

## WRITES ABOUT THE TOWER OF LONDON

Facts Garnered From the Nooks And Corners of Memory Concerning Visits to This Historic Spot by an Inmate.

By Marco Polo

Among the multitude of monuments existing in this immense and singular Metropolis, which occupies a superficies of nearly 2000 kilometers square, and counts with seven million of inhabitants, the famous Tower of London stands pre-eminent on account of its historic interest. Situated in the eastern part of the ancient city on one of the banks of the Thames, it has successively served as fort, stronghold, palace, and at the present time serves as Museum, Hall of Arms, and deposit of the jewels of the Crown of England.

By the name of "Tower" is meant a series of irregularly constructed buildings, also called Towers, each one independent of the other; of differing heights and forms; erected at different epochs from each other, and representing the architecture dominating the period of their construction. These series of "towers" are surrounded by an embattled wall of pentagonal construction and a deep, dry moat, along which one may observe here and there marks which determine spots where existed the donjon bridges—draw bridges—and other means for the defense of the historic mansion. The "towers" and other dependencies existing with this enclosure, occupy a space approximating six hundred acres.

### History of Towers

History recounts that the first tower was built at the command of Julius Caesar as part of his strategy in the conduct of the Gallic wars. In the ninth century, King Alfred erected in its exact center two elevated planes, upon which William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century, erected what is called the "White Tower," constructed in the then primitive style of Norman architecture. The Beauchamp Tower dates from the fourteenth century and owes its erection to Edward III; and so through succeeding epochs the rest of them, together with their dependent agrouped buildings; among which number many retain their ancient look of form and construction, while others have undergone a process of modern rehabilitation, in order that they might become adapted to the uses to which they have been put.

For more than six centuries it served as a prison, and within its labyrinth of tortuous passages and somber recesses there are, to this day, visible reminders of the suffering and torture to which the unfortunate prisoners were submitted. The Fire-Box, the Block and Ax, the gallows, with other means of carrying out the death penalty, are accusing witnesses of those who so cruelly sought to rid themselves of political enemies and opposers to their selfish ambitions. Very few places exist that can bring back to the existing times such evidence of vile brutality, or that possess such a bloody record. To my notion, it is not equalled by the mines of Siberia, in Russia; the Spielberg castle in Austria; the horrible plogos of the Venice of the Doges; nor the underground dungeons of the Inquisition, in Spain.

### A Palace of Blood

In the wars between England and Scotland, the kings of the latter always suffered cruelly; among them John Balliol, David Bruce and Marie Stuart. In the "White Tower" were assassinated two princesses by order of Richard III; Anna Bolene, Catharine Howard, Marguerite Pole, the Duke of Essex and that great colonizer—Walter Raleigh, were decapitated there. In another tower—"Hill Tower"—will be found the somber chamber where the common executions took place, and the records existing in the archives tell us that among such went to their deaths, the Duke of Mammouth, Lord Cobham, burnt at the stake for heresy; the Duke of Stafford and Lord Russell, beheaded, in company with others such as, Jean II of France, Henry VI, Archbishop Cranmer, Thomas More, Chancellor of Henry VII; the duke of Southampton, protector of Shakespeare; all of whom suffered a long period of captivity before the death penalty, even if so barbarously applied, mercifully released them from a jealous and suspicious sovereign.

The spirit of revenge and cruelty of those times has, to be sure, undergone a transformation through the efficacy of modern thought and civilization; as much in the application of the law which has retained a great measure of its primitive origin, as in the manner of imposing its decrees, but, even to these days there is a marked severity which

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## IT CAN BE DONE

Somebody said it couldn't be done. But he, with a chuckle, replied: That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one. That wouldn't say so till he tried. So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin on his face. If he worried he hid it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing that couldn't be done—and he did it. There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done; There are thousands to prophesy failure; There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you: But just buckle in with a bit of a grin; Then take off your coat and go at it; Just start into sing as you tackle the thing That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

## COMPLIMENTS INMATES

Miss Anna Jarvis, the Founder of Mother's Day, Appreciates Prisoners' Observance of Same.

