



(Yes, dear; he is back again; he comes and goes with stops and starts—EDITOR)

THAT "TRIPLE THREAT"

Mercy? No; just be yourself!!!

To control one's ferocity is not a part in mercy. Mercy is one of those very unreal things that could not be but for the presence of active ferocity. Therefore, exposition of mercy indirectly identifies such "mercifuls" as ferocious citizens disguised as good samaritans, but better hypocrites.

Better far to be yourself; just natural—and strive to outgrow your FRAILTIES—aiming, always, at higher emprise. For, be it remembered, the exercising of thought in realms of hypocrisy is to surrender it to destruction.

Colorado capitalists, to end the coal strike, shoot down hungry strikers at the slightest sign of enthusiasm or show of anything but strictest dignity. Hunger and reason, thus, are supposed to be concomitants—but what can be said of the "shooter" with his belly full of heavy beans? What of the people of Colorado whose hand is on the trigger as much as is the hand that actually commits that crime against civilization?

Have we come to this?

Would mercy apply here?

Is that not murder?

Could we say, failure to commit cold blooded murder is a graceful act of mercy?

Nay.

I maintain a condition of ferocity is there that cries for correction!

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PENNSYLVANIA—a protegee of the P. R. R. and part of the United States—through its agents the state constabulary, attacks the children of the coal miners and knocks down mothers that rush to the aid of the kids, and drags the whole along the highways to receive first aid from their bountiful stores.

Not much mercy there.

Not much sense either—although it may be that the children were about to attack the brave officers and they merely defended themselves.

Be that as it may, I'm inclined to the belief the circumstance IN REALITY was just another one of those outcroppings of pure, perhaps less violent, ferocity; a punishment for making faces and, in the case of the mother, a beating for being accomplice thereto.

I understand one of the heroic CONSTABLES was bit in the leg by a rabbit.

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New York executes Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. Elliott did not electrocute them—New York was the man! The people pulled the chain. Eight million people in New York City helpt to throw the switch, then went to bed, slept soundly and never saw a ghost.

Ghost? Ah! Excuse me; let us write no more concrete examples of ferocity. Let us rather leave unsaid and unthought, HENCE UNTAUGHT, all such items of mental disorder and wellmeant action of people fighting a losing fight with embattled aberrations. Let us be MERCIFUL in that respect, and make haste to point out the results of all such, well or ill considered, ferociousness.

Does the Christian State of New York know what became of the soul of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray? No! It acted without knowing what it was doing? It knows where the bodies are. Can it be this great commonwealth was only after the bodies? How strange!

All such ferociousness, active or dormant, makes for the brutalization of the people. If not present personally they get the "tremendous" kick second hand from the cold blooded accounts of the "disinterested" press. It is assumed "the mutts" are better men and women after being thoroughly brutalized by yellow sheets—two and three cents per brutalization—buy your own ruin. Sometimes the citizen is too stiff-necked to be brutalized—the sobstuff gets him. "The widows", "the orphans," "the cripples", "the martyrs", "the sole-supports,"—a-ahh! The symptoms of this attack consists of a lump in your throat the size of a small hen's egg, and your eyes brim with tears. The lump cannot be swallowed or thrown up—you're helpless.

But there is a remedy, if used in time! Unfortunately, you can't talk or notify your neighbor of your terrible affliction—he could help you. As it is, don't turn from him to hide your tears. Face him. That is important! All right. When he beholds the tears and your shirt front wet he can guess the "lump" and realize that you're on dead center of a destructive siege of mollycoddleism—emotion — sentimentalism—and if he's any kind of a man at all he'll save you A MODICUM of the "manhood that was" by placing his left hand on your shoulder and unscrewing your nose with his right.

That's the only way to drive the lumps away.

What have we now?

I have three virile points:

No. 1.—Ruined soul, tortured to extreme and finally despatched, somewhere, electrically.

No. 2.—Brutalization by savagery of deeds, and records thereof in blood-thirsty press.

No. 3.—Manhood undermined by periodical sob-stories and mollycoddleized by said perverted and putrescent journals—the sordid, may I say, BRAGMATICAL publications.

All three conditions border on ferocity and make for ferociousness.