

The Mirror.

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IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

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HERE was an important conclave of leading spirits of the Newsies going on in the alley back of Newspaper Row, and while the great Presses with their clicking machinery were running out the evening edition of the Big Dailies; and the boys

waited to get them red-hot from the press, with their big headlines, their sensational news, murders suicides and politics.

The conclave were discussing a very serious question of ways and means, and Jimmy was the spokesman at this moment.

"You see," said Jimmy, "dat you guys has got to git it through your tops jist as it is. Old Joel was nabbed by de Cop and he's down in de jug now and de chief screw down dere said as how if I could git twenty-five plunks, I could git de ole man out on bail, dat is if I could see de Jedge and tell him how it is. You see de Jedge has gone home cause dere aint no court until Friday, cause tomorrow's Thanksgiving. But you see all know I'm not got no twenty-five plunks, and most of you see aint any better off 'en I be. But I tought if you see could go in wid me, we'd form a syndicate and do it, and me to handle de stock and de security to you see for de swag. Of course if you see don't want to go in you don't haf to, and de ole man will have to stay, dat's all." Then he added, "De screw said if I put up de slugs to git Joel out, and de ole man was in court Friday mornin when de case was on, and let de Jedge send him to de works or fire him, why den I could git back de stuff what we put up and I'd give it back to you see, each his share, and I'll do it," said Jimmy. "You see all know dat." And they did all know it except one doubting Thomas, called by the boys "Cheaser," who said: "Maybe you wouldn't give it back."

"Well," said Jimmy, "if you see feel afeard you won't git it back, keep it den. I don't want no guy to trust me 'less he wants to." "Aw! say now," said Cub. "If you see is afeard of your dough jist stay out of de syndicate, cause we're goin to form it right now. I don't tink you got more'n two bits anyway. I guess we can raise dat much without ye. Now I'm got two dollars and eighty cents," said Cub, "and here it is, and all dat wants join to disting come on," as he handed his money to Jimmy.

"And here's mine," said another, and another, until Jimmy found himself in possession of over thirty-eight dollars, donated by that little band of ragged merchants who had emptied their pockets into the general fund. And in a few minutes from that time the town rang with their cries:

"Eres your evnin paper; Herald! Times! World! and Tribune! All about the suicide and murder, etc.," crying their wares without fear or favor and selling to all who had the price.

Wall street is not the only place where big things are done, there was but one skeptic in that lot of little capitalists and he was not allowed to put anything into the "syndicate." While in Wall Street the great captains of finance, I'm told, have so little faith or confidence in each other, that they will not even take a certified check from a business associate without first having gone to the bank to have it personally verified.

And yet this street is trusted with the policy, if not the entire honor of our government's financial affairs while they wont trust each other.

Jimmy could not sell papers that night. He was going to get old Joel out of jail, for tomorrow was Thanksgiving and the old man and he had planned such a nice time for themselves.

From The Undercurrent Of Life

A Tale of Thanksgiving

By J. A. O.

Jimmy was a little waif. His antecedents were as meagre as his purse sometimes was. His earliest recollections were of a foundling home where he had been left by his parents and where he had staid until he was turned over to a market gardner near the city who worked and starved and beat Jimmy until Jimmy had finally run away and hid in the big city, working out his own destiny as best he might.

Two years before our story opens he had found Old Joel in an alley, pretty drunk and afraid to show up on the street for fear lest he be arrested for drunkenness. And Jimmy paid an expressman a dollar to haul the old man home and this investment brought a place of refuge or home to Jimmy, for the old man insisted that the boy live with him.

Jimmy's gratitude knew no bounds. It was a palace to what he had had since he ran away from the gardner, nor have I space to tell you what a heroic struggle Jimmy had made before this to keep life in his body and a few rags to cover his nakedness. And this too in a city of churches and wealthy Christian people.

But Joel had given Jimmy a home and been good and kind to him in every way that lay in the old man's power. For Joel Semals' home was not a palace.

It consisted of a little front room about ten by twelve which he used as a shop to mend shoes and a room about the same size back, and a small lean-to or shed at the rear to store fuel and such stuff as the old man needed and did not have room for in the living room or shop.