Miss Anna Jarvis, the young lady who was the first to suggest the idea of setting aside one day in the year for honoring "the best mother who ever lived—the mother of your heart;" and who is now the honored president of the Mother's Day International Association; has written a letter to the Mirror in which she congratulates and compliments the inmates of this institution for the splendid manner in which they observed the day behind prison walls.

Miss Jarvis' letter is as follows:—Editor "The Mirror", Stillwater, Minn.

Dear Sir:

I have read the Mother's Day issue of the Mirror with great interest and appreciation. The men of mother-loving hearts of the Stillwater prison certainly honored themselves in the splendid and beautiful way they observed Mother's Day and obtained the flower of motherhood that they wore that day.

Sincerely,

ANNA JARVIS.

### ANOTHER INSPIRING LETTER.

Since receiving the above letter from Miss Jarvis, we have before us another from a constant reader of the Mirror who lives away up in the state of Maine. It is so full of Christian thought and sentiment that we feel it our duty to give it in full, that all inmates may benefit from its reading.

May 27, 1914.

Livermore Falls, Me,

Editor Mirror.

Dear Brother in Christ:—The marked copy of the Mirror which you so kindly sent me has just arrived and I was very glad to learn that my letter and poem accomplished the mission that I had prayed that it would, and I felt like saying again and again your words: "God help us to be fair to all." It brought to mind the great words of that great man of God, J. R. Miller: "If we knew the inner life of many of the people we meet, we would be very gentle with them and would excuse the things in them that seem strange or eccentric to us." How very true that is, we do not understand, and so we say the words that leave wounds that bleed long after we have forgotten that we said them. Oh, how we need to have that love that will bring the very best there is in one to the surface, that love which will cause them to feel that they MUST make good.

### Would Help Inmates

As I was reading your article the other day to me that there might be some of the inmates that would greatly desire to have a copy of that poem, "Sometime," to keep, and if there are any such I would be very glad to copy it on the typewriter for as many as would care for it. Is there some way of letting me know thru The Mirror or by letter? I am very much interested in you all and would be very glad to help brighten your days.

I look eagerly forward each week for your paper and after reading it I pass it on to friends and they all speak how surprising it is to find such splendid articles when all are the products of the inmates. It rejoices my heart to notice of the improvements that are being made there for the inmates, and tho it is a severe trial to have to stay there for awhile, yet I do believe and pray that many will go from those doors all the better fitted to be useful men for their country. "Sometimes in life we wonder why, the heart must ache, the lips must sigh; why disappointments cross our way, to thwart the hopes we hold today. Ah, soul, the Father hath His plan, beneath the ways we cannot scan, and ever shall His purpose be worked out for good to you and me, if we will wait."

May the Father continue to bless your efforts at helping the needy ones.

In His Name,

FLOSS CELIA PERRY.

The parole board held its June meeting yesterday and considered a large number of applications. The result of the meeting had not been made known when the mirror went to press.

## ..Post Impressions..

As Presented From the View Point of Marco Polo

The choice of the famous old Clifton House, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, as the meeting place of the mediators, will re-awaken many old memories. Standing upon its terraced elevation, overlooking the international bridge, and affording a grandiose panoramic view of the American Horseshoe falls from its wide, deep piazzas and sheltering sun parlors, it is all that could be wished in furnishing the right setting for the momentous conclave which will mean much, or nothing. Twice destroyed by the ravages of flames, it has, on both occasions, risen, phoenix-like, from its ashes. Within its spacious interior scenes of international gayeties have become famous throughout the world, and it justly shares with its equally famous American prototypes—the Prospect and International—the world-wide glory of the majestic cataracts. Mars now takes possession, and in the trysting nooks and shades of rambling halls and corridors, woos the dove of peace, while Cupid—long holding sway over armies of honeymooners, who perennially have made the Clifton the Mecca of June brides—steps down for the time being.

