

must of necessity have a considerable social and moral influence upon the characters of the inmates. It will be seen from the accompanying illustrations that this splendid prison constitutes a perfect revolution in the accommodation and treatment of prisoners. When a prisoner arrives he is asked if he prefers a cell or a dormitory.

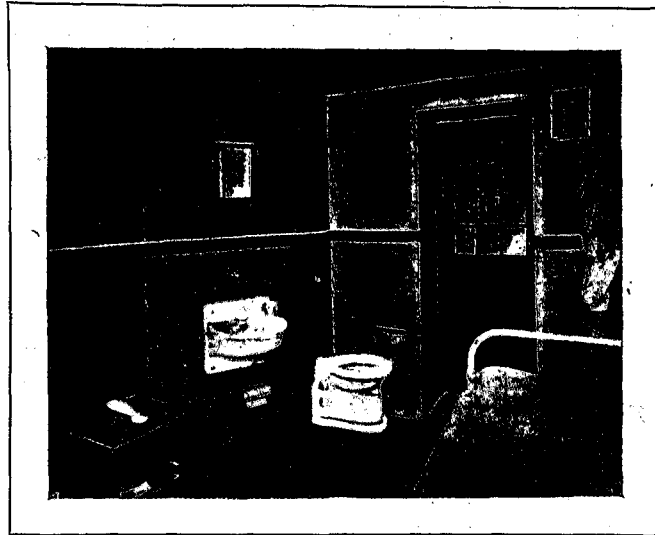
The young men usually choose the latter. The cell is really a small bedroom, with comforts (not luxuries) necessary for a self-respecting civilised being. Note the fixed basin with running water and the toilet of nice white enamel. The window is of the usual size and level, so that the prisoner can look out of it. There is no closed-cell system, except, I believe, at night. The cell doors are kept wide open during the day.

We had an opportunity as we passed along the cell corridors of gaining a general impression of the humane treatment accorded to the prisoners. The trusted prisoners have private rooms with doors they can open and shut themselves. This prison, like others I have mentioned, is worked on the "honour system," and is an unqualified success. More might be said of this model prison, but the exigencies of time and space must be considered, and I must tell of the famous Sing-Sing Prison in the State of New York.

It was on a fine day in November—no rain, of course (in this hospitable country, I might almost say this hospitable continent, it does not rain when you propose to make an excursion!)—that we met Miss Maxwell, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, at the Central Station, and

being armed with a letter of introduction to the Warden, Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne (mentioned in the first part of this article), we set off for Ossining, where is situated the Sing-Sing Prison. The Warden was at one time in charge of the George Junior Republic, where delinquent children are allowed to govern themselves under wise and kindly guidance. The results have been so encouraging and inspiring that a similar organisation has been established in this country under the title of "The Little Commonwealth" in Dorset. But this is another story. Mr. Osborne has adopted the same system at the Sing-Sing prison, with results equally gratifying. I am glad I have no pictures to show of this prison. It is a hundred years old and is a

monument of hideousness and cruelty, *but*—make no mistake—this applies only to the structural side of it, the bricks and mortar only. A hundred years ago prisoners all the world over were treated abominably. Here one sees long rows of cells cut into the thick walls, so narrow that they look just like a lot of sepulchres! It made one feel creepy to look at them! The prison constitutes a curious combination of the ancient and the modern. The Warden—as I have said before—is a humanitarian, and he treats the inmates as human beings—*humanly*. He would like nothing better than to raze this abomination to the ground. It is certain to be replaced by a modern one, on the lines of the Ontario Reformatory, before very long. Mr. Mott Osborne is a man of means and influence. Before being conducted



A CELL AT THE ONTARIO REFORMATORY.



A DORMITORY.

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