

The Prison Mirror.

Edited and Published by the Inmates of the Minnesota State Prison.

Entered at the Post-office at Stillwater, Minn., as second-class mail matter.

This paper will be forwarded to subscribers until ordered discontinued and all arrears are paid.

Should THE MIRROR fail to reach a subscriber each week, notice should be sent to this office, and the matter will be attended to at once.

Contributions solicited from any and all sources. Rejected manuscript will not be returned.

THE MIRROR is issued every Thursday at the following rates:
One Year \$1.00
Six Months .50
Three Months .25
To inmates of penal institutions, 50 cts. per year.
Address all communications,
Editor, PRISON MIRROR,
Stillwater, Minn.

THE MIRROR is a weekly paper published in the Minnesota State Prison. It was founded in 1887 by the prisoners and is edited and managed by them. Its objects are to be a home newspaper; to encourage moral and intellectual improvement among the prisoners; to acquaint the public with the true status of the prisoner; to disseminate penological information and to aid in dispelling that prejudice which has ever been the bar sinister to a fallen man's self-redemption. The paper is entirely dependent on the public for its financial support. If at any time there should accrue a surplus of funds, the money would be expended in the interests of the prison library.

NOTICE.

THOSE receiving copies of THE MIRROR who are not subscribers will please consider them as sample copies. If, after reading them, you should conclude that THE MIRROR is worthy of your patronage, send one dollar to this office and we will enter your name on our books for a year's subscription.



EDITOR E. W. BOK's article in this issue is the first of a series of articles by prominent men we shall publish during the summer.

WHEN we have learned to SAY NO emphatically, and MEAN what we say superlatively the greatest obstacle to wordly success has been surmounted.

LAST Sunday's issue of The Minneapolis Tribune contains a full page write-up of the prison, fully illustrated. The article is well written and gives almost a complete history of the institution from its infancy to its present standing which is well up in the lead of model prisons.

STRYCHNINE is becoming a fashionable tippie among advanced narcotic toppers. Some fiendish dope cranks would imitate the economy of the sick dog if they thought the stimulating illusion of it was more pronounced than their present diet of opium or morphine.

THE cringer and the coward are inseparable companions. Their thoughts—when they have any—are alike. Both are tyrants over their weaker fellows, and snivelling jackals to their superiors; ready at all times to sacrifice the peace and happiness of others in order to gain a nod of superior assent to their cringing servility.

A NEW method of preventing evil has just been brought to light by a Chicago physician. It is also simple and palatable, being nothing more than the lowly prune of commerce, stewed and fed either straight or in the form of pie to all persons of evil propensities. The worthy doctor claims this fruit has a very soothing effect upon the nervous system, which latter, he claims, is the seat of all evil.

MRS. BIRDIE MORGAN is the name of the Colorado lady who has demanded admission as private in the Colorado State Militia. The lady wants to be admitted on the same footing as other "sojers" in the militia. No Red Cross society or hospital duty for her. It is presumed that Mr. Birdie Morgan is as tractable a male citizen of Colorado as is Mr. Mary Ellen Lease, of Kansas.

THERE are none so despicable as the man who is always preparing plausible excuses for his failings, and continually seeking the plaudits of his fellows for some simple act of manliness he may have performed.

JOSEPH R. DUNLOP, late editor of the Chicago Dispatch, has been taken to Joliet to serve the two-year sentence imposed for sending obscene matter through the mails. Many people are of the opinion that this conviction and punishment of a prominent man will be as balm to prisoners of a lower worldly standing. But such is far from our thoughts. If Mr. Dunlop committed a crime in permitting improper matter to be published in his paper it was very probably a mistake of the head, not of the heart. As manager of a large daily paper it was no easy matter for him to keep track of every bit of news printed. We shall be pleased to hear of his pardon at an early date as he is certainly punished sufficiently by the disgrace of conviction. It would be inhuman to hasten his death for mere vengeance sake in demanding the literal fulfillment of the sentence in the present condition of his health. Justice is justice, but vengeance is not ours to dispense.

WHERE THE ROADS FORK.

WE ARE all happily born with a reasonable amount of brain power that is susceptible to development or deterioration. Whether parents are rich or poor, learned or ignorant, the history of mankind proves that all human beings are ushered into existence with a mental capital that will increase or diminish as it is husbanded or wasted in the productive period. The son of the rich man has advantageous surroundings in his favor. But this is offset by the tendency of affluence to shirk what is considered unnecessary labor, whether it be of a mental or physical nature.

The mental capital of the poor young man is as sound and good as that of his brother born to the purple. If we will but look into the matter it is very plainly to be seen that wealth of itself will not aid our mental progress.

