

Easter In Captivity

EASTER Sunday in a prison is welcomed as one of the great days of the year, when there is a little extra indulgence in the way of eating and amusement and some relaxation in the usual discipline. The prison officials endeavor as far as possible to make the day a little different from the usual Sunday, though, with the best intentions, they cannot do much.

Easter Sunday begins for the prisoners at about half past 7, when the great prison bell rings and the guards unlock the cell doors. Away down the corridor you hear a stamp, stamp, as of an advancing giant. Line after line of black and gray striped figures march out on their way to breakfast.

The mess room, with its rows of desk-like tables, capable of seating more than a thousand men, looks like an immense schoolroom. At the end of each table is a great pile of bread cut in thick slices, beside which stands a keeper. Each man on taking his seat finds before him a tin plate containing his breakfast, a pint of coffee, a slice of bread and a knife and fork. If he wants any more bread he holds up his right hand and the guard at the end of the table passes it to him. By holding



DUKES ARE HEARD.

up his plate or cup he can get more coffee or whatever there may be for breakfast. Waste is avoided, but no man need go away from the table unsatisfied. After a busy quarter of an hour the keeper in charge of the first company knocks on the table, and the men in his charge, some fifty or sixty, rise at once and form into line, each carrying his knife and fork in his hand. The keeper takes his station at the door, and as each man passes out he must deposit his knife and fork in the box provided for that purpose.

If the day is fine, the men are marched around the yard for half an hour, still keeping their formation, and a strange sight it is to see the long lines of men marching in and out around the buildings in endless procession.

Exercises over, away they march to the chapel, which, owing to the efforts of the chaplain and his friends, is decorated with flowers and plants, disposed so as to hide as much as possible the telltale bars and other suggestive items. Each man as he enters receives a printed programme of the services, containing also the hymns to be sung by the congregation. For weeks previously the prison choir has been practicing Easter music, and, as a rule, the prison choir is quite competent to give as good a choral service as those of a great many city churches, there being no lack of well trained voices, even a male soprano voice being far from unusual. The programme is a great deal more varied and extensive than you would hear in a church and partakes more of the character of a sacred concert. Solos, duets, trios, quartets and even quintets are heard, varied by selections by a capital orchestra and in some prisons a full brass band. Often some of the pieces are by some talented prisoner.

The religious services are brief, most of the time being taken up by the choir. The whole is over in about an hour and a half. Then comes the march back to the cells, each man receiving as he passes the mess room a tin containing his afternoon meal, which consists of three hard boiled eggs, some cold potatoes and as much bread as he cares to take. Taking his place at the lever which locks every door on that gallery, the keeper waits until each man is in his place. At the signal each door is closed with a bang, snap goes the lever, and fifty doors are securely locked. Then comes the count. Each man stands behind his door, which, being formed of iron bars, permits him to be plainly seen, and as the keeper knocks with his key in passing answers "Here." A second keeper repeats the count, and then for the present each man is left to the enjoyment of his own company.

At 12 o'clock the prison wakes up again a little as the mess room waiters come from door to door with great cans of boiling coffee. Soon all is quiet again, and little can be heard as the messmen drag along except the soft creak of the test-shod patrol or an occasional sign from a wretched prisoner. At a quarter of one fresh water is served to each man, and his lamp is lighted. Slowly the time drags along until 2 o'clock, when the striking of the bell is heard, and all hands are put out, the prisoners being as quiet as a city street on a Sunday.

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The Spirit of Easter

A KING'S POCKETS.

Someone Has Ascertained Precisely What He Carries in Them.

Like a man who carries the look of his crown King Edward carries very little in his pockets besides a handkerchief. In his waistcoat pocket he carries a gold pencil case, a cigar cutter, a little pass key, a gold watch, carefully regulated by Greenwich time, and a half a dozen sovereigns. In his coat pocket, he carries a tiny notebook and in the winter he puts his gloves in the pocket of his topcoat. This king never carries a cigar-case, except a gold case which holds one cigar, but he always has a small box of lozenges. Unlike his nephew, the Kaiser, he never carries a fountain pen in his pocket.

Hearing Both Sides.
Last summer there died at Washington a lawyer who for many years had shocked a large number of his friends by his rather liberal views touching religion.

A friend of the deceased, who cut short a Canadian trip to hurry back to Washington for the purpose of attending the last rites of his colleague, entered the late lawyer's home some minutes after the beginning of the service.

"What part of the service is this?" he inquired in a whisper of another legal friend standing in the crowded hallway.

"I've just come myself," said the other, "but I believe they've opened for the defense."—Harper's Weekly.

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