Any inmate can contribute articles to the Mirror, which, if found satisfactory upon being carefully examined by the editor, are published. Quite a number of the inmates are very competent writers, contributing regularly to the columns of their home paper.

This bright little publication was founded in 1887 by the prisoners.

For the benefit of those who have never seen this paper, we select at random the following extracts written by prisoners:

It makes a batsman hot to have the pitcher fan him.

The only prisoners in this place who have a pull are the barbers.

A New Year's resolution will not keep by preserving it in alcohol.

The wife of a big-mitt politician always wears imported kid gloves.

When a mouse hoves in sight, a woman acts as if she had rats in her garret.

Sometimes the lady pickpocket will faint in your arms in order to pull your leg.

It makes a man awful hot under the collar to accuse him of having cold feet.

A Stillwater girl is so modest that she cannot take the pajamas off a murphy without blushing.

A boose fighter usually continues to take his little drop until the big drop of five feet or more.

In a game of freeze out Thanksgiving afternoon I got cold feet when some one raised six windows.

When a woman becomes afflicted with St. Vitus dance it generally goes to her tongue instead of her feet.

Just because a boy can grow a baseball mustache is no reason why a saloon keeper should sell him a highball.

I do not know whether there are any ladybugs in here or not, but there are quite a number of the other sex.

[96] Y is the Fourth of July. J is the first, u is the second, l is the third and y is the fourth of July. Marvelous!

Count Boni has taken part in many duels, but the only thing he ever killed was the goose that laid the golden egg.

The trial judge hit me so hard that I not only saw stars, but have been seeing stripes ever since he landed on me.

A writer says that there is no room in this country for anarchists. But I think we could find room for a few in here.

The one who cherishes the picture of his or her mother is scarcely beyond hope, no matter how far from the narrow path.

It is admitted that the tariff is the mother of trusts, but their papa, like the father of John D. Rockefeller, is clouded in mystery.

The people of Pennsylvania are now convinced that the contractor who built the bootblack stand in the capitol is a polished rascal.

When the courts register a fine against Standard oil, John D. chalks it down on a piece of ice and then places the ice where the sun will strike it.

With a few expert trainers and Governor Johnson for jockey the meek-eyed mule is apt to show his heels to all competitors in the presidential race of 1912.

Throw a few ponies of whiskey into a young man who does not possess horse sense, then arm him with a Colt pistol, and he will make an ass out of himself.

A French count, who is not throwing his feet under the dining room table as often as he would like to, will soon sail for this country where he expects to cop out another meal ticket.

In pleading his own case a prisoner in a western state quoted from Shakespeare and was rapped down by his honor who said that no eastern boo-gang talk would be tolerated in his court.

It is not near so disgusting to see a man with a little streamlet of tobacco juice wending its way through his chinwoodlets, as to see a woman chewing snuff and the rag at the same time.

When I went to sharpen my knife the other day in the cutting room I noticed a big mosquito on the frame of the grinding stone. He was evidently getting his proboscis in shape for the peek-a-boo season.

Eddie Foy, the famous comedian, used to sing, There are Moments When One Wants to be Alone. This is the place for [97] that Eddie. You need not look any farther or advertise Morning Telegra(w)ph.

Out of of a total number of one hundred and twenty-six tramps arrested in Philadelphia the other day, eighty-seven of them were baby carriage mechanics. The new woman has put this industry on the bum.

One of the inmates who is doing time for horse stealing, had a serious case of nightmare the other evening, Evidently he imagined he was again handling horses on the range and sheriff was gaining on him.

I am pleased to note, said Tailor Nelson, The Mirror is keeping in touch with the latest sartorial fashions in this institution through this department. Coats will be worn longer by some than others is all I can say at this time.

Uncle Sam is not seeking trouble, but he is something like the Irishman who threw his bonnet on a barroom floor and shouted, I am not looking for a fight, but there is going to be one if there is a man in the house who dares to jump on that old hat.

A big longshoreman in New Orleans by the name of Tim O'Keefe has challenged Jack Johnson to a rough and tumble fight. Tim has a hand as big as a ham and when unloading a vessel he uses a three hundred pound bale of cotton for a shoulder pad.

A woman in the east recently made her pet dog a present of a diamond collar that cost two thousand, five hundred dollars. Now I have reformed, still if I were hungry and did not have the price of a meal, I would be tempted to sandbag Fido for his sparks.

Cal, the sorter in shop H, who is an old sea dog himself, says that the only practical experience Sin Bad and other local fishermen ever had in the whaling line was throwing the harpoon into one of these miniature whales that are habitats of Liver Brown's free lunch counter.

One of the villagers here who has been accustomed to having a liquid nightcap before entering upon his nocturnal visits to Morpheus says he is compelled to have a nightcap here just before retiring and therefore he wears one made up of a towel.
[98] His imagination does the rest.

There are six men employed in the print shop the year around. This includes the editor, the pressman, job man and three compositors. At times, when printers are rather scarce, it is necessary to break in a new man. Some of the men who learned the printing business in this shop have followed up and are successful at the trade. The mechanical work is performed entirely by prisoners, but the printing itself is sent to a downtown press. It is expected that a first-class press will be installed in this department in the near future, which will prove highly economical.

The Mirror department prints all the stationery used at the prison. This item alone contributes a large saving to the state each year. The job work is all of a superior quality and in as good form as could be done in any outside first-class office. All the press work is done on an eight-by-twelve Gordon press, but it is now entirely too small for the size and amount of work performed.

THE BINDERY

There is a bindery department in connection with the Mirror office and the prison library in charge of a life prisoner, who learned the business while in the institution from a well qualified

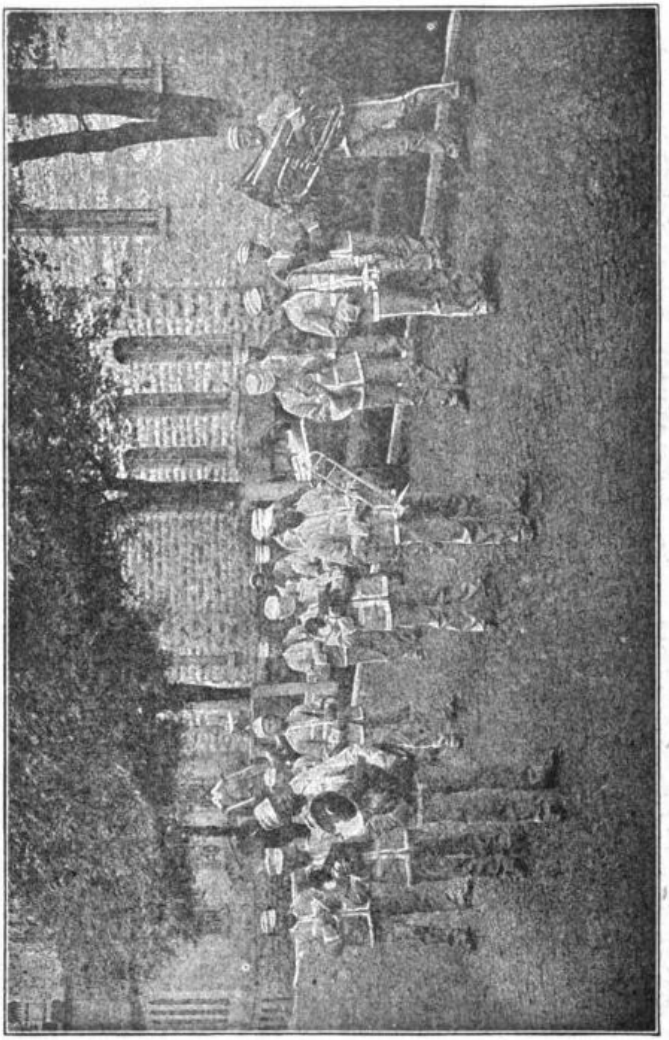
short-time inmate. He repairs all the library books, binds the state magazines and attends to the binding of all the printed books, blank forms, etc., issued in the print shop. He is frequently called upon to bind books and magazines for the various state institutions, is a very competent man and performs his work in a neat and durable manner.

THE STEWARD'S OFFICE

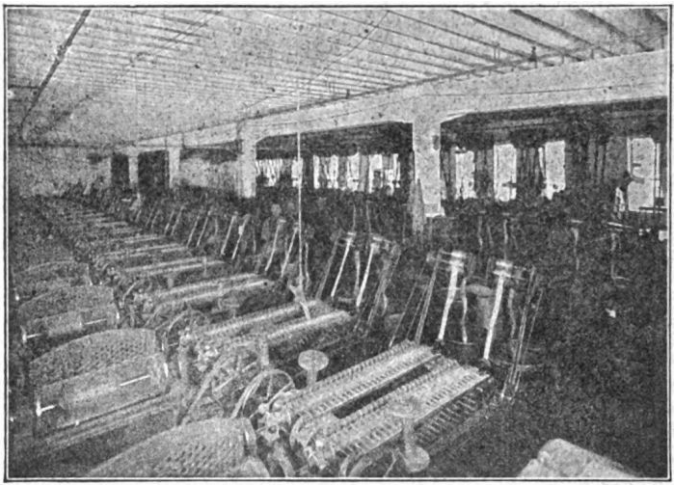
The steward's office is in charge of Mr. T. W. Alexander, a man who has had at least twenty-five years' experience in institutional work, well qualified to fill the position of chief steward of the prison. All supplies are ordered for the prison through this department and upon receipt are carefully checked to ascertain if they comply with specifications.

Supplies are issued from this departemnt on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, the heads of the several departments making out requisitions therefor, countersigned by the warden. Prison supplies are purchased quarterly through the State Board of Control. Whenever any articles are issued to a department duplicate vouchers are made out, one retained by the steward and the other signed by the recipient and forwarded to the State Board of Control.

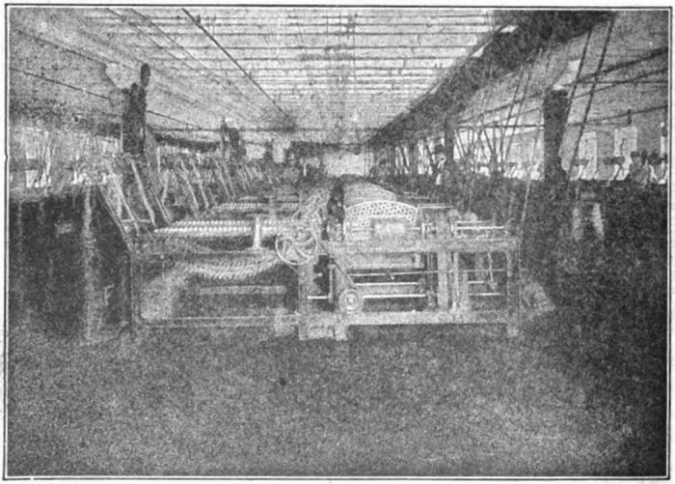
The chief steward has charge of the officers' quarters and the administration building, and sees that they are kept clean and in proper order. He is responsible for all the property under his charge.



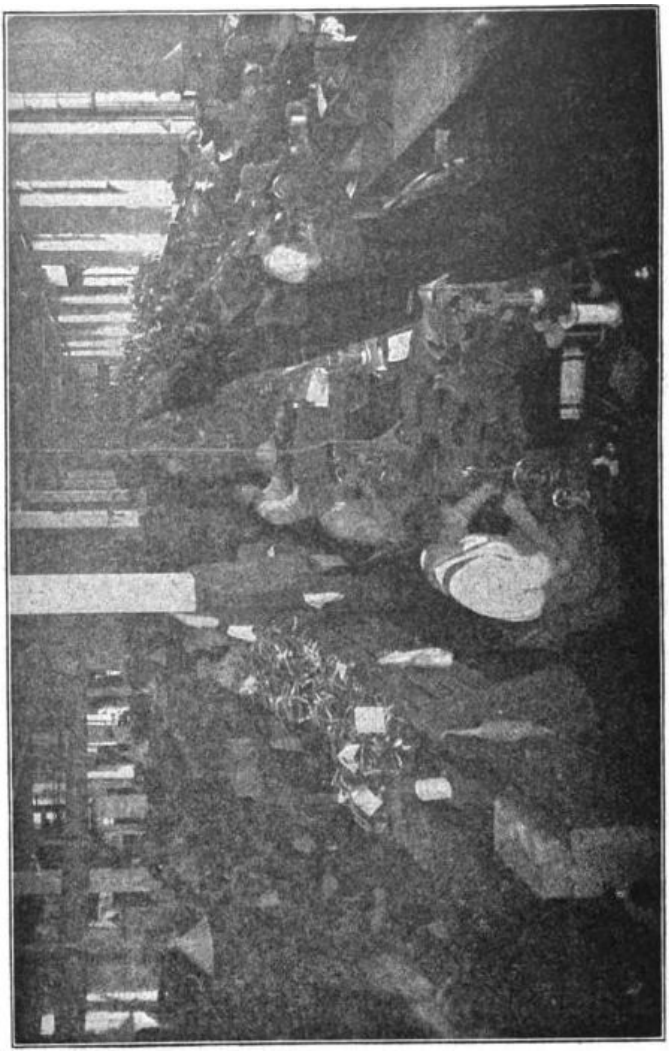
Prison Band



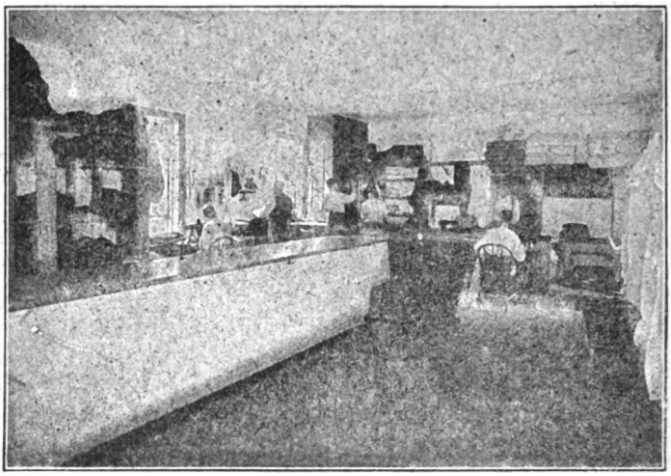
Spinning Room In Twine Factory looking West.



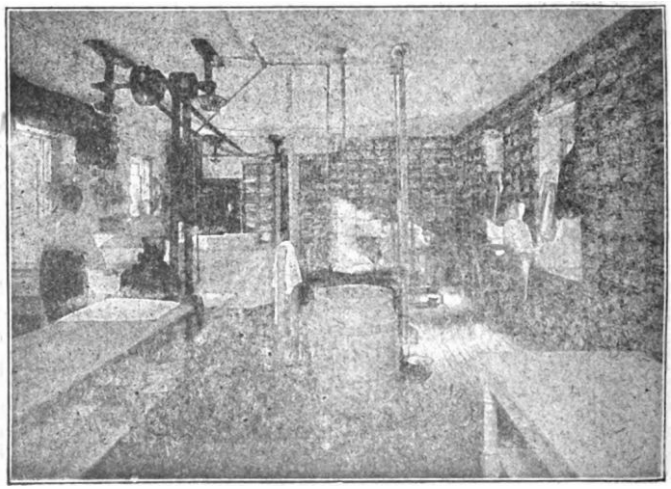
Spinning Room In Twine Factory looking East.



