn! A word to the wise is sufficient.—R. N. S.

YOUR PAPER

The alterations in the shops have been responsible for the suspension of The Inner Voice. We are now in harness, however, and confidently expect to publish in the near future a paper that you need not be ashamed of and which will be worthy of an institution housing the unlimited talent we have here. While we have not thus far been swamped with contributions, we have found evidence that such artistic and literary talent is at hand and we take this opportunity to say that we hope you will feel that The Inner Voice is your voice,—a mouth-piece for the expression of your thoughts, your ideas, your aspirations.

Its success depends upon you and it behooves you, whatever your gift may be, whether it be one talent or ten—and to every one a talent has been given—to make it record your "inner voice."

Send in your manuscripts, submit your sketches and suggestions. We shall be pleased to consider wholesome criticism but it must have at its source interest in our paper and not be indicative of personal preference.

Every inmate in the prison is invited to be an associate editor. Keep us informed of the doings in your department which would be of interest to all and your reward will be the forthcoming of a paper you will find interesting and beneficial.

“TOUGH TONY.”

The following article has been brought to our attention by its reprint in The Spokesman, one of our exchanges published in the Essex County Penitentiary, Caldwell, N. J. It was written by Mr. Harry G. Lynn and originally published in the New York Tribune.

The Editor of The Inner Voice was personally acquainted with “Tough Tony” during his last days on this earth and feels that his recollection of Tony, in conjunction with this article, may be of more than passing interest.

“Tough Tony” was transferred from the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell’s Island to the T. B. Hospital at Hart’s Island, N. Y. C. Hart’s Island is situated in Long Island Sound about fifteen miles up the river from the “Met” and is one of the most beautiful spots in the city. A view of the Sound for many miles is possible in all directions and the never-ending passage of Sound steamers and cargo vessels, battleships and submarine chasers, palatial steam yachts and plebian motor boats, as

well as the countless hydroplanes from the training camps in Long Island, provide distraction and amusement for those who have little left to live for.

It was while Tony was vacantly staring at this scene that I came upon him and remarked to the fellow with me, “Pretty soft! Nothing to do ‘til to-morrow.” “Pretty soft? Huh! Don’t you know him? That’s “Tough Tony” the guy that played square with Osborne—and he’s cashin’ in.”

I soon had the story and it is typical of many yet untold except for the outstanding features which bring it to our attention. I cannot supplement the accompanying article other than to say that I found Tony moody and morose, conscious of his impending death and seemingly resigned to his fate. Misguided as he may have been and lacking a sense of morality, the “inner voice” of the man never-the-less asserted itself at the parting of the ways and I cannot help but feel that on that last day he will be judged with a forgiving heart and be remembered as “the guy that played square with Osborne.”

“Tough Tony” Mareno, the first convict in the long history of Sing Sing Prison to escape and return voluntarily, is dead. His body was cremated at Fresh Pond, October 11th, and his ashes were taken to Auburn, N. Y., there to rest in the family plot of Thomas Mott Osborne by the side of “Canada Blackie,” who with Mr. Osborne, was one of the founders of the Mutual Welfare League.

In death, as in life, affairs did not break well with Tony. Committed to the Metropolitan Hospital in August, in the last stages of tuberculosis, he died in that institution three weeks ago. Since that time the body has been in the morgue awaiting a claimant, and was about to be sent to Potter’s Field when Martin Loonan, executive head of the Welfare League Association, which cares for discharged convicts, learned of his death. Notice came to him through the return of a letter he had sent to Tony, the envelope bearing the one word, “dead.”

Inquiry then showed that the notice sent the nearest friends of the deceased—Tony had few—had miscarried. Mr. Loonan got into touch with Thomas Mott Osborne, now a lieutenant-commander in charge of the naval prison in Portsmouth, N. H., who gave instructions for the cremation of the body at his expense and interment of the ashes in Auburn.

Tony’s death closes the career of one of the picturesque characters of the “Bowery that was” in the days described in Charley Hoyt’s famous song. It was a live

place in those days, but it never failed to sit up and take notice when word came down the line that “Tough Tony’s” on the warpath. It did more than take notice. Those of its denizens who had incurred Tony’s ill will sought what in other places might be called the tall timber and cyclone cellars.

