



## Read This First

Readers, I offer an apology for this dry issue of *The Lash*. I am the whole machine that makes the darned critter, and I got tired of trying to write, set type and mail the paper in the woodshed, so I kicked the darned thing down the very day I finished mailing out last issue and started a-building me an office, believing that there were twenty-five thousand people who would help a little bit on it. So I have been a-choppin' and nailing and a-sawin' as steady as old Noah was a building the ark.

I have been forced to neglect the newspapers—wouldn't know it, if Bill Taft had foreclosed on heaven and turned the saints out of house and home. I have tried to sit on a nail keg and write a few paragraphs at night, but made a flat failure, and if the presidential candidates don't follow some man's dawg off, I'll make 'em know a hoos hide from a 'possum skin next month. I'll have my new office completed and then I'll start camping on their trail.

I never saw a time when I could use a dollar's worth of subscribers better than now. Will you make a dollar scramble for ten of your friend's dimes? Tell 'em Lash is goin' to make Hannah toe the mark from new on. The Lash is going after rascality from Greenland's icy mountain to Cape Horne's stormy shore. It will continue to smoke its smokeless tobacco till the wind gauge shows politics are right and then it will draw a bead and pull trigger, and there'll sure enough be a funeral in Rascal town, without flowers. The Lash means to show up a corpse for every empty shell or get off the pot.

### OLD-TIME TOOTH YANKIN'.

To all who have had their mouth pulled wrong-side out in the presence of a cold-hearted dentist, I can find a place of warm sympathy to rest the olive branch of my woe-begotten romance. I was a boy once, and had a mouth full of teeth that brought to me more real sorrow than Joseph did to old Abe, who made that coat of many colors. In boyhood I used these decorations of grinnage as a means of defense as well as to ruminate my cad with, but there came a time when I was be-raft of the teeth that had long stood guard over a broad-mouthed gabbling lad. I could not understand why a boy who had always honored his father and mother at the command of a two-horse chinquapin brush would be subjected to the awful calamity of accidentally disclosing to his folks the secret of a loose tooth. Not until I was chased by a waxed thread and the whole family across the cow pasture and up into Berry's Mountain seeking my first loose tooth, could I fully understand why Old Job remarked that life was all vanity and vexation of spirit. At Bunkers Hill was no greater demonstration of valiant warfare than when I was

charged upon with that waxed string that had sought my first crust crusher as its eager conquest. And when the whole family had succeeded in piling themselves upon me about three double, there suddenly came flashing into my memory another passage of Scripture like this:

"Oh, death where is thy sting?  
Oh, wax-thread, where is thy victory?"

The enormous weight upon me forced my mouth open as a necessity and the only thing to do was gasp for breath as the hangman's nooze was slipped over that condemned tooth that was just then enjoying the last stages of its destiny. The flax string was carefully tied, I saw a look of extreme satisfaction pass over each one's face—I began to recall all the mean things I had ever done, I remembered tying two old cats together by the tails and hanging them over the clothes line to see them dig each other about the eye-brows. I could hear the groans of Lee Redman's old mule that accidentally got his tail fastened to a bundle of blazing blade fodder without me having anything at all to do with it. I imagined my old school teacher before me who put on his hat one time at school without emptying out the balls of chew-in' gum. And right here my reflections all came to a sudden halt—that string began its cruel task, the earth rocked, the sky split, light and darkness came together, Moses! nine pints ten-penny nails! Mary Ann! Sweet Caesar in a pumpkin patch! I thought I was riding around the world eleven times a minute on a flyin' Jennie, with two volcanoes in each hand and a cyclone in my hat.

K-r-a-s-h! and it was all over, and I was left again to enjoy seventeen more like occasions as as off as nature saw fit to hand them over to me.

Now all you folks who want to can have your teeth yanked asunder by a blood-thirsty dentist if you feel like it, but as for me, I'd rather wear them out as to have 'em pulled out.

### AWAY DOWN IN GEORGIA.

Gosh, I insist on presenting the Georgia legislature with five bushels of buttons and a scrooch-owl skin with the tail and gars on it for each member. That gang of lazy lobsters who congregate in Atlanta, and try to butt their alleged brains out against the runnin' gears of nonsense, have at last dug up one sensible bill and are all stooped over it slobberin' like a cage of sore mouthed monkeys. Whether they'll kill their new born kid or dress it up for a legislative souvenir, remains a question for further development. When a fellow says they can't do anything "way down in Georgia" except raise cotton and shoot niggers, his gab has the twittar of a treble tom cat, that is only conversant with the back-yard fence. Now *The Lash* declares that they can do some things as well as others down in Georgia. That amazing smart set have kept busy following the meandering of their noses and depolling the pocket-books of the Georgia tax-payers, and up to the great white

light of now, no burning deed of greatness marks their legislative genius, save the late bob-tailed 'abosh they propose to hang onto the marriage qualification in their state. That legislature proposes to build statutory laws against granting marriage license to any fellow who smokes, drinks, chews, or cusses the family cat, parts his hair in the middle, has ugly dreams, or ever loved more girls than one. Yes sir, if they can get their wire muzzles on the Georgian a fellow will have to possess the character of a second-hand saint before he can swear servitude to a young lady in the way of keeping the other end of the pillow smashed flat as a fritter, providing plenty of stove-wood, and Easter bonnets, paying her millinery bills and such like. Wouldn't it beat blue blazes to pass such a law and then just have great d-ces of Georgia girls sporting to get married and no Georgians found competent. Perhaps it would open a matrimonial market for North Carolina wife hunters. We have 'em here in abundance who will marry without having anything or even promising anything to their captive lovers. And worse still, they don't care a huckleberry darn to ever have anything except a big store account and a drove of dirty faced brats with not over half a yard of three cornered clothing in all the world. Hanged if I aint in favor of Georgia passin' about a two-horse load of state legislation and deliverin' it C. O. D. at the front gate of a heap of our Tar-Heel cusses who haven't energy enough to scratch if they had the itch. Honestly, I believe the Almighty ought to job a fellows eyes out and spit in the holes who will raise half a score of hungry brats without even giving them enough to eat once a year. We know several mangy cusses who could sell babies at twenty-five cents each and purchase half of Washington City, yet they are too darned lazy and triffling to even own two pairs of overalls.

Georgians, just keep on threshing out restrictive laws against hobos disgracing wedlock, and if you glut the home market I'll have North Carolina to issue bonds and purchase enough of your surplus to make the Tar-Heel state resemble something more than a western sheep ranch.

When money talks the devil listens.

A fellow who will try to stand for the old stagnated stumpsucker who is trying to roe republican rascality is about the cheapest job nature ever turned loose.

This should be a government of, for and by the people, instead of a government of, for and by Bill Taft and the gang of high-toned thieves and silk stocking thugs for whom he is acting.

Republicanism when last seen was solitary and alone in the wooded wilderness seven hundred and fifty-three miles from any signs of civilization, singing "From Greenland's Icy Mountain" and rubbin' its stomachs. Poor thing, but it's bully for it.

BROTHER, WHEN YOU READ THIS COPY PLEASE PASS IT ON TO YOUR COMRADE, AND ASK HIM TO SUBSCRIBE, WILL YOU?