

# The Mirror

Entered at the postoffice at Stillwater, Minnesota, as second-class mail matter.

THE MIRROR is issued every Thursday at the following rates:  
One Year.....\$1.00  
Six Months......50  
Three Months......25  
To inmates of all penal institutions per yr. .50  
Address all communications to  
THE 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. It aims 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 barrier to a fallen man's self-redemption.

## TO INMATES

For the information of new arrivals and all others desiring to send THE MIRROR to friends, the privilege will be granted by complying with the following rules: Write your own name and register number and send same to this office with name and address of person to whom paper is to be sent. Each paper must be kept clean and folded in the same manner in which it is received and placed in your door every Friday night. All inmates are requested to comply with this order whether sending out a copy or not.

## Prison Officials

### Board of Control

C. E. Vasaly, - - - Little Falls  
C. J. Swendsen, - - - St. James  
Ralph W. Wheelock, - - - Minneapolis  
J. D. Mills, Secretary.

### Board of Parole

C. E. Vasaly, Chairman.  
Henry Wolfer, Secretary.  
Rev. S. G. Smith.  
Charles S. Reed.

### Resident Officials

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

## GOOD-BYE!

SOMEONE has said that this word is the saddest in the English language, yet we do not find it so, in the present instance indeed, we are able to write it with feelings the opposite of sadness,—for are we not free once more! Are we not going forth into the world again, to take up life where we left off some four weary years ago!

Good-bye;—yes, that is the word, for we are leaving, never to return. It was not expected that the opportunity to write these words would present itself so soon, but recently the State Board of Pardons saw fit to cut short our stay here, and so we are going. And in going we find but one regret lingering with us,—the regret that it is necessary to leave so many of the boys behind us; so many who have helped us through the heart-breaking grind of these past three years and more; so many who are our friends. And we shall not forget them. Neither shall we forget the kindly treatment accorded us by all the prison officials and guards, as well as by the many representatives of the press which visit The Mirror.

The task of guiding The Mirror on toward the fulfillment of its mission must now necessarily fall to new hands, and in the appointment of Mr. C. W., known hereabouts as "Gayhoppin," we see a change by which The Mirror will lose nothing, and by which the reader will be the gainer. Mr. W. is a practical printer and newspaper man, a conscientious worker and as staunch a friend of this little old paper as it ever had. We now leave him to your care and keeping, with the sole request that he be given the same hearty and substantial support, both in and outside of prison, that we have received during our incumbency of The Mirror's sanctum.

One last word to the brothers we leave behind, and then we are finished. Remember this: "If you expect a square deal, be square yourself." Never for an instant let the life-saving light of hope die within you, and always remember that "It's Never too Late to Mend." We have tried these and found them good. And now that we are going, the future looks as bright as ever,—brighter if anything—and we go forth from behind the walls with the unshakable resolve that these prisons shall know us no more. Good-bye.

Wm. R. N.  
(Napoleon Jr.)

## SALUTATION.

AFTER being at the head of The Mirror for the past two years and a half, Mr. Wm. R. N., through an act of the Pardon Board, found it necessary to resign his position, and to again take up the duties

which fall to the lot of a free man. His leaving places the editorship in new hands, and Warden Wolfer decided to place the writer hereof in charge. Whether the decision was for the best, time alone will tell.

Most of the readers are more or less acquainted with my efforts, as I have been on the contributing staff of The Mirror for the past twenty months. Being at the head and responsible for the paper is a harder position to fill by far than merely acting as a contributor.

To the old contributors of The Mirror under Mr. N., I can only say that their articles will be thankfully received as of yore. There will be very few changes in the paper and its policy will still be the same: "A square deal for everyone all the time."

Permanent space writers will be eliminated, except in the case of "Apache" and "Bobbles." "O.C." will continue to be reporter-in-chief; that is, providing the three above named gentlemen are willing. The reason for eliminating space writers is to give all of you a show. If you can write an article that is interesting, do so. It will be given consideration and, if found worthy, published. But there is one or two things for the men who contribute in the way of "Don'ts," namely: Embarrassing squibs and personal remarks at another inmate's misfortune are not wanted and will be rigidly blue-penciled. Plagiarism will not be tolerated. Your copy will find its resting place in the waste basket after you have once been discovered.

