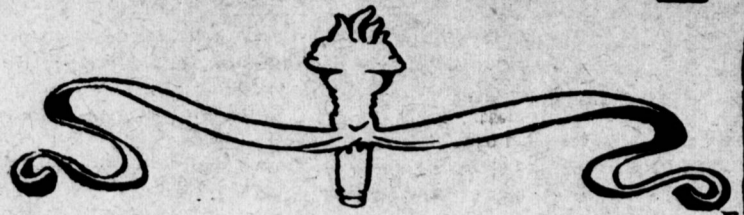


The MIRROR



Published Weekly
at the
Minnesota State
Prison



"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

VOL. XVIII.—No. 37.

STILLWATER, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1905.

TERMS: \$1.00 per year, in advance
Six Months 50 cents

Professor Voorhek's Experiments. He Creates Another Scientific Marvel.

PROFESSOR Voorhek, the eminent scientist, thinker, philosopher and sometimes inventor, was lecturing. In one hand he held his wide-brimmed straw hat and in the other his inseparable cane. His spectacles had fallen far down on an aquiline nose of generous proportions, and his steel-grey eyes—through which shone a soul of masterful supremacy—gazed forth over their rims at his docile "audience." This audience consisted of one "Jimmy," Mr. Bright's hired man, and a dog bearing the name of "Dewey."

"All these so-called 'unknowables' or inexplicable natural phenomena, will at some future day be understood and read by the human race as easily as a child reads its A B C's," said the man of knowledge. "A time will come, James," he went on, "when the origin of the earth, animal and plant life—and even the universe itself—may be explained with certainty. Science, James, science will lift the veil of ignorance and turn the search-light of knowledge on the dark, distant past. The history of this globe, upon which we stand, may be traced back, to its mother orbit with the greatest precision. Likewise the histories of other suns, planets and satellites may be followed back to the one great and original body from whence all the lesser bodies in space were thrown in the creating of the universe. The origin of the first speck of life on this and other inhabitable planets shall be accurately known. Are you listening, James?"

"Yes," said that individual; "I am. You are a little too deep for me, tho, professor."

"Well, then, let us go home to dinner," said the professor, putting on his hat. "I am hungry and I know that the viands Mrs. Bright has prepared for us are fit for a king. Since I have been here I have learned to appreciate the rare qualities of that lady's cooking."

The above conversation took place about a half mile distant from the Bright homestead, where the professor—as you are no doubt aware—was spending his vacation. He had come out to this isolated forest-home with the avowed intention of leaving all "dabbling in science," as he termed it, behind him. Yet, on the second day of his arrival at the farm he had commenced work on a certain "discovery." This was the wonderful "Transparizer" with which he succeeded only in killing off a couple of Mrs. Bright's hens. Next, he built his world-startling "Hetrophone." Those who have followed the professor's experiments are familiar with the fate of that peculiar machine and know that it was reduced to ashes together with the farm's blacksmith shop. This had been rebuilt at the professor's expense.

It was now some days since his last disastrous scientific experiment, and he had nearly recovered his customary sang-froid and cheerfulness of mind. On this day, of which we write, he and Jimmy, and we must not omit the dog, Dewey, had made a little expedition to a certain patch of wild strawberries. After eating their fill of the luscious berries the three were now sauntering homeward. Every once in a while the professor would stop, mop his brow and impart to Jimmy some of his comprehensive understanding of things a la biology.

When they arrived home Mrs. Bright had the dinner ready. The professor's appetite was faultless, and he partook of the victuals set before him with great zest, praising Mrs. Bright's culinary abilities all the while.

"Another glass of milk, Mrs. Bright, please. This milk is so rich and sweet that one could subsist on it alone. Your cows must be noble animals, Mrs. Bright, to produce such delicious lacteal fluid?"

"They are Jerseys," said Mrs. Bright, "and then the pasturage is so good

here that I think most any kind of cows would give rich milk. It all depends on the grass you know, professor."

"When you scientific men get so that you can take the milk out of the grass with machinery," spoke up Jimmy, "I'll admit that you have done something worth mentioning. There are a few things that even science can't do," triumphantly.

"Ahem, very true, James, very true," said the professor.

He fell into silence after that, and seemed much absorbed in the study of his glass of milk. After dinner he went over to the pasture where he critically inspected Mrs. Bright's Jerseys. "It would almost be a sin," he muttered, "they seem such good-natured, harmless brutes. Still, they must not stand in the way of the progress of science."

He pulled up a bunch of grass which he took to his room and examined through a powerful magnifying glass with the greatest care. He soaked some of the leaves in various acids, pressed them, dried them, burnt them and went through other ridiculous performances. In the evening he sent an order to his friend, Professor Winkle, of Rockway college, for more chemical and mechanical appliances; also informing him that he (Voorhek) was on the fresh scent of a great discovery.