Others, not on Tony’s bad book, but likely to attract his attention from the fact that they ran stuss or other games of chance which Tony might take it into his head to hold up, beat him to it by closing up and staying closed until word came that all was clear.

A dozen years ago Tony was convicted for a job of this kind. It was, he said, a job of which he was innocent, though he admitted frankly that he had escaped punishment for many a similar job. On conviction he received a long sentence in Sing Sing, and those whose unlawful business he was wont to levy assessments on breathed easier. There was some suspicion that they knew more about Tony’s conviction than they would care to talk about. With Tony this idea was not a suspicion—it was a deep-seated conviction—and the day he entered Sing Sing he promised to “take” certain people when his term expired.

“I’ll get them,” he declared, “unless they are lucky enough to have six feet of clay over them when I come out.”

Tony had served most of his sentence when Thomas Mott Osborne went to Sing Sing prison as warden—nearly

four years ago—with his new system of prison management, a system that did not at the time appeal to many convicts of the type of Tony. Tony was one of those that was in sincere doubt whether the new warden was merely “a nut” or a reformer with some scheme that, however it might redound to his credit, would get the convict nothing.

Not that he fought the change. On the contrary, he kept aloof from anything like partisanship. That he was converted was manifested a few weeks later when, breaking an oath he had taken to avenge himself upon a fellow convict who had cut his cheek, he called the feud off and shook hands with the man he had promised to get square with.

“It’s all off,” he told the chap, “and I’m not going to do anything to hurt Osborne. He’s a regular guy and on the level. We’ve got to work with him.”

After that Tony was one of Osborne’s most loyal supporters in the prison. When Osborne’s fortunes were in the ascendant Tony was in high feather. When, in the long, hard fight in the Westchester courts and in Albany things looked dark, the world was black to him.

One of these black moods hit him on the night of January 2, 1916, and early next morning it was found he had escaped from the prison. He left, according to a note pinned to his pillow, because Osborne had left Sing Sing to defend himself in the courts. He did not believe the warden was coming back.

“He was the only father I ever had,” so the note said in substance.

Discovery that Tony had “lammed” created consternation in the prison. His fellow convicts, loyal supporters of Osborne to a man, feared for the effect of his escape on Mr. Osborne’s case, then in the courts. It was, they agreed, a black eye for prison reform and a reflection on Dr. George S. Kirchwey, who was temporarily filling Mr. Osborne’s place.

This was the feeling, too, of Osborne’s friends among the ex-convicts on the outside. To them the word was flashed that Tony must be found and sent back. For the first time in the criminal history of New York, ex-convicts and convicts were seeking to return to prison a man who had successfully negotiated a getaway.

Two of the former found Tony in a tenement not far from the Municipal Building. He had new clothing, several hundred dollars and a big touring car was at his disposal. These he got from friends in Harlem. He also had—but of that later.

The two ex-convicts, Dick Richards and Harry Bolaskey, secretary-valet to Mr. Osborne, told him he should go back.

“Tony,” they said, “this will hurt the boss. He feels awful about it. You ought to go back.”

“Does he want me to? On the level?”

“He does.”

“Then, by God, I’ll go.”

Twenty minutes later Tony was talking with Dr. Kirchwey.

“This is Tony,” he said; “Tony Mareno. I’m sorry, professor, and I want to go home.”

He would, he said, take the first train.

This gave him several hours to stay in the city. He was offered drugs, of which he had been a victim. These he declined, as he did other treats his friends offered.

“No,” he said, “if I am going back I am going back clean.”

Early that evening I met him in the Grand Central Station by appointment. Together we passed prison guards, who had been sent out to find him. They did not recognize him, and he made himself known.

“I’m going back,” he said, “and you want to keep your hands off.”

They did, and on the way up Tony told his story. In a word it was that until Osborne went to Sing Sing he had never had a chance. His was the story of the young Italian sent here and exploited by a padrone, drilled in nothing that was good, and becoming eventually a menace to his kind.

