



**SQUEAL, SQUAT AND SQUIRM.**

Once and occasionally some equatic monster raises his snout and squeals at our scalping axe. One fellow will say it is Socialistic, and some one else says it's atheistic, while the fact is, it's Lawsistic, and he knows exactly what noise annoys an oyster, so these folks may just bathe their weary souls and take the big noise easy, for I'm going to give 'em Hannah and rub it in. I'm going to leave hair and hoofs on the bat every time I leave the base.

Now if you ever noticed the fellow who takes cholera morbus every time something begins to smell bad in his party and wants to hang without trial the one who showed it up, is usually a copper-riveted, nickel-plated combination of gall, gab and gas, who is too prejudiced to read of Christ's crucifixion unless it appeared in a subsidized newspaper.

I'd rather be a little cross-eyed nigger boy with no amusement but to wash poodle dogs and chase ripe Tom cats than to be a prejudice-swivelled, stinking hypocrite trying to slander the motive of decent people who try to shun the corruption that oozes out of the old graft-ridden saddle-sores of a hell-bent gang of partisan plugs. I am not such a stupendous ass as to claim that any party has not got good men in it. But I insist on conscientious men helping to rid the official field of

Pickpockets and gamblers, thieves, drunkards and toughs,  
Ex-convicts and sluggards, bar-tenders and roughts.

The motto of The Lash is to either rid the old parties of their dishonest officials

and cleanse it of its corruption, or else get in the life-boat and let the old craft go over the rapids.

It is the duty of every honest man to help fire the rascals out of his party and if he helps to conceal official crimes he's little better than a criminal himself. I know prominent republican leaders who are as crooked as a gourd of fish-worms and three times as nasty; also democrats who will out-lie the devil, and who would steal the slack out of a clothes-line, but the parties are not composed of such men entirely. I am out to harpoon rascality without compromise or respect, and when a limping lobster begins to squirm I know I've hit his sore place hard. I have no roped-in arena, and political pirates are at a premium.

**IS HE WORTH SKINNING?**

Another pestiferous, pinch-brained puke who hails from the sang-digger's slums of the unsettled gorges of North Carolina has recently had a series of acute abdominal pains, and eased himself by trying to convince the people of Oklahoma that he is a specimen of God's odd-lings that grow and mature from natural causes here in the Tar Heel State. I have lost the fellow's name, but he used to den among the skunks and screech-owls back in some of our big mountains. Anyway, he gets a crowd of Oklahoma people together and proves to them that he has never associated with anybody except the rent-off tribes of Duggertown. He tips the top notch when it comes to lying in solid chunks about us. He told tales that would make an Indian squaw hide her roving old face in shame.

Now, young Oklahoma gobbler, North Carolina will likely be the South-East corner of Paradise, where fatty bread and spicewood tea will reign supreme. You call our State a bunch of mountains with a few heathens in hiding. We have mountains, 'tis true, in fact our state is wrinkled up with valleys till you can't conceive its ponderous size, but if it was stretched out like a sheet it would reach from Maine to Oregon; and probably from the West Indies to the North Pole. And our hardy old citizens can grow brains to sell to such hoodlums as you. Of course we can't help you nosing around with the sable-skinned colts of Pluto, as birds of like feather flock together. Skunks never seek the aroma of roses, or buzzards perch above an ice-cream table.

Now the flaunt of this Oklahoma bannanner calls for my resentment as a Tar Heel, and I don't mean to fluke like a coward. I love the Old North State devotedly. Here in childhood I learned the language of her murmuring streams. I have often ascended some mountain top, viewed the wide spread fields and distant hills, and then looked up to the soft, blue skies, feeling that it spanned every spot precious to my memory, and if I should sit silent and let this vulture spew upon our fair state without protesting, I'd hang my head in shame and steal far away, among strangers, to some distant land.

An old hen recently peeped into her nest and saw one of those porcelain nest-eggs, and exclaimed: "By gosh, I'll be a brick-layer next."