The next day Jimmy harnessed up old "Argus" and drove the professor to Lornest where he purchased nearly all the contents of the hardware store. He also hired the same young blacksmith who had assisted him in building the "Hetrophone." When the "things" came from the college they went to work once more in the little shop. Jimmy, after being sworn to secrecy on pain of death, was admitted to the shop that he might assist in erecting the wooden frame of the "machine." It was a sight for sore eyes to see the professor, with his sleeves rolled up, now pounding away at a piece of red-hot iron, now bending and twisting a wire, now mixing acids and testing batteries, trying this and that and something else, sweating, puffing and blowing, and directing Jimmy and the young mechanic with the master mind that was his. He applied himself with the utmost zeal to his work, and for ten long days he knew no rest. Finally the work was finished. The thing they had created was as mysterious looking as its predecessor, the Hetrophone. It was then that the professor wiped the perspiration from his noble brow and addressed his assistants.

"I thank you gentlemen," said he, "for the untiring devotion with which you have lent yourselves to this great work. Rest assured that your renown shall be as great as my own in that you have been my co-workers in erecting this scientific marvel we have here before us. In my former experiments I have not been as successful as I might wish; in my egg-transparizer there was evidently a flaw; and my hetrophone I was not even given the opportunity to test, since it was destroyed in that untoward fire. Now, therefore, I shall try and prevent all possible misfortunes. I shall not test my invention here; but ship it at once—tomorrow morning—to the college, where together with my friend Winkle, I shall put it in practical operation. In the meanwhile I must go and prepare Winkle for its coming. Again, I thank you gentlemen."

Professor Voorhek thereupon retired to his room and wrote the following letter to his brother professor at the college:

"Dear friend Winkle: When you receive this letter you must call at the railroad express office, where you will find a certain machine that has been shipped to you by me. Handle it carefully, my dear Winkle, and have it transferred at once to our laboratory.

You will perhaps wonder what it is. Let me tell you. It is simply the embodiment of an idea of incalculable proportions; in brief it is my 'Lactealograph.' This machine has the capability of producing milk—milk in its purest and richest form—from vegetable matter. The idea may appear monstrous to you, but it is in reality, ridiculously simple.

"Milk, as we all know, is essentially produced from herbs and vegetables. My analytical study of certain grasses revealed to me the existence of the milk-cell, or lacteal germs. This cell contains a nucleus or fat-particle—the cream—and is independent of the grass or vegetable body in which it exists. Having ascertained this much the rest was comparatively simple. By crushing and dissolving hay, grass or vegetables into their component parts the lacteal fluid may easily be extracted.

"Do you realize, my dear Winkle, what this discovery means to the world? It means the death—at least as a milk producer—of that big, awkward brute, the cow. Of course, so long as man will continue to be carnivorous a few, I presume, will be kept. For a long time it has been known by the medical fraternity that the dreaded disease, tuberculosis, is originally transmitted to mankind from the cow through its milk. My lactealograph will produce milk that is free from tubercles. Vegetarians need no longer have any scruples about using milk produced by the lactealograph, since it will contain no part of animal matter. Lactealograph milk will above all be clean and pure, and free from the diseased animal particles so common in the animal production of the present day. The farmer need feel no apprehension on account of my invention; the fact that he is the owner of the land upon which the milk producing herbage grows will still leave him in control of the situation. Besides, would it not be much nicer for him to own and operate a lactealograph as he now does the cream separator, than to be bothered with a lot of those filthy, uncouth beasts, the cows? Or he might ship his hay to town, where no doubt large plants for the expressing of milk by the process of the lactealograph will soon be installed.

"There are so many good qualities embodied in my last invention, my dear Winkle, that we cannot yet appreciate them all. After the milk is taken from the grass the process of separation does not stop; the nutritious matter is separated from the remaining mass, which is then pressed and dried and may be used for fuel while the mass containing nutriment may be fed to man or beast.

"I have told you this much, friend Winkle, that you may, in a measure understand the importance of my invention and handle it accordingly. Place it carefully in our laboratory and let no one touch it. When I return we will together put it to work. After that we shall give it to the world for the benefit of the entire human family.

"Yours, as ever, for the advance of science.
Voorhek."

Professor Voorhek slept in the blacksmith shop the following night, to prevent a similar catastrophe as that which overtook the "Hetrophone" and the next morning the lactealograph was loaded into the spring wagon and old Argus placed in the shafts. The professor mounted the seat beside Jimmy and followed by Dewey the party started for town. The professor was in the gayest kind of a mood. He chatted freely with Jimmy as old Argus plodded laboriously along the uneven road. Suddenly the professor espied a magnificent butterfly.

"Hey, James! Stop quick!" he cried. "I must add that insectum lepidoptera to my collection of specimens."

Jimmy stopped; the professor started in pursuit of the many-colored butterfly, and disappeared in the forest. Shortly Jimmy heard him calling: "Come here James, quick! It's escap-

ing!" Jimmy left the horse and wagon in the road and, followed by Dewey, found the professor in the chase for the butterfly.

