Prison Officials

Board of Control

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

Board of Parole

C. E. Vasaly, Chairman.
C. S. Reed, Secretary.
S. G. Smith.
H. K. W. Scott.

Resident Officials

C. S. Reed	Warden
J. J. Sullivan	Deputy Warden
J. Backland	1st Asst. Deputy Warden
John Whelan	2nd Asst. Deputy Warden
J. A. Humphreys	Steward
G. A. Newman	Physician
F. A. Whittier	State Parole Agent
Miss Mary McKinney	Matron
C. E. Benson	Protestant Chaplain
Chas. Corcoran	Catholic Chaplain

MIRRORETTES

December 17th.

And one week from tomorrow will be Christmas.

And you do not want to forget to hang up your stockings. This means everybody.

Never worry George F., they will still grow squash in Ashland Missouri a year hence.

Mr. Baker, of the front office force, acted as escort to a party of friends, Friday of last week.

Officer McCarthy escorted his wife and daughter through the prison Thursday of last week.

State Parole Agent, F. A. Whittier, made a business trip to the coast last week, returning Tuesday morning.

We are sorry to report that our poet, Mac, is at present on the sick list. We sincerely hope for his speedy recovery.

Officer Buckley escorted Mrs. Buckley, in company with a lady friend, throughout the prison departments Thursday of last week.

Mr. Fitzgerald, of the front office clerical force, escorted two gentlemen friends thru the different departments of the prison last Saturday.

Mr. A. B. Whittier made his usual hop, skip and jump to Red Wiug last Saturday evening. May the weather also be good next Saturday.

As its quite likely old Santa will make his visit in Stillwater. We advise you beforehand, J. P., to hang up your best pair of silk hose. Uh huh!

The printorium's guard, Mr. Westby, was absent from the shop Thursday forenoon, but returned late in the afternoon all in one piece. Betcherlife.

Dr. Newman, physician, in company with Miss Nelson, Asst. Matron of the Female Department, made a business trip to St. Peter, Tuesday of last week.

Sure thing, Mr. Q. a lot ol newspaper reporters only get $6 per week; but the "cub" reporter that wrote you up gets less. 'Twas ever thus: but the truth at that.

Mr. Professor with tears in our eyes we again ask you, will you some day, mit the Gaby Glide play, already yet? Thanks in advance Mr. Schmidt, for your consideration.

The State Parole Board met at the institution Thursday last to consider the remaining cases on this month's calendar. The results of their last meeting was 4 paroles and 4 discharges.

Principal Keeper Whitney and state agent Knickerbacker, both from the reform atory at St. Cloud, were prison visitors last Wedensday afternoon. Mr Desautels escorted the above gentlemen through the different prison departments.

Forty years ago in the Stillwater Gazette: Frank Chas, bookkeeper at the prison, was married to Miss Evans, Dec. 10. The bride was a daughter of Deputy Evans. There were only 137 prisoners at the prison; 107 could read; 24 were married and 110 were single.

Capt. Alexander met with a somewhat painful accident recently. While stepping off the streetcar steps, he stepped sidewise on his foot, the result of which was a sprained ankle. He is on duty, however, but his foot is not as yet free from the pain of the sprain.

Now, Geo. F., you must not jest R. about that moustache. It's there all right, all right, but refuses to come out in this wintry air. You, perhaps have had the same trouble with that white spot which adorns your crown. We subscribe several applications of squash for same. Betcherboots!

The folder on which the names of the new library books are printed, must not be destroyed. Kindly insert them in your library catalog when you get them, as they are a part of the catalog. Each inmate will receive a folder and it will be charged up to him the same as books, etc. Hence, the reason why you are not to destroy them.

All those who have funds in the office and did not contribute to the Christmas Fund, will not receive the one-half peck of apples, the one-pound package of raisins, the one and a half pounds of mixed candy and the one and one half pounds of fresh roasted peanuts. But those who have no funds will, however, receive the same amount of eatables as those who subscribed to the fund.

LE BLANC CHOIR MESSIEURS

By Monsieur Rue

The choir held their usual practice during the week.

The Rev. C. E. Benson complimented both choirs on their achievements last Sunday.

Christian Science services were held last Sunday morning. there was a fair attendance.

A new member joined us at practice last Saturday, Mons. C., who has had some experience before he made good.

The anthem, Asleep in Jesus, which was to have been rendered last Sunday; was postponed, on account of the orchestra parts not being finished. It is possible that it will be sung on the 27th inst. It is a beautiful piece of music.