Soon after his return to the prison Gov. Whitman granted him a full pardon, partly in recognition of his voluntary return and the good effect it had upon prisoners generally, and because he was found to have tuberculosis. He had, as it were, made escapes unpopular in the best prison circles and done much to sustain discipline, and it was felt that he had earned a chance to win back his health outside prison walls or at least die a free man.

After that his history was the story of one sanitarium, one health resort, after another until last August, when he returned to New York, admitting that he was beaten and ready to die.

Now that he is dead, part of the story of his escape that was kept secret by the few of his friends who shared it at the time can be told.

In addition to the money he had on him when located, he also had two revolvers, one an enormous navy weapon fitted with a Maxim silencer, the other a police gun. He procured the silencer the better to destroy a public official whom he blamed for Osborne’s troubles and a former prison official whom he accused of treachery to “the boss.”

That he would have killed both had he not been convinced this would have injured his idol, none doubted.

AMONG OURSELVES

This issue goes to press while the Honorable Court of Pardons is sitting to hear petitioners who seek pardon or parole, and this season of clemency reminds us of an element that appears to our lay mind as a factor which is somewhat unreasonable.

The injured party in most cases feels he has acquired a vested interest in our punishment. He has made this investment of malice and he guards it more jealously than any other investment he has ever made although it can never pay a dividend; quite the reverse, it is an investment that is a liability—never an asset; yet in many cases it is most carefully nursed and fed.

The Almighty only asks of a man confession, repentance and restitution so far as can be made. Why should man be less merciful to man than his Maker is?

There was a Judge many years ago who said, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Is that doctrine too old-fashioned to be considered to-day?
—Contributed by 10 2 19.

Jimmy Andrews, the super-human pie baker, has been extraordinarily busy for the last few days making thick juicy mince pies for Christmas. His ability was tested July 4th, by a tasty apple pie and by the mince pie he concocted at Thanksgiving, both of which we enjoyed immensely. Our principal regret is that Jimmy does not give us a specimen of his baking every day, but three times a year is enough to prevent any of us forgetting him and his products. Some pie, James.

It is no time for words when a wound is fresh and bleeding; no time for homolies when the lightning's shaft has smitten, and a man lies stunned and tricken. Let us express by our sympathetic silence, rather than by speech, our condolences to that one among us who has suffered such a heart-rending and irretrievable loss.

Do not forget as you read our paper that it has been published with very limited facilities. It was printed by four men, on an 8 in. by 12 in. foot-power press, in addition to all the job work required by the prison departments. It is tangible evidence of their ability and co-operation.

Frank Sullivan of Road Camp No. 2, Monmouth Junction, N. J., sends in word that all is going well in the camp. The road work is progressing as planned and everything is going satisfactorily. The boys have a good baseball diamond and have enjoyed games with teams from neighboring towns.

We read that the speed of a phonograph record under the needle is about two miles an hour, but Mickey will lay odds that some of Jimmy Bassone's Irish Jig records travel faster.

Wonder if the boys "over there" have as much trouble parlez vous-ing as the fellow in here who asked for screws for a die-box. After some questioning he drew an outline of a coffin. It's some die-box alright.

Historians tell us of things that have been used for money in different parts of the world. The old Romans used sheep and oxen; the Zulus and Kaffirs still trade with oxen, iron spikes, spear-heads and brass rods; South American natives give cocoanuts, eggs and chocolate for articles they desire to possess. We are inclined to think that the historians overlooked the little bit of Trenton that we live in because it is harder to figure out some of the bartering here than any that the savages might have done.

Our front cover was designed by an illustrator among us whose art speaks for itself. To him we extend our thanks and sincere appreciation and hope to be favored in the future with any sketches or illustrations he may be pleased to contribute.

Although across the sea in France, striving to bring cheer to the boys of the American Expeditionary Force, Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth will not forget the children and relatives of the men behind these walls. Each Christmas she has been Santa Claus' partner in the homes of prisoners and although the Atlantic Ocean is now between her and them she has not forgotten them nor neglected to provide in her absence. Her splendid staff of workers, the Volunteers of America, will carry on her work of charity and mercy.

Rev. Elder, our Chaplain, announced from the pulpit a few weeks ago Mrs. Booth's wish that the men forward to her the names of those in need and dependant on the prisoners. It must be a comfort to these men to think that in their absence someone really cares and is doing the work of Christ in their homes.