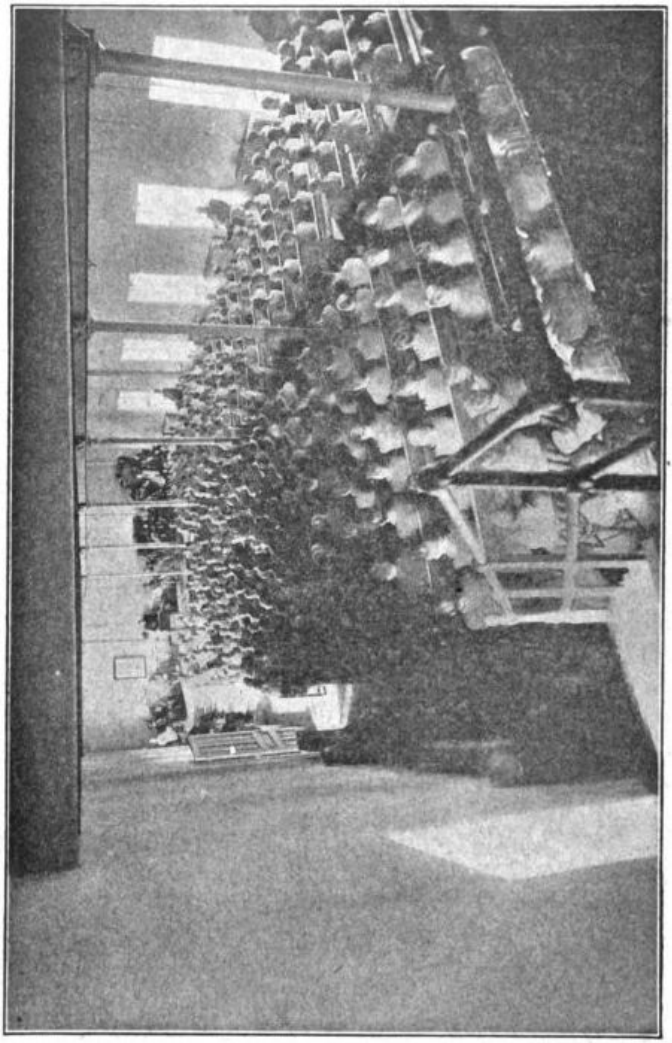
Prisoners at Work in Shoe Shop



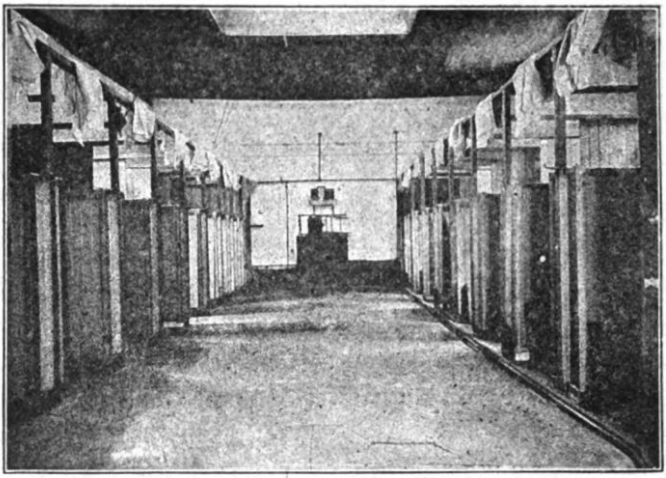
Tailor Shop



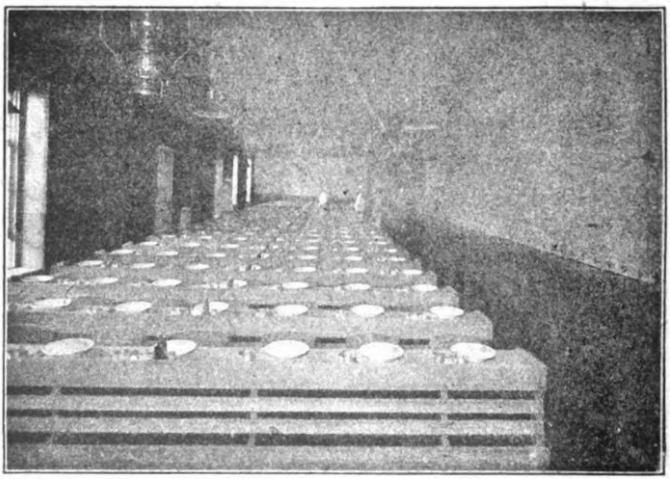
Laundry



Prisoners at Chapel Service on Sunday

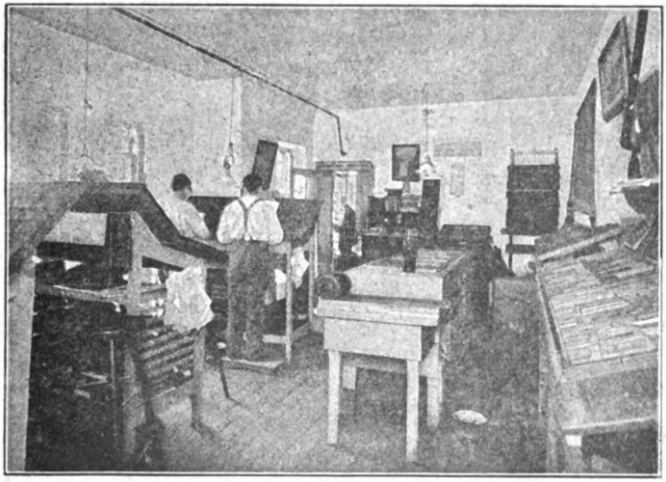


Bath Room



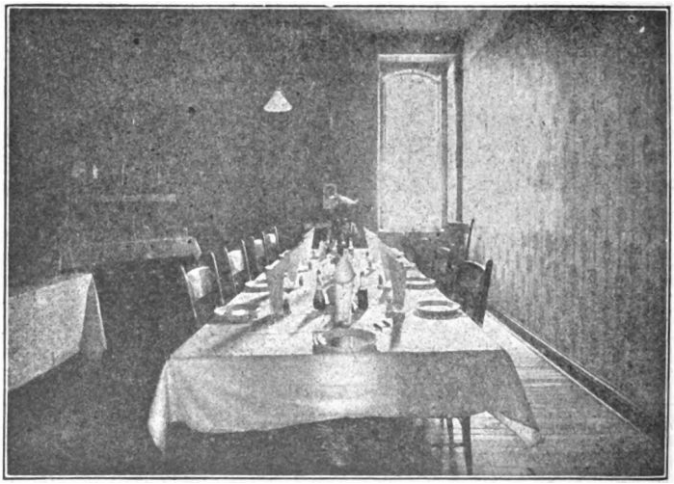
Second Grade Dining Room, Accomodating 350 Prisoners, All of Whom are Fed in 15 Minutes

Editor's Room, Prison Mirror

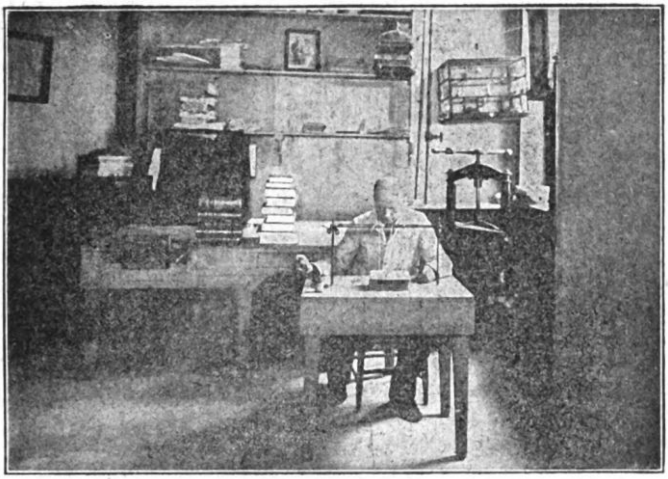


Composing Room, Prison Mirror

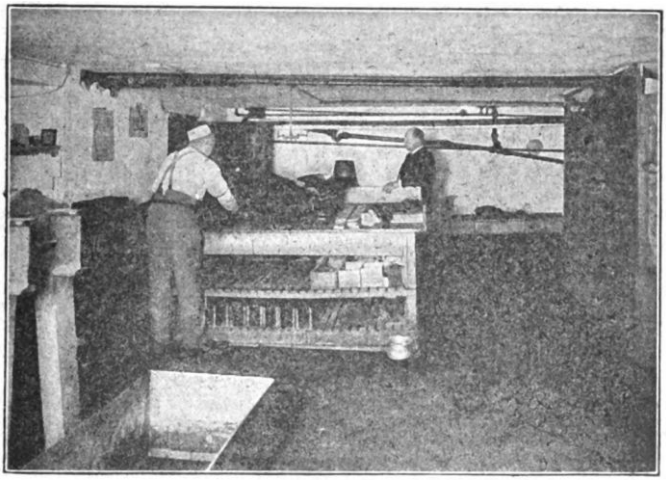
Library



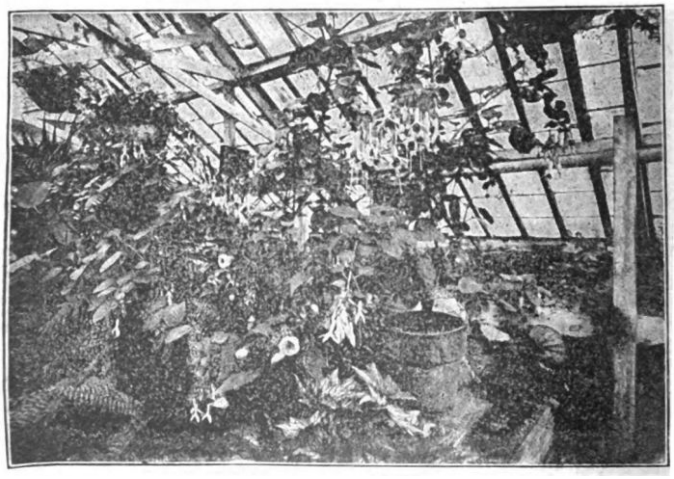
Warden's Dining Room



The Bindery



Manufacturing Tobacco for Prisoners, Steward Alexander in Background

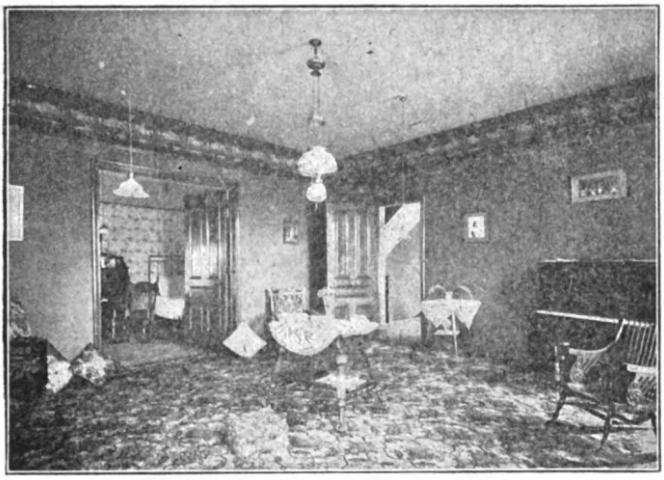


Sinbad's Greenhouse

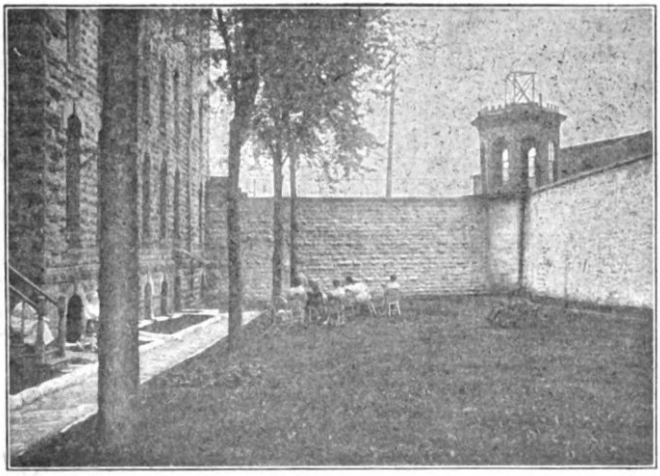
THE FEMALE WARD

On an average there are ten females in the matron's ward. This department is located above the administration quarters, and is entirely separated from the cell house; it is impossible for the occupants of the latter to communicate with the former.

The women's ward is presided over by Miss McKinney, who has been in charge for many years. The rules governing women prisoners are not nearly as strict as those pertaining to the men. Their food, also, is of a better quality. In the summer they are permitted to take outdoor exercise each evening during good behavior. The women prisoners are subject to the grading system and also receive the benefit of the parole law. If they wish to do so they can attend chapel service every Sunday morning. Their work is not very arduous, being mainly confined to keeping the officers' rooms in a neat and orderly condition.



Matron's Apartment

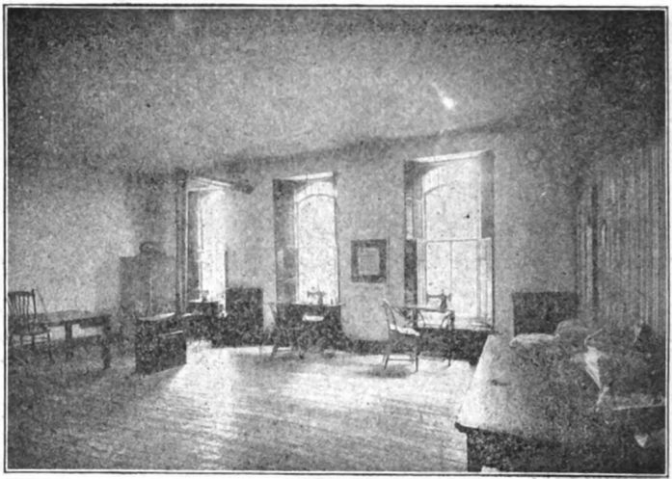


Women Inmates Outing on Holiday

THE GREENHOUSE

A large greenhouse is located in the western end of the prison yard, just opposite the prison hospital, presided over by a life prisoner who has been there over eighteen years. By the boys of the institution he is known as Sindbad the Sailor, having spent many years on the high seas before the mast in the merchant marine, on board of whalers and in the old navy.

The greenhouse supplies flowers for decorating the lawns and park, cut flowers for the hospital inmates, the officers' and guards' mess rooms and the room used by the members of the State Board of Control on their monthly visits to the prison. When Sindbad becomes lonely for the wash of the sea waves his assistant throws a few buckets of water against the side of the greenhouse and he exercises his imagination for the rest.



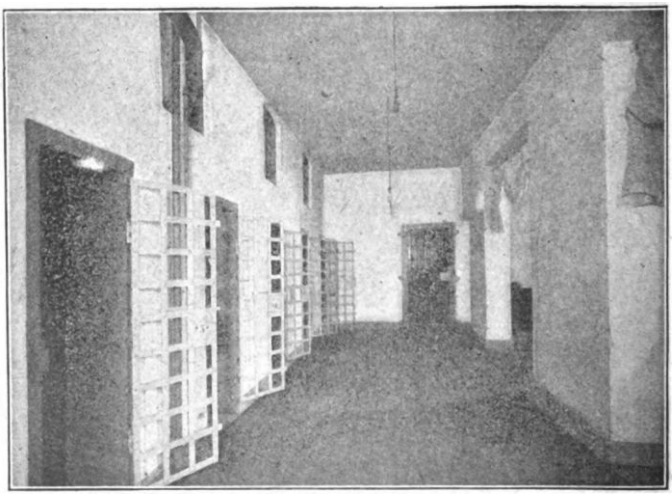
Female Department Sewing Room

THE POWER HOUSE

The engine room is located on the main street of the institution, and it is here that power is generated for driving the immense lines of shafting that radiate through the several departments. The power plant is in charge of a chief engineer and several inmate assistants, two of whom are life prisoners, one having charge of the big engine and the other attending to the electric light plant. Both men are under considerable responsibility, but they are conscientious workers and have little difficulty in performing their duties satisfactorily.