Quite a number of inmates have been disappointed lately on account of the duet, which was announced to take place some time ago. Monsieur Rue tenders an apology to the disappointed, and will bring the matter before Prof. Albert Schmidt again. It has been sung here before, and we have a strong request from the inmates, for this duet again.

The present hymnals which are used at both services, comprise the following tones: soprano, alto, tenor and bass. They are arranged so precise that it is possible for any ordinary person to sing them. The male quartet-books which are occasionally used by the white choir. are especially written for glee quartet and solo, and are higher pitched than the hymnals. They comprise the following four tones: first tenor, second, first bass and second bass. Songs that are written for stellar vocalists such as Patti, Melba etc., are written in a key that it would be almost an impossibility for the ordinary singer to reach, and make a success of. The writer will go further into this subject, week by week.

WITH POT AND BRUSH

By J. R.

Big noise is right, A. C. We file the labels hereafter.

If Guard Clum runs short of chalk again, shop M can supply him.

Support painters are busy at present on residence outside the walls.

Extension batters for harvesters started coming into the shop Saturday last.

Two of the crew from shop M moved to the dormitory during the week, "And yet a few days."

Harvester platforms are nearly all finished at this writing. 7 footers are next in order, we understand.

"Hustling Bill" Hustings, of the F. M. warehouse was in this shop superintending removal of mowers several times during the week.

The local "angel" removed his headquarters from this shop to the assembly room early last week. In other words, the "ham" gets a hammer.

A mower for the jag-farm at Wilmar was built in the factory recently. If war prices are not too steep for my roll, I may get a chance to run it next summer.

The answer to the paint shop's standing query, I am requested to state, is: "Some people receive charity, while others do piece work." It all depends upon the recipient.

Judging by the way the King of Alabama digs into the green work, he does not sympathize with Carnegie's aspirations to die poor. Some class to the King as a worker.

ELEVATOR PICKUPS

By B. W. K.

Everybody's doin' it in Europe.

Do your Xmas shopping early.

Also politeness is inexpensive and of priceless value.

Do it today and let others talk about it tomorrow.

Say Harry, why that frown? We sent you two this week.

Believe in yourself, and in time others will have faith in you.

Several new men were assigned to the twine factory last week.

Slim has resigned his job roping sacks and can now be seen on ballers.

Mathematical Problem:—How many Presidents has Mexico?

Some cold Sunday but when the boys get down to drill it doesn't seem cold.

That family row over the pond, eclipses even our own little domestic unpleasantness.

Say Slim, we are just about to publish a book entitled: "When Two Fords Meet." When it is completed I will remember you with a copy.

You look pretty nifty with the oil can, M. S. M. Now be sure to have your glasses adjusted or you will be minus a few fingers—Get me?

NOTES FROM SHOP A

By A. G. N.

Peace and Unity reigns in this shop.

Fibre Inspector Newman, returned from his vacation last Friday and reports a good time.

The sermon preached last Sunday by our Chaplain was the best we ever heard and went deep down in our hearts.

No sir, we are not anarchist altho officer Sederberg had his stand painted red the other day. Foxie is responsible for this.

Foxie, the hand of all trades, has now turned into a painter, and some painter too, believe me. If you don't believe us ask Officer Sederberg.

Our friend Slivers is growing something on his upper lip, but refuses to tell what it is. However, good luck Slivers, you have my sincere wish.

Master Bob Williams in company with another boy friend visited our shop last Saturday. We are always glad to see him. He is a real sunshine boy.

That Ole Oleson, wearing a troubled look accosted the village undertaker with: "Av skoll like to know about these polar bears." "Why a polar bear," said the undertaker, "is a large white animal that lives in the far north where there is plenty of ice and snow, and when winter comes he makes his lair under a big snow bank where he sleeps for six months whithout awakening. But Ole why are you interested in polar bears?"

"Woll," said Ole, "Yon Swenson has just died this morning an' a feller ban asking me to be a polar bear at Yon's funeral but I hate to go way up north and sleep six months in snow, an' ay tank ay skoll lat some odder feller do dis yob."

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. Your page number will be found written with a lead pencil on all incoming letters. Compliance with this request will cause letters to be mailed promptly. Also, inmates are cautioned against writing between the lines, and be careful to sign your full names to all letters.

SHOP H TWISTERS

By E. M.

Be neutral and lick war stamps.

Foreman Lesh is having a set of left-handed ballers made for Shorty We would also like to get a pair of left-handed scissors for the little southpaw.