Are you a moral slacker? Is your conduct such as to recommend it to those who are only too willing to grant us more privileges when we prove that we are worthy?

A little tip, fellows, Jim Mc D. will argue about anything if he can get you "steamed up."

To those who recall conditions when the contract system wrecked a man body and soul and "Trenton" was a synonym for the hell-hole of the country, it must be particularly patent that we have been very fortunate in escaping the recent influenza epidemic. Although thousands of homes and every other institution in the State have been visited by the grim reaper, there has not been one death within these walls. This fact not only speaks well for our physician, Dr. Crane, but for those who have brought about the prevailing sanitary conditions. These conditions are a living testimonial of the metamorphosis this institution underwent when the present prison administration took charge.

Our Warden not only revolutionized (it's a habit nowadays) the management of the prison but also its psychology. He has generated an atmosphere which reflects the justice of humanity rather than of rules and regulations, an atmosphere in which one is more likely to regain the right perspective and a mental and moral equilibrium than succumb to a camatose spiritual condition, an atmosphere utterly irreconcilable with the general public's conception of prison and prison inmates.

No longer need hope be left behind by those unfortunate enough to enter here, for this prison has ceased to be a mute witness of man's injustice to man and a propagator of revengeful outlaws of society. One is now confronted at every turn by evidence of the dawn of a new day and cannot help but acknowledge with those who remember "it was a hell a few years ago" that we have much to be thankful for.

Have you shaken hands with Big Mike?

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

Do you try to "brighten the corner where you are?"

Mr. Clayton insists that all workmen shall report bright and early --- or early anyhow.

How many "years" did you spend in quarantine?

Who wants to worry and get big gray hairs?

There are two kinds of hash—hash and HASH.

Who ordered front door grease on his store order?

P. T. Barnum had some good dope on birth statistics. If you don't believe it, take a look at the prison census.

Over one hundred former inmates of this prison are now "over there."

How many tons in a Tren-ton? How about it, John Smith?

We have made a bet that our Chaplain shakes more hands than Big Mike.

Watch them, Boys, we leave it to you.

How will you have your "Brophy's?"

Those army trucks loaded with shoe machinery and shoes to be repaired looked as good to us as anything we have seen in a long time. Make a good job of it fellows, and send home the bacon.

Where does Narrow John put those "soup to nuts" dinners?

We become so accustomed to taking things for granted that we often are not appreciative. Our band, however, in their natty uniforms won't let us get away from the fact that they not only look good but deliver the goods. More power to you, Williams.

Have you written that letter home?

William Proll, the motor of our Printing Department, was paroled by the Board of Managers and will be released Jan. 1st. He has been energetic help, assisting in the mechanical production of The Inner Voice. He has proven to be a good fellow and will be remembered for many moons.

W. goes wilde when reporting our very elevating Sunday entertainments here for the information of the readers of the Trenton Times and, incidentally, our amusement.

Our choir is worthy of our most favorable commendation. Billie Brown not only works unceasingly to provide appropriate music but has remarkable control of a bass voice of surpassing range, clearness and power. Associated with him are vocalists of no mean talent who with our band and stringed orchestra, induce us to look forward to Sunday not only as a day of rest but as the day on which we are privileged to enjoy good music.

Our laundry is a department we seldom come in contact with but when we realize that they launder over 7,000 pieces weekly, we can not withhold credit from them for their very efficient service.

If in your judgement you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation, rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave.

—Abraham Lincoln.

THE OTHER SIDE

Our attention has been called to an editorial published in the Trenton Times of November 17, 1918 entitled "Should Murderers Be Paroled?" We wonder whether the editor wrote the article in jest, on the spur of the moment or through ignorance; whether he thought of the harm he was doing to the Convicts and the psychological effect on the populace. Statistics show that less than one per cent of paroled murderers ever return to prison; that paroled murderers make as a rule very good citizens; that the majority of homicides are committed through accident, drunkenness, anger, insanity and many other minor causes. Yet in ignorance he asks "Should Murderers Be Paroled?" He makes the exception the rule.

