

FINKELSTEIN, TUNNEL BUILDER AND BAD MAN



JOHN JAFFNEY IN THE MOUTH OF ISAAC FINKELSTEIN'S TUNNEL.

(By W. G. Shepherd.)

New York, Jan. 14.—Isaac Finkelstein, Bad Man. This story, right out of the heart of the Eastside, isn't intended to lionize him, but simply to tell how he turned wicked.

It was had enough, on last Thanksgiving day, for the Finkelsteins to be living, with their five children, in a room on the third floor of the tenement at 53 Ludlow street; they had striven for better things. But to have no turkey for the brave little wife and the five smart-as-a-whip children!

Isaac sat at the window and looked across the street and over the roofs to where the wall of the Grand Street Bank with its red giant-lettered sign boasted that the strong boxes within had "\$10,000,000 resources."

Isaac had always been honest. He was like other men. Hadn't he fallen in love, as other men do; didn't he run away from the Russian army when it tried to take him from her; hadn't he married her; didn't he become a proud papa, in the quiet, out-of-the-way corner of Russia, in which they were hiding; and when three children had come, didn't he make up his mind that he would take them all to the great America, where, if a man works he can make his children fine ladies and gentlemen; and hadn't he come over here alone, and worked like a dog at mending shoes for two years; and didn't he toil, many a night until morning; and didn't his eyes pain him; and didn't he go hungry to see the pile of coins grow; and one day wasn't he the proudest father in the United States when he went down to the pier to meet the girl he had loved and the children, Minnie, Sarah and Johnny?

Then one morning Anna and the

children found Isaac's bed empty. The little son Isador was sent to the dark basement with a lantern for by this time the family knew where husband and father went every night. The boy looked into the hole and heard groans. With a cry he rushed to the sidewalk and told a policeman, who laughed at him at first.

The police got John Jaffney, a daring underground worker, down into the hole. For 15 feet he crawled, then he backed out.

"There's a cavern," he said. "You'll have to dig down from the street. He didn't know how to dig. He used laths for braces."

So men came with shovels, and wagons with glowing. It was risky work, but finally Isaac's crushed body was taken out.

At the third story window the crowd saw the faces of a woman, a baby and four children, who really deserved something better than a room in Ludlow street—that is, according to the way Isaac Finkelstein, bad man, looked at it.

His wife has been a good help to him, even in the earning of bread. She is an expert stenographer, and has for some years been employed in Parliament, where she has had more to do with obtaining the ballot for the women of Norway than any other individual, man or woman.

DENMARK'S NEW ADMINISTRATOR

Premier Zahle Has Risen From the Shoemakers' Bench to the Highest Seat in the Land.

Copenhagen, Jan. 14.—From a shoemaker's bench to the highest seat in the land next the king, is in brief the career of Carl Theodor Zahle, the new Premier of Denmark. And his achievement is paralleled by several of his colleagues in Denmark's first radical ministry.

Zahle is a shoemaker's son. He was born in 1856 in a little room behind his father's shop, in an old red-tiled house, in the quiet town of Roskilde. Zahle's parents occupied only a few rooms on the ground floor. One door opened on the street, the other on the "gaard" or bobbed court, where Theodor played. The father was a public-spirited man. In the long winter evenings a group of friends smoked their clay pipes in the shop and listened while the author of the shoemaker's bench held forth on the inequities of the Conservative Government. The boy listened eagerly. He borrowed scraps of leather from the shop and arranged them out in the court in the form of parliaments. When he began to read he was chiefly interested in newspapers and books of history.

Assisted Father.

Theodor early earned the shoemaker's trade, and assisted his father out of school hours. At the age of seven he entered the Roskilde Latin School. He had plenty of stimulating surroundings. Roskilde once was the capital of Denmark and the Latin School is under the shadow of the great cathedral. The boy lost interest in shoemakers' lasts for his heart was in his books. A farmer uncle predicted that the king would some day need their heads and purses together, and sent the boy up to the university in Copenhagen to study law. His college career was successful. In 1880 he was admitted to the Bar, and eventually to the higher courts, and he now is head of a law firm.

But politics always has been Zahle's ruling passion. In college days he was noted as a debater and a vigorous exponent of the founders of "The Student League" which with the newspaper, Politiken, is one of the two great organs of Danish radicalism. In 1885 he was elected to the lower House of Parliament, and became in the course of years, the leader of his party. At the end of October, 1898, he brought about the overthrow of Count Moltke's compromise ministry, and took the place of Theodor Zahle as Denmark's first Radical Government. Zahle is the youngest premier Denmark ever has had.

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NEW YORK STIRRED BY ENGLISH PLAY



MATHESON LANG AS STEVE.