A small blaze, caused by an overheated bearing on one of the spinners, created quite a bit of excitement in this shop Wednesday morning. Quick work done by Kelly soon had the fire put out.

Another new man on the ballers; have not been able to figure out his nationality, but his head looks as though somebody might have run a hay rake over it.

There are enough presidents in Mexico to furnish names for a long train of Pullman cars.

If railroads make good their threat to charge one cent a piece for time tables some people will take fewer psycological vacation tours.

If you want something done, ask a man who is already too busy to do it.

UNCLE GOSHDING'S SAYINGS

By J. F. B.—4658

"Makin' hay while the sun shines," doesn't apply to the snowball season.

The season of the stylishly red and tearful nose has multitudinously evidenced itself.

Good goods; Keene, Sherlock, Mc. D, et al. It's up to the minute, and has the punch.

The gustatory ombongpong of ye scribe is dancing the 'hesitatation' and is likely to develop into a 'gallop' if his appetite doesn't diminish.

Rooshia and ther Allies ag'in report more victories, advances, and annilations!—report them—meantime the Germans air "fetchin' home the bacon!"

Just a patriotic whisper; nearer home, and not less charitable:—While we are passing around the hat for the needy in Europe let's not forget the needy in America.

"Victory in defeat;" describes the recent reports of three brave little sea-panthers of Germany's navy meeting fourteen of the Allies' largest cruisers, and going down to defeat with colors flying.

Our esteemed associate, Mr. Mac D., of the Mirror, being on the sick list, causes us the more to miss his helpful presence, which his absence magnifies. Speedy return to health and duty, Mac, are the wishes of the "boys', to you!

Whoozhoo, the literary genius who submits his scintilating Mss to ye Typos, artistcally adorned with pink and baby blue ribbon rosettes; will omit the flubdubs and give more care to limning his manuscript with writing thai is decipherable, he will confer a boon to ye Typos that wiii relieve them of many moments of despair and danger of contracting strabismus! Get us?

IN CAELO QUIES

After a lingerin' an' longsufferin' illness, superinduced by hallucination and pathetic emaciation, ye editor's attenuated shadder departed this life forever. Struck down in the midst of the pride and flower of its promising young manhood. The remains will be interred in the old family lot, to rest beside its other ancestral hallucinations. No more will its sportive presence cheer and brighten the gloomy, daily uncertitude of its mourning and crepe-adorned co-workers. No more wlll its spirit of joy and enthusiasm warm and infect the flagging, and disconsolate daily life of its companions. The cruel hand of Fate has snatched from among us the one bright gleam that held us hopefully to our allotted tasks. But cruel Fate will not be denied, and its highbrow staff resign their spirit in humble and submissive grief.

The casket, (a waste basket) was shrowded with the "printer's towel," and embowered with posies and lollipops. Uncles Gosh and Goshding, oiated the customary eulogies. Big Chief and Kal sang the ceremonial hymns.

The pallbearers consisted of the idiotorial staff, who followed the bier to the dump, where the defunct was mournfully consigned to its final haven of peace and desuetude! Requiescat In Pace!

TAILOR SHOP AND LAUNDRY

By Æquo Animo —4034

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Yes, J. R., Rex has a glittering future. It's a shame to partially cover it.

"Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also."

Several hundred yards of cloth was cut up for overalls, jackets and shirts last week.

Do not find fault if a man is cranky on anything, only cranks do things worth while.

By the way the visitors are passing thru here lately one would think it was State Fair week.

G. S. J., a pleasure it was indeed and we look forward to the 19th for the long expected to be realized.

Be courteous and civil to all men for the humblest of your neighbors may sit upon your jury one day.

Looie, you know it's against the rules to obstruct the view of your cell; so don't put your feet up against the door again.

Capt. Alexander is limping about, the result of a sprained ankle. Pretty cold out in the park now Capt., better wait until spring.

Several recruits joined the ranks of the gray during the week and will spend their holidays among us who misfortune has overtaken.

Now Ed., you might at least have given us a tip, so as to prepair ourself for the bombardment we received from our docile friend, G. F.

Rubbin' Spots says business in the pressing line is falling off, as he had only two suits to press last Saturday. Usually he has about fifteen.

They are rare, but it is a pleasure when we meet a man who possesses the truest kind of honesty that exists—fundamental rectitude of mind.

We knew there was going to be a change of weather the way Nil Desperandum has been cutting up the last few days. Oh no, not in a humorous mood, just the opposite; it's winter mitts he's cutting.