He has intimated that the parole system has proved its success by the number of released Convicts who have made good, but that there is a class of citizens who do not favor its extension to anyone who has taken human life. Surely that class is in the minority; just like its opinion so small that it would be about as effective as a putty blower would have been in the front line trenches. To this class there are only two kinds of people, good and bad—those who have done and those who have not done a few definite things. There are no fine shadings, no great sacrifices, no physical, psychical excuses, explanations, reasons. They see no slums, no heredity, no wonderful regeneration. One errs, so they say, and he must be thrown into a vermin infested cell, cast out of society, left to ponder anarchy in an unsanitary prison for years and turned out a worse criminal.

To begin to get an inkling of the causes and effects of human conduct one should throw away every text in the world and create society and the inter-relations of human beings for himself. One must be an original thinker.

We look with pity and compassion on this poor ignorant class and hope that in the near future newspapers will ignore them and let them live in their happiness of ignorance for it has been truly said that "ignorance is bliss."—R. N. S.

Albert O'Brien, a paroled prisoner from the Rahway, N. J. Reformatory, has been recommended for a pardon and a Carnegie Medal for his rescue work during the explosions at Morgan, N. J. The prisoner inmates at the Reformatory also distinguished themselves by relinquishing their beds and accommodations to those made homeless by the explosion.

THE CONVICT'S RIGHT

Three and a half years ago a man was paroled to Mrs. Ballington Booth from Sing Sing. She placed him at work with a firm that gradually raised his status till, some time ago, he was promoted to a position of trust. During his parole period his reports were irreproachable. When his firm undertook of their own volition to supervise the filling up of the questionnaires of their employees, the man trusted as he was, came to us in a condition of mental fear, satisfied that his firm, noted for their rigid discipline, would dismiss him on ascertaining, as it would by his replies, that some time before he had been an inmate of Sing Sing Prison. We advised him, of course, to do his duty by Uncle Sam and face the consequences, promising that if his employers should take the action he apprehended that we would stand by him. But what about the many who have no friends? And what of the heinous, almost immoral, principal underlying this feature of the questionnaire? When God forgives he forgets, and in dealing with its citizen weaklings, Uncle Sam can afford to forget their delinquencies. I suggest as a serious proposition that when a man has purged his offence against the law, he should as a matter of right be treated accordingly.

In Japan a convict, when absolutely free from state supervision, is protected against all such tyranny as that of which "A Marked Man" is an illustration. If any man, whether he be detective or civilian, "casts up" his past to his monetary detriment, such an act is treated under the penal code of that country as indictable.—
A. M. Nicol, Chief Secretary Volunteer Prison League.

PRISON METHODS IN NEW ZEALAND

According to a statement just given out by the Minister of Justice of New Zealand, it is customary to give every able-bodied prisoner serving time in prisons in this dominion work at useful employment, and during the year the prisoners of this country earned \$209,260 compared with \$394,187 as the total cost of the prisons department of the dominion.

The prison occupations now include the making of bricks and concrete tiles, bootmaking, farming, dairying, tree planting, stone dressing and road making, and the wages fixed at \$1.21 a day per man when this work is done for public bodies.

This reformatory system seems to be working very satisfactorily in New Zealand, since the health of the prisoners is better and their behavior greatly improved.

OUR CHAPLAIN

Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Elder needs no introduction. His personal contact with those within these walls has made a deeper and more lasting impression than any words of ours could possibly convey and his ready smile, genial disposition and outstretched hand have won him a place in our hearts from which he will never be ousted. His life among us is a touching example of self-sacrifice and devotion, of meekness and humility, of supreme attachment to heavenly and divine things.



He has long been an Ambassador of God and has worked hard since entering the ministry. Especially has this been true of his twenty-four years work in this city. He was pastor of Wesley Church for five years and was then assigned to old Commerce Street Church, Bridgeton. He went from that charge to Trinity Church, Trenton, where he had, till coming here, officiated for nineteen consecutive years, making a world record for a Methodist pastor to remain at one charge. This is not the only record he has established. He has long since become known throughout New Jersey and neighboring states as the "marrying parson of Trenton". It is doubtful if his record in this respect can be equalled by many ministers. During the past nineteen years, according to records, he has performed 2,859 marriage ceremonies and as he himself says, "These were by far not all \$5 weddings." Those who are acquainted with Dr. Elder know this to be true and know him also for his charities along all Avenues.