It was an old building full of cracks, seams and decay, but it was a home, the word dear to so many, and here lived the two waifs, for Joel was as much a waif as Jimmy.

That there was a past in the life of Old Joel no one doubted of those who knew him best and longest. For did he not have a fine education, and could talk on any subject with his neighbors? His language was fluent, proper and refined when he did talk, and there was something in the depth of his sad eyes that bore the emblem of a finer mould of mind and soul than his person or surroundings indicated. But no word of that past came from Joel, not even when under the influence of liquor.

In an old tin box with a lock and key, in a secret hole under the floor of the back room, were stored all the secrets and history of old Joel's past, the existence of the box was known to him alone, until he took Jimmy in to the secret under promise to keep it all within his own thoughts, and even Jimmy did not know it all.

Joel's drinking was periodical, but its spells were sure to overtake him, and as Jimmy explained to the boys in the alley: "I kin allus tell when he's goin to have a jagtime, cause he looks over some old letters and a picture dats in de old tin box, and then he goes and

gits jagged right away." And this was true, and he was always sure to drink himself maudlin, and almost as sure to land in the Police court, where, time after time he answered guilty to the charge of "plain drunk," and as usual when he did not pay his fine—got his ten, twenty, thirty or even ninety days at the workhouse dealt out to him by the Judge, whose feelings had something to do with the length of the sentence imposed.

The old man was never noisy or loud talking or quarrelsome when drinking, but was quiet and peaceable, and so could never be charged with anything but drunk.

For at least once a year if not oftener Old Joel was up for his portion of his penalty. Sometimes for months he would stay in his little shop, work hard, and save his money.

Often Jimmy had been able to rescue and save him before the Po-

litical thought of every other plan, his last hope was to ask the "boys" in Newspaper Row, to help him with a loan. And we have already seen how their generous little hearts had responded to his plea. They knew Jimmy would repay it if it lay in his power, and if it did not—well it was all a part of the Freemasonry of the brotherhood of little waifs, whose human touch of sympathy was about their only title to nobility.

Now that Jimmy had the money, victory was in sight, and taking the first car he was soon on his way to see the Judge and get his order to have the old man released on bail. The jailer had instructed him how to proceed.

It was a long way out to the Judge's house. They most always do reside a long way out, for it is bad enough to have to work near the current of human misery, passion and strife, without having to sleep near it, and dine near it.

It was after seven o'clock when he arrived at the Judge's residence. Then he found it was another thing to get to see the Judge, for Judges as a rule do not carry the court business home with them; they leave it where it should be left at the court-house. Then too, the Judge is not generally the kind of a man that anyone can walk up to, slap on the shoulder and ask for a match, and when Jimmy finally came face to face with him, he felt as though he was a graduated diplomat, little dreaming his hardest task

then, "why do you want him out tonight? Better let him stay till Friday morning and sober up. I don't see what you can do with a drunken man tonight, for, no doubt, as soon as he sobers up a little he will go to the first saloon and be as drunk as ever in an hour or so. No, go home young man, let him stay where he is until Friday and then you can pay his fine and take him home."

Then Jimmy braced himself for a final and last plea, and when he was through the Judge thought he might have heard more polished, more sugar-coated sophistry and rhetoric in pleas at the bar, by counsel, but never one with the pathos, the clear logic, and the simple eloquence poured forth by this little waif in behalf of the older waif, who had been the best and kindest friend he ever knew.

"Now Jedge, I got to tell you jist how it is and you musn't git mad," said Jimmy. "If I had come down to you see house in a big car with a man what drives it, and had on de best glad rags I could git, you see'd never waited to ask me where I got de swag to pay de fine wid, or asked me to wait till Friday to take dat poor ole man whose bin de best frien I'm ever had, away from dat old spooky rat house dat you call a jail, and take him to his own place and git him sump'n decent to lay on till he get sober. I spect you see would have de order all made out by this time."