If the sand bank holds out long enough maybe the tailor shop will have as clean a floor as the laundry. We thought they were making a new concrete floor, judging from the amount of sand used.

All is serene in the laundry now. Mr. Nelson recently sprung a joyous surprise on Red, when he opened up a case of high boots and faithfully promised a pair to Red on Xmas morn. (Congratulations Red. Comp.)

Supt. Mullan was over to the store-room trying to get some rubbers for the milk-maids. When asked by Mr. Nelson what size he wanted, he said: "Anything would do between 4 and 14 e-e." But he thought more of the latter size could be used.

Say, did we hear someone remark that it was cold last Sunday morning when out on drill? Well we rather enjoyed the few turns in the crisp air, as it was two weeks since we had an opportunity to get out in the fresh air for a few moments.

It is 11:40 o'clock all the time in this department, und we notice the clocks retently placed haven't anything on those that were first installed, as they have all stopped after a few days run. It seems that those electric clocks absolutely refuse to do time.

Cyclone the runner is sure kept on the jump now, as most of the men are working inside that were formerly in the yard. He says, "All I can see even in my dreams is that automobile-wheelbarrow loaded with overalls and jackets. If someone will furnish a donkey to pull it, that can live on nuts, I can get plenty feed for it.

G. F. says, "Rex, I have a half-bottle of hair tonic that you are perfectly welcome to, if you think it will develope that eyebrow on your lip. If not, get Silent Bill to use the ink-roller on it each morning and night. (Now friend Red, I have always refrained from remarking about bald heads in your presence. Comp.)

NOTES FROM SHOP K

By A. C.

And the snow man came at last.

Many thanks, P., for the Oregonian.

Hop, the Blue Book has never reached me.

P. M is happy again; he is planing nipper weights.

If you can't be wise, be otherwise. That's me, otherwise.

It looks as though some men shed their brains with their hair.

We had a keyway machine installed in our part of the shop last week.

Officer McCarthy acted as giude to a party of visitors last Thursday.

No, Joe, no football, but you may get out to play snowball if you are good.

Was it an invitation, or did you just stop to say hello last Thursday, Sherlock?

Officer Buckley escorted a party of visitors through the shop last Thursday evening.

All the foreman and civilian employees were made happy last Monday, it being payday.

Dr. Newman was seen pointing out the points of interest to a party of visitors last Friday.

How nice it would be if we could have a few more suggestions as to those breaker rails.

Officer O. B. Johnson reported for duty last Wednesday morning, after three days sick leave.

Did you ever notice that in this funny old world of ours that Kettle persists in calling Pot black?

Sherlock, we also have a hesitation over in our shop, and you can take it weuns you had better hesitate, too.

Officer Clayton was assigned to this shop last Monday morning for duty during Officer Johnson's absence on sick leave.

If we were all as bad as our enemies would paint us, his Satanic Majesty would object to our becoming citizens of his realm.

It has been said that an ignorant, narrow-minded person when given a little authority swells up so big that they cannot see their feet.

I wonder who wrote, "Charity begins at home?" They made a mistake. Some kinds of charity seldom begins any place, least of all at home.

One of the late elected citizens of the silent city was assigned to this shop for duty to fill the vacancy made by W.'s transfer to the yard.

Now that the Alimony club is organized with a goodlymembership in New York, what will the divorcees do for a bait to put on their matrimonial hook?

Did you all hear a noise like someone's goat getting away last Wednesday evening about 3 g. m.? Well, I should worry! Throw it away if you don't want it!

CHAUTAUQUA SECRETARY'S REPORT

The Circle met in regular session in the schoolroom Sunday, Dec. 13th; Pres. M. in the chair.

After roll-call, the responses to which were especially good; the secretary read his quarterly report of the meetings and business of the circle.

Mr. J. M. was appointed critic for the current period, and responded by thanking the president and members for the honor, and assuring them that he would give the Circle the best service possible, endeavoring at all times to make his criticisms in such manner as to be of the greatest benefit to the members.

Programs for the meetings to be held wo and four weeks from date were announced.

The program for the day consisted of two papers, the first by Mr L. F. on "In' dians I Have Known;" the second by Mr. R. C. H. on "Face to Face with the Mexicans."

Both papers were well and carefully prepared, and delivered; and each brought out a lively and extremely interesting discussion. In discussing the second paper Mr. E. brought out some facts regarding the geography of Mexico which where highly illuminating in their relation to the present political divisions of the country; showing that the division into the Northern, Central and Southern Mexico are probably more a matter of geography than is commonly realized in the United States.