Remarkable indeed is the article appearing in last week's Saturday Evening Post, by Mr. Blythe, voicing the President's convictions and contemplated programme in the Mexican question. But, it may be said to be, in a manner, discounted through the fact that the nation at large had the high aims of the executive, in working out a solution of the perplexed problems involved, and one that should preclude an early recrudescence of the devastating struggle in the unhappy nation. In this column we took occasion to predict that the administration's inevitable act in the seizure of Vera Cruz, portended scopes beyond the mere question of the insult suffered at Tampico. That, it may be said, was the entering wedge, per se constituting an ample provocative which no self respecting nation could ignore, but, the greater questions involving the future of that nation, which are arising with the rapidity of day-to-day events, automatically makes extinct the original demand for the AMENDE HONORABLE. The army, supported by the navy, therefore, will remain in Mexico, until the problem is worked out. History will give just credit to the great apostle of humanity, who was quick to seize an incident, which, in the light of past events, would have served as a recognized excuse for the despoliation of an offending nation, and turn it into the means of salvation for a long suffering part of humanity. Altogether, there is no denying the fact that matters are assuming such hopeful shape, that ere long the final curtain may be rung down on the bloody drama across the Rio Grande. The conviction is abroad that the sterling man at the White House is about to be vindicated. Huerta, himself, at bay and to his last stand, places faith in the uncompromising but patient man, who moves with conviction, but declines to serve the interest of Mammon. Well knows Huerta, and well knows Mexico, and the world at large, that this nation, through its spokesman at the White House, will do "the large thing." Recall that we are already on record as to this. Let us cite China as a witness. The nation which so magnanimously returned her share of the tribute imposed at the Boxer intervention, when no closer ties than those of commerce concerned her, can surely be trusted in her avowed purpose to do the large thing toward the one whom she views with neighborly regards.

There is humor to be extracted also. The enterprising gringo with the Irish twang to his name—did you read of his clever coup? I mean the chap who assured Capt. Rush, of the Florida, that he knew of parties who were in possession of a large amount of fire arms, and, given an escort of four blue jackets, proceeded to the store and home of an innocent Spaniard and demanded five thousand pesos, as a price for the safety of his life, otherwise—he made a sweeping motion with his arm toward the rifles of the jackies—he would have him shot on the spot! Of course, the jackies not knowing Spanish, were innocent of the fact that they were, really, co-partners in the plot; besides, the clever pantomime of the wide-awake, aforesaid gringo, led them to think that all was proper. The poor Spaniard, no stranger to the demand which his nationality has suffered time and again at the hands of both factions in Mexico, seems to have taken it as a matter of course, and really felt grateful toward the gringo, when handing him the 5,000 pesos. The Spaniard, complaining to his friends about the loss, was advised to go to the American authorities, with the result that soon afterward his money was restored to him and the perpetrator of the offense safely behind the bars. Paraphrasing the familiar quotation: "Commerce follows the flag"—the metropolitan journals ask: "Does rascality follow the flag?"... But the incident proves to you the opportunities which the unsettled state of the country presents to "those that are looking for openings and are quick to take advantage of conditions. Murphy said to me: "What a fine chance for the automobile business!" I wonder what he meant?

Whenever the city of New York is called upon to assume a leading role in any of the many affairs that are of moment to the nation, it is a foregone conclusion that the task will be discharged in a scale befitting, and commensurate with its standing as the metropolis of the nation. Reading the press reports of the solemn and splendid funeral rites accorded to the nineteen heroes—bluejackets and marines—who fell at Vera Cruz, while upholding the honor of the flag; those of us familiar with the route of march of the funeral cortege, are able to shut our eyes, and picture vividly in our mind the million and more souls, bare headed, and many with moistened eyes; banked solidly against the granite and marble bulwarks, lining the canon-like approach from the Battery, through Bowling Green, thence to City Hall park; while following the last of the flag draped caissons rides the Chief of the Nation, as chief mourner; followed in turn by a long succession of equipages, bearing some of the nation's most distinguished officials, both civic and military; the naval and army contingent giving the complete touch to a pageant which none of those present will ever forget. You have, of course, read the President's splendid oration, for such it was. It was an epic. It not only recited the glorious death of those heroes in noble words, but as well served the notice to humanity at large of the self appointed task of this nation, in the interest of peace and the conservation of a sister nation, and not its destruction. Altogether, reviewing the attendant circumstances of this national tribute, one can envy the nature of death that came to those immortals.