"Two years ago I foun de ole man in de alley back of de Y. M. C. A. buildin and he was near froze and was afeard to come outen de alley to go home, cause de cop was on de corner, and would pinch de ole man if he got his eye on him. And I felt sorry for de ole man, and I give de cop a bum steer and got an expressman to take him home and I give de expressman a plunk and it was all I had, and I couldn't git a place like de ole man give me if I was never so lucky. And since dat time he's bin a good friend and I have never bin hungry since I know'd him. De place where he lives is no brown front, but it's our home, and dats more dan lots boys like me has got, and ise never had to go in rags like I did when I was wid dat gardner who used to beat me and starve me, and he was too stingy and mean to buy de Old Crow. And de best dressed guy I ever seen hit me wid his cane cause I wanted him to pay for de shine I gib his shoes."

"Old Joel may git drunk sometimes, but he don't make noise and scrap, and swear roun', all he does is jist git drunk, and Jedge if you'll keep de secret, I'm goin to tell you see why he gets jagged."

"Once, long time ago he had a nice home and a purty wife and a little baby, and anoder ballyhoo cum along wid nice rags on, and got his wife to run away wid him and left de kid for Joel to take care of and it died. He's got dere pictures and I tell you Jedge she was all to de good when it cum to looks. And den for twenty years he was all alone till I came, and he says to me, 'Jimmy, don't ever hit de booze, it has ruined me since she went away and I git bluer'n sin when I looked at her picture and read what she writ to me. And den Jimmy' he says, 'don't ever tech booze, be honest, and tell the truth, and never go in dem booze joints' and Jedge, he never done harm to nobody, and jest tink Jedge, what you see'd do if a man come along what had better rags den you, and took you see wife and run off wid her. But maybe you see id do like me, I'd never hit de bocce. I'd foller dat guy till I found him and den knock his block off."

"And Jedge, if you see'll let him go, I'll bring him to court Friday, and pay his fine, if it 'tain't more'n I got. And I'll try an keep him home after dis, cause he's all to de

(Concluded on 4th page)

Thanksgiving Day.

By F. J. I.

On Thanksgiving Day, the old folks
Gather round, slowly;
Thanksgiving eve, the young folks
Kneel to pray;
Thanksgiving night, both young
and old, together,
Give voice to thanks, for
Blessings of the day.
And yet—I seem to see,
In yon dim vista,
An humble home, where stalks
Grim tragedy;
And hearts that bleed,
And souls, asunder riven,
And this, Oh God, on Thy
Thanksgiving Day.

lice discovered him, and once or twice a policeman had taken him away from Jimmy when he had the old man on his road home. He (the policeman) might even go so far as to help some aristocratic inebriate into his car or cab at two or four o'clock a. m., from the back or side door of saloons, "known to be closed," because you had to know how to rap on the door to have it opened, but no such help was ever given the old man, he always went to the lockup—if found on the street drunk, and it was said that he had been taken when he was not drinking at all.

But, be this as it may here it was five o'clock in the afternoon of the day before Thanksgiving and Joel was locked up, and laying on the hard board at the central station. And Jimmy who had planned with the old man to have such a good time on the morrow with a nice dinner and music and songs with the old guitar, and later on such wonderful stories he would tell. And now to have it all spoiled, and the old man have to go to the workhouse for a term when there was so much depending on them both, nearly set Jimmy wild.

There was lots of work in the shop waiting, and it was a question whether Jimmy would be able to meet the rent alone, when due. But it was not Jimmy's nature to remain idle in a crisis. Something must be done and after he had

was yet to come.

First the Judge hated to be disturbed in his own home, and second he could not be expected to feel much interest in a man who was always getting drunk, and whom his most severe sentences did not keep from getting drunk, again. He did not mean to be unkind to the boy but he was greatly annoyed and he looked it and showed it.

"Well, young man, what do you want?" asked the Judge rather sternly.

Jimmy was no fool, though he was uneducated, he had been kicked around in the world, had learned the most of the tricks of raw human nature and he had learned to battle and work for what he wanted, and this taken with his honesty, his unyielding purpose, and his fearlessness in asking any man for what he wanted, made him almost a match for the Judge.

So Jimmy looked the Judge steadily in the eye and said: "I want to bail Joel Semals out'n the jail, and I've got the money here and the jailer said as how I mus' git an order wid your name on it fore he could cept bail and let him out."

"Well now young man, I don't know about that," said the Judge. "In the first place where did you get the money? You do not look like a capitalist."

Jimmy told him; it sounded fishy,