

From

*Messenger*  
*Decatur*

Date

*12-11-25***Crime Provokes Rhyme.**

Editor Star-Telegram: I've often read and heard it said, 'it's bad to get in prison'; but now I find that in my mind a healthy doubt has risen. In recent years, it now appears, that after one's convicted he blossoms forth in sterling worth that scarce can be depicted.

We spend much time detecting crime, and try the vile offender; tribunals delve and jurors twelve their verdicts true do render. To duty's call, so say they all, each with his answer ready; they give him hell I'm here to tell, with conscience clear and steady.

All ready, now, with lowering brow, the judge upon him pronounces; with scorching phrase and villain flays and sentence grim pronounces. And now he's bound, the dirty hound, and bottled in confinement; his chains they clank, to dungeon dank, he goes in straight alignment. He's under guard, his work is hard, and be he fat or skinny, they take him down and shave his crown, which caps his ignominy.

We chuckle when he's in the pen, and we are quite elated that we are to our duty true, our task is consummated. The country's saved, we've pawed and raved, enshrining law and order; we hail the time when every crime we'll kick from out our border.

But scarce we sock the bird in hock and master out elation, till o'er our heads, like wind, there spreads a glorious transformation. The guy we've canned and roundly panned, no more appears a ruffian; we've torn our hair and shot hot air—but fact is—we were bluffin'. Vox populi doth raise the cry that justice is offended, we rant and howl, the wrong must be amended. The lawyers of the state deplore that they have prosecuted, and now they pray to free the jay, his guilt must be refuted. Petitions strong we pass along, each paints the culprit whiter; the jury signs, the judge repines he ever tried the blighter.

So, full of hope, we take his dope, and hike us down to Austin, we sing his praise in wondrous lays, superlatives exhaustin'. We plead for him, with Ma and Jim—their hearts they never harden; we sore bewail his woe-ful tale, and Ma she grants the pardon.

And, so I say, it seems today, that crime brings no dejection; but after men get in the pen, they seem to reach perfection.—V. K. Wedgworth, Fort Worth, Texas.