



I don't want to get religious all of a sudden, but it sure did my depraved heart good to see our brave preachers tossing boulders at Mrs. Snyder, the first assistant mechanic to Judd Gray in the murder of Editor Snyder; to whom she was hooked up in snarled New York state matrimonial ties—beyond all possibility of disentanglement.

"He who is without sin"—Yes indeed, our heroic ministers were not slow in passing judgment upon the lady and condemned in no uncertain terms the condition of "her soul"—ha! ha!—the meanwhile eulogizing Gray and his newborn Christianity—ha! ha!—which, all, leads me to think that those divines have no Swedish blood in their arteries or else they belong to the same lodge as Mr. Gray.

Henry Judd Gray, the popular murderer of Editor Snyder, attributes his drunkenness to the "compelling" influence of long, active, frequent and thorough relations with Mrs. Snyder, apparently—he did not drink because he likes booze (hootch)—oh! no?—the relationship made him thirsty—correct as hell madam, but-ton.

Now that that is that, what was it that influenced him to "run for the office of star boarder" aboard Snyder's ship of matrimony?—I hope his desires had nothing to do with it?

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Gray has been severely criticized "as a cheap skate," too tight to let loose of thirty-five cents for a piece of rope; that he went to a five and ten cent store and invested a nickel for picture wire—with which to "truss-up" the editor. Wire in the pocket is less suspicious looking than a lariat.

Unjust, that's wot they are!

The wire was in the office—originally, not for that purpose—and since Gray (drunk) doesn't like booze, he kills the editor against his wishes and commits a series of humpdultery with the ambitious wife, may I not question whether or no such a mental condition would not warrant the belief that picture wire purchased (not for use against Snyder particularly) was there (in the office) to be used for similar purposes "on the road" or to conciliate obstreperous "flappers"—that he is a moron?

Freud may now take the back seat.

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Like Gray, contrary to my wishes and minus better sense, the virtuous author has gone into considerable detail to show the deplorable results of life subordinated (enslaved) under a system of dictation (tyranny)—capitalism.

"Sleep now, here, on that;

"Eat this, there, now;

"Drink IT, this and the other, now, next pay-day.

"Wear these, nothing else but—

"Work fast—hurry-up!

"Die, now, quick—its your turn;

"Murder, steal, rape and lie,"

the system tells you!

But this is the peoples' system; they want it, and they want under it. And, as the blood-curdling Arthur Brisbane would say, they'll keep on wanting—so, I guess its all right.

Give the boys all the eggs they want!

Raw eggs.

P. S.:

There's nothing to indicate the Gray-Snyder jury is going crazy. She, Ruth, won't be electrocuted because jurymen know their neighbors; won't be freed, because, in that case, she would get \$96,000 life insurance. Ah!

Newspapers have pictured so many different murderers lately that its got my goat and is getting on my nerves. Just this day I was sizing up some pictures (in the World): "What a vicious looking trio," says I, and would ye bullieve it, I was horrified to find out they were sweet and innocent "Pulitzer prize winners," darn the luck!

T-b S.