Our's is a world in which man's secret strength has its full revelation only through the fierce conflict with adversity and opposing circumstances.

## VOYAGERS

By Floyd D. Rass

Dear voyager upon the sea,  
That lies untired before you, hail  
Each passing ship, though she may be  
A battered ship and frail.  
She may have left the port you seek.  
Know all the shoals and bars,  
And variations, week by week,  
Of compass, wind and stars.  
Hail every ship, and answer back  
To every ship that calls;  
She may have need to know your track,  
And you, from whence she sails.  
Thus, be we many days or few  
Upon time's ebbing sea,  
I shall be glad for hailing you,  
And you, for answering me.

## PLEA FOR PRISONERS

Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth Urges Society's Consideration for State's Imprisoned Men

At Houston, Texas the other day, Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth, the "Little Mother" of the Salvation Army, addressed an immense gathering of visiting newspaper men; and chose for her theme the subject nearest her heart—the right treatment of prisoners. During her remarks Mrs. Booth advocated the abolishment of the word "convict" and referred to the Mirror's plea for this action two weeks ago.

She said she regretted very much that it had remained for the prisoners of a great and good institution to have to plead through the columns of their paper for fair treatment and Christian consideration at the hands of society, for society owes it to itself to take the initiative in all these matters which tend to aid men trying to reform. Said she, "Call them convicts if you will while they are serving their time in the prison, but when the man leaves the prison and the state says to him, 'Go thy way and sin no more,' do not use the name which recalls the shame of the time when he was paying for the crime he committed. The large majority of those who cross the threshold of the prison can be redeemed. I have a larger acquaintance with murderers, thugs, thieves, burglars, robbers and forgers than anyone else, and I am proud of it. I have been through the prisons and I have come back to the outside world and I am not pessimistic. My experiences have filled me with inspiration. I have been told when I entered the prisons that I would find nothing but ingrates, warped and dwarfed men who could never be changed. But I find that it is not so. The redeemability of the human heart is like a rosebud which had been found crushed and covered with the mire of the street. Placed in a glass of water the bud swelled and burst forth into full bloom, diffusing its fragrance over the room to which it had been brought a crumpled mass. Thus it is with the human heart. The hearts that have been down in the mire can be made to bloom in the fragrance of a new life. I know this to be true for of the 20,000 men who have come to me personally after leaving prison seventy-five per cent of that number made good. Of the remainder twenty per cent are doubtful and five per cent went back to prison."

### OFFICER BUCK MARRIED

Scarcely an issue of the Mirror comes out these days, that does not contain information concerning the marriage of some officer of the wall-ed city; and the blush and smile of the groom colony has become so common that it has ceased to be a novelty.

The latest to join the Benedict class is officer Fred R. Buck of Shop F, and he selected 4 o'clock on Decoration Day as the proper time for the eventful stunt to be pulled off. The bride was Miss Marie Lescarbo of Stillwater. The wedding took place at the parsonage of the French Catholic church, Rev. Father Nicholas officiating. Former officer Stranberg acted as best man, and Miss Irene Gorn of Stillwater was bridesmaid.

After the ceremonies the young folks enjoyed a genuine joy ride in an auto, taking in the places of interest at St. Paul, returning to Stillwater Sunday.

### ANOTHER MARINE HORROR

Early last Saturday morning, the Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of Ireland, enroute from Quebec to Liverpool; was rammed by the Danish collier Storstad, not far from the shore off Father Point in the St. Lawrence river; and within fifteen minutes sank to the bottom; carrying with her 964 human beings.

The disaster is probably the worst that has ever occurred in American waters. The collision occurred in a dense fog, and notwithstanding the prompt response of nearby vessels to the wireless distress call few were saved.