In the battle of life there is, properly speaking, but two paths—the right and the wrong. There are many sinuous byways leading to and from those main highways which reach to happiness or misery as we select. Where do the roads fork? is the question we must answer, each for himself. When the glorious portal of a manly career is opened to the youthful debutant in life but one path does he see or wish for. The forces that will lead him to prosperity and success in their fullest sense are marshalled before him as he gazes on life's vista. No lodgment will he give to thoughts of meanness or dishonesty. It is when he is successfully started in the right path that most care is essential. Small successes make us careless. Too often when on the right path the bright allurements of the byways of life excite youthful curiosity to the danger point. We are too anxious to explore the dark recesses. These alleyways are entered; sometimes we return to the main path disgusted with their emblazoned mockery of pleasure. Others may be tempted to examine more closely; very often they go so far that return is painful. They have been ensnared by the gilded glitter and blatant mutterings of superficial life.

It is here that the roads fork. There is a chance still to return to the path that leads to substantial happiness. Will we accept the

opportunity by forsaking useless habits which our partly enchanted senses now deem necessary to existence? It is to be hoped so; if not life will henceforth only have artificial pleasures for us. It will take years to see this and a bitter struggle with self to overcome the enslaving mastery gained by our baser passions in giving them sway. Keep on the main highway. Some of the byways of life lead back to it but most of them converge into the broad path so easily trodden to misery and perdition.

"PARDONING OVERDONE"

THE above is the caption given to a leading editorial in the weekly edition of St. Paul's best evening paper. From the manner in which the article is written we opine that the managing editor of that paper has allowed some callow aspirant to editorial fame to give the readers the usual dose of "glittering generalities" as a prelude to his debut in journalism. Speaking of the board of pardons in this state, our contemporary says:

The supreme court was once the last resort in reviewing errors occurring on the trial, but the tendency is now towards erecting a new court of criminal appeals in the shape of the pardoning authority above the supreme court. Such innovations are all wrong.

Our friend makes this broad charge, but he does not give one instance on which to base his claim. The board of pardons does not make any attempt to set aside the sentence as passed, nor will it pardon, or commute a sentence, without the full endorsement of the trial judge and prosecuting attorney. The day of the bulky petition signed by prominent citizens is gone. If a pardon or commutation is granted it is on the merits of the case and not on the social or political pull of the appellant and his friends.

And wherein, pray, is the "pardoning overdone." If we omit the clemency granted to petty offenders in jails and workhouses, all the pardons so far granted may be counted on the fingers of one hand and still have a digit to spare. Why was not some fault found with this "new innovation" when it was plainly placed on the state ballots at the November election. The people of the state overwhelmingly voted to have a Board of Pardons. The legislators in accordance therewith selected three men holding the most responsible positions in the state to act as such board. Are the people to abide by the calm deliberation of these three men or shall they take for gospel the whimpered statement of our friend "that such innovations are all wrong?" He does not tell you why they are all wrong. He might just as well have said that heaven was on the outskirts of Chicago and in answer to the query: Why so? have said "because I say so."

As a fitting conclusion to his editorial rumble he says:

There is one feature of military punishments which is commendable. Retribution is certain and complete. The soldier who transgresses knows in advance what the consequences will be.

He evidently means that there are no military prisoners pardoned. Such a statement is a straight, barefaced falsehood. The proportion of military prisoners receiving executive clemency is easily on a par with the mercy shown to civil prisoners. His last statement is a key to the whole article that will brand it as a mere piece of space-filling matter, without a single thought in it that will appeal to an intelligent reader, for on the next page of the same paper is a heading in bold-faced type, which reads: "State Board of Pardons Inclined to be Conservative."

HUMAN WEATHER VANES.

THE average man in this world of ours must depend for success entirely on self. That is, he should do everything within the limits of his individual ability to ensure his personal prosperity. Depending on social rank, ancestry and the aid of relatives for a start in life has been the cause of many a man being found shuffling along through life always at the hindmost, with no energy or will-power to catch up with the procession.

There are too many human weather vanes in the world. Men whose power of thinking and acting for themselves has never been developed. Like their inanimate prototype they are blown about in all directions, entirely ignorant from day to day in what direction they will be moving on the morrow. Such characters, while deserving the commiseration of their fellows of more rugged action, are harmed rather than assisted by mere sympathy.