[104] [105]

The chief engineer has charge of the automatic sprinkling plant, engine, steam heating, ventilating, cooking, electric light plant, water supply and all the machinery pertaining thereto. Each of the cells contains an eight-candle power lamp, and the shops and streets are provided with electric lights so that the inmates can see to work during the winter months. As they are



Female Department Women's Cells

employed from seven in the morning until six in the evening the year around, lights are often necessitated.

THE PRISON FIRE DEPARTMENT

It is not generally known, but, nevertheless, the prison maintains a well organized fire department. This brigade is not a large one, but as a first aid in case of necessity it is equipped to do efficient service.

There are eight prisoners on the day shift and the same on the night crew. The fire alarm system of the prison is as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can devise. There are two hose carts, and frequent experimental runs are made in order to keep the department to a high state of efficiency. At these runs the men go to the fire house, take out the hose carts and make as quick time as possible to the nearest hydrant where the supposed fire

exists, the hose is attached and all preparations made as if a real fire were under way. [106]

Occasionally a general night alarm is sent in, and when this occurs all the guards residing at the prison must respond promptly. The warden and deputy warden also respond to a general night alarm. Since the big fire of twenty-five years ago, and that which consumed the large paint shop occupied by the Minnesota Thresher Co., about eighteen years ago, there have been no conflagrations within the prison grounds. This, in a great measure, is due to the vigilance exercised in each department in regard to leaving refuse and inflammable material lying around.

RULES GOVERNING DISCIPLINE.

Your attention is directed to the following rules. Only by observing and obeying them can you make a good record as a prisoner and become eligible for parole and the diminution of your sentence which the law allows:

1. Your first duty is strict obedience to all rules and regulations and any orders of the officer under whose charge you may be placed.
2. You must observe strict silence in all departments of the prison and while marching through the yard.
3. You must not speak to, give or receive from visitors anything except by permission of the Warden or Deputy Warden. Gazing at visitors or strangers passing through the prison is strictly forbidden.
4. You are expected to apply yourself diligently at whatever labor you are assigned, and, after reasonable teaching, to perform the same amount of work as would be required from you as a citizen.
5. At every signal to fall in for marching take your place in line promptly. March with military step, attend to and promptly obey the orders of your officer.
6. You will be required to keep your person clean and your clothing tidy and in good order. You must not make any alterations in your clothing or cut your shoes; if they do not fit or need repairs report the fact to your officer. You must not carry knives, tools of any kind, pencil, paper or any material whatever from your shop to your cell without permission in writing from the Warden or Deputy Warden. Finding these things in your possession will be considered proof that you have violated this rule. Tinkering or writing notes to other convicts or carrying notes from one convict to another is strictly forbidden.

[107]
[108]
[109]

7. You are not allowed to have any money on your person or in your possession, neither are you permitted to trade or purchase any article whatever. All of your business must be done through the Warden.
8. You must approach an officer in a respectful manner. Always salute him before speaking. You must confine your conversation with him strictly to the business in hand. You must not address an officer on matters outside the prison. Insolence in any form to an officer, foreman, or even to a fellow convict will not be tolerated,
9. On entering the cell house, office of the Board of Control, Warden or Deputy Warden you must uncover unless your duties are such that you have special permission to remain covered.

PRIVILEGES

You are not compelled to attend service, but you are specially requested to do so, believing that the moral support of religeous instruction is necessary to all.

You are required to bathe once a week in summer, once in two weeks in winter, and oftener if considered necessary by the prison Physician unless excused by him, the Warden or Warden.

On entering the prison you will receive three (3) tickets entitling you to the following privileges as long as you obey strictly all the rules of the prison:

First. One ration of tobacco each week.
Second. Permission to write under grade rules.
Third. Permission to see friends once in four weeks.

NEWSPAPERS. You are permitted to receive such weekly papers as the Warden may approve. No daily papers or

sensational publications of any description will be admitted.

EXTRA LETTERS. Written permission must be obtained from the Warden or Deputy Warden in case it becomes necessary to write special letters.

MAIL MATTERS. Letters and papers of every description must be examined at the office under the direction of the Warden before being mailed or delivered.

SHOP RULES

1. On entering the shop you will take off your coat, put on your apron and get at your work promptly. If you have any cause for complaint, whether from keeper, foreman or others you will be allowed to send application for an interview through your officer at any time to the Board of Control, Warden or Deputy Warden.
2. Communications between prisoners is strictly prohibited and will not be allowed at any time except by special permission of the officers in charge, and then only when absolutely necessary.
3. In talking with your foreman you are required to confine yourself strictly to your shop duties. You will not be allowed to talk with him upon matters pertaining to outside news.
4. You will be required to approach your officer in a respectful manner. Always salute him before addressing him and make your wants known as briefly as possible.
5. You will be required to give your individual attention to your work. Gazing about at visitors passing through the shop or at other prisoners will not be allowed. You must respectfully listen to and faithfully carry out all instructions given you by your foreman pertaining to your work.

6. You will not be allowed to leave your place of work except by permission of the officer in charge.
7. You will not be allowed to brush against a fellow convict in passing, to get in each other's way or otherwise trespass upon the rights of each other so as to provoke illfeeling.
8. Careless or wilful injury of your work or tools will be promptly reported.

[111]

9. You must always salute an officer on entering or retiring from your shop. You will not be permitted to leave shop or place of work under any circumstances without first obtaining special permission of the officer in charge.
10. If you are sick or unable to work report the fact to your officer and act as he may direct. If you desire to see the Physician give your name to your officer immediately after entering the shop in the morning.
11. All trading or bartering of whatsoever kind between prisoners or between citizens and prisoners is strictly prohibited. You will not be allowed to give or receive any present or gift from a foreman or citizen under any condition.
12. If it becomes necesary to use a lead pencil about your work apply to your officer, who will supply you. Pencil must invariably be returned to the officer every evening. You will not be allowed to cut off or appropriate any part of pencil.

DINING HALL RULES

1. On entering the dining hall take your seat promptly position erect arms folded, with eyes to the front until the signal is given to commence eating.
2. Strict silence must be observed during the meal. Staring at visitors, talking and laughing, fooling or gazing about the room is strictly forbidden.

3. Eating or drinking before or after the gong sounds, using vinegar in your drinking water, or putting meat on the table is prohibited.
4. Should you desire additional food make your wants known to the waiters in the following manner:

    1. If you want bread hold up your right hand.
    2. Coffee or water, hold up your cup.
    3. Meat, your fork.
    4. Soup, hold up your spoon.
    5. Vegetables, hold up your knife.
    6. If you desire to speak to an officer about food or service in dining hall hold up your left hand.

5. Wasting food in any form will not be tolerated. You must not ask for or allow waiter to place on your plate more food [112] than you can eat. When through with meal leave pieces of bread unmussed on left side of plate. Crusts and small pieces of bread must not be left on your plate.
6. After finishing your meal place knife, fork and spoon on right side of plate. Sit erect with arms folded. When the signal is given to arise drop hands to your side. At the second signal of the gong march out and to your respective places in line in a prompt, quiet and orderly manner.
7. In passing to and from the dining hall you must not gaze into cells or loiter on the gallery. Walk erect with your eyes to the front. It is strictly against the rules to carry out any of the dining hall furnishings or to carry food to or from the dining hall at any time except on Sundays and holidays, when you will be allowed to carry lunch to your cell for the evening meal.

CHAPEL RULES

1. On entering the chapel you will march erect with arms by your side, keeping step with the music.
2. You will take your seat promptly as designated by the officers in charge and sit with arms folded during chapel service.
3. The signal for rising and being seated will be the sound of the Deputy Warden's gavel. When this signal is given you will rise promptly and remain standing until notified to be seated. You will be allowed to drop arms to your side while standing.
4. Strict attention must be given to the service. You must not gaze about the room at visitors or at fellow convicts, but must sit erect in your seat facing the speaker.
5. Reading, spitting on the floor, shuffling of the feet or any other unnecessary noise is strictly forbidden.
6. Should you be taken sick during service, or if it becomes necessary for you to retire, raise your right hand to the officer in charge, who will excuse you if necessary.
7. After service you will sit erect with arms folded, giving strict attention to your officer until he gives the signal to rise, when you will be required to rise promptly and march out of the chapel as directed, keeping time with the music.
8. In marching to and from the chapel you will be required to keep in close order with face to the front and in as quiet and orderly a manner as possible.

[113]

Any wilful violation of these rules will be promptly reported, and severely punished if necessary to enforce compliance.

GRADING RULES

The Board of Control by virtue of the authority and power conferred upon them by Section 5 of an act of the Minnesota

Legislature, entitledAn Act to regulate the sentencing of prisoners convicted of felony and their subsequent release on parole, hereby establish three (3) grades of prisoners to be known and designated as the First, Second and Third Grades, together with a system of marks to be governed by the following rules and regulations, which shall be in force and have effect from and after the official notification of the passage of said Act is certified by the Secretary of State under date of April 5th, 1893.

All prisoners on arrival shall be entered in the Second Grade; they may earn nine credit marks each month and shall be marked on conduct, work and mental advancement. Promotion from the Second to the First Grade shall be conditioned upon the earning of fifty (50) out of the possible fifty-four (54) credit marks, within six (6) consecutive months. The loss of more than two (2) marks in any one month shall cause the prisoner so offending to be reduced to the next lower grade. By a clear record of one (1) month, and the earning of nine (9) credit marks shall entitle the prisoner to be advanced to the next upper grade.

Prisoners may lose their grades:

First. By such violations of prison rules as shall necessarily subject them to solitary confinement.
Second. For general disorderly conduct.
Third. For habitual laziness, untidiness or negligence.

[114]

LIBRARY RULES

In ordering books the following directions must be carefully adhered to:

Write plainly upon a slip of paper your name and cell number. Underneath place the numbers of fifteen or twenty books you

prefer to read. Always take your library book with you when moving from one cell to another. Bear in mind that all books are charged to you and that you will be held strictly responsible for their preservation and safe return. The catalogue and all books charged to you must be accounted for on the day of your parole or discharge from prison. You will not be allowed to have a library book in your possession or in your cell except those that have been regularly charged up and come to you through the regular channels. If you find a stray book in your cell you must turn it over to the Librarian at once. Failing to do this, in the event of finding a stray library book in your cell will be the means of depriving you of all library privileges.

You are accorded the utmost liberty in the selection of your reading matter, but it is hoped and it will be expected by the management that the library record will show that you have exercised due diligence and regard for your own best interests in the selection of books. The Warden, Chaplains, Teachers or other officers will gladly advise you concerning the selection of proper reading matter.

All library books, excepting books of reference, may be retained two weeks. Books of reference may be held but one day.

RULES FOR EXCHANGING PAPERS

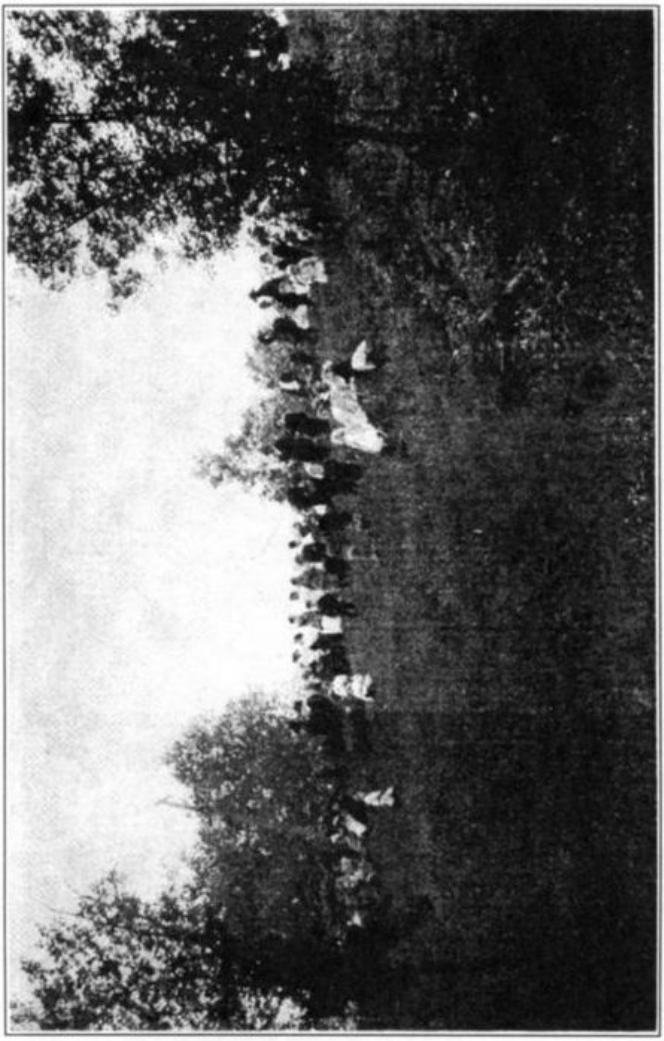
Any person wishing to exchange papers or periodicals with other prisoners may do so by observing the following rules:

Mark the numbers of the cells to which you wish to send the paper or periodical plainly on the margin thereof and drop it in the exchange box at the foot of the stairs as you go out with your bucket in the morning.

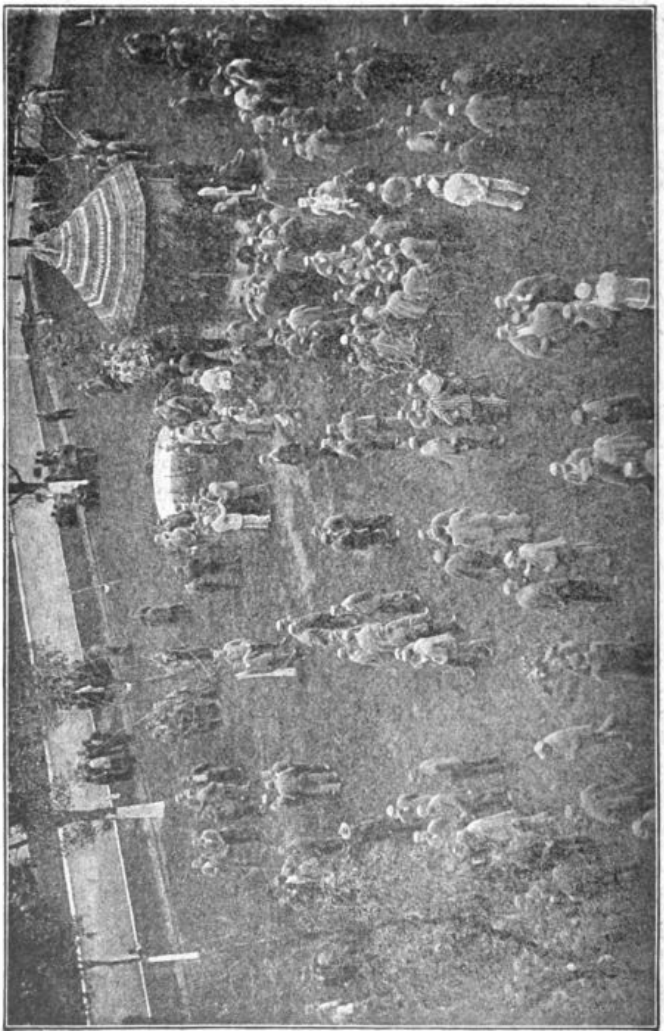
After reading papers sent to you scratch your number out and replace papers in the exchange box the following morning, but do not add any numbers to the list nor erase any but your own. [117]

Weekly and semi-weekly publications circulate ten days from the date of their issue; monthly publications circulate the month of their issue.

