

The Mirror

Thursday, Feb. 20, 1913.

Prison Officials

Board of Control

P. M. Ringdal, - - - Crookston
C. E. Vasaly, - - - Little Falls
C. J. Swendsen, - - - St. James
J. D. Mills, Secretary.

Board of Parole

P. M. Ringdal, Chairman.
Henry Wolfer, Secretary.
Rev. S. G. Smith.

Resident Officials.

Henry Wolfer - - - Warden
R. M. Coles - - - Deputy Warden,
New Prison.
I. Backlund - Asst. Deputy Warden,
New Prison.
J. J. Sullivan - Act'g. Deputy Warden,
Old Prison.
John Whelan, Act'g. Asst. Dpty. Wdn.
Old Prison.
E. Deragish - - - Steward
G. A. Newman - - - Physician
Miss Mary McKinney - Matron
Chas. Corcoran - Catholic Chaplain
C. E. Benson - Protestant Chaplain

Chapel Service.

The following is the program rendered in the Chapel, Sunday, Feb. 16th, Father Corcoran officiating.

March—The Harlequin.....Chas. Hirst
Orchestra
Waltz—Asphodal..... R. E. Hildreth
Orchestra.
Hymn—Pardon Peace and Power... Congregation
Scripture..... Father Corcoran
Strains from Killarney..... Robert Recker
Orchestra
Prayer..... Father Corcoran
Gospel Reading..... Father Corcoran
Sermon..... Father Corcoran
Hymn—Abide with Me.....Congregation
March—Society Swing.....S. H. Frantzen

L. W. Burchard,
Musical Director.

MIRRORETTES

The sparrows are chirping as cheerfully as ever.

The new foundry will be ready for business in about two weeks.

State Agent Whittier visited the sanctum last Saturday, in company with a party of visitors.

The Stillwater Gazette of last Saturday, carried a full page article descriptive of the new prison, which we hope to reprint in the next issue of The Mirror.

Chief Shatz and the local electricians are installing a three-pannel switch-board and dynamo in shop B., to be utilized in connection with the new foundry.

We have failed to see a robin as yet, this year, but we know that spring is not far off, for the sanctum canaries are preparing to keep house.

The firm of O. & O., bookbinders was dissolved, last week, by the retirement of the senior member, who was discharged from the institution.

Many of the inmates will be interested to learn that "Young Steady," a former member of The Mirror staff, is making good in the outside world. He holds a position of trust and is prospering.

We desire to correct our statement in the last issue referring to A. M.'s "lilac patch." He informs us that it was his "alfalfa field" and not his lilac patch that lacked proper cultivation.

Prices on prison binder twine for the season 1913 have been decided upon by the Board of Control and Warden Wolfer. They are as follows: Standard 8½cts., White Sisal 8½cts., Standard Manila 9cts., Manila 600ft. 10cts., and Pure Manila 11cts. per pound.

The Mirror pressroom has been the scene of great activity, the past few days. An average of 20,000 impressions per day was maintained

during the week, the highest number in one day being 27,300 impressions, stock being 60lb. book paper, 6x12 inches. Perhaps the Gazette man can inform us if this is not a rather high average.

Lincoln's birthday was observed at the prison as a holiday. The inmates were allowed to mingle together in the cellhouse corridors for a short time in the morning. Rev. Benson delivered an oration on Lincoln and emancipation, in the chapel hall and Mrs. Elizabeth Chalmers Tilton favored the inmates with several well selected songs.

The editor of a Kansas paper is authority for the statement that he picked up a Winchester rifle recently and started up the street to deliver it to its owner. The delinquent subscribers got it into their heads that he was on the war path and everyone that he met insisted on paying all they owned. One man wiped out a debt of ten years' standing. On his return to the office he found a load of hay, fifteen bushels of corn, ten bushels of potatoes, a load of wood and a barrel of turnips that had been brought in.—Baxter, Ia., New Era.

There is a little satirical essay by Harris Merion Lyon in the February Green Book Magazine which furnishes much food for reflection on affairs theatric. Mr. Lyon writes: "It would be impossible for us to have a Shakespeare of the American stage in our age because our age is an age of small thinking. We do all of us think small. The grand style, the noble style, the high, serious tragic style of thinking has gone out. . . .