The new critic's report was very good, and was greeted with hearty applause. The Circle has every cause to feel gratified at securing Mr. M. for this position, and his future reports will be awaited with interest.

Ajournment.

J. R. F.

B. and O. NOTES

By Otto Mobile

Was Axle trying to raise a Van Dyke, a Schmaltz or just a plain Hennessey?

Prof. Schmidt has made an oration in writing an oboe solo for Nil Desperandum, in Droiak's "Humoiske," which is very catchy and fits in perfectly.

Moderation in all things. Kubelik and I were informed that we would be "lined-up" if we again laughed as hard as we did at the pseudo Universal Ike and the mince-pie.

"Ole Bull" our eminent second-violinist, was setting in his cell last Sunday with his feet on the door. A passing officer tried to see what Ole was doing but it was of no use until Ole took his feet down.

We are reading "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," by Franck; one of the Warden's Xmas gifts, and find it one of the most keenly interesting and informing of any book we have ever read.

Uncle John recently traded cornets with Pheelip, afterwards sending his new belonging to Minneapolis to be silver-satin finished and gold belled. It came back looking like new and is now the best looking instrument in the B. and O.

PICKUPS AND PUNCHES

By Uncle John

Only thirteen more days of 1914. Gee! doesn't it go fast?

Rev, Benson was a visitor in Cell Hall A last Tuesday evening on business.

Dr. Newman was in the auditorium last Friday afternoon with a party of ladies.

Warden Reed held his monthly interviews in the Deputy's office last Wednesday.

Master H. Whittier escorted a party of friends around the various departments last Saturday.

If time is money, as they say it is, there ought to be plenty of money in here at the present time.

Christian Science Service was held in the auditorium last Sunday morning, and was well attended.

Master Amidon, from the front office, escorted several friends through the institution last Saturday.

Confession next Saturday afternoon, and Mass in the auditorium next Sunday morning. Don't forget it.

The drill was cut short Sunday Morning, Of course there was a reason; and I guess you all know the reason,

Guard McCarthy escorted several friends through the institution last Thursday, and made a short stop in the auditorium and listened to the music.

Guard Buckley escorted a party of friends through our silent city last Thursday and showed them everything of interest that can be seen inside the wall.

Our population is on the increase now; we might just as well say on the jump, if they keep on coming like this the population will reach the 1,200 mark before Christmas.

I guess you will all agree with me when I say that this is a funny world arter all, but some of the inhabitants are so brainless that they would not know a joke if they should see it.

I suppose a whole lot of new resolutions will be made soon—but will they be carried out? We doubt it. Good resolutions will do you no good if you don't make up a firm determination first, to be a man.

You are wrong, Paddy, my boy. In the first place, we had a black eye and could not see the ball; and in the second place, we did not want to hoist that little ball over the Auditorium. Do you savvy now?

Both of our choirs have reason to feel proud of themselves for the exellent singing they undered last Sunday morning; and our Chaplain's praise ought to give them courage enough to make the Singing still better.

Her ladyship, the Duke, is hanging around the greenhouse mostly these cold days. We were passing that way the other day without our instrument and she did not even look at us. What do you know about that! eh, Otto Mobile?

You are right, Paddy, the show that the home talent is rehearsing for Christmas will be all to the good. We were not in favor of it when it was first mentioned, but we have seen it during the past week and we are sure the boys will make good; at least they will try to do so.

It is our desire to be at peace with all the world, especially as Christmas draws near; so here goes: We had the misfortune to offend one of our friends last week through this column without the least intention to do so, for which offense we apologize, and we promise further, that we will never mention his name again as long as we are able to hold a pencil, and certainly not in this column.

Cell Changes

All A—337 to 424 202-188 34-304 86-477 108-201 325-427 333-313 304-34.

All B—149 to 398 218-509 398-149 509-218.

B. to A—71 to 86 296-310 395-337 256-129.

To Cot—245-a 477-a 372-a 343-a 201-a 466-a 334-a 83-a 122-b 79-b.

To Third—306-a 240-b.

KIDVERSATIONS

By Sherlock

Pretty soon now, Santa.

A chirographical error made a local sheet say that Miss Cottolene Skinner, of Chicago, is quite at home among the social smells—instead of swells.

Any person willing to envolve his country in war merely to embarass a political opponent ought to be stood up by a stone wall and shot in the intrim.

There is a common noun which, if you prefix a head to it, becomes proper; but had you suffixed a tail instead, it would have become quite improper. Answer:—a-dam-n.