The last page in the paper, or page four, will be given over to miscellaneous articles. Copy must be signed in full, giving name, register and cell numbers. The register number will be used to give the author credit.

If at any time you have any suggestions to make, which you think will improve The Mirror, pass them along. Of course that does not mean they will always be followed.

Just a word in regard to my predecessor. As an editor, Mr. N. was all that was to be desired. He worked conscientiously for The Mirror, making it a paper that ranks among the best of its kind. Those who never tried editing a prison paper do not comprehend what a job it is. Now let us each and everyone do our-level best to keep The Mirror in the front ranks, to make it more than a paper in name.

Respectfully,  
Gayhoppin,  
Editor.

## TO OTHER EDITORS.

AGAIN The Mirror has changed editors, for better or worse it is for the readers to judge. Your papers and magazines received on exchange have always been appreciated and will continue so as long as the present editor is at the helm. Let them come. The more the merrier. Perhaps you do not know it, but your exchanges are not read by the editor alone. After he has finished with them at least three inmates cell numbers are placed on same and they are passed along. There are men and women here from every state, or practically every state, in the Union, and your papers are welcome visitors.

The magazines have from fifteen to twenty numbers placed on them. I hope that you one and all will see fit to continue on The Mirror's exchange list.

## To Guards and Employees.

UNDER the conditions which The Mirror is managed your co-operation is earnestly requested to help make it a success. You know it is impossible for the editor to mix much after working hours and we can't very well see or hear what is going on unless you tell us. Things that will make interesting reading is what is wanted. Locals for personal advertisement as being a good fellow are not desired. The editor may like one man more than another, but The Mirror does not intend boasting one and letting the rest get along as best they may. The Mirror intends to boost when boosting is right and knock—no, never, we left our hammer in the Deputy Warden's office. A joke on the other fellow will go good so long as it does not get personal. Help make The Mirror a family journal and The Mirror assures you that it will be appreciated.

## Notice to Inmates.

THE exchange list of The Mirror is large. In a few days a printed list of same will be made. Mark the names of papers and send same to this office along with your name and cell number. Do not mark more than three papers and one magazine. Names will be arranged alphabetically and numbers placed accordingly. When list has been gone through from A to Z and more than three numbers are marked for any one paper and fifteen for magazines, those at the bottom will form a waiting list and be placed on papers you wish as soon as there is an opening. Until such time the waiting list will receive such papers as have not the full amount of numbers. Rest assured

we will do our best. Your conduct to determine whether you remain on the list or not. No favorites will be played as we are all the same—prisoners.

## Old Prison Notes

Uncle John Says:

Two parole breakers were returned during the week.

Two carloads of lumber were received during the week.

Wall guard Knous is stationed temporarily in shop "I".

Wall guard Philbrooks returned from his vacation July 14th.

One carload of shoe boxes has been received since last writing.

Guard Teschner resigned Monday, July 14th. He expects to go in business.

S. H. Cooper has entered the service, and is assisting Guard Hustings in the warehouse at present.

Guard Thompson, who has been on night duty for several nights, is back on day duty again.

Guard Clapperton is away on his vacation. Guard Segelka has charge of the paint shop during his absence.

Guard Scully is away on his vacation. Guard Clum is holding down his desk in shop "L" for the next ten days.

Guard O. B. Johnson returned from his vacation last Monday. He reported an excellent time, and feels fit as a fiddle.

We never know what real comfort and happiness is until we get into trouble, and then it is too late for us to appreciate it.

Acting Asst. Deputy Warden Whelan left on his vacation July 17th. Guard Plant is acting Asst. Deputy in the absence of Mr. Whelan.

Prof. Webb has been appointed chief bugiologist by Capt. Volmer. He says he has a snap now, as most of them have gone to the new prison.