New York, Jan. 14.—S'ppos you were engaged to a young man and went with your father and mother to his home to spend the holidays.

Suppose while you were there, waiting for the young man to come, a letter came to his parents from an angry husband, saying that the young man had run away with his wife.

And suppose, within 10 minutes, in came the young man with the runaway wife, picked her up, fainting in his arms, laid her on the couch, opened her waist at the neck, fanned her and begged his mother to help him put her to bed.

Suppose you found out that the young man and the runaway married woman had spent the night before in a hotel, and that the young man told you that he sat beside the bed and held the hand of the worried and almost hysterical wife.

And suppose that you found out that the woman, long before she had been married, had been brought by her sweetheart to his home and had been employed by his mother, at his request, as a companion.

And suppose the mother told you that she had asked the girl to go because she saw she was in love with your sweetheart.

Would you pack up your grips at the demand of your father and mother and leave the house immediately with them? Or would you stay and hear what the young man had to say in the way of an explanation?

In "Don," the new English play, which is the newest offering at the New Theatre in New York, the girl will not leave.

And when she and Steve, her sweetheart, are alone together, he says:

"If I hadn't loved you I never would have helped her. Her husband was treating her cruelly, and when she wrote to me for help it came to me as the cry of all womanhood—the womanhood I love in you."

And that speech convinces her that her sweetheart is true, as events prove later, when the husband tries to shoot Steve and is forced by his wife's story to drop his revolver and shake Steve's hand.

Matheson Lang, the imported English actor, played Steve, the idealist and poet, with an art that rang true. E. M. Holland played the clergyman, Steve's father, who was willing to lie for him; Louis Calvert was excellent as the outraged husband, a grim

and violent evangelist. Leah Balem-Hunter, the 18-year-old English actress, played the sweetheart charmingly and with an understanding that may be considered rare in so young a person. This Lawton, as the runaway wife, had the art to make her woman sweet and gentle, in the midst of suffering.

"Don" is about the best thing the New Theatre has done this season.

CHAS. W. MORSE'S PRISON SHOWS LAST WORD IN PENAL SCIENCE.

Continued From Page 10.

If these and about seventy-five other rules are all well observed, convicts in the first grade are entitled to the following privileges:

"One ration of chewing tobacco and one ration of smoking tobacco each week to those convicts who contracted these habits before entering the penitentiary; convicts will not be permitted to contract either of these habits here.

"Privilege to write once every two weeks to relatives or friends on purely family, friendly or business matters, but the use of language intended to hurt the feelings of others must be avoided.

"Privilege to receive all proper letters which may be received in the warden's office, subject to inspection under the rules of the penitentiary.

"Privilege to receive one daily or weekly newspaper or a magazine if approved by the warden.

"Privilege to receive visits from relatives or friends once every two weeks in the presence of an officer.

"Privilege to receive from relatives or friends family photographs, plain white towels, horn comb, hair brush, tooth brush, tooth soap, tooth powder, small hand mirror, suspenders, plain white handkerchiefs and plain black ties.

"Privilege of writing extra letters when authorized by the warden or deputy warden, but these letters will not be passed out unless they are shown to be urgent and important."

Second grade privileges are the same as first grade with the exception of the letters and visits, which are allowed only once in four weeks. There are no third grade privileges at all.

Sometimes where good reason for it exists the warden allows extra visits, as in the case of Mrs. Morse, who was allowed to see her husband twice while she was in Atlanta this week. Mr. Morse may buy cigars with the consent of the warden.

There is no such thing as corporal punishment in the federal penitentiary. The punishments are reprimand, loss of one or all privileges, reduction in grade, loss of part or all of food and confinement in solitary cells at hard labor, confinement in dark cells on restricted diet, the last thing applied only in such cases as mutiny and escape.

As his sentence is more than ten years, under the law Mr. Morse is allowed ten days in each month "good time," so that he may reduce his fifteen year sentence to about ten, if he does not get out before that time.

In eight years there have been but nine escapes from this penitentiary, of them "trades" who just sneaked away, and seven of these were recaptured. One of them, a small, wiry barber, who is still here, slipped through the bars of his shop window and made for the woods. He soon was recaptured.

"That man beat the institution," said Warden Moyer. "In other words he found a weak point, took advantage of it and by doing so exposed it. But there is no man who can beat the institution today. It is proof against them. They may escape by sneaking off, but that's the only way."

This happened in the days before the prison building and stockade were surrounded by high concrete walls surmounted by guard towers, which will ultimately rise thirty-two feet all round the institution.

Warden Delays Work.

