

\$300,000 marble palace on St. Paul Street all the way down the line to the simple pine bough in the little one-roomed, paper-windowed hut on Fillpot Alley—would have given a history similar in a few points, but widely divergent in others. Santa Claus came to the charitable institutions, at some of which balls and concerts were given. The unfortunates in prison were remembered. All kinds of good things were sent into the "Pen"—roast "coon and possum" and many other delicacies were found by the warden, who opened the packages before delivering them. But one present—a roast turkey from a widow to her only son—speaks a small volume to the thoughtful. On Christmas Eve a large crowd gathered on the street not far from here. I went out, and there was a young woman lying on the cold pavement, her head resting on the marble door-step of a prominent man—a Christian—and by her side lay a pool of blood, and blood was still running from a long gash on the head. She was drunk, and on her way home fell, receiving a bad cut. In all this there is nothing strange, for such sights are not rarities. But just at the time of the great hurrahing and rejoicing over the supposed birthday of Christ, see how His teachings are ignored! The bystanders laughed at the suggestion that we should help her home. Those who lived near would not take her inside, but I could bandage her wound, which had to be dressed by the light of a street lamp. The man at whose doorstep she lay was indignant and sent for the police, who came with a patrol wagon and hurried her to the station-house. Yet this poor creature will be a mother in a month or two! "Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity!"

The many hospitals must have been interesting places to the students. At one which our college controls were a mashed leg, a crushed skull, and several knife and razor wounds, all requiring our attention. These were a few of the Christmas gifts of bad whiskey. "Ford's," "Albaugh's," "The Academy of Music," "The Monumental," and the many other theatres have noted troupes and special attractions which draw immense throngs by day and night during the holiday week. The first theatre in America was built in this city. Its ruins—now used by a coal and wood dealer—can be seen on the right hand in passing up Saratoga from

Gay to Calvert Street. It was called by the classical name "The Mud Theatre," and properly so, I think, when a brick just above the door of a house near by bears this inscription: "High Water Mark, July 25, 1868."

That slimy but delicious fish—the oyster (one of which is given with every "drink" at most of the saloons) becomes prominent just now. The Maryland State Navy has been fighting the fishermen over a month for catching oysters on forbidden ground, though the ground is under water. [This is free advice to those who do not eat oysters.] The navy has got the worst of it so far, and a leading paper announces that "the navy can be bought for a yoke of oxen and a yellow dog." Baltimore has about 1,000 boats in the oyster trade; each boat has two dredges or iron scoops, having a capacity to hold seven bushels of oysters. A boat makes a trip in from seven to fourteen days, and according to its capacity brings from 800 to 3,000 bushels at a load.

Some time since the NEWS contained an interesting letter written by a medical student at Ann Arbor. By it I see our students there hold their regular meetings, which is an excellent plan. I have been at many churches here, but have not "got religion" from any of them.

S. H. A.

BALTIMORE, Maryland, December 25th, 1888.

AT THE PENITENTIARY.

The sentiment and feeling which exist in the Utah Penitentiary today are of such a nature that I think it but just to all concerned to give the public a synopsis of the past week's programme here. At Christmas time every heart was made glad through melody, song, recitation, and speeches. The entertainment given by the inmates in the forenoon showed talent, and passed off gloriously. Speeches were delivered by many, and the remarks offered were made in a happy, cheerful vein. All received counsel that afforded universal satisfaction. The efficiency, urbanity, kindness, and discipline of the officers, from the highest to the lowest, were warmly commended. The cleanliness and good order which are maintained at the institution were also praised. Special mention was made of the turnkey—how necessary it was that that officer should be keen of perception, quick in action, and a strict disciplinarian where so many were brought together of different

temperaments, convicted of such varied offenses, and might be kept under proper control, restraint, and in health. It was conceded, likewise, by the speakers that Mr. James A. Doyle and Mr. Jenny were the "right men in the right place" as turnkeys for this institution.

The Christmas dinner was served at 2 p. m., according to bill of fare published in your valuable journal. The tables were heavily laden with good cheer, furnished by generous friends outside, who liberally responded to the call of the committee, Messrs. C. Wilkens, O. P. Arnold, Lehi Pratt and B. Hampton. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the committee, as well as to Marshal Dyer, Warden Pratt, the guards, Mr. Fisher and his efficient corps of assistants, who labored hard in the preparation of the repast. Mr. Patterson, too, and his nimble waiters who dexterously and invitingly placed the food on the table were thanked; in fact, all who had in any way contributed to the occasion.

New Year's day another entertainment took place surpassing in variety and attractiveness that presented on Christmas Day. Instrumental and vocal selections and recitations were capitally rendered, and a speech full of good humor and excellent advice was delivered by Bishop Geo. Halliday.

In closing this notice it is but justice to say that the relationship between officers and prisoners is excellent. The aim of Marshal Dyer and Warden Pratt—carried out so efficiently by the other officers—has been to elevate the morals, improve the condition of the convict, and cause him to feel that he is a human being not totally lost to all decency and respect, but capable of rising to a better state than when he entered the penitentiary, going forth upon society with the better part of his nature cultivated and improved, while his baser passions are restrained. It is remarkable to see the civility, good feeling, and respect which exist here where men of every class are congregated. In writing this I only reiterate the opinion of all the inmates of the Utah Penitentiary.

Respectfully,

JOS. B. FORBES.

Utah Penitentiary, Jan. 1st, 1889.

HENRY A. NOON, of Provo, died January 2, of pneumonia. He was one of the founders of the Provo American, and was about thirty years of age.