

The Prison Mirror.

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

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AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.
The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course,
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend, and let it go o'er you.
The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes into God's great plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—Ex.

NOT GUILTY.

A Victim of Circumstantial Evidence Finds Friends at Last.

In the year 1889 the Grand Sire of the I. O. O. F., having sacrificed his political ambition after filling the highest position of public honor in his state, to devote the best years of his life in assisting to promote the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, with the ultimate object to fraternize the world, was making an extended tour of the country. In visiting Fort Madison, Ia., where the state penitentiary is located, a grand demonstration of the order was made, and escorted by the committee of entertainment, and on the invitation of the warden, the prison was visited. While passing through one of the departments he noticed one poor fellow whose face bore traces of such great suffering, and had so elevated its expression that it would have served as an ideal for a saint. The distinguished guest was constrained to halt for a brief moment to take more particular notice of him, when the prisoner, raising his eyes toward heaven as if in prayer, made a sign of distress, and then as if frightened at what he had done, bowed his head and resumed his work with greater application than before, not waiting to see if his devotion had been observed, whereupon the honorable gentleman who had held the exalted office of chief magistrate of his state, with power to pardon at his will, asked the privilege of speaking with the convict, which was freely granted, and advancing toward the prisoner with outstretched hands he thus addressed him: "My brother, how came you here?" The poor fellow, with greater surprise even than any of those who were witnesses to the scene, was unable to speak; but with the tears streaming down his hollowed cheeks, glanced toward the keeper as though afraid, when the warden told him to speak, that he was at liberty to talk, and falling upon his knees he took the outstretched hands of the only friend he had seen for a long time, but was suddenly brought to his feet, so that for the time being, at least, he could stand on an equality with a brother. He briefly told how, as the victim of circumstantial evidence, he had been convicted of a crime of which he was innocent, that there was but one man who could clear him, and that he was not to be found, and with hope beaming from his eyes he said: "Oh, dear sir, will you please try to find that man, and get him to help me out of this place?" The Grand Sire took the name of the missing witness, promising to interest himself in his case, and with cheering words bade him keep up his courage and all might yet be well.

A week after the above event the Grand Sire was introduced to a gentleman on the street in Des Moines who bore the same name as the party for whom he was searching. He asked him to call the next morning, which the party readily promised to do. He came at the appointed time and during the interview acknowledged his acquaintance with the facts desired and his

willingness to furnish the necessary papers containing the evidence that would prove the innocence of the prisoner. The Grand Sire who has always been prompt to act, wanted the thing consummated immediately and in a very short time was on the way to the capitol with the papers that were to give to a long suffering brother the enjoyment of his freedom. When the governor saw the evidence he said: "I cannot pardon this man; an innocent man needs no pardon. I will see that he is returned to his home and friends, and all that the court can do, that sentenced him to so cruel a servitude shall be done, to wipe out the disgrace and stain of ignominy, and once more restore him to society and to as honorable a position as is possible." As soon as it could be accomplished the prisoner was returned to his home, the court convened and the judge who had sentenced him made every effort to have his coming known, and when the train stopped at the depot the first thing the convict saw was the members of his lodge of Odd Fellows drawn up in line to escort him to the court house where he was to be officially restored with honor, to family and friends amid the joyful acclamations of grateful hearts, for what the head of the greatest fraternity on earth had condescended to do in recognizing as a brother the poor convict of a state prison.—J. P. E. in, The Northwestern Odd Fellows Review.

Editor Stead Endorsed.

The means employed, and the manner in which they are applied by Mr. W. T. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, to solve the social problem, are the cause of much comment from both the press and the people. His outspoken, straightforward manner of handling the pet theories of so-called reformers has brought down upon his head many splenetic invectives. It has ever been thus; and until the millennium appears like a gorgeous sun rising upon the horizon of an eastern sky, will the true reformer be looked upon as one whom the gods love and have consequently made mad. To the alleged reformer who travels a beaten and well worn path, it is like partaking of the hemlock-brew of ancient Greece, to have his follies made known, and his pet theories blasted. These reformers, God save the mark, are wont to have it understood that their theories, and their's alone, will elevate mankind to its highest sphere of perfection. Drunkards, criminals, maniacs and idiots can only be brought back into paths of rectitude and reason, through the enforcement of their doctrines, and when the utter incompetency of their mouldy and threadbare hobbies are shown to the world, when it is unquestionably proved that humanity is sinking lower and lower, that drunkenness, crime, and madness increases each year under the application of their theories, these men of reform raise their hands in surprise and indignantly murmur: "It is impossible. Have we not put into effect the most approved systems for the checking of all that tends to degrade or pull down humanity?" Aye, so they have; but "the most approved systems," as they apply them, are practically worthless. Because you are the member of society that has in view the betterment of the human race and subscribe to it hundreds or even thousands of dollars (only a tithe of which is applied as intended, because the society's officers must receive their salaries), does that fact make known to you the proper place to apply your contribution so that it may do the most good? There are many philanthropists, but few of them are practical; just so with reformers. I do not know that Mr. Stead has ever endowed a college with a million dollar gift, paid membership fees to the Society for the Prevention of Crime, or that he is an adherent of Dr. Parkhurst, who turns defenseless women into the streets of New York City because "his dearly beloved brethren" have led them to the mouth of hell, and there abandoned them to struggle

back to earth as best they may. Perhaps he has never given a dollar to an institution of learning and the name of Dr. Parkhurst or his society awakens but little, if any, enthusiasm in him; but he does know, and manifests it too, that time-worn methods to reduce poverty and its kindred ills are impracticable and useless.