Contrary to expectations, Mr. Morse has not yet been put at any regular work, and he will not be for several days. Warden Moyer, explained that it is not always practicable or advisable to do this when a man first comes into the penitentiary. He is given a breathing spell, as it were, time to pull himself together, to realize what confronts him in the new world, and he will not be for several days. Particularly is this regarded as best where a new comer is one of finer sensibilities, high strung or nervous in temperament. Then, too, it is regarded as best in such cases to go slow with physical examination, which must be detailed and complete. So it is common to wait a week or ten

DOGS IS DOGS IN RAMSEY

Departing Minister Held up in Church for Dog Tax -- He Objects and is Made to Pay Two.

New York, Jan. 14.—It turned out that the Rev. Herbert Brown, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ramsey, N. J., was wrong in his contention, but nevertheless no one could blame him for feeling annoyed last Sunday morning, when, after delivering his farewell sermon, and while the sorrowing congregation was crowding around him, Charles E. May, the tax collector, stepped to the front and informed him, in a few well chosen words that he would have to pay a poll tax and a dog tax before he left Ramsey.

Halting the farewell to make a few pertinent remarks about the propriety of trying to collect dog taxes in church, the Rev. Mr. Brown waved the tax collector aside with the added rejoinder that he knew the law. But bright and very early the next morning Robert Ferguson, the town marshal, was at the parsonage with a warrant. His regard for the clergyman's position was such that he merely suggested that the minister appear before the Borough Council yesterday and explain matters.

The Rev. Mr. Brown was on hand accompanied by two of his deacons, and was in anything but a beauteous state of mind. Likewise were all the dog and tax authorities in the town present.

"It is well known to all tax collectors," said the Rev. Mr. Brown, "that a minister of the Gospel is exempt from paying a poll tax. As to the dog tax it is an outrage to ask a man to pay a tax of fifty cents for a two-year-old pup. A pup should not be taxed until it arrives at the age of a dog and becomes a nuisance."

Mr. Edgar De Voe, the Borough Attorney, was called upon for an opinion and declared that so far as the poll tax was concerned "the law exempts only idiots and lunatics." This part of the dispute having been disposed of the rest of the afternoon was spent in trying to decide just when a pup became a dog.

While this discussion was on the dogs of the village gathered outside and barked their heads off. When the Borough Attorney announced that "the law made no distinction between two-year-old pups and dogs," the dogs gave a bark of thanks for his impartiality.

The Rev. Mr. Brown paid the double tax. He has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Ridge-wood, N. J.

days or even two weeks before definite decision is reached as to what a new prisoner shall do. Many of them do nothing; there are more men than are needed to do the prison work.

Mr. Morse has submitted to a general physical examination, vaccination, identification measurements, thumb prints, photographing and has been assigned a cell. A more complete physical examination is yet to be made by the penitentiary physician, Dr. A. L. Fowler, before Mr. Morse goes to work, if he does not. He may be relieved from it on account of the lameness in his right leg. The warden would use him in a clerical capacity if he could write, a good hand, but few men can who have been accustomed only to signing letters and checks.

Benjamin D. Greene and John F. Gaynor are about the only two men in the prison who have not been completely forgotten that their identity is lost in their numbers. They have about sixteen months each yet to serve of the four year sentence imposed upon them by Judge Emory Speer, on conviction of conspiracy in defrauding the government of \$3,000,000 or more in connection with work on the Savannah and other harbors under Captain Oberlin M. Carter who was convicted by court martial and served five years in Leavenworth Prison.

Green was a captain in the United States Engineer Corps before he became a contractor, so he is a trained engineer. He is now employed in the construction department at the prison, which is engaged in putting up the new building, almost an exact duplicate of the prison part of the present structure. It is being built of Stone Mountain granite. Large rough blocks of stone are shipped direct to the prison, and prisoners do the work of shaping them for their proper places. It will take five years to complete this new structure, with the exception of the administration building in the center, which is being pushed more rapidly and may be finished in a couple of years or less.

John F. Gaynor, who was the financial man of the harbor contracting firm and at one time prominent in an advisory way in democratic politics in New York, is now in the prison hospital, where he has been practically all the time since he entered the institution. He is suffering from locomotor ataxia, but has improved in severity five per cent, it is said, as compared with his condition soon after arrival. He is now able to walk about the room, though at one time he could not take a step.

Thanksgiving, Christmas and other holidays are observed, and it has been the custom, since the opening of the prison, for vaudeville actors and other entertainers in the city on these occasions to go out and entertain the prisoners.

When Mr. Morse leaves the prison, whether by pardon or otherwise, he will be given a suit of clothes, made in the institution's tailor shop, if it is cold an overcoat, also five dollars and a railroad ticket home. It keeps sixty-two men pretty busy making clothes for eight hundred convicts the year round, besides those which must be turned out in some what better shape for the discharged prisoners.

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