All the warehouses are empty. There is not a pound of twine left in the place. The farm machines are going just as fast as they are able to set them up.

"Every cloud has a silvery lining." Yea, verily. But the clouds that have been appearing recently have proved also to have a wet interior, judging by the past few days of inundations.

Twenty-two United States Prisoners, from Washington, D. C., were received Saturday morning at 10:30. They were shaved, dressed, photographed and ready to go to work at 1:30 p. m. Anyone who says that we are not able to do quick work does not know what he is talking about.

## Shoe Shop Notes.

SANDY.

Mr. W. Cadwell is away on a trip to the Pacific coast.

Four-Double-O-One has been transferred from the Steward's office to that of the shoe company.

High cut shoes, for fall and winter wear, are coming through the works in large quantities these days.

Berger M. Hammer, shipping clerk, was on the sick list a few days last week, but is back on the job again as cheerful as ever.

The line of samples for spring trade is almost complete. The styles incline to straight and broad lasts; more so than formerly.

Shoes made after the pattern of the old bicycle shoe are becoming more popular each season for work shoes. Many dealers are asking for the heavier lines of shoes to be made after this pattern.

The manufacturer of shoes is often blamed for the poor service some shoes render, when the fault lies entirely in the fact that the wearer was putting the shoes to service for which they never were intended. For instance: A mineral tanned, or what is usually called a "waterproof" shoe, makes an excellent and lasting shoe for bush work or where hard wear is expected of a shoe; but if a farmer secures one and wears it around the stable, the ammonia from the manure will ruin it in a few days, while a muleskin shoe, though a much cheaper grade, will last several times as long at this work; yet if used in the rougher and heavier work, would go to pieces in a short time. A merchant should always find out the class of service for which a shoe is wanted, and recommend his shoes accordingly.

## Foot Notes.

By Nil Desperandum (Old Prison)

That Panama hat of Uncle John's was a genuine bargain, nineteen-cents-and-a-half.

Here's wishing you the best of success Mr. W. N. When you see old Lonnon town, remember me to Leicester Square and Piccadilly, and the "Baron" to Sweeney and God's Fleet street.

We have not learned at present who the future editor is, but venture to say that if he follows the policy adopted by his predecessor, the paper will be a hummer. We hope you have graduated for good this time William.

A woman seldom knows what she wants until she discovers that she can't get it. It's a great advantage to look simple, so long as you're not simple.

Marriage is a man's afterthought, but a woman's intention.

The average girls ideal of a man is what every healthy man wants to kick.

The enemy, if enemy there is, of woman's emancipation is woman herself. —TATLER.

# APACHE'S CORNER

## IS IT BEST?

We have sold ourselves to worry—put in pawn our very soul, Bartered dreams of our tomorrow and have lost track of our goal, Sin and gloom, despair and shadow are around us, everywhere, We can lose that dismal vision if we only care to care.

We have scorned the voice of conscience, and have bent to low desire, The white soul that God gave us we have dragged thru the mire, Grey the clouds that break above us, we are soul sick and depressed, Yet our inner voice keeps calling: Is it best?

We have sold our given birthrights, spurned the right and choose the wrong, In our hearts no more life's music, on our lips there is no song, We spend our time in crying that our trials are hard to bear, We can lose that dismal vision if we only care to care.

We burden our bright future with the sins of yesterday, Live in dread of our tomorrow. We've forgotten how to pray, Our hearts are worn with worry and dismal is life's quest, Yet our inner voice keeps calling: Is it best?

Is it best we be unmindful of the good at sun's decline?  
Is it best to see but thorns and miss the roses on the vine?  
Is it best that each eve's sunset finds but anger in our breast,  
O Ishmael, what's the answer: Is it best?

"I want to live life to the fullest," said a little farm girlie who aspired to be an actreess. Stay on the farm, little girl, for you're living the fullest life, where family prayers are said at eventide. They don't pray on Broadway; and there's many a world weary girl beneath its white lights would want no further glimpse of heaven if she could but change places with you. You couldn't stand a back hall bedroom, little farm girl, nor keep your soul white on a city's "white way." A little more knowledge is what you need—a little more light and none of the life you are dreaming of.