## THOUGHTS INSPIRED BY MEMORIAL DAY

One Brother Wearing the Blue and Another the Gray, Fall Fighting for the Cause They Espoused. Origin of the Day.

By "General Stonewall"

I never pass decoration week and Decoration Day without bringing many tender memories to me, and at which time I shed many, many silent tears for the nation's dead, who died on the field of battle in any of our patriotic wars for the advancement of liberty and freedom, which the stars and stripes vouchsafes to all people, and especially do I shed very many tears for two who were very dear to me who fell on the battle field during the civil war.

The occasion always carries me back to the time when I was a very small boy, when one morning in early spring two youths just entering into early manhood, bade us children and father and mother good bye and rode away to join the armies of the civil war, but they rode in different directions as it afterward came to light and neither ever returned.

I am indebted for what I give here to the late Hon. John Ambler Smith who was a member of Congress from Virginia just after the war, and the late Col. Lee Crandall for many years editor and owner of the National View, Washington, D. C., and who was a colonel under General Thomas J. Jackson known as "Old Stonewall."

"Why and how the 30th day of May was selected as Decoration Day, came about and had its origin through the instrumentality of two little girls who lived near Bay View Cemetery on the Potomac, Washington, D. C., and whose names were Theresa and Eva May, their father being Rev. J. C. May a chaplain in the Union Army. Eva was the younger of the two, and could not say 'Theresa' plain saying 'Thirty' instead, and the little girls were out one day in early spring gathering wild flowers, and when Mrs. May their mother asked them on their return home what they were going to do with so many flowers, Eva spoke up and said: 'Thirty and I are going to put them on the 'sojers' graves.' And so their mother went with them to the cemetery, and gave them full reign as to what graves they should put them on, and child-like which is Christlike, they were not respecters of persons and all were remembered—it was from this simple act of two little girls by the name of May, that Decoration Day was handed down to posterity, and the 30th day of the month of May selected.

Thus it was that Col. Crandall who was with one of the young men when he fell, who rode away from home never to return, had the distinction of being the first Confederate officer to decorate a Union soldier's grave in public after the war; and it came about in this way: Near Mount Vernon at Bay View Cemetery, Col. Crandall and Hon. John Ambler Smith then a member of Congress from Virginia, and by the way an officer in the Union Army in the march with Sherman to the sea, and who saw the other young man fall with his face to the front in Georgia. It was just two years after the close of the civil war, that these two gentlemen met at the cemetery and side by side decorated the graves of the blue and gray, all that May day.

It was while I was employed in Washington, D. C., in 1889, on May 30th, at the Bay View Cemetery, and in the presence of Hon. Frank Hatton of the Washington Post and Belva Lockwood, the famous woman lawyer, that these two gentlemen made me acquainted with this bit of history. Belva Lockwood still has a law office in Washington, D. C.; but Frank Hatton, and my two good friends have gone to join the boys in the army of the great beyond.

### Two Loving Brothers

I had two loving brothers gay,  
Both bold hearted, brave and true;  
And while one of them wore the grey,  
The other wore the blue.  
Marched with Stonewall and his men,  
And joined his fate with Lee,  
The other marched with Sherman  
Triumphantly to the sea.

Both fought for what they thought was right  
And died with sword in hand  
One sleeps beneath Virginia's soil,  
The other in Georgia's sand—  
The same sun shines on both their tombs,  
And my love for both must stay,  
Honor the one who wore the blue,  
And the one who wore the grey.  
While over their two graves today,  
I long to place flowers there  
But as misfortune has her say,  
I can only shed a tear.  
Why did I live instead of they?  
I ask alas! with sore heart!  
To God who knows all things we pray!  
Help us all to do our part.  
If we cannot scatter over,  
The graves of those we loved,  
With flowers,—We can shed a tear,  
And send a prayer above.  
For thank God! Decoration Day!  
Soon to us will come no more;  
Then cometh Resurrection Day!  
The first one's blessed evermore.