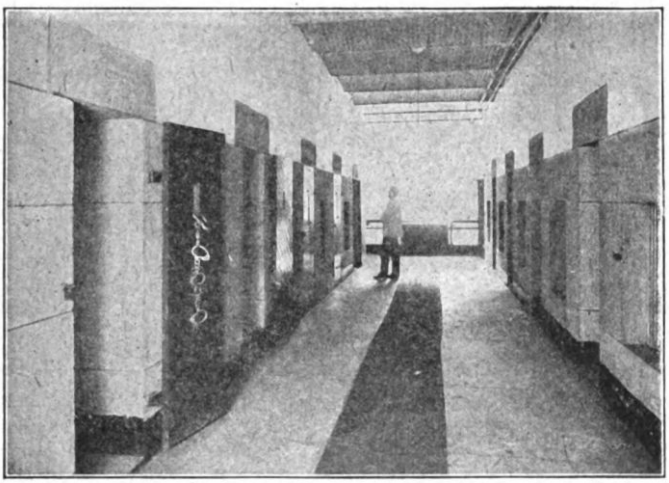
Writing on, drawing pictures on, or in any way defacing exchanges is forbidden. Papers must be kept as clean as possible.



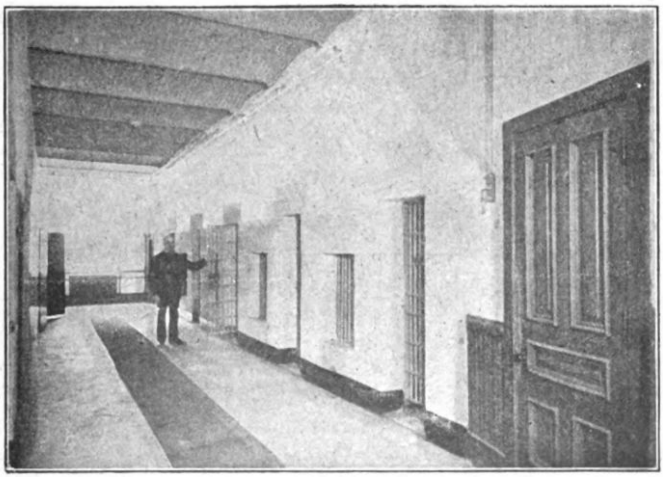
Audience Looking Down on Prisoners in Prison Park,
Decoration Day, 1909



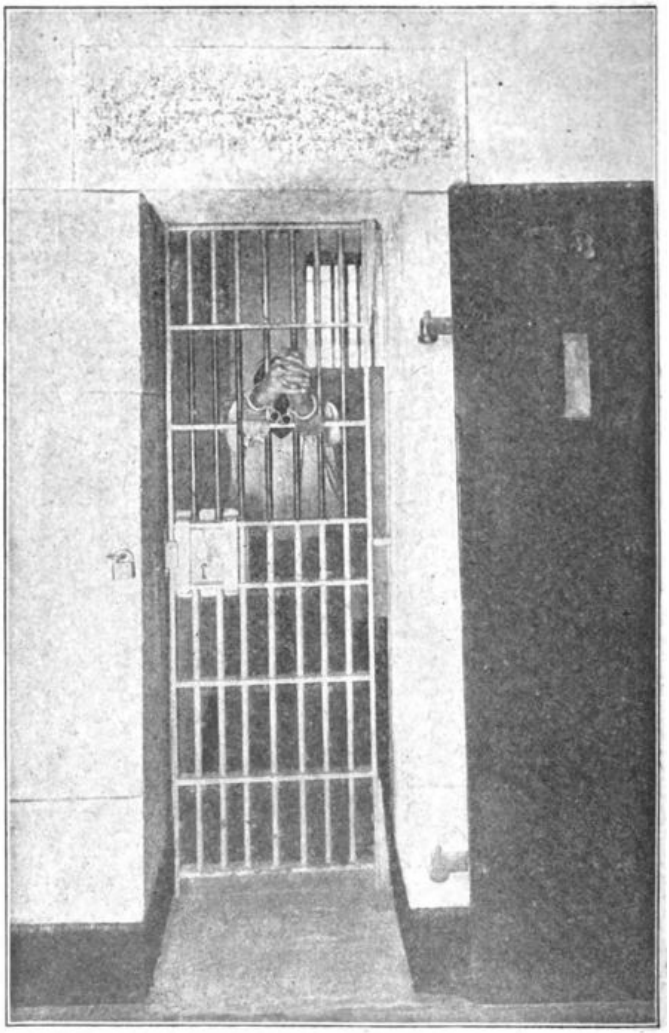
Prisoners in Prison Park, Decoration Day, 1909. On holidays They Have the Privilege of Talking.



Solitary Confinement Cell, with Crank Cells Opposite



Crank Cells and Keeper



Solitary Confinement. The Severest Mode of Punishment at the Minnesota State Prison. Door to Right is Closed at all Times.

RESTORATION OF CITIZENSHIP.

A convict who shall pass the entire period of his imprisonment without a violation of the rules and discipline, except such as the Warden or Board of Control shall excuse, shall upon his discharge from prison be restored to the rights and privileges forfeited by his conviction, and shall receive from the Governor a certificate under the great seal of the state as evidence of such restoration, to be issued upon presentation to the Governor of a certificate of such conduct, which shall be furnished to such convict by the Warden.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

The mode of punishing infractions of the prison rules at the Stillwater penitentiary consists of standing the prisoner on the inside of a cell door; putting his hands through the bars, and handcuffed on the outside. He is kept standing in this position ten hours during the day, and then let down during the night; is allowed only a single slice of bread and a cup of water each day while undergoing punishment. There are no beds in these cells, nothing but a plank on which to sleep.

As a rule, prisoners are only kept in these punishment cells from four to six days, and it frequently occurs that he is released in one day, providing he promises to obey the rules and will try to avoid getting into trouble in the future. It is not the custom to subject the inmates of the Stillwater penitentiary to this form of punishment for trivial offenses, but it is applied to those prisoners who attempt to escape, who destroy property, or who indulge in fights and who display a general negligence in regard to their work.

On entering the punishment cell the prisoner is searched thoroughly and given a third-grade uniform. After the punishment is over he is kept in the third grade for thirty days, and by good conduct at the end of that time he is admitted to the second grade. While in the third grade all his privileges are cut off, such as permission to write letters, receiving visits from friends, and tobacco and newspapers.

Not very many prisoners are subjected to this form of punishment and it is resorted to only when all other means of enforcing prison discipline fails.

THE TWINE FACTORY

There is a twine factory in operation in the Minnesota State Prison having a yearly capacity of nearly eighteen million pounds of binder twine. This adjunct to the prison's industries was inaugurated about eighteen years ago, the author of the measure being the brilliant Ignatius Donnelly, known as the Sage of Nininger. At that time the farmers of this state were groaning under the iron heel of the trust, being compelled to pay eighteen cents a pound for their twine, but today the prison is manufacturing twine of superior quality and selling it to the farmers at an average price of about seven cents per pound.

In its infancy the twine plant was conducted on a very small scale, but the present management has developed and added to its equipment until now the factory supplies almost the entire demand of the state. There is little opposition from labor unions against the employment of prison labor in this industry, for there is but a small proportion of the product manufactured in this state outside of the prison, and outside factories are under the domination of the Cordage Trust. [119] [120] [121]

The successful operation of Minnesota's twine plant has aroused the keenest interest among prison officials in other states, and there are now quite a number of similar factories operating in other penitentiaries. Delegations of prison officials from other states are frequent visitors at the Minnesota factory, inspecting the manufacture of twine, and they are invariably enthusiastic over results attained.

The twine factory is what is known to the trade as a three-system plant; that is, it contains three complete sets of each of the machines necessary to convert the fibre into twine ready for shipment. The transformation is effected principally by a series of combings. From the moment the rush-plaited cover is removed and the bale is opened until the long strands of fibre

reach the spinning machines to be twisted into cord the material is constantly undergoing combing.

The binder twine fibre is unloaded from the cars inside the prison yard. It is weighed and stored in the warehouse until it is used. Adjoining the fibre warehouse is the opening room in which the bales are opened and spread out, the kinks shaken out of the long strands by hand and the fibre put through a machine called a breaker. The breaker subjects it to the first course of raking, and in order to toughen the material and make it more pliable distributes a limited amount of oil through it. After passing through the first breaker, it is sent on to a second, where it is again cleaned and straightened. Then it is removed from the opening room to the next shop, where it is passed through first to a coarse then a fine spreader. Like the breaker, the spreader
[122] is merely a steel comb on a belt.

After leaving the spreaders the fibre is in long, straight and fairly clean strands, and one would think that it might at once be twisted into a cord. But the combing process is not through yet, for in the next room it is sent through first a coarse and then a fine draw frame, and then is given what is technically known as a third working in a still finer one. These draw frames not only comb the fibre, but they also regulate the sliver—that is, they determine how many strands of hemp will go to make up the finished twine.

Next the fibre is run through a finisher, an almost human machine, which regulates more precisely than the draw frames the size of the sliver, and then it is ready for the spinning rooms. As it comes out of the spinner it is wrapped on huge spools, which are piled on little carts and distributed among the men operating the balling machines. These latter wrap the twine into five-pound balls, tagged and ready for baling. In the balling shop the twine is weighed, tested and packed in 50-pound bales, which are sent to the twine warehouses and stored there, roof-high, until the harvesting commences.

The output of the twine factory previous to 1903 amounted to about 5,000,000 pounds, but it turned out about 15,000,000 pounds last season, and it is anticipated that this enormous increase will reach 18,000,000 in the near future. About 225 prisoners are employed the year around in this manufactury. Mr. E. C. Williams is the superintendent of the twine plant and is an excellent man for the position, thoroughly understanding the business. Under his capable management the factory is kept up to its highest capacity and few breakdowns have been recorded.

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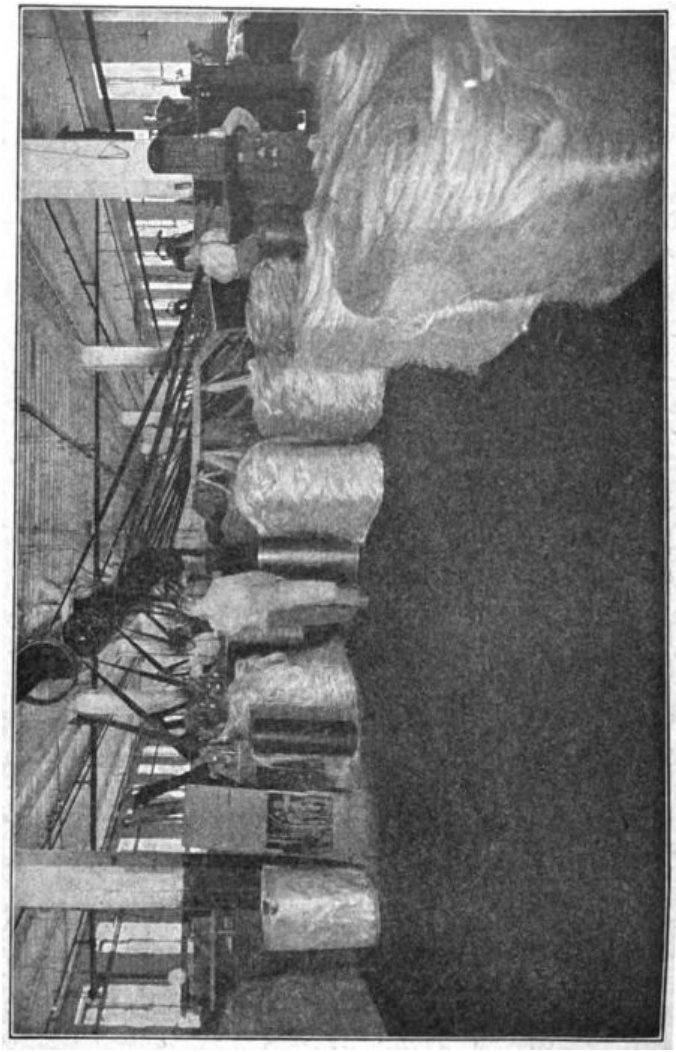
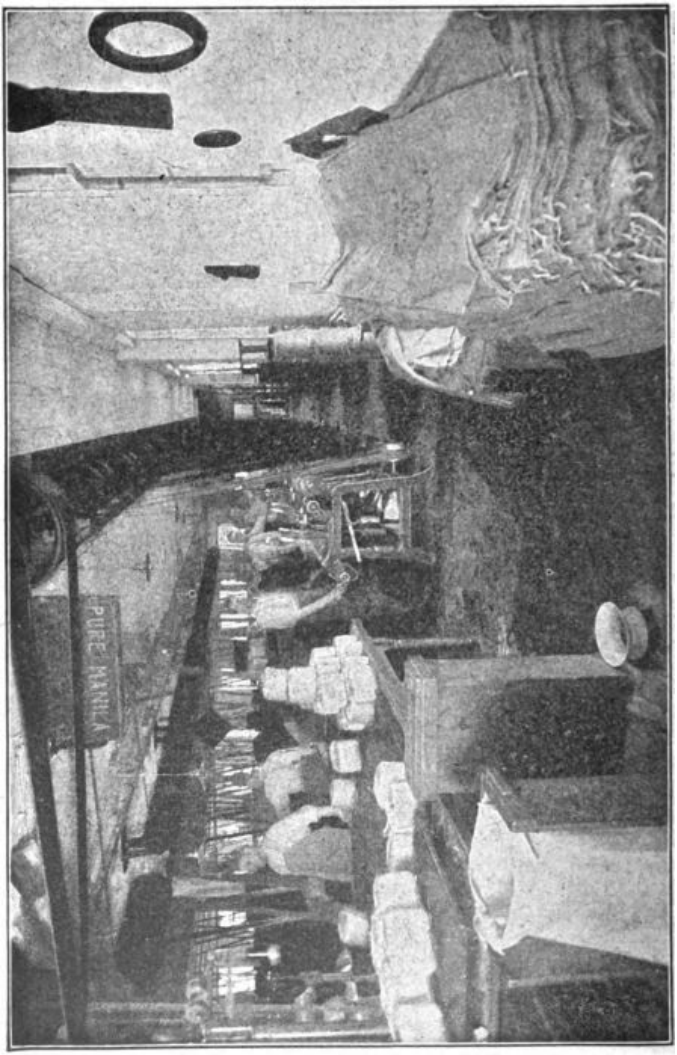
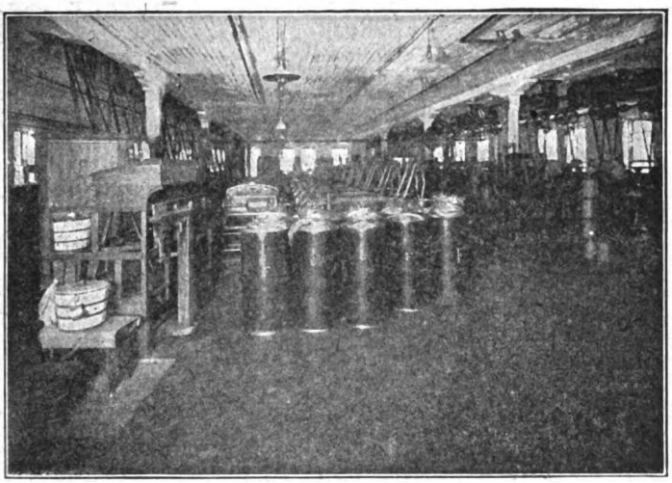


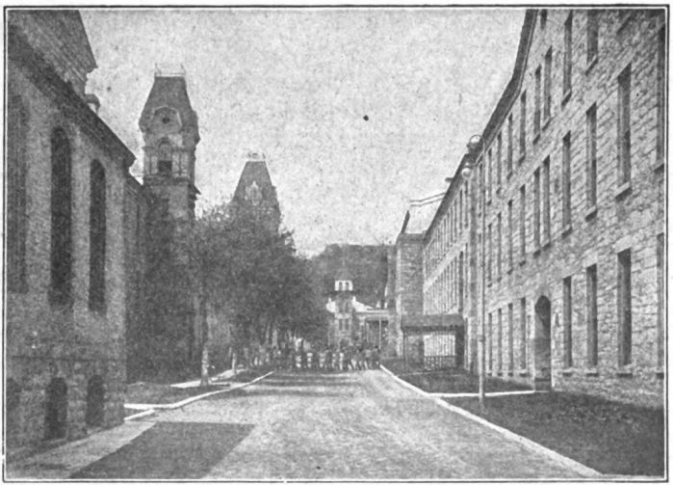
Spinning Room In Twine Factory



Bailing and Sacking Room In Twine Factory



Spinning Room In Twine Factory



Convicts Marching In to Dinner

REAL FACTS ABOUT THE NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA, BANK ROBBERY.