Aside from officiating at this great number of marriages, Dr. Elder has also conducted services at an aver-

age of 110 baptisms a year for the nineteen years and an average of 220 funerals annually. The number of pastoral and other calls he has made would be hard to estimate. In order to facilitate this work, the congregation of Trinity and friends of the pastor some time ago gave him an automobile.

We cannot help but feel that God will crown the work of this Delegate of His with long years and spiritual prosperity and we hope and trust that until his temporal activities are suspended he will remain among us—an exemplar and inspiration.

Among recent visitors to the prison was Mrs. Sydney M. Colgate of Orange, N. J. who is actively interested in the "submerged tenth" and has for many years labored in behalf of those segregated from society. Largely through her efforts there has been founded in the Essex County Penitentiary the Prisoners' Aid Society, an organization formed "to advance in every way possible the true interests and welfare of those confined. . . ."

The Prisoners' Aid Society is composed of two Branches the Inside Branch and the Outside Branch. The Inside Branch aims "to assist in every way possible the maintenance of order in the institution," and with this end in view has adopted a rational method of self-government. We sincerely hope that the expectations of the organizers will be realized and that any temporary disappointments in the working out of the plan which ultimately must be successful will be borne with the fortitude necessary for the successful fruition of any worth-while idea.

The Outside Branch is composed of friends outside the prison, public-spirited citizens and humanitarians, who co-operate with the Inside Branch in furnishing clothing and employment to the men when released and in many other ways engender a feeling of friendliness between the Branches.

The Society publishes *The Spokesman*, an organ which disseminates the seed of right and constructive thinking and chronicles current events both within and outside the walls. It is one of our exchanges to which we always look forward with pleasure and we hope to see it progress with a rapidity commensurate with its initial success.

To broaden his knowledge of human nature and complete his education, every man who aspires to personal achievement should put in at least a year in prison. It will afford most valuable experience and furnish a new basis for estimating character.—*Star Bulletin*.

BOXING

Some few years ago, the manly art of self-defense, commonly known as boxing or professional prize fighting in many states, was looked upon with frowns of horror, as brutal and demoralizing - mentally, morally and physically. Boxing was characterized in its worse form. The boxer was pictured as a low-browed, broken pug-nosed, cauliflower eared, ugly looking brute of the gorilla type, insensible to pain or punishment, his greatest ambition to be a real tough guy and a man killer.

Since Uncle Sam entered the war with the Allies that picture has been entirely erased from the public mind by the introduction of athletics and boxing in the army cantonments and naval training stations. It has proven beyond doubt that boxing is truly a manly art of self-defense; a requisite in the training of a good strong, healthy and fearless Yankee soldier. Some of the best boys in the game have volunteered their services to the government as instructors. In this institution, we have only to look around to see the great change that has been brought about since our Warden has permitted and encouraged athletic contests and boxing. Prison pallor is a thing of the past; ruddy cheeks, vigorous physical bodies and resulting cheerful personalities have taken its place.

We are pleased to note that the men here really regard boxing as "manly" and as an art of self-defense and are eager to learn the mysteries of "hit and get-away." We have observed the change that boxing has wrought in the quick and bad-tempered fellows. It has taught them to keep a cool head and to govern their temper. Once they don the mitts they forget the idea that crape will be hung on their door and that they may be "beaten up" or badly hurt.

In every man's makeup, with no exception, there is a certain amount of cowardice. In some it may not be discernible or noticable but it is there just the same and will show up probably at the most unexpected moment. It may be in one we believe to be a hero, for the war has proven that brave men falter and cowards fill the breach threatened by the enemy. When we hear of a man spoken of as "fearless" we look him over. He may be strong and capable looking but we have never yet met a man that will not honestly admit that he has at some time or other been badly scared. This tendency to fright can be overcome, however, and eradicated, to a great extent. A little courage and a little patience is a combination that will do it. Go to it, boys.

