

round the prison, he hospitably entertained us to lunch. One of the inmates was then deputed to show us round; a warder was present, but kept in the background; the prisoner was our guide and did the honours. It was modestly done, but there was an air of self-respect about the man that we could not but admire. It goes without saying that the "honour system" is also in force here. The men are trusted; there is very little supervision. Except for the great frowning building itself it was difficult to believe that these men were convicts. Their cells are only occupied at night; the men are healthily engaged in the various workshops, for this also is a great industrial centre, where many trades are carried on, for the supply of various State institutions. As in other up-to-date prisons, a certain amount of recreation and amusement is provided for the inmates. There is a very fine band; the bandmaster is an Italian of musical genius. A programme of musical entertainment is often arranged. As we passed through the Great Hall, a rehearsal was taking place, and a man with a rich baritone voice was singing beautifully. In another hall, the Court was sitting. The accused was being tried by his peers. The Bench consisted of three Justices of the Peace. The presiding one was closely questioning the delinquent, whose offence was that he had broken a rule. We were allowed to sit down and listen to the hearing of the case. It was conducted with all the order and ceremony of a Court of Justice. It was the real thing, in fact. It was no mock ceremony. The Court was *on its honour*. The prisoner appeared to be very much ashamed of himself. We were not able to stay and hear what sentence he received. The men are proud of being a self-governing body.

That it has done good and worked moral wonders is incontestable. The inmates have established a "Mutual Welfare League," the official organ of which is *The Bulletin*. I read from the copy before me the following remarkable testimony:—

"Two cardinal rules—ironclad and unbreakable—were inevitably before the prisoner: 'Do this, don't do that' (N.B. Under the old régime Mr. Osborne reasoned that, given self-government, the boys will *make stricter rules than he would—they have*). Self-imposed restrictions are always harsher than those forced upon us. Mr. Osborne's reasoning was logical, and as a self-governing body we have barricaded ourselves behind rules and regulations, which, if advocated under the old system, would have incited riot. Yesterday we were dodging brass-buttoned guards; to-day we unflinchingly face 1,500 of our fellow inmates. Yesterday, if we committed any infraction of the rules, we harmed no one but ourselves; to-day if we break any of these rules, we hurt the whole body politic as well as ourselves. We have to face 1,500 accusers, and it is truly a bold man who would openly flaunt defiance in the face of such an army. . . . A short time ago Sing-Sing was worse than any hell conceived in the lurid brain of a

fanatic; *physical* conditions have scarcely been remedied—only dynamite, judiciously placed, can do that—but *morally* the change has been astounding."

This testimony, given by one of the convicts, is assuredly the most powerful argument in favour of penal reform.

A drive in a private motor car through lovely country for forty miles, to visit and dine with friends of Miss Maxwell's, brought this most interesting day to a close.

(To be continued.)

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "THE WINGED VICTORY."\*

In a sense this book is the sequel to "Adnam's Orchard," and though its authoress claims that it is entirely an independent composition, there is no doubt that to enjoy and understand it properly, its predecessor should have been read.

The gist of the book under discussion is that Ella Banks, the lacemaker, the illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Castlefield Saye, and the reputed daughter of Farmer Banks, of Red Rose Farm, was financed by the Duke as an exhibitor and dealer in lace. The dower house of the Brabants, situated in a fashionable street in London, was chosen as the centre of her enterprise.

Long before coming to London Ella had received considerable attention from Lord Melton, the Duke's eldest son.

There is no doubt that, viewed from the standpoint of a farmer's daughter, Ella was a remarkable girl, but the key to her parentage explains her distinction and natural grace of manner.

She, ignorant of the Duke's motive for starting her in life in such a princely manner, is considerably astonished, on her arrival in London, to find that instead of a small shop she is installed practically as mistress in a luxurious mansion. Obvious complications arise, which are handled by Mme. Grand in a masterly and original method.

The Duke assumes, as his heart dictates, a tender and paternal attitude towards Ella. He is unaware of his son's attachment to her, and Ella conceives that he suspects this, and gives it a tacit approval by his treatment of her.

For some time she lives in what to the outer world was a very equivocal position, and by degrees the breath of scandal reaches her. She fiercely accuses the Duke of base motives. In her distress, though not disclosing the reason, she agrees to marry Lord Melton secretly. Her denial of him heretofore had been based upon the argument that it would be an ungrateful return to the Duke thus to deceive him.

The situation is both original and well conceived.

The Duke, broken-hearted at the dilemma in which he has placed his child, decides to tell her the story of her birth, when, to his horror and

\*By Sarah Grand. London: Wm. Heinemann.

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