Related by THOMAS COLEMAN YOUNGER.[1]

In telling the story of the Northfield bank robbery and its frightful results I have only to say that there is no heroism in outlawry, and that the man who sows is sure to reap. After Lee surrendered I tried my best to live at peace with the world and earn a livelihood. I'd been made a guerrilla by a provocation that few men could have resisted. My father had been cruelly murdered, my mother had been hounded to death, my entire family had been tormented and all my relatives plundered and imprisoned.

From the mass of rubbish that has been written about the guerrilla there is little surprise that the popular conception of him should be a fiendish, blood-thirsty wretch.

[1] Editor's Note. In the preface we stated that the names of former inmates of the Minnesota State Prison with sensational reputations would not appear in this book. However, there has been such an arbitrary demand from the general public, that we have concluded to insert the version of an exploit by one of the early inmates of the institution. Page 49 shows hospital cell occupied by Cole Younger during the 25 years of his incarceration. This is the first time this story has been published in book form. It is surmised the names Howard and Woods indicate Jesse and Frank James respectively.

Yet he was in many cases, if not in most, a man who had been born to better things and who was made what he was by such outrages as Osceola, Palmyra and by a hundred raids in less famous but not less infamous, that were made by Kansans into Missouri during the war.

When the war ceased those of the guerrillas who were not hung or shot or pursued by posses till they found the hand of
[126] man turned against them at every step, settled down to become good citizens in the peaceful walks of life, and the survivors of Quantrell's band may be pardoned, in view of the black paint that has been devoted to them, in calling attention to the fact that of the members of Quantrell's band who have since been intrusted with public place, not one has ever betrayed his trust.

As for myself and brothers I wish to emphasize that we made an honest attempt to return to normal life at the close of the war, and had we been permitted to do so the name of Younger would never have been connected with the crimes that were committed in the period immediately following the war.

That my life was good or clean I do not assert. But such as it was, it was forced upon me by conditions over which I had no control. Before final judgment is passed upon the men of my kind who were with me in those days I ask that the fact be considered that we were born in days when hatred was the rule and reared among scenes of violence.

But I have been accused of many crimes of which I have not been guilty, and I am willing to take my oath that the crimes that were charged against me in Missouri were not mine. Never in all my life had I anything to do with any of the bank robberies in the state of Missouri which had been charged against myself and brothers.

In the fall of 1868 my brothers, Jim and Bob, went with me to Texas. The next two or three years we spent in an honest life, my sister joining us and keeping house for us at Syene, Dallas county. In 1870 and 1871 Jim was deputy sheriff in Dallas

county. He and Bob sang in the church choir. At that time Bob, who was only 17, fell in love with one of the young ladies in the [127] village.

I went down to Louisiana, and the story was that I killed five men and shot five others because I had been robbed by a lot of crooked cattlemen. There is just this much truth about this incident: There was a crooked race, with me as the victim. After the race I fought a duel, but not over the race.

The duel was forced upon me by a man named Captain James White. He circulated a scandalous tale about the young woman Bob was in love with. I sent word to him that he would have to apologize or fight. After the race I referred to White and I went to a neighboring plantation and fought it out. At first shot his right arm was shattered at the shoulder. When he thought he was dying he apologized and admitted that he had circulated the story for the purpose of forcing a fight upon me.

It was about this time that the Kansas City fair was robbed. This was charged against the Younger brothers, although not one of us had anything to do with it. Bob felt so keenly the notoriety that resulted from my duel and from the stories of the Kansas City robbery that he left Dallas, and later Jim and I followed him. About this time my brother John, was only 14 years old when the war closed, was forced into a quarrel and murdered as wantonly as a man was ever murdered in the history of the west.

When I was on the Pacific slope Missouri adopted the famous Drake constitution, which prohibited Confederate soldiers and sympathizers from practicing any profession, preaching the gospel or doing many other things under a penalty of a fine of not less than $500 or imprisonment for not less than six months. [128] One section of this constitution gave amnesty to Union soldiers for all they had done after January 1, 1861, but held Confederates responsible for what they had done either as citizens or soldiers.

The result of this was persecution for all men who were not friendly with the carpet-bag adminstration following the war,

and there was no mercy shown to any of them. After a few days of seeing my friends and old comrades hounded and imprisoned I saw there was nothing left for me to do but gather together with those that were left and do the best we could.

In passing swiftly over the scenes of violence in which we took part, I will take up the Northfield case by saying that we had decided to find a good bank, make a big haul, get away with the money, leave the country and start life anew in some foreign land.

We were told that General Benjamin F. Butler had a big lot of money in the First National bank at Northfield, and that A. A. Ames, son-in-law of Butler, who had been carpet-bag governor of Mississippi after the war, had a lot there also. We were not very friendly to Butler because of his treatment of Southerners during the war, and accordingly decided to make a raid on the Northfield bank.

My brothers, Jim and Bob, Clell Miller, Bill Chadwell and three men named Pitts, Woods and Howard, were those who decided to take up the expedition. This was in the middle of August, and we spent a week in Minneapolis picking up what information we could about Northfield and the bank and playing poker. Then we passed another week in St. Paul, also looking for information as to the amount of money and the precautions taken in the bank to take care of it.

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Chadwell, Pitts, Bob and myself procured horses at St. Peter, where we stayed long enough to break them and to train them for the hard riding to which we knew they would be submitted later on. It was at St. Peter that I made the acquaintance of a little girl who afterwards was one of the most earnest workers for our parole.

A little tot then, she said she could ride a horse, too, and reaching down, I lifted her up before me, and we rode up and down. I asked her her name and she said it was Horace Greeley Perry, and I replied:

No wonder you're such a little tot with such a great name.

I won't always be little, she replied. I'm going to be a great big girl and be a newspaper man like papa.

Will you still be my sweetheart then, and be my friend? asked her, and she declared she would, a promise I was to remind her of years later under circumstances of which I did not dream then.

Many years afterward with a party of visitors to the prison came a girl, perhaps 16, who registered in full Horace Greeley Perry.

I knew there could not be two women with such a name in the world, and I reminded her of her promise, a promise which she did not remember, although she had been told how she had made friends with the bold, bad man who afterwards robbed the bank at Northfield.

Very soon afterward, at the age of 18, I believe, she became, as she had dreamed, in childhood, a newspaper man, editing [132] the St. Peter Journal, and to the hour of my pardon she was one of the most indefatigable workers for us.

A few years ago failing health compelled her removal from Minnesota to Idaho, and Minnesota lost one of the brightest newspaper writers and staunchest friends that a man ever knew. Jim and I had a host of advocates during the latter years of our imprisonment, but none exceeded in devotion the young woman, who as a little tot, had ridden unknowingly with the bandit who was soon to be exiled for life from all his kin and friends.

Preliminary work on the Northfield robbery was got down to during the last week of August 1876, and while Pitts and I were waiting for Bob and Chadwell, who had gone up there to look over the ground, we scouted all over the country thereabouts and around Madelia in order to get ourselves familiar with the lay of the land. When the two boys joined us we divided into two parties and started for Northfield along different routes.

On Monday night, September 4, the party I was with reached Le Sueur Center, where we had trouble finding places to sleep, as court was in session. Tuesday night we put in at Cordova, and Wednesday we were in Millersburg. At the same time Bob and his crowd rounded up in Cannon City, which was south of Northfield.

On Thursday morning, September 7, we all came together on the Cannon river, on the outskirts of Northfield. That afternoon I took a look at the bank, and in camp at dinner I told the gang that no matter what came off we mustn't shoot anybody. While I was making this point as strong as I could one of the crowd asked what we should do if they began shooting at us. Bob at once said that if I was so particular about not having any shooting the best thing for me to do was to stay outside and take my chances.

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Well, at last the time came. Bob, Pitts and Howard started for town ahead, the scheme being that they should round up in the town square and not go into the bank until the rest of the party joined them. It was fixed that Miller and I should go on guard right at the bank, while the rest of the gang was to wait at the bridge and listen for a pistol shot signal in case they were wanted for help. We had it schemed out that as there were no saddle horses around anywhere we could get off with a flying start and get away before they could stop us, wrecking the telegraph office if necessary to prevent any alarm being sent out by wire.

Whisky spoiled the whole plan. Between the time they left camp and reached the bridge the men who went ahead got away with a quart of whisky the first time I had ever known Bob to drink, and as a matter of fact, I didn't know he had done so then until the day and its terrible events were over. The blunder was that when these three men saw us coming, instead of waiting for us to get up with them they slammed right on into the bank regardless, leaving the door open in their excitement.

I was out in the street, pretending I was having trouble with my saddle. Meantime I had told Miller to close up the bank door.

A man named Allen, who kept a store near by, was then trying to get into the bank, but Miller foolishly shouted at him and told him to get away. Allen at once became excited and saw that [136] something was wrong, and ran off up the street shouting to every one to get his gun, as the bank was being robbed.

A Dr. Wheeler, who saw that something was happening out of the ordinary, began to yell "Robbery! Then I saw we were in for it, and would need all the help we could get. I first called to Miller to come inside and get out of harm's way and then I fired a signal to the three men at the bridge for them to come up and help us, as we had been trapped.

Chadwell, Woods and Jim came galloping up, and at the same moment that they arrived I heard a shot fired inside the bank. The three boys were firing their guns as they rode along, shouting to everybody they saw to get out of the way and get indoors, but I am quite sure they never killed anybody. My theory always has been that the man Gustafson, who was shot down in the street, was struck by a glancing shot from some of the citizen's rifles, as they were out blazing away at this time.

Miller was then shot by a man named Stacy and his face filled full of bird shot. A man named Manning killed Pitts' horse, and, as a matter of fact, the street was full of flying lead, coming from every direction. It wasn't long before I was wounded in the thigh by Manning, and the next instant he shot Chadwell through the heart.

Dr. Wheeler, from an upper floor of a hotel, got a bead on Miller and brought him down, so that he soon lay dying in the middle of the street. Every time I saw a man pointing a gun at me I dropped off my horse and tried to drive the shooter under cover, but there were so many of them, and I couldn't see in [137] every direction, so I soon found out that, wounded as I was, I [138] was helpless. Meanwhile there was a tragedy going on inside the [139] bank.

Bob came out in a hurry and started down the street toward

Manning, who ran into a store, hoping he would get a shot at Bob from under cover. Bob ran on, but didn't notice Dr. Wheeler, who was upstairs in the hotel, behind him, and Wheeler's third shot smashed Bob's right arm. Bob switched his gun to his left and got on Miller's horse, thinking that Miller was dead. By this time Howard and Pitts had got out of the bank, and I told them that Miller was still alive and we'd have to save him. I told Pitts to put Miller on my horse, but when we lifted him I saw he was dead, so I told Pitts that I would hold off the crowd while he got away, as his horse had been killed. While Pitts ran, less than ten yards, I stood stood with my pistol pointed at anyone who showed his head, and then I galloped off and overtook him and took him up behind me.

Pitts then confessed to me about the drinking, and said they had made an awful mess of it inside the bank. It had been arranged that they should hold up Joseph L. Heywood, the acting cashier, at his window, and after roping him get to the safe without any trouble. Instead of that, these three drink-crazed lunatics leaped over the rail and scared Heywood so badly that he immediately got on the defensive, and in a minute the alarm was out and it was all over.

It seems that one of the robbers had waved his revolver at Heywood the minute he entered the bank and asked him if he was the cashier. Heywood had said he wasn't, and then the same
[140] question was put to the other two men who were in the bank. Each of the three said he was not the cashier, but the robber turned to Heywood, who was sitting at the cashier's desk, and said:

You're the cashier; open that safe d quick or I'll blow your head off.

Heywood jumped back and Pitts ran to the vault and got inside. Heywood then tried to shut him in, and was seized by the robbers, who told him to open the safe at once or he would not live another minute. Heywood told him there was a time lock on

it that positively couldn't be opened, whereupon Howard pulled a knife and tried to cut Heywood's throat, the cashier having been thrown to the ground in the scuffle that had taken place. Incidentally, Pitts told me afterwards that Howard fired a pistol near Heywood's head, but only with the intention of frightening him.

A. E. Bunker, the teller, by this time had tried to get hold of a pistol that was near where he was, but Pitts got the gun first, and it was found on him after he was killed, and consequently furnished just that much good evidence that we were the men at Northfield.

The boys saw by this time that the safe could not be reached, so they asked Bunker about the money that was outside. Bunker pointed to a little tray full of small coins, and while Bob was putting them away in a sack Bunker made a dash through a rear window. Pitts fired at him twice, the bullet going through his right shoulder.

By this time the men in the bank had heard the commotion and firing outside and started to leave. Heywood, who had been on the floor, unfortunately rose at this instant, and Pitts, still under the influence of liquor, shot him through the head and killed him. [141] [142] [143]

Meantime we who had escaped slaughter in the terrible bombardment we had faced were trying to make our way to some safe place. Not far from Northfield we met a farmer, who lent us a horse for Pitts to ride, and we got past Dundas ahead of the news of the raid on the bank. We were also beating it at Millersburg, but at Shieldsville we ran into a squad of men who knew what had happened and were after us. These men had, foolishly for themselves, left their guns outside a house, and we didn't let them get hold of them until we had a good start, but they overtook us about four miles away and shots were exchanged without any trouble resulting.

Soon there were a thousand men on our trail and about $5,000

in rewards for our capture. We tramped and camped and rode and watched in a strange country and among the lakes. We didn't know the trails and were afraid to try the fords and bridges, knowing that our hunters would be sure to keep their eyes on these places. Saturday morning we abandoned our horses and decided to keep up the fight afoot. We tramped all night and put in Sunday near Marysburg. Bob's elbow by this time was in pretty bad shape and we had to go slow. Finally, on Monday night and Tuesday we couldn't go anywhere, so we passed the time in a deserted house near Mankato. A man named Dunning found us there and we took him prisoner. On the theory that the dead are silent, some of the men wanted to kill him, but I wouldn't stand for that, so we made him swear by all that was holy that
[144] he wouldn't tell that he had seen us until we got away. Then we turned him loose. He lost no time in getting into Mankato and giving the alarm, and in a few minutes another posse was after us.

That night Howard and Wood decided that they wouldn't hold back any longer and that we were losing valuable time because of Bob's wound, so they left us and went on west. They stole two horses very soon, and this helped us as well as them, for the posse followed the trail of the stolen horses, not knowing that we had divided.

On Thursday morning, September 21, just two weeks after the raid, the end came. A party of forty men soon surrounded us and opened fire. We were cut off from our horses and our case was hopeless. We were on the open prairie and not ready for our last flight against such odds, we fell back into the Watonwan river bottoms and hid in some bushes.

When the iron doors shut behind us at the Stillwater prison we all submitted to the prison discipline with the same unquestioning obedience that I had exacted during my military service. The result was that we gained friends both in prison and outside. We had been in prison a little over seven years, when, on January 25,

1884, the main building was destroyed by fire at night. George F. Dodd was then connected with the prison, while his wife was matron. There was danger of a panic and a terrible disaster. Dodd released Jim and Bob and myself. To me he gave a revolver. Jim had an axe handle and Bob a small iron bar. We stood guard over the women prisoners, marched them from the danger of the fire, and the prison authorities were kind enough to say that had it [145] not been for us there must have been a tremendous loss of life. [146]

I can say without fear of contradiction that had it been in our minds to do so we could have escaped from the prison that night, but we had determined to pay the penalty that had been exacted, and if we were ever to return to liberty it would be with the consent and approval of the authorities and the public. A little later Jim was put in charge of the mail and library of the prison, while I was made head nurse in the hospital, where I remained until the day we were paroled.