What has become of the old fashioned mother who—when the prodigal returned—woke up a dozen times in the night and each time tiptoed into his room, with an extra quilt and placed it over him in fear that he was not comfortable? She's still with us, thank God, and many a man in here who claims that a woman was at the beginning of his trouble can claim, also, that there will be a woman at the end of it, with arms outstretched—his Mother.

## TO OUR BLINDNESS.

I'm out with a gospel o' givin'  
Help and comfort to those with us here,  
I'm wantin' kind words fur the livin',  
And not saved to be used at a bier.

We need to be rid of our blindness  
An' see good in a chap—not the worse—  
For he isn't in need of your kindness  
When he rides away in a hearse.

## Echoes From Our Exchanges.

I wish to express my appreciation and heart-felt thanks to those who assisted in the death of my wives' mother.—George Shake.  
Shake, old top, you should become a paragrafer.

Lost—Five dollar bill; finder returning same to Record office, will receive \$2.50 as reward.—Janesville Record.  
If finder will bring same to Mirror office he will receive \$3.50 as reward.

Lew Hodge eloped with Emma Smith last night, and today he is in the town cooler. Emma's paw 'lowed if they had waited six months he would have let the girl get spliced. As it now stands Lew will have to go to Stillwater for kidnappin'.—Crosby Bugle.

Another case of takin' "Em" off too soon.

Si Thompson lowed he was deservin' of milage to go to the Gettysburg reunion. Lem Dorkam claims that Si was 25 miles in the rear of the firing line, so Si didn't get transportation.—Mesaba Clarion.  
Only the brave deserved the fare, Si.

## Extract From Tribute To Chas. Colby Whitney

By Gunnar B. Bjorson—Minnesota Mascot.

"We bid thee farewell, but in some brighter clime may we not hope to say good morning. Big hearted, whole-soul, courageous and charitable! You lived not apart, you sought not the safety of seclusion, you lived your life among men and fought your fight, met your defeats and won your victories as a man among men. All you asked was a fair start and fair play.

A man that has been true to his friends, square with his enemies, loyal to his country, helpful to his community and true to his family can never die. For when he ceases to draw this fleeting breath he will nevertheless continue to live and move and have his being in the hearts of those who knew and loved and understood.

Under the caption, "The Great Brotherhood of Man," a real brother of the southland, Aubrey Murry, editor of "Southern Buck," ran an article that started off with the Grand Rapids Booster meeting, written by Dad Kiley, and ended by comment by our humble self. The old man hereof of Crosby, was sandwiched in between us, which goes to show that where there is any boosting, there also is Marc.

## Alexander

There was chap a who owned a store and often wished it grander; he sold his goods to all who came, his name was Alexander. He had a sweetheart (pretty maid), admirably he scanned her, and asked her if she'd change her name—a ring did Alex hand her. "Oh, yes," she said and sweetly smiled, "if I can be commander," and thus they formed the partnership, the firm of Alex and Her.—Murdock Voice.

## Mable

The girl that Alexander wed sported a Russian sable; her hair was of a fiery red, and her front name was Mable. One day she drank a heap of beer, and that night at the table she yelled quite fierce in hubby's ear: "too whip you I am able." The fight was on, when all was o'er Axel up and canned her; and since that day there was no more the firm of Alex and Her. He's happy now. From Reno came these words in a cable: "I'm free to hunt for bigger game—and once again a May Belle."—Us.

Some day we are going to write up a June wedding; and it won't be in the bride, or the groom, or the orange blossoms, or the strains of Mendelssohn that we will find the "color." It will be in the little old lady, in black, who is smiling so bravely in one of the pews—the bride's mother. Ah, yes, she—the mother—is rarely ever spoken of in the "write up" of a wedding, but there is a great story in the throb of her heart, for in that few moments in church she is living over her girls life from cradle to altar. We are going to call that story: "The Last Sacrifice."