Oh, ye would-be reformers, go to the fountain head of misery and crime; seek not to check its flow by the application of your remedies only to those who have fallen within its rushing tide. Go seek the causes, not the effect; like Mr. Stead, come down from your "I am holier than thou" pedestals and seek for information personally and not through hired officials who apply your substance to the payment of their salaries. Seek the proper channel in which to place the wealth at your command. Cease your indiscriminate application of money and time-worn theories for the uplifting and advancement of the human race; then, and not till then, will true reform begin.

PARIAH.

Noses.

John Lambert Payne said, in a recent article in the Ladies' Home Journal, "the nose is the best index of character I know of." The grammatical construction of the sentence may be a little "off" but I have quoted it as John wrote it and if John chooses to show his contempt for the preposition by throwing it in the tail end of the procession, he has the permission of the undersigned. I heartily accord with John in the truth of the statement made, although it is in broken English. When you see a man with a large well developed nose, about the color of the Thanksgiving special edition of THE MIRROR, you may safely venture a few shekels upon the assertion that he indulges in—well I won't mention it; the very name of it brings to my mind painful memories; several moons shall have been "full" and waxed wane, before I shall be able to speak that name with any degree of satisfaction. I heard a man name it once and another man said "the same" after which very embarrassing financial difficulties arose and caused a coldness. Thus the name brings painful memories. But to return to the subject, a nose may be too well developed for beauty, or too diminutive for good active service. A man without a nose would make a good superintendent of a soap factory, but would never shine very brilliantly as a dude. A man with a nasal organ long and sharp-pointed, knows more about your business than the Bertillon system knows about your past record; and a man with a flat snub nose will put on the gloves with a bull dog for mere pastime. The man with a broken nose is evidently familiar with the rougher phases of life, while the man with a trephined nose has undoubtedly made an improvement upon nature. A man with a crooked nose—one that is twisted to one side—is a man to be pitied. In attempting to follow the pilot nature has given him, he wanders from the straight and narrow way and strays off into by and forbidden paths, and strange as it may appear, his disposition becomes characteristic of his nose—crooked. A judicial nose—one with a wart on it especially—should be avoided. Experience has taught the writer the truth of this assertion. But the bane, the Uriah Heep of all noses is the one that is forever afflicted with a bad cold; a musical nose in fact, it begins in a Mezzo Forte tone gradually attaining to a Crescendo, winding up with Fortissimo; such a nose may be a boon to its owner but it gives a deep seated pain to those who hear it. In conclusion I wish to call the attention of the reader to the fact that I have not mentioned the female for obvious reasons. Noseology like every other ology, requires close attention to the subject in order to disclose accurately all its virtues or vices. Present opportunities not being conducive to an accurate delineation, I shall not at present make the attempt.

S. MILE.

Gambling.

Anyone who has ever gambled, whether at cards, dice, or at marbles, can remember the personal degradation he felt on pocketing his winnings for the first time. Anything obtained without an equivalent return in money or labor has a debasing effect, and this gambling vice has grown to such enormous magnitude in our country that thousands of young men are led to moral ruin by it every year. Games which combine the elements of chance and skill have a fascination which it is difficult for some natures to resist, and thus many young men of respectable parentage, who occupy positions of trust are corrupted and led to filch money from their employers to indulge their passion for gambling. This evil is more prevalent than is generally supposed. It is by no means confined to the gambling houses of large cities, to pool-selling at race tracks, or to betting on the rise or fall of stocks on 'change. Go east or west, north or south, in almost every town and city, will be found rooms fitted up for gambling purposes. Reputable business men meet in well furnished rooms to while away the evening hour playing the national game of draw poker, whilst the baser elements congregate in vile resorts to gamble, drink and brawl. Were it possible—which unfortunately it is not and never can be so long as liquor sellers and gamblers hold the power which they now do in politics—to enact and enforce strong laws for the repression of the twin evils, gambling and liquor selling, crime would be reduced to the minimum. Gambling, drunkenness, and greater crimes will be rampant so long as the better element of society sit idle and sigh over evils they make no effort to abate; but if they would throw off their sluggishness and demand honesty in state and municipal government, in other words, if they would see their duty and have the courage to do it, the youth of our land would be safe from snares and temptations, prisons would be depopulated, pauperism unknown, the world bright and happy.

An Inexcusable Blunder.

Without entering into a discussion of the merits of the Hawaiian question, the one significant fact that stands forth pre-eminent is, that an inexcusable blunder was committed when the appointment of the commissioner with paramount powers was made without the advice and consent of the Senate, and as Talleyrand once said: "that a blunder was worse than a crime in diplomacy."

That portion of Article II, Section II, of the Constitution proscribing the duties of the executive in regard to appointments is as plain as the English language can make it. Notwithstanding its plainness we have had the humiliating spectacle presented to us, of the highest dignitary, either ignoring or ignorant of its limitations. It seems incredible that the chief executive of the nation, a man possessed of legal ability of the highest order, and a familiarity with the intricate points of law and diplomatic usage, should not have investigated the legal aspects of the case. If the question involved any knotty problem of law, there could and would exist a difference of opinion on the matter, but such is not the case; hence, the only conclusion that can be arrived at is, that it was an error of judgment; and if this supposition be correct (?) it shows very bad management, for the reason that every act of the chief magistrate is always subject to the criticism and hostility of a host of the opposing party zealots, be the motives of the act ever so good. Aware of these facts, as the president must have been, the more inexcusable was the usurpation of the legal function.

OBSERVER.

It makes your burden twice as heavy to think about it.—Ex.