As the years went by the popular feeling against us not only subsided, but our absolute obedience to the minutest detail of the prison discipline won us the consideration, and I might even say, the esteem of the prison officials. In the meantime it had been a life sentence for Bob, he having died of consumption September 16, 1889.

Jim and I went out into the world July 14, 1901, after serving a few months less than twenty-five years. Each of us immediately found work, and life again took on its normal hues. Poor Jim, however, was subject to periodical spells of deep depression. The bullet that shattered his upper jaw in our last fight in Madelia imbedded itself near the brain and was not removed until long after we were in the prison at Stillwater. That bullet was the cause of his occasional gloominess. After our relase from prison Jim's health continued precarious. He finally gave up the fight, and on October 19, 1902, took his own life in a hotel in Minnesota.

I am not exactly a dead man, but I have been shot twenty- [147] eight times and am now carrying in my body fourteen bullets that

physicians have been unable to extract. Twelve of these wounds I received while wearing the gray, and I have ever been proud of them, and it has been one of my keenest regrets that I did not receive the rest of them during the war with Spain.

The following is an authentic copy of Younger's commitment papers.

THOMAS COLEMAN YOUNGER.

RICE COUNTY DISTRICT COURT.

Crime	Murder 1" deg.
Term Life.	Sentenced Nov. 20th, 1876.
Nativity	Missouri.
Age	32 years.
Height	5' 11¼"
Hair	Very light brown, very curly, thin, and bald on crown c
Eyes	Blue (light).
Complexion	Fair, inclined to be florid.
Occupation	None.
Marks	Two moles on back Scar on left shoulder and small s

Can read and write uses tobacco single temperate.

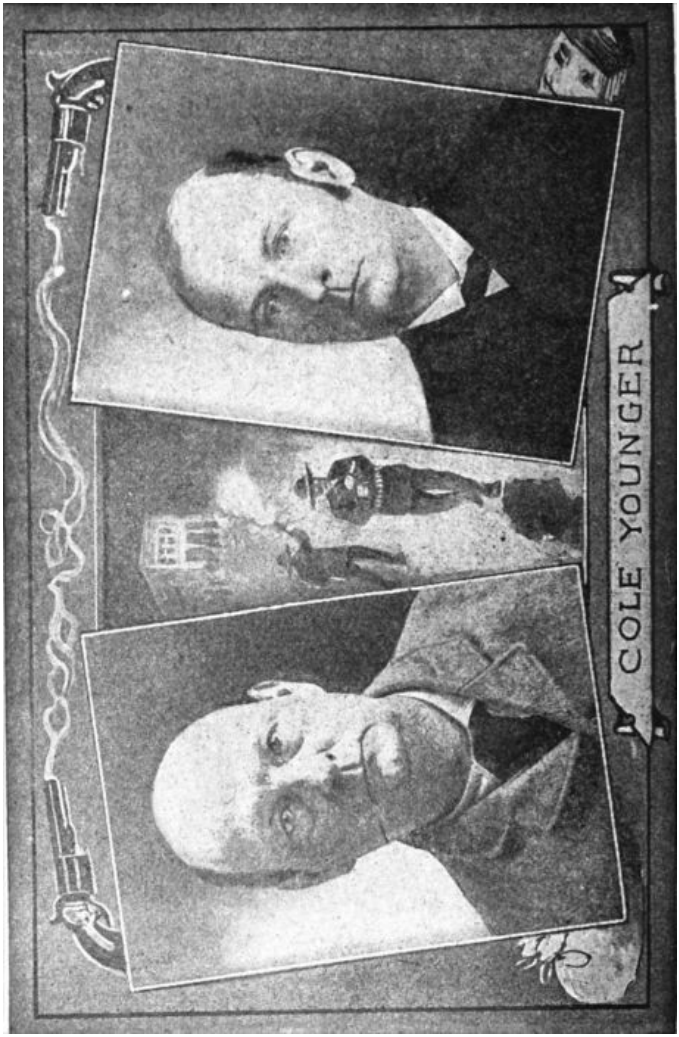
RECORD

Removed to Washington County Jail, Jan. 26, 1884.

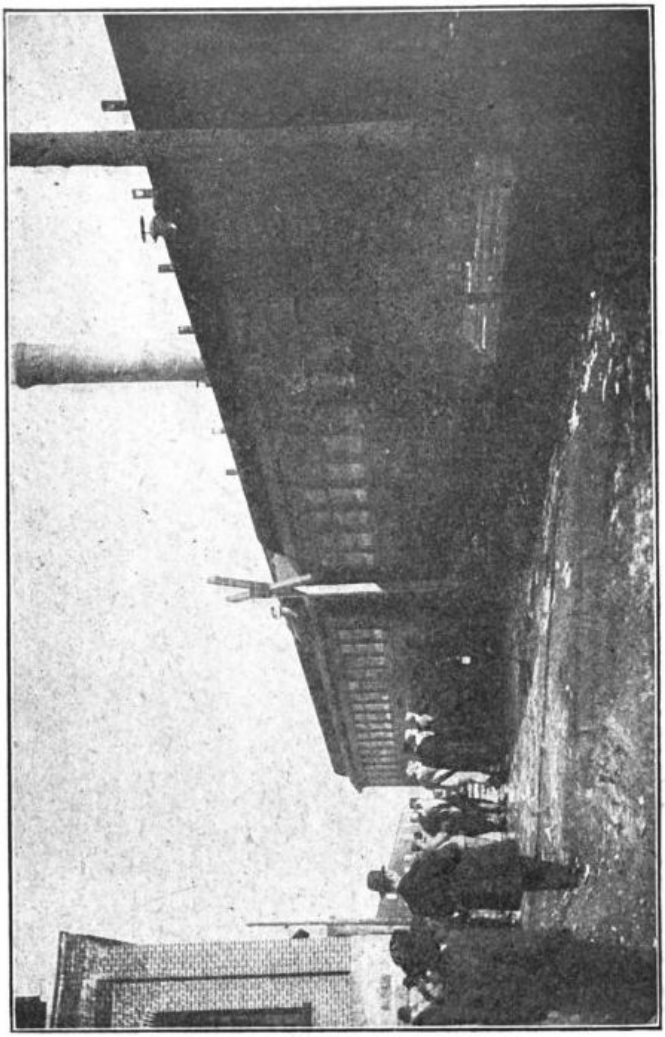
Paroled July 14, 1901.

Pardoned Feb. 4, 1903, on condition that he leave State of Minnesota and that he never exhibit himself in public in any way.

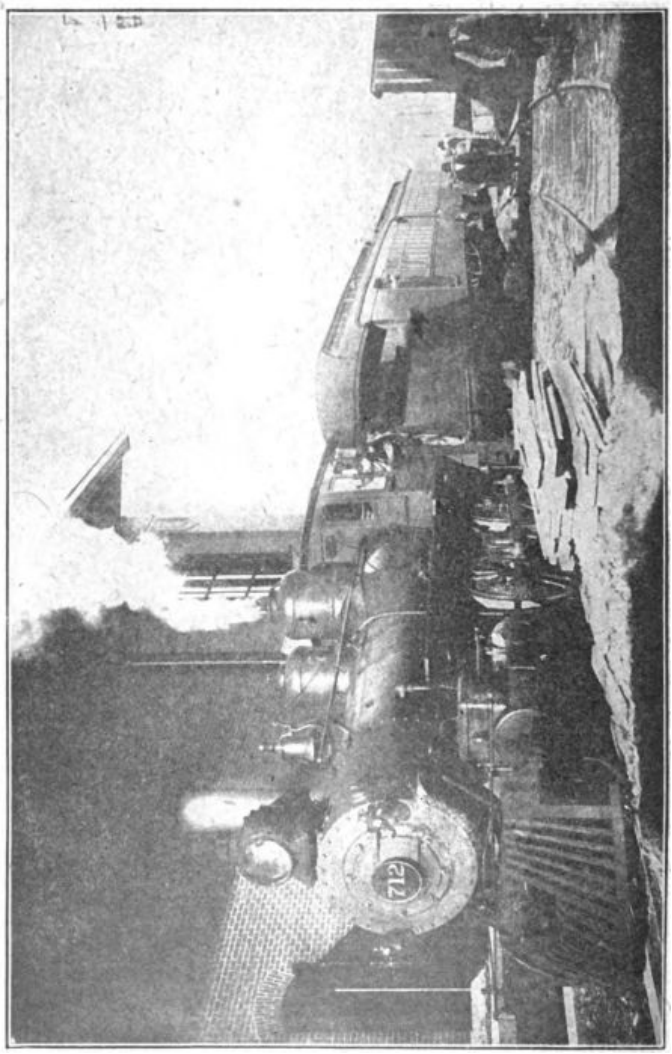
[148]



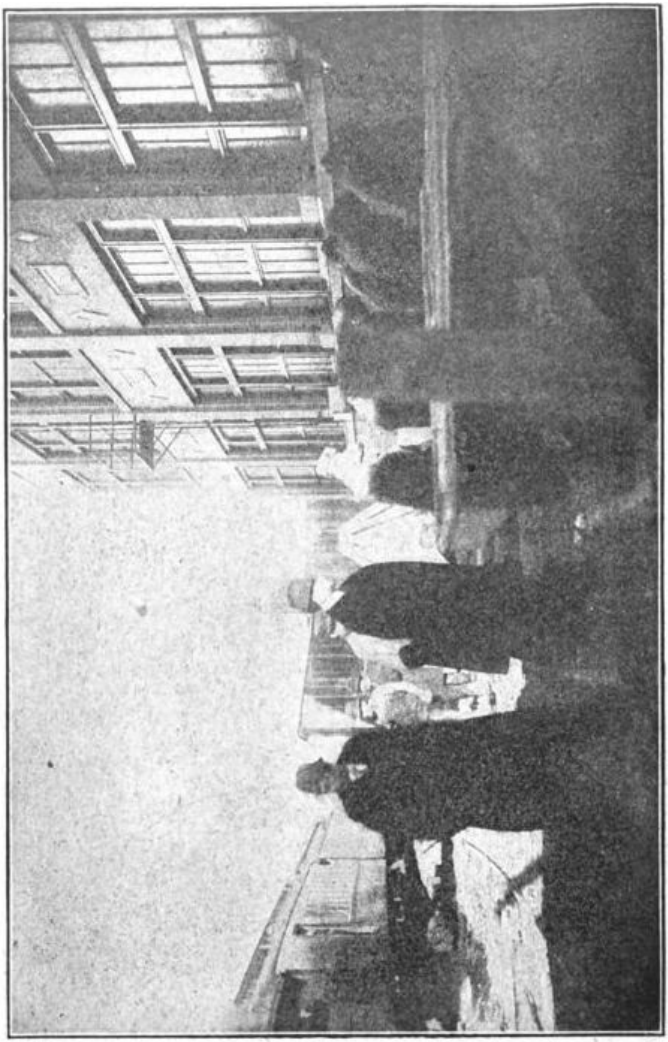
Cole Younger. In Prison Garb in Minnesota State Prison, Jan. 10, 1877 (left). As he lookedgoing out ,July 14, 1901 (right).



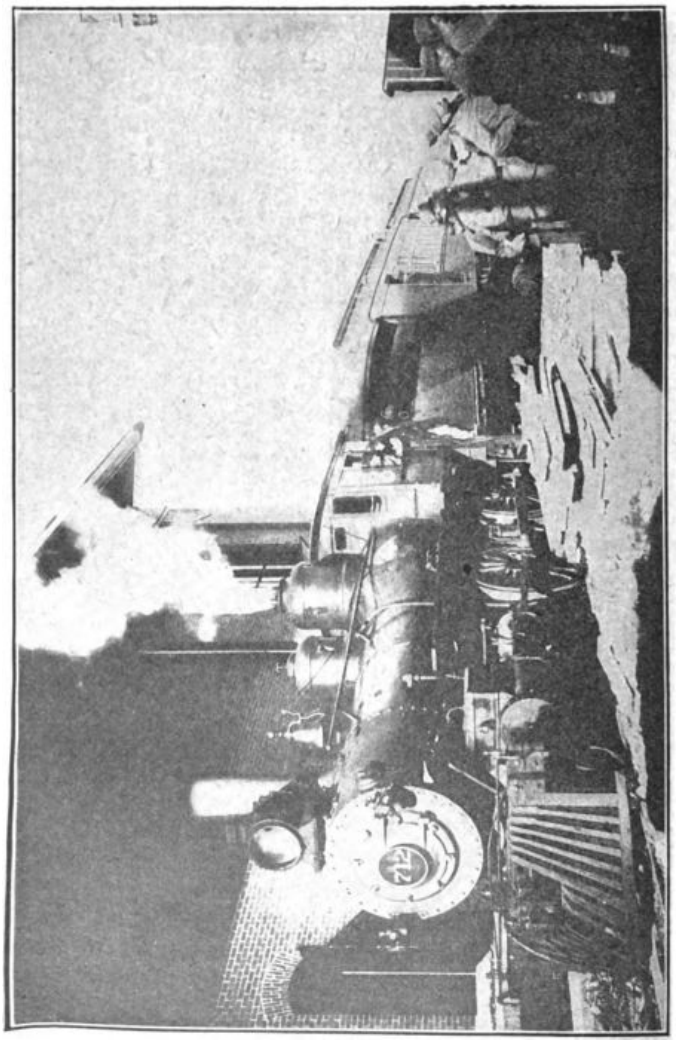
Convicts entering train at Stillwater bound for new prison.



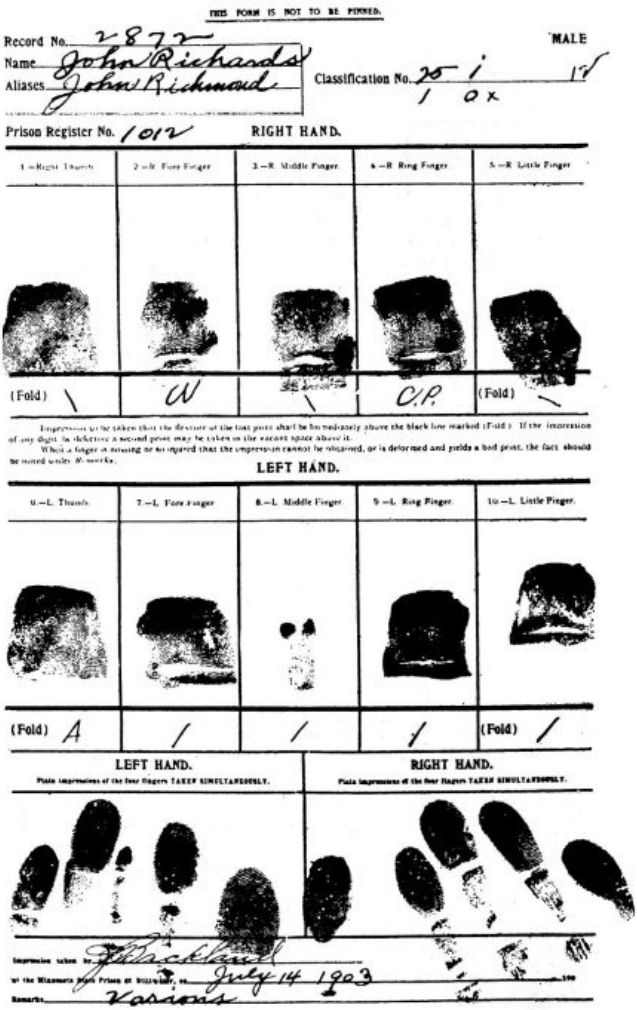
Warden Wolfer chaperoning convicts to their new home



Convicts entering new prison



Convicts detraining at their new home.