"The phenomenon of the dual personality. Think what Shakespeare would have done with that! Think of what he did with an ordinary ghost. And then look at the limited, thin affairs which Augustus Thomas and Edward Locke have spun out of the matter."

When Hugh McIsaac was the district attorney for a county in California, two men in a neighboring town had a quarrel, and one committed mayhem by quickly and skillfully biting off the other's ear. McIsaac went up to investigate the case, after the arrests had been made, and in the afternoon he went to a barber shop to get shaved.

The barber, like many other barbers you have met, was exceedingly talkative, and, after using up the customary shop topics, he began to talk about the mayhem case.

"That was a pretty bad row those two fellows had the other day," he observed.

McIsaac grunted through the lather something that sounded like an affirmation.

"I hear the fellow who did the damage wanted to escape trial," continued the barber, "by paying his victim one thousand dollars. But the district attorney, I understand, won't stand for that. I guess the old burglar wants the thousand dollars for himself."—The Popular Magazine.

Machine Shop Turnings.

Nil Desperandum

Sherlock and hash are synonymous.

Time is money, and sometimes money is time.

Forty-eight pills in one week and still we're smiling!

"Bosco," one of Supt. Ross' clerks, is now a full fledged basher.

Some women break windows because they can't break hearts.

Make good or get out. A good many of us fail to make good, but we're still here

Man is a cat—chase him and he'll run; sit still and ignore him and he'll come purring at your feet.

Doctor Newman says he has pills for everything on the calendar; last week we had everything on the calendar.

Things I Know But Must Not Tell

The name of the gentleman who annexed my soap. Also the name of the gentleman who purloined my calipers. Where Mr. Heliogram's cat is. Why Sherlock went to the new prison. Why Chauncey had his hair clipped.

A Chicago man is perfecting a set of cutlery that will make polite eating compulsory for every one. He has invented a knife with a guard on the end that prevents it going into the mouth, and it cannot be used to spear a piece of pie. Strike me blooming pink! that man must have been here for a term, and knowing the tendency of some of the men, has made the knife specially to that end. As to the pie, we swear that with our imagination.

The Voices of the City

* By A. M.

Paris, the great big brilliant capital city of France has sometimes been described as the "world's playground." There is no doubt that to many it is only spoken and thought of as "Gay Parie," the home of the "Moulin Rouge" and kindred pleasures. We are apt to get the real Paris and the Paris of the tourists mixed up. Another reason for this is in the manner of the people themselves, they are of a bright, sparkling, cheerful disposition and at all times and in all places give the impression of joy and pleasure. But to me Paris means a lot more than the "Latin Quarter."

We will allow that there is a certain Paris about which we do not like to speak, that is kept to extract money from the pockets of the American, English and Russian visitors, and we will allow that the thrifty French are past masters in the art of extracting, and could even give lessons to a Chicago bell-hop. But this is only a small and not representative type of the Parisian.

When we get down to bed-rock we find one of the most wonderful of the world's people, a city of people that lead all in literature, art, music and all that goes to make life worth living. Style and elegance seems to come naturally to them; it makes no difference if it is the society leader driving in the Bois, or a group of shop girls loitering on the Seine-bank. The dress of each has an individuality, a certain chicness not known elsewhere. (Perhaps Vienna might be excepted). Let us stand and watch a group of girls come out of a factory for the noon-hour and see the difference between them and a similar group in New York or London. We have seen them rushing out, weary and tired, each for each, thinking only of self; cross, tired, irritable, thinking about nothing but to eat the wretched meal as best they can and then rest. Look at the same group in Paris, you will see them emerge laughing and smiling, strolling in little groups each with a little basket or bag containing the mid-day lunch, and you will nearly always see fruit in that lunch.

Then the lunch itself finished, one perhaps will start singing, others will join in, two girls will start dancing and in a minute or two you may see the sidewalk a mass of dancing happy girls.

I should like to have time to talk about some of the buildings, about Versailles, Notre Dame, the Invalides, but the space is too limited, we might easily spend a whole page on the Louvre, and then another on

the theatres, national and otherwise then to the French Academy, the "Forty Immortals." If we begin to give even the briefest of histories of some of them it would not be a page but the paper we should need. But there are two points that I want to call to your attention; the first is the great wall that surrounds the city, and through which all have to pass by one of the forty or fifty gates. (I believe it is 46). Paris, of civilized cities, is, I believe, the only one that is a walled city, and then for the two hundred yards outside the land is all owned by the government. They lease it at very low rents for cottages, with the understanding that in case of invasion the buildings shall be razed at once and the debris removed. This does away with a congested slum district in the city proper, gives cheap homes to the poor and needy, and helps the city's health.