By Henry Maxwell - - - 3715

MAXWELL - - SMITH BOUT

The recent bout between Maxwell and Smith demonstrated the fact that in the fistic game, as in any other game where youth and rugged vitality are dominant factors, an old-timer can't "come back." This acknowledgement on the part of all who witnessed the bout is tantamount to conceding to Maxwell the ring superiority that he exhibited in the opening rounds but there is not much doubt that his sun has set—his real fighting days are over. He knows the game but can no longer stand the gaff. The form he displayed before Young Smith put over his hay-makers was up to scratch but he lacked stamina and could not scratch hard enough nor long enough.

Young Smith looks like a comer. He has a punch and can put it across; he has wind and is a sticker; the science of the game he must necessarily acquire by experience. His defeat of Maxwell was clean and decisive but unlike Alexander he need not sigh for more worlds to conquer. He can still get bouts that will call for the best that is in him—if that is good enough. The match we would particularly like to see arranged is Smith vs. Charles H. They have had one or two brushes which have enkindled a desire on the part of fans to see them let loose and decide "Who's Who?"

Charlie knows the game as well, probably, as any in here, but fourteen months of physical deterioration in a county jail with attendant worry and anxiety will pull a man down. At the present time he is in no condition to put up the fight that he has in the past but that is no reason why he cannot (and should not) train and show just how he used to do it. We hope he will and that Smith and he will meet under conditions which will allow them to show their wares—everything they have—and be judged accordingly.

The reading class was in session and the word "furlough" occurred. Miss Jones, the teacher, asked if any little girl or boy knew the meaning of the word.

One small hand was raised.

"Furlough means a mule," said the child.

"Oh, no, it doesn't," said the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," insisted the little girl.

"I have a book at home that says so."

Miss Jones told the child to bring the book to school. The next morning the child came armed with a book and triumphantly showed a picture of an American soldier riding a mule, under which was the caption: "Going home on his furlough."—Exchange.

CHARACTER BUILDING

B. Ogden Chisholm,

The building-up of character in the youth is bound to be the basis of our future welfare. This war has changed the complexion of the whole world, and we now find ourselves standing together, shoulder-to-shoulder, as never before, for a common purpose.

This has a supreme significance. We are, as it were, one big family, united for the defense of our country against the aggressions of an intruder in the night. Not wishing to see our homes despoiled, we have risen against all petty jealousies, and are acting together.

The war has made us think of the conservation of the man as a unit, and we are trying to bring him to the highest point of efficiency --to fight against an autocracy which stops at nothing to serve its own selfish aims. In order that every one shall serve in some capacity, we cannot allow one man to escape this up-building process. Even the idlers must be provided with the essential things to do. Inactivity and inefficiency must be changed to industry. We must do things that are worth while in order to acquire self-respect and a better citizenship. It, therefore, resolves itself down to the building-up of youth, and the utilization of the individual, to maintain the establishment of the whole.

Education and character must be established along the highest lines in our schools and universities to furnish quality in the man as a safe-guard against the future. Knowledge will save us from many pitfalls, so we can well afford to observe the Arabian proverb which says:

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not—
He is a fool; shun him.

He who knows not, and knows he knows not—
He is simple; teach him.

He who knows, and knows not that he knows—
He is asleep; wake him.

He who knows, and knows he knows—
He is wise; follow him.

Character established in the youth will help make the self-reliant man. It will aid in the formation of ideas of right living, and will tend to bring success into his life. Nations cannot progress which do not first stand together

with proper motives of equality and self-protection. To secure these qualities, there must be established character in its people, through education. Sound moral fibre is needed in the human race to-day more than ever before.

Ignorance and its accompanying drawbacks cannot be given a place in our program. Laws must be enacted to promote the welfare of the individual and the multitude alike. There is no greater cause of national unrest than laws which are faulty in this respect for they tend to foment jealousies and create unhappiness. Remedies must be found to meet present evils, and preventive measures must be enacted to safeguard the future. Thus only can the public conscience be aroused.

We must remember that most of the dark deeds done in this world have been committed by men who are possessed of fiery passions and controlled by wrong motives. Ill health, hatred and suspicion combined with ignorance, are the base of the crime. There is no greater autocrat than the man who attempts to break the laws enacted for the common good, for autocracy thrives upon the disregard of individual rights.