Old Argus was not slow to appreciate the fact that he was his own master. His horse sense told him that the grass along that particular part of the road would be good nibbling. So he nibbled. The road at this part ran along the side of a hill, at the bottom of which there was a deep coulee. Argus nibbled himself off the road, and presently the wagon tipped and the lactealograph went tearing down the hill. Pieces of wires and batteries were scattered along the route it took, and the professor and Jimmy returned in time to see it disappear in the muddy waters of the coulee below.

EMERITUS.

Government Ownership and the Railroads.

Paper Read Before the Chautauqua Circle.

OF ALL momentous questions before the American audience today, that of controlling the railroads certainly holds the center of the stage. The most vital of our industrial concerns, the transportation service attaches itself very closely to every part of our population and to every community. The vast army of workers—being about one-sixth of the thirty millions of men engaged in productive industries—and their dependents, together with the great and important trust the people have placed in the hands of a disproportionate number of men, are probably the greatest factors in deciding aright whether or not the government shall own and operate the railroads.

It is true, that systems of industry—like governments—should not be changed for light and transient causes, but no people should tolerate such a train of abuses, discriminations and illegal acts as have been heaped upon the long-suffering people of the United States in the past few years. It has become the right and the duty of the public to ask that some action on the part of the government looking toward control and ownership be not long deferred.

The United States Supreme Court has held that "the business of a common carrier is of a public nature, and in performing it the carrier is also performing, to a certain extent, a function of the government." Thus we see that while ownership may be private, the use is public. Such a relation then will always be strained and will sooner or later convince us that government control will not control, for to control we must operate, and to operate we must own.

The government has, for a long time, had more or less control of railroads. Probably the first important step in this direction was the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission. What little powers were vested in this body, however, were soon curtailed by the higher courts, where decisions were reversed, orders ignored and the actions of the commission openly criticised. It was to the interests of the railroads that this action of the courts operated, or was made to operate, for it would never do to establish dangerous precedents if it could possibly be avoided. It is by such far-sighted methods of forestalling harmful legislation against them that the railroads are now able to deal with such arbitrary and high-handed impudence. Today they oppose all attempts at regulation of rates by any one but themselves, at the same time favoring the discontinuance of the rebate practice which other great monopolists—whom the railroads themselves have made great—are exacting from them.

Another serious complaint against the railroads is that they do not en-

courage, or at least allow, fair and legitimate competition, but that on the other hand their methods strive to stifle this life of trade. The consolidation of our transportation lines means the destruction of fair competition in rate making; it means the exclusion of the investment of capital in many lines of trade in certain fields, and, worst of all the favoring of classes. When one considers the great number of passenger associations, freight associations, terminal, rate and weighing bureaus, it is only another evidence that its members—the railroads—have formed a combination so complete that a little "Northern Securities restraining order" cannot affect the results in their finality. These associations go so far as to say how many trains each road shall operate on a division, the equipment that is to compose the trains, the time they shall make, and the concession each member is to make to certain industrial adventurers or commercial pioneers.

Let us cite an instance: The Twin City Chicago lines, i. e., the lines operating between Minneapolis and St. Paul and Chicago, with but one exception, are members of what is known as the Western Passenger Association. One of the inviolable rules is that no company's trains shall make the run from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Chicago in less than a given number of hours, stating also the number of day coaches, chair cars, diners and sleepers that shall make up the equipment of the respective trains. Such an agreement is hardly conducive to the encouragement of competition between competing lines. It might be added that the one exception—the road without the association—is not considered a competitor, for it could not make the run in less time if it wanted to.

When railroads can make it possible for a few men to grow immensely rich, for a few cities to be turned into great commercial centers, and to retard or promote at will the welfare of man and community, they are in possession of a dangerous power. The fact is too little realized that the public has entrusted this vast and significant industry to probably not more than a dozen men. Herein lies the danger.

Probably the greatest and most effective attempt on the part of the railways, with a view to aborting threatened legislation, will be through the agency of their own employees—the voters—making it appear that an increase of rates means an increase in wages—as it of necessity should—and by their appeal to these men to vote for such representation as will make favorable laws, or at least none that are unfavorable. This question will undoubtedly be a national political issue before many years have passed. It will then be up to the people.

Past experience in the government of our postal system says we can own and operate the railways likewise. The perfection of that great system is certainly very commendable. A railroad will charge you eleven dollars and fifty cents to go from St. Paul to Chicago—a short trip nowadays—over their own property, while one may send a letter from the very extremities of Florida to the wildest and remotest parts of Alaska, passing through scores of hands, over as many railroads and steamship lines and then drawn hundreds of miles by dog sleds and pack mules, for only two cents. Such freight service at so low a cost kindles the fire of enthusiasm in the hearts of our feminine bargain-counter vultures, and is beyond the criticism of even the most gloomy pessimist and chronic fault-finder.

Wherever municipal ownership has obtained and given a fair trial, its workings have been beneficial. The inference seems clear, therefore, that it must be likewise beneficial to the people of the entire country by applying it on a larger scale—the railroads. The object should not be, however, to make a profit out of the venture,

(Continued on page three.)