THIS FORM IS NOT TO BE PINNED.

Record No. 2872 MALE

Name John Richards

Aliases John Richmond

Classification No. 25 i 17 / 10x

Prison Register No. 1012

RIGHT HAND.

1.—Right Thumb	2.—R. Fore Finger	3.—R. Middle Finger	4.—R. Ring Finger	5.—R. Little Finger
(Fold) \	W	\	C.P.	(Fold) \

Impressions must be taken that the division of the last joint shall be immediately above the black line marked (Fold). If the impression of any digit be defective a second print may be taken on the extent space above it.

When a finger is missing or so injured that the impression cannot be obtained, or is deformed and yields a bad print, the fact should be noted under Remarks.

LEFT HAND.

6.—L. Thumb	7.—L. Fore Finger	8.—L. Middle Finger	9.—L. Ring Finger	10.—L. Little Finger.
(Fold) A	/	/	/	(Fold) /

LEFT HAND.

Plain impressions of the four fingers TAKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY.

RIGHT HAND.

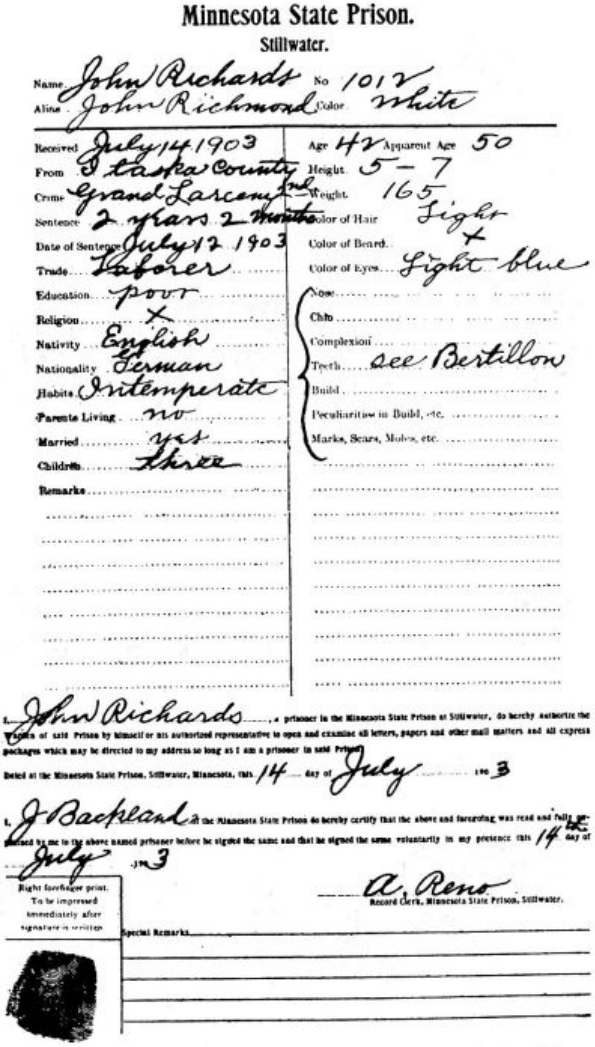
Plain impressions of the four fingers TAKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Impression taken by [illegible]

of the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater, Minn., July 14 1903

Remarks: Various

Reproduction of finger print system in vogue at the Minnesota state prison



Minnesota State Prison.

Stillwater.

Name John Richards No 1017
Alias John Richmond Color White

Received July 14 1903 Age 42 Apparent Age 50
From Staska County Height 5-7
Crime Grand Larceny 2nd Weight 165
Sentence 2 years 2 months Color of Hair Light
Date of Sentence July 12 1903 Color of Beard X
Trade Laborer Color of Eyes Light blue
Education poor Nose
Religion X Chin
Nativity English Complexion
Nationality German Teeth see Bertillon
Habits Intemperate Build
Parents Living no Peculiarities in Build, etc.
Married yes Marks, Scars, Moles, etc.
Children three
Remarks

I, John Richards, a prisoner in the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater, do hereby authorize the Warden of said Prison by himself or his authorized representative to open and examine all letters, papers and other mail matters and all express packages which may be directed to my address so long as I am a prisoner in said Prison.

Dated at the Minnesota State Prison, Stillwater, Minnesota, this 14 day of July 1903

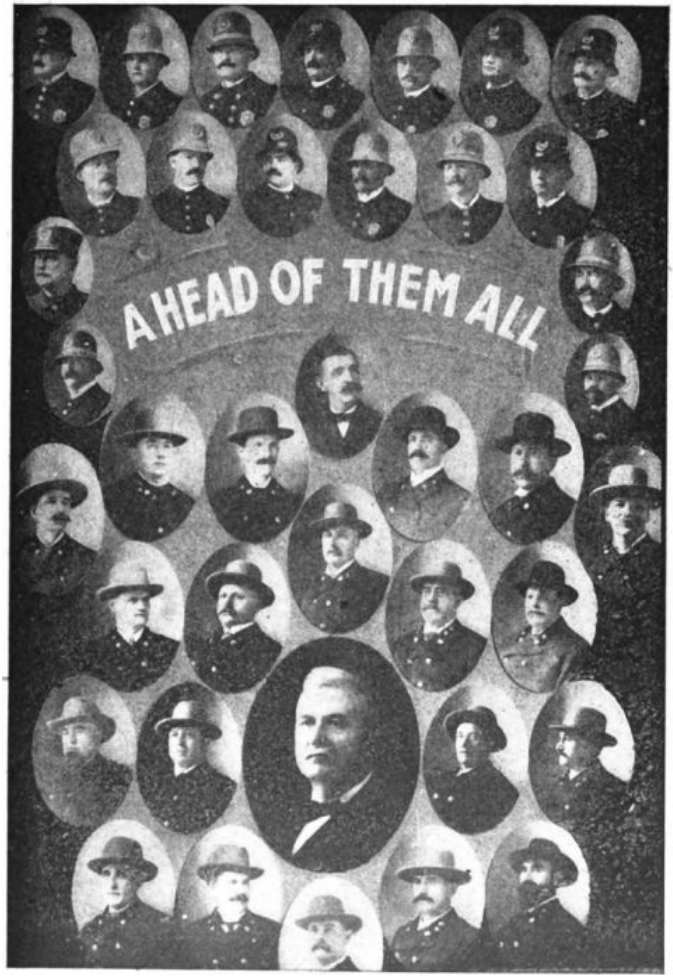
I, J Backland, of the Minnesota State Prison do hereby certify that the above and foregoing was read and fully explained by me to the above named prisoner before he signed the same and that he signed the same voluntarily in my presence this 14 day of July 1903

A. Reno
Record Clerk, Minnesota State Prison, Stillwater.

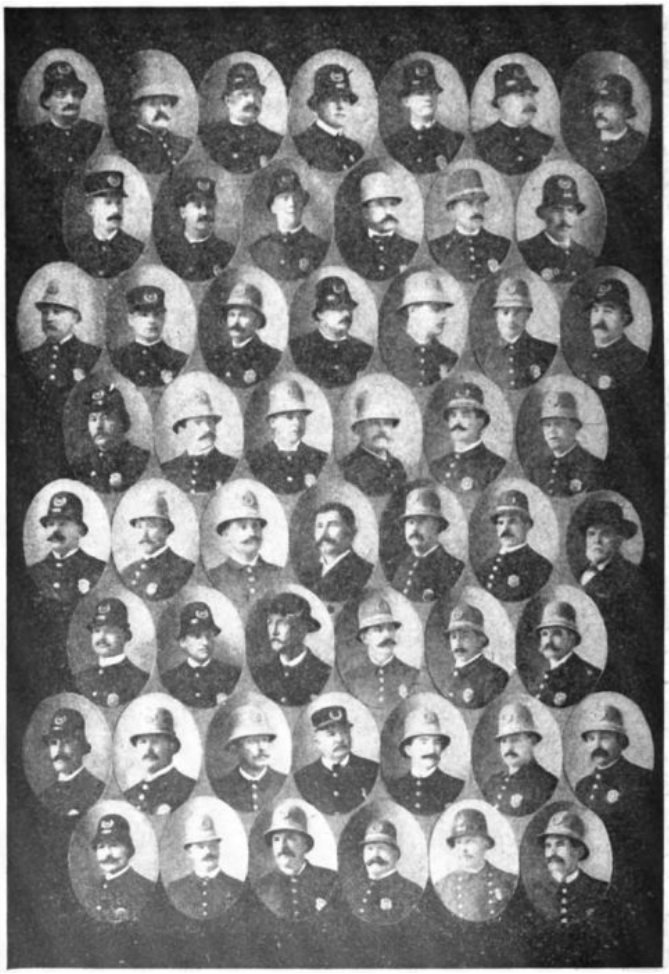
Right forefinger print. To be impressed immediately after signature is written

Special Remarks

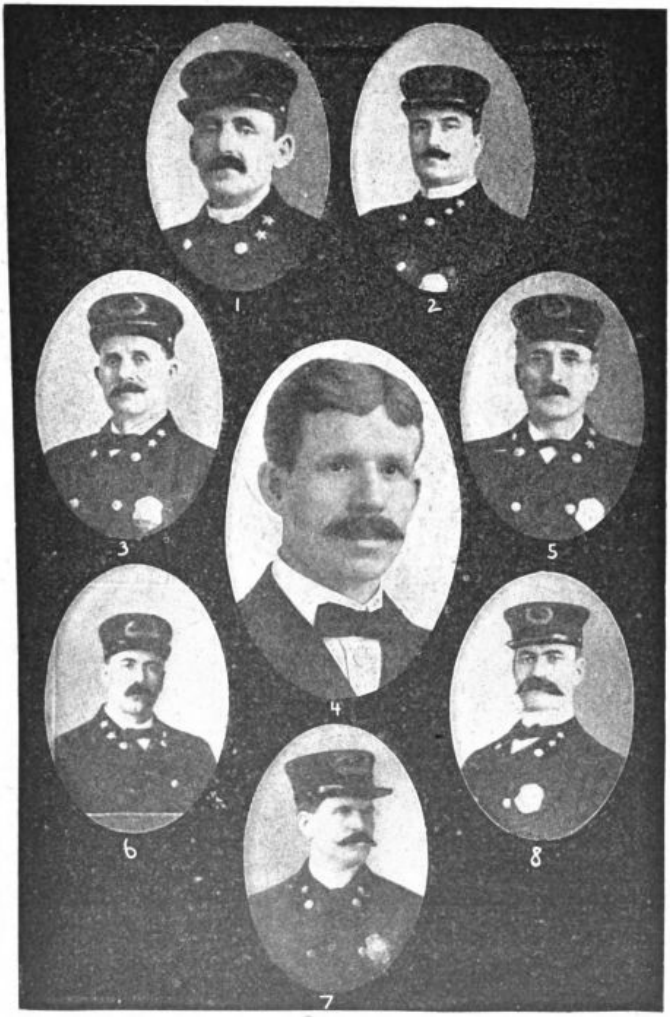
Reproduction of record from files of Minnesota State Prison, showing record of former inmate.



Group showing St. Paul police department, J.J. Connor, Chief.



Group showing St. Paul police department, J.J. Connor, Chief.



Head Officials, Minneapolis, Minnesota Police Department. 1. Capt. H.L. Getchell, 5th Precinct. 2. Capt. P.J. Quealey, 2nd Precinct. 3. Capt. Michael Mealey, Asst. Supt. Hdqrtrs. 4. Capt. Frank T. Corriston, Superintendant. 5. Capt. Nicholas Smith, Capt. of Detectives. 6. Capt. Geo. Reviere, Night Capt. Hdqtrs. 7. Capt. Frank Ferm, 3rd Precinct. 8. Capt. Geo. Sinclair, 4th Precinct.

THE STATE BOARD OF PARDONS

The members of the State Board of Pardons, next to the weather man, are the most severely criticised in the state of Minnesota, and unjustly so. In the exercise of the authority conferred upon them the Minnesota State Board of Pardons is the most conservative in the United States. Notwithstanding the fact that they grant about seventy-five per cent less pardons than similar bodies in other states, the press, in many instances, holds that it is too liberal in its disposition of mercy.

The true function of the Pardon Board has often been exemplified by the daily press of the twin cities, and they appear to be unanimous in the belief that where the interest of humanity or reform can be benefited it is proper for the board to lighten a penalty or grant an outright rpardon.

Jesus of Nazareth enunciated the wise doctrine that if you wish to be forgiven, you must forgive others, and this apothegm is the alpha and omega of the Christian religion to day. Go and sin no more is often the basic principal of true reformation.

The laws of man ever since the days of Moses, Confucius, Lycurgus, Solon and Christ are intended to be just and impartial to all men; but no law yet created by our wise jurists and statesmen can eradicate from the individual the brand of Cain placed upon him by society, that of an ex-convict. The Pardon Board can enlarge a man's liberty by making him a free citizen and a tax-payer, but it cannot free his conscience from the stigma of disgrace that clings to him until the portals of eternity open to receive him. We believe that the pardoning power, judicially applied, is the greatest aid to true reformation yet discovered.

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[151]

The Minnesota State Board of Pardons consists of the Governor, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the Attorney General. Its meetings are held quarterly in the state capitol building, and they meet on the second Monday in January, April, July and October.

The law governing the granting of pardons is as follows: Such board may grant an absolute or a conditional pardon, but every conditional pardon shall state the terms and conditions on which it was granted. A reprieve in a case where capital punishment has been imposed may be granted by any member of the board, but for such time only as may be reasonably necessary to secure a meeting for the consideration of an application for pardon or commutation of sentence. Every pardon or communication of sentence shall be in writing and shall have no force or effect unless granted by a unanimous vote of the board duly convened.

A convict in the prison Mirror writes as follows:

Exercising clemency toward convicted persons is a subject that arouses many editorial writers. These newspaper men are creators of public opinion, and it would seem possible for them to calmly, impartially consider the subject instead of disseminating personal ideas immature in reasoning and founded on the erroneous conception that every person in prison has received a fair, impartial trial and that the sentences must be warranted upon the trial court's proceedings. In fact, the majority of editorial writers should refrain from casting reflections upon the pardon power because it seems too lenient or applaud it for refusing leniency toward prisoners. Their attitude shows plainly a lack of discernable ability. Few prisoners appeal to the pardon power of a state for clemency. Clemency is a term used for pity. Prisoners, as a rule, detest being considered seekers after pity. This is the concealed idea of many editorials, and thereby erroneous. The prisoner appeals to the pardon power because it is a lawfully created power to entertain his appeal, which is based upon his opinions concerning the justice of a sentence as opposed to the

[152]

injustice of the trial court's imposed sentence. The appellant is not after pity, but expects justice. He has a right to the benefits of the law, and has a right, not only to ask for, but to demand justice. And no class of persons should exploit these facts more than editorial writers. Today they are greatly responsible for the necessity of wives, children and mothers practically begging for pity for some loved one in prison. We need Websters to interpret the law and demand justice for clients, not wives, mothers and friends to beg for pity.

PATHETIC INCIDENTS AT MEETINGS OF PARDON BOARD.

My little girl Virginia, only four years old, has been praying to Santa Claus every night for the past week, instead of to God. She has asked Santa every night to give her her papa for Christmas.

It seems all a dream, and I am afraid that I will awake to find it isn't true. But I felt all day that the pardon would come. I don't know why it was, but I caught myself singing this morning as I went about the house. It is the happiest day of my life. It will be the happiest Christmas that my family has ever spent.

Fred doesn't know that the pardon board meets today. He [158] expects that it will meet Thursday. I am going to take the pardon with me to the prison, present it to Warden Wolfer and take my husband home with me.