This war has forced us to embark upon an enterprise, from which the life of the nation must be secured, if we would attain success. Autocracy and ignorance shall not control the destinies of our free peoples, and it shall not lay hands upon innocent women and children and bring harm to the multitude. We must build the youth rightly to make him the man with character and all classes must work together for the common good.

This struggle for justice is supreme, and it will not have been in vain in seeking freedom from oppression, if we decry selfish advantages - so that the home in its peaceful relationship to mankind may be maintained in order that it shall still hold the central place in the universe. —Lend a Hand.

The seizure of Hohenzollern's military and naval uniforms supplies scarecrow material for each of 596 German farms.

Hailstorms will please avoid Washington, as the Treasury is now under Glass.

SCISSORISMS

EVASION

"The average individual," said a Scotland Yard official, "can't give a detective simple, plain, straight-forward information. Questioned by a detective, he becomes involved and difficult as the office boy.

"A detective asked an office boy if it was Mr. Jones or his partner who reached the office first as a rule.

"Well," said the boy, turning very red, Mr. Jones at first was always last, but later he began to get earlier, till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He soon got later again, though of late he has been sooner, and at last he got behind as before. But I expect he'll be getting earlier sooner or later."

—London Opinion

An Indian soldier, home on a furlough, was walking down the main street at Muskogee when a white man who knew him stopped him and said:

"Well, John, I see you have become a soldier."

"Yes, me soldier," replied John.

"How do you like being a soldier, John?"

"No like-um."

"What's the matter?"

"Too much salute - not enough shoot."

"Of course you know what you are fighting for, John?"

"Yes, me know," answered the Indian.

"Well, what are you fighting for, John?"

"Make whole damn world Democratic party!" answered the Indian.—Exchange.

A negro was arraigned in a Memphis court for aggravated assault, the fact being that he had hit another negro with a brick-bat. After the attorneys had questioned the defendant, the judge took him in hand:

Judge: "Jim, why do you say you hit that other negro with a brick-bat?"

Defendant: "Jedge, I hit 'im wid a brick-bat 'cause he calls me a black, kinky-haired scoundrel. Warn't dat ernuf?"

Judge: "Jim, do you presume I would hit a man with a brick-bat if he should call me a black, kinky-haired scoundrel?"

Defendant: "Cose you woul'n't, Jedge. But what if somebody called yer de particler kind of a scoundrel what you really is?"—Exchange.

VICTIMS

"What horrible crime was it brought you here, my good man?" asked the nice old lady.

"We ain't criminals here, ma'am," he replied. "We're all the unfortunate victims of poor lawyers. —"Detroit Free Press."

An Atlanta lawyer tells of a newly qualified judge in one of the towns in the south who was trying one of his first criminal cases. The prisoner was an old negro charged with robbing a hen coop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and then acquitted.

"Well, Henry," observed the judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yessuh," replied the negro. "De las' time, Jedge, you rec'lect, you was mah lawyah."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"Ah ain't got no lawyah dis time," said Henry.

"Ah's gwine to tell de troof."—Exchange.

"Z boasts he is a man who always goes to the bottom of things."

"I noticed that when he went to the sugar bowl last night."—South Hall.

"I say, Tim, does ye believe in the recall of Judges?"

"Faith, I do not. The last time I was up before his honor he sez: 'I recall that face. Ninety days.' I'm ag'in the recall of Judges." —Exchange.

"Maybe he hasn't found himself yet," consoled the confidential friend. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted?" queried the father. "Well, I should say he is! Everything he's got was given him." —Exchange.

Lawyer—Well, aunty, what can I do for you?

Aunt Ivory—Ah wunts a deevorce from mah husband.

Lawyer—What's he been doing?

Aunt Ivory—Doing! Why he done got religion, an we ain't had a chicken on de table for a month.

Ach liber Got! what rough poys dos Americans vas. They slaps my face und ven I turns mit my back to run yet dey kicks me vere I sits down mit one awfully kick.

A man's temper improves the more he does not use it.

