

# LETTERS TO EDITOR

Brown County Jail September  
4—Aberdeen American Editor—

Am inclosing you several  
effusions which seem so ridiculous  
(here in jail) that I am in hopes  
they will create a smile on ye face of  
constant reader and lighten their  
load of daily care. Also with view of  
touching your crusted heart to such  
effect that you will donate a copy  
of your esteemed paper for jail con-  
sumption. Beggin your pardon.

Matt Arnold. (Model Prisoner)  
L Box 124 Aberdeen

## ONLY A MOUSE IN JAIL.

A place is vacant in our home  
Which never can be filled.  
Remorseless fate in cruel hate  
Its squeak forever stilled.

It may have been a mother love;  
A heart by sorrow wrung.  
That heard the call and gave its all;  
To save its starving young.

We would not let it live in strife;  
Not let it die in peace.  
On went the chase from place to  
place.  
Oh when shall murder cease.

It had no show of any kind;  
It vainly ran a bout.  
With one faint squeal, beneath a  
heel  
Its tiny light went out.

Thus on life's doubtful honor roll  
Our names we (humans) carve.  
What do we care how rodents fare;  
Or if their young shall starve.

Ab prisoners remark this rule.  
'Tis life you have begrudged—  
And even as that mouse, alas—  
So you too shall be judged.

The judge will play the game with  
you;  
You'll tremble in suspense.  
You'll find out too when he is thru—  
Your hide is on the fence.  
Matt Arnold.