It is a young woman, the wife of a chief of police convicted of grafting, pleading before the pardon board for his release. She

has worked a year securing evidence. It is just two days before Christmas and the board is called for a special session. The governor, the chief justice of the supreme court and the attorney general, who constitute the pardon board, hear her case with tears in their eyes. Attorneys and others plead for him also. Then the board goes into session. They decide that seventeen months in prison has served the ends of justice. They summon the young wife.

Your husband has been granted a full pardon, announces one of the members.

May he come home with me now? she asks, faltering, then she swoons. Soon she recovers. The pardon is signed. She takes it with her to Stillwater, presents it to the warden and a moment later husband and wife are in each other's arms. Merry Christmas it was for them.

He's all I've got, judge. I'll take him anywhere, or I'll keep him right at home in Minneapolis, if you will only let him out. I want to take care of him, for he'll die if he stays there. Tears drop from the mother of a youth of twenty-two who has been sent to prison for twelve years for larceny. I've saved $250 in the last five years, and me doing day work, she says proudly. Her son is suffering from tuberculosis. The board believes that it
[154] is better for him to be under such a mother's care than die in the prison and he is released.

Nowhere else, unless it be at a hospital, must one gaze at such a seemingly unending sad procession of pain-torn hearts, the anguished souls of mothers, fathers, sisters, sweethearts and wives, than at the meeting of the pardon board every three months. Nowhere else are the grinding knives of the law more apparent. Few are as fortunate as the two cited above. Of the two or three dozen cases at each meeting, seldom are more than two or three persons shown any mercy.

Here is the case of a murderer sentenced to hang. An attorney pleads for him; points out that the evidence was doubtful, says

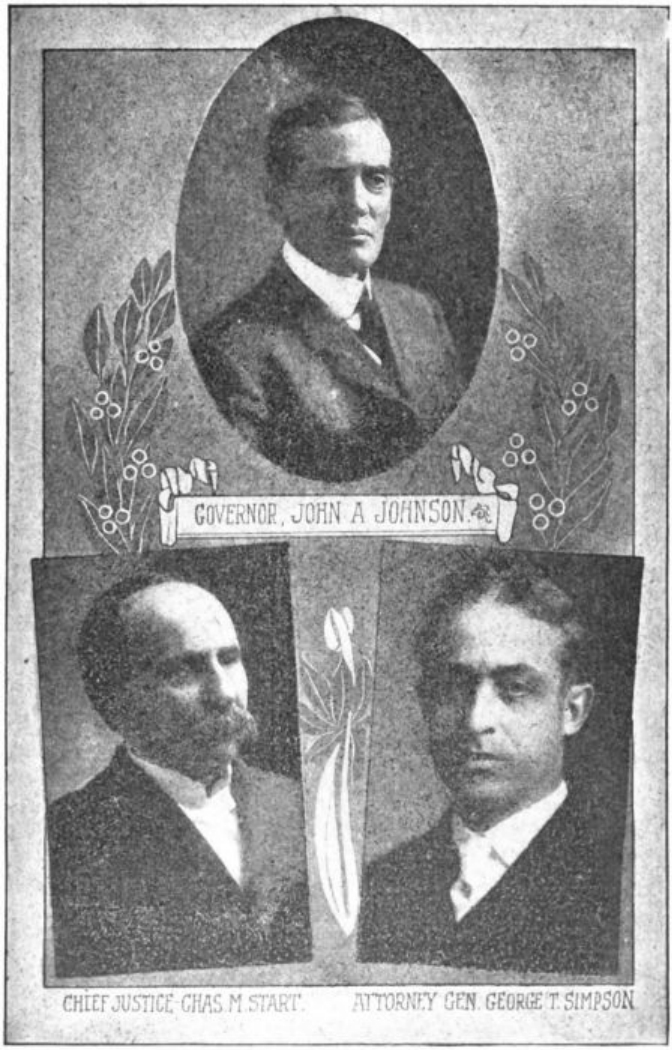
that the spirit of vengeance guided the jury. But the board has the evidence before it. It clearly shows that the crime was premeditated,remarks one member. There is no hope.

A sweet faced girl who has journeyed all the way from Seattle to take her brother back with her, finds that the law could not pardon an offender because his sister believes in him and loves him. The board must be shown that the punishment was too severe for the crime or that life at home will serve better to make the offender a useful citizen than doing penance at the prison.

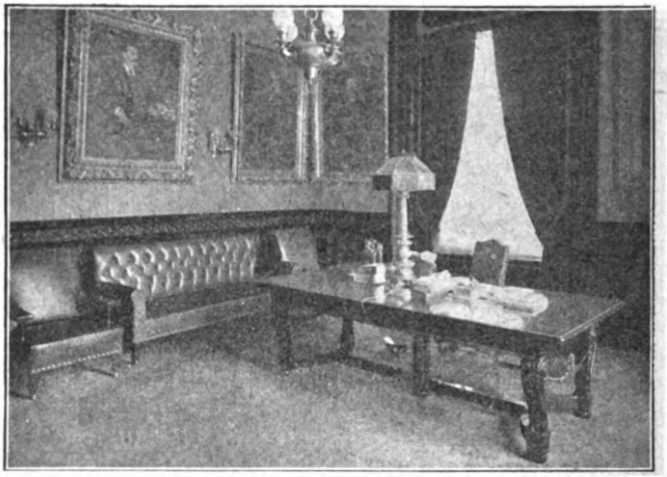
To an aged father and mother of a boy serving a thirty-month sentence for stealing $56 worth of grain, the sad news is meted out that their son must serve out his sentence. They had trusted with the blind faith that the board would release him because they needed him.The farm is running down and Charlie ought to be home to help care for things. He had always been a good boy, they said. [155]

Scathing lectures are often given those asking pardon for the undeserving, by the members of the board. Do you think fifteen months is too much for a man who shot his wife? It was not his fault she did not die,the chief justice recently told some friends of a man who had hunted up and shot a wife who had left him. If my sister were outraged by a man, shooting would be none too good for him, the governor recently told a smooth-tongued attorney who was making a plea for a man serving a long sentence for a heinous crime.

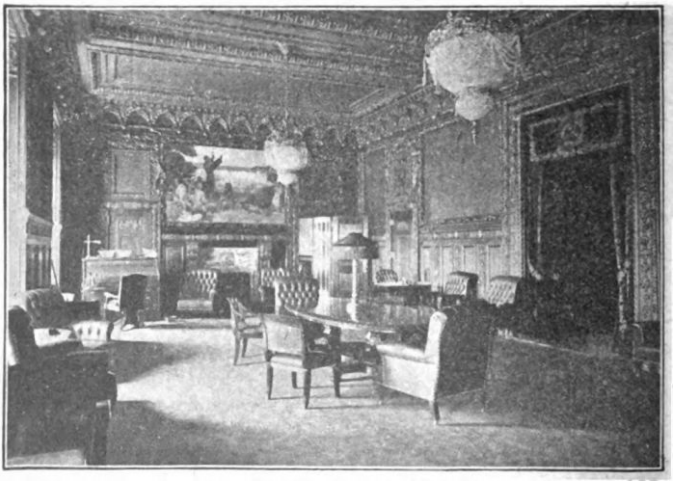
So it goes. There is mercy for a few; there is the stern and unrelenting law tor the many.



Pardon Board of the State of Minnesota



Governor's private office in State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.
Pardon Board hold their meetings here.



Governor's reception room, State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.

PRESS NOTICES.

MORE LIGHT.

[156]

Mr. Heilbron's book on Convict Life at the Minnesota State Prison should obtain a wide circulation. The world outside regards the world inside much as it would regard another planet, and is curious accordingly. As a general rule, the heroes of this work of art are saying nothing and spinning twine and when they get back to Civilization they keep up the habit. While apt to examine books of this kind in a decidedly critical light, the heroes aforesaid will find in this one no misstatements of fact and no flights of fancy. The illustrations too are excellent, the one of No. 1055's back being a speaking likeness. Another first-class picture is the one which reproduces the magnificent polish on Mr. Nelson's counter in the tailor shop. The bindery, too, that smoothly running one-man department, has quite a palatial appearance. The chiel amang us takin' flashlights is to be congratulated. It may be doubted whether a copy of this little book will hereafter be found in every home in the state, but it would not do any harm. Maybe when Horace was hesitating about signing papa's name in papa's checkbook, the family copy would strike his eye and induce him to go ahead?

(Prison Mirror, July 29, 1909.)

A NOVEL VOLUME.

Convict Life at the Minnesota State Prison.—Published by Mr. W. C. Heilbron of St. Paul.

Convict Life at the Minnesota State Prison, of which Mr. W. C. Heilbron, assistant public examiner, St. Paul, is the author and publisher, is a neat volume, replete with halftone illustrations of scenes, views and incidents of this institution, occupying 134 pages of text, including pictures.

The frontispiece is a remarkably good likeness of Hon. Henry Wolfer, the warden, under whose guidance during the past eighteen years the Minnesota State Prison has made its remarkable penological and financial success.

To one unacquainted with the modus operandi of dealing with prisoners in a penitentiary, Convict Life at the Minnesota State Prison affords an accurate and sustained story from start to finish. In this book is given a detailed description of the reception
[157] of the prisoner, the manner in which he is handled, clothed, fed, assigned to duty and governed by the resident officials, with excellent sidelights upon the situation.

The illustrations are numerous and give interior views of buildings, shops, departments and hospital, together with interesting scenes of parades, drills and other matters of moment to the reader.

Citizens — even those who have visited penal institutions — obtain but a very scant conception of the method and manner in which they are conducted by a casual observance upon the occasion of a visit. Convict Life at the Minnesota State Prison, however, is written so that all may gain a proper conception by reading it, and the illustrations materially aid in that respect. This book will be the means of doing a great deal of good in removing false notions regarding inmates and it ought to enjoy a large sale. (Prison Mirror, July 22, 1909.)

EDITORIAL.

On the first page of this issue of The Mirror will be found a brief review of the volume entitled Convict Life at the Minnesota State Prison. Until recently the publication of matter of that character has been tabooed by managers of penal institutions. However, there is no harm in such publicity. Conditions are constantly improving and penologists recognize that fact. Corporal punishment and the lockstep have been abolished in many prisons.

The problem confronting wardens is not how to punish prisoners, but rather how to reform them and restore them to society as good citizens.

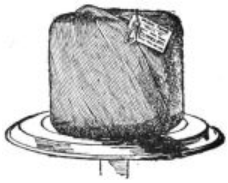
The Minnesota State Prison is referred to as a model, and, while the buildings now occupied are old and antiquated, unfit for prison purposes and manufacturing, nevertheless the morale of the inmates is of a high grade and credit is due to those who have brought this condition about. As the author, Mr. W. C. Heilbron, truly states, the first two months of incarceration for the average prisoners provide punishment enough to last a lifetime. Of course this does not apply to all inmates, but it is certainly true of many of them.

It is neither the purpose nor the province of The Mirror to laud any one in particular regarding the management of the Minnesota State Prison. The facts speak more eloquently than all the eulogies that could be uttered. The Mirror, however, desires to direct the attention of the public to the fact that no harm is done by the publication of such a volume as Convict Life at the Minnesota State Prison, and much good may result from its compilation and circulation. [158]

There have been prisons and dungeons since the earliest days of recorded history and no doubt such institutions will be in vogue until the end of the universe. Great advancement has been made in the treatment of those who have been so unfortunate as to be segregated from society in general and the publication of facts instead of fancy will be the means of clarifying the

atmosphere considerably as to what is just and humane and of the greatest earthly benefit to men and women who have, either through ignorance, accident, design or viciousness, fallen from grace and become the wards of the commonwealth in a prison or penitentiary.

To the end that the public may be fully and reliably informed of the facts in relation to prison life the volume mentioned must prove to be of great value to all those who peruse its pages with an open mind and a generous heart. (Prison Mirror, July 22, 1909.)



The Great Minnesota State Fair

Hamline, Minn. Midway Between St. Paul and Minneapolis

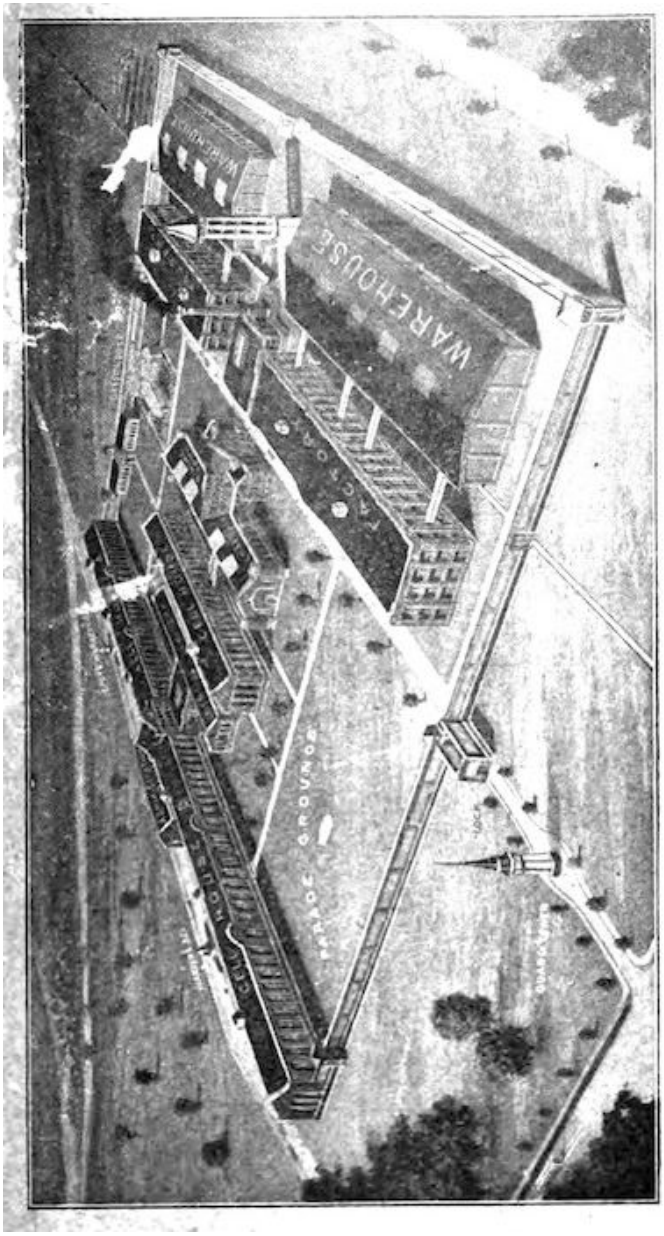
September 6th to 11th, inclusive.

B. F. NELSON, President. C. N. COSGROVE, Secretary.

THE Minnesota State Fair Grounds comprise over 327 acres, covered with upwards of one hundred buildings, including a Live Stock Pavilion of steel and concrete, built at a cost of $110,000. The mile track is credited with being one of the fastest in the United States. It was on this track that "Dan Patch" made the world's record mile in 1:55. A new $200,000 grand-stand, with a seating capacity of 11,000, is now in course of construction, and will be ready for this year's fair.

The total attendance in 1908 was	326,743
The total cash receipts in 1908 were	$291,800.03
The amount spent for advertising in 1908 was	15,416.57
The amount spent for special attractions in 1908 was	27,928.05
The amount paid in premiums in 1908 was	28,049.99
The amount paid in race horse purses in 1908 was	26,476.75

The Minnesota State Fair of 1909 will be a "hummer", opening on Labor Day, September 6th, with a match race between the two fastest horses the world has ever seen—Dan Patch, 1:55; Minor Heir, 1:59½.



Minnesota's New $2,250,000 State Prison Now in Course of Construction

END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CONVICT LIFE AT THE MINNESOTA STATE PRISON, STILLWATER, MINNESOTA

Credits

February 8, 2015

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