SANITARY SALVATION

(Doc Dopelets)

What makes the hair turn gray? Hopeless.

Pardon our seeming roughness, hopeless, but you are it.

Is there any medicine that will reach the solar plexes?

No, this is incurable.

I am troubled with the skin coming off my heels in large sheets. Is there no hope?

This is caused by eating tripe. Consult a healer.

"Dear Doc—My complexion isn't what it should be It is cold and clammy like that of a dead fish, and I hate to go out with it. Am I well?"

"You have been smoking cigarettes on an empty stomach. Remove the cause and complexion will disappear."

Permit me Ruminations to congratulate you. Your latest endeavors in the form of poems entitled "Mother's Photograph" and "Life" were immensely enjoyed. They were surely readable In short they were fine.

See America first, why not? We may not have a Mt. Blanc, but we've got a Mt. Shasta (Cal.). Monte Carlo frequenters could console themselves al Monte Cristo (Cal.); we lack a Carlsbad, but Manitou (Colo.) isn't so bad; Rome's seven hills have no edge over some of Colorado's hills; the castles on the Rhine are no bigger than Castle Rock (Cal.) on the American river, and as for Stratford-on-Avon where Shakespere took his meals—Well, there's a house still standing where Kidversations use to live.

FORGET IT

If the world is going wrong
Forget it!
Sorrow never lingers long
Forget it!
If your neighbor bears ill-will,
If your conscience won't be still,
If you owe a dentist bill,
Why forget it!

—Ex.

If I couldn't make a decent living as an arts grafter I'd let my hair grow and enter journalism.—Now El. Hubbub.

Doctors are worrying greatly because of their failure to stamp out disease. Next we will hear of an organized movement of the lawyers to prevent litigation. (?)

OBSERVATIONS

Alright James, we will can the chatter.

Some little game of freeze out that Sunday drill; bu-r-r!

Patty S. of F has his hash-hooks full these days looking after F's out-put.

The average woman can talk so long on a given subject that most men hate to give her one.

Asst. Supt, Gurley of the twine industries seems highly pleased with the results produced in F by the day shift. Says it shows co-operation.

Some one says our offer to retire the oiler posish is like Huerta's abduction. No comparision between shop F and Mexico, but we will say Mexico contains fewer "sore-heads."

Did you ever see a little fox terrier worry a great dane by snapping at his heels until the large dog gets mad and shakes him like a rat? Same can be said of some men who insult and goad other men until their temper is unloosed then someone gets hurt. Moral—Keep an Irishman in good humor as long as you can.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

(Not my line but then—)

Book agents may be denatured by feigning insanity.

Vermicelli consists of the cores punched out of sticks of macaroni

Fruit stains on the fingers can be avoided by not shaking hands with 'em.

A man has to have a terrible clutch on his high-speed lever to refrain from mussing up some boasters.

Real Italian confetti served with cream and sugar would rival some of the standard Battle Creek crisps.

WHAT'S TH' USE

What's the use to fume and cuss?
What's the good?
If it helped any, I would;
But it doesn't a bit,
Not it.

What's the use to laugh? Why not?
'Tis better'n bawling a lot;
What's the use to be sad?
When it's just as easy to be glad;
What's th' use?

—Ex.

King Solomon was a polygamist, but all polygamists are not Solomons.

Glittering generalities will pass for actual thoughts if printed on deckle-edged paper with an illuminated cover.

NOTES FROM SHOP E

By M. S. M.

Con was balling in shop B a couple of days last week.

And Slim looks hungry every time he looks at the clock.

The new electric clocks are right on time, twice every twenty-four hours.

Yes, all the Waltham, Elgin and Waterbury's made their appearance last Friday.

Mystery! What has become of the mirror that has been hanging on Guard Thompson's private locker? Sherlock, to the rescue!

POPULATION

Week Ending Wednesday, Dec. 16.

Number of Inmates at New Prison	1117
Number in First Grade	873
Number in Second Grade	222
Number in Third Grade	22
Number of Inmates at Old Prison	16
Number in First Grade	15
Number in Second Grade	1
Number in Third Grade	0
Total Population of both prisons	1133
Received during week	22
Discharged	8
Paroled	0
Last Serial Number	4763

Inmates Attention!

All inmates who buy or have sent in to them socks, underwear, nightshirts, bath towels, handkerchiefs, etc., should send them to the laundry and have your number marked on them before using. Write your name, register number and cell number on slip of paper, attach to articles and give to cell hall captain.