The second point that I was particularly struck with was the success of French marriages. We are told that marriage for love is the only way. France seems to teach us another lesson. There the marriages are arranged by the families of the young people. Finances receive serious attention: the girl brings her "dot" to assist in their start in life, and this "dot" cannot be squandered, it has to be passed on, and the couple are only guardians of it for the children yet to come. The marriages are not emotional affairs of the hour, but are important, well considered life partnerships, each, with their fully defined duties and responsibilities and each working unceasingly for the common good. Love there may not be at the start but in its place is knowledge, respect and esteem, and on these love finds a sure and certain foundation; divorce is nearly unknown and the French married life seems ideal, and the respect and love shown parents in this land is a lesson for all countries to learn.

The notes rise to us clear and strong, telling us a tale that out of war and strife, rebellion and discord, a nation is contentedly moving onward and upward, blessed by the happiness, joy, thrift and contentment of her people.

Golden Grains

Sherlock

The tabby ticket collector, now and then, is apt to catch the best of men.

It's the nerve of some people that makes other people nervous. Hey, what?

What t'ell Bill! can't shake items from the lamp-posts on our parade ground.

Go it Sam! we got our "mazuma" on you to win. Yes siree; the whole eight dollars.

A social and business bore is the man who has failed to conceal his own importance.

Modesty isn't part of the man's makeup who has convictions, speaks them, and believes in them.

A "Kind Word" occasionally in behalf of the living is better than a volume dedicated to the dead.

Well, if enough twine is made per day to stretch across the continent, our choice is to be at t'other end.

No fellows, you are in no position to know the size of an editor's shears, and I'm not inclined to discuss the matter further.

Our Wall

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, These saddest are these: Many of our red tickets are gone again.

Have heard it said that a man from Michigan is called a Michigander, now pray tell us if that be so, is a woman from the same place a Michigoose?

That Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch is the only real true optimist cannot be gainsaid. I quote her in the following: "Somehow I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else."

A Missouri preacher says that "a bachelor is a parasitical dodder, a solitary satellite around his own ego, and a sluggish human of exuberant egotism." It is also claimed that he has faults. Whew! surely they are few.

Your Valuation.

Henry David Phoreau has very wisely said: "What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate. The world is pretty apt to accept you at nearly what you value yourself—unless you prove that you are full of watered stock or puffed up with egotism."

There have been many men turned down, given the frosty mitt as it were, for no other reason under the sun than a failure on their part to give themselves a fair and just valuation, or estimate. Yet on the other hand there are men who have missed the plum by placing a higher value on themselves than their ability and accomplishments could justify. Some men do overestimate themselves in their real worth, but it is not a common fault of the really worthy or competent man. He is inclined to be rather modest, and is more likely to undervalue than to overvalue his worth.

The point that I desire to impress you with is this: If you are free from egotism, the world is pretty likely to accept you at just about the value you put on yourself. So when you go to seeking new fields, take a tip and incidentally take very careful stock of yourself and get as thorough an appraisalment of your "true worth" as you can. And when you are trying for some particular place or position, do as Nil Desperandum wisely says "be able to specialize in it to best succeed," but above all, measure your worth as fitted to that one position. After very carefully making note of your capabilities you are then in a fair position to ask for what you should have, and if you have estimated aright, you will be able to make good when you land and will never be humiliated by the fact that the job is a big one and that you have been unfair to yourself by an over—or under-rating.

WRITING NOTICE.

All inmates are hereby requested, when writing, to place their register number and page number on the upper right hand corner of the envelope, in the space to be covered by the stamp. The page number will be found written with a lead pencil on all incoming letters. Compliance with this request will cause letters to be mailed at an earlier date.

Population

Total number of inmates.....	350
Working at New Prison.....	288
Received during week.....	4
Discharged during week.....	1
Number in First Grade.....	669
Number in Second Grade.....	163
Number in Third Grade.....	13
Paroled.....	7
Last serial number.....	3921

Cell changes: 249-3rd, 82-N. P., 118-N. P., 246-Hosp., 176-N. P., 35-2, 409-25, 321-3rd, 2-29, 7-2.