The young man on the threshold of his individual career, must start in with a goodly store of self-reliance—or, as it is sometimes more expressively termed, gumption and nerve. If you cannot first depend on yourself, it is folly to rely entirely on others. Use all the good advice you get, but always in the light of a seasoning to your own calm judgment. If you want to reach a given point you will never do so by zigzagging in opposite directions. Select your mode of action and "fight it out on that line." We will never gain the summit if we keep continually hearkening to the advice of those who would have us return to the bottom of the hill every day to try a different mode of ascent. Hold on to the ground already gained. Exercise your own judgment in all things. The pinnacle of even mediocre success is a dizzy height for many of us. Yet we will reach it only by asserting our individuality. Two or more drivers seldom make a brilliant success of guiding a horse at the one time. Be your own teamster. Make use of the experience of others; but do not be a weather vane to be shifted about from day to day by the theories advanced by inexperienced friends.



The Home Journal, a New York weekly publication of high literary merit, is publishing a series of interesting articles on "Reminiscences of Society in New York," by an "Old New Yorker" that should be read by every lady who takes an interest in the social affairs of the day. This publication, aside from its literary merits, enables interested ones to keep in touch with the movements of the cream of New York's social lights.

It is a characteristic fact that almost all the great monuments for the relief of the unfortunate have had their origin in religion, says Harlow Howe, in Donahoe's Magazine for May. Venerable Bede wrote a volume on "Teaching by Signs of the Fingers." The first systematic attempt to teach deaf and dumb was made by Pedro Ponce, a Benedictine monk. He taught his pupils to read and write Spanish and Italian, and to understand Greek and Latin. What he effected in Spain was attempted with more or less success in all countries of Europe by religious men and women.

The only flying-machine that has ever actually flown—that is, maintained and moved itself in the air by energy generated in its own mechanism—is one lately constructed, after years of laborious and disappointing experiment, by Prof. S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The

first full and the only authoritative account of this epoch-making invention will appear in McClure's Magazine for June, in a paper written by Prof. Langley himself, and illustrated with diagrams and pictures made under his direction. This is probably the most important magazine paper ever published in this country.



"When a fellow has spent his last red cent
The world looks blue, you bet!
But—give him a dollar
And you'll hear him 'holier':
'There's life in the old land yet!'"

"For money's the comfort, after all,
No matter what cynics say;
And the world will stick to you when you fall,
If you only can pay your way!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

The alleged fact that mosquitoes inoculate against malaria is a fine argument in favor of malaria.—Judge.

A big tack plant burned in Chicago recently. The fire department turned out but it took some time to find the point of attack.—Bede's Budget.

A London paper says that Victoria will have at her jubilee three queens and two kings. Many a man has laid the foundation for a jubilee in just that way.—Washington Co. Journal.

Queen Victoria now goes to circuses, and will attend the Ascot races. So young and vigorous may be an aged Queen. We speak of Mr. Gladstone as the Grand Old Man, but we hesitate to speak of his sovereign as the Grand Old Woman, merely because she is a woman.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

There is a movement on foot in Melbourne, Victoria, to send 20,000 sheep and 500 bullocks to England in connection with the dinner which the princess of Wales is promoting for the poor of the slums of London upon the occasion of the celebration of the queen's diamond jubilee on June 22.—Chicago Record.

Miss Daisy Barbee has just won an important grand larceny case in a St. Louis court, securing the acquittal of her client in a way that has won the complimentary approval of the other lawyers. She is the first woman who has conducted a case in this court, and the second who has been admitted to the practice of law in St. Louis.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The young man who sits around on the sunny side of the buildings and complains because the "folks won't buy him a bicycle" might profit by the experience of his brother in ambition who made one for himself, using therefor the frame of his mind, the wheels of his head, the seat of his pants, the rubber of his neck and part of that tired feeling.—Monroe Co. (Wis.) Democrat.

While his wife and eight children lack the necessities of life, William Henry is held in jail in New York city to await the action of the grand jury, charged with stealing one cent. Henry made a mistake in not stealing half a million dollars, in which case he would have found friends and bail, and would have been widely advertised for his shrewdness.—Saginaw (Mich.) Courier-Herald.

A great many men resolve to take time to enjoy home and domestic life and practice the humanities as soon as they can get rich. But when that time has been reached they find that the bent of mind and their lives have made the carrying out of the resolve wholly impracticable. "Waiting until they were rich" has hopelessly wrecked the happiness of millions. The moral is plain—don't do it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"I'm sorry," said the guard to the messenger, "but the sultan cannot be disturbed."

"I have a message marked personal and important."

"I can't help that. The physician's orders are that he is not to be disturbed under any circumstances."

"What's the matter with him?"
"Nervous prostration. One of the members of the harem was so thoughtless as to come into his presence with her bicycle clothes on, and he mistook her for a Greek soldier.—Unknown.