



NEWSPAPER MEN, SMOKE THIS.

Well, readers, had I lived in the land of Egypt when the plagues made it lonsey as a she-dog, and the Lord had old Pharaoh gallopin' about taking notice, I reckon I would have cracked a few lice, not with the hope of wiping the darned parasites all out of existence, but because such protests would have offered me some slight satisfaction and kept a few square inches of space free from the luxury of scratching. And I expect to manil the corrupt newspaper man over the head for the same reason that I would have expended my best energies amashing lice in Egypt--and with about as little hope of exterminating the plague. Crackin' lice for Pharaoh would have been a picnic as compared with cleansing the newspaper advertising departments of today which are prostituting their columns to dishonest quack medicine fakirs and clever pickpockets. It makes us sick with disgust to glance over the average newspaper and observe the damnable swindles which they boost for hire. How many papers do we find that merit their virtue by their clean advertising? How many will decline the advertisement of a disgusting patent medicine if the pay is guaranteed? I notice on the pages of a sputtering, republican-aborted sheet which assumes the duty of trying to wipe The Lash's nose, that it throws open its columns as a glory-ground to exploit skin-games and swindlers, who by deceptive claims, rob the pockets of cripples, dispoil ignorance and prey upon disease and misfortune. If I had to choose between robbing graves and printing such advertisements for hire as can be found in nine-tenths of the newspapers, I would not hesitate three-quarters of a minute, but proceed to tumble the dead out of their coffins and strip their cold, clammy fingers of their trifling ornaments. I could not harm the dead by thus dispoiling their bodies, but by printing such ads as are common in the newspapers, I would be helping to rob the ignorant and afflicted. When you find the columns of The Lash reeking with such rottenness as "VITAORA", "Free Flesh Builder, Any Man or Woman can now be Plump", "How to Make 4 Quarts of Real Beer for \$1.", "Consumption Cured for \$5", and a hundred other such infernal concoctions designed for the purpose of deceiving the ignorant and afflicted, then bring a mangy jackass over here to Moravian Falls to kick down my sanctum, and I'll bow my head in shame and wander far away to some distant land.

Yes, readers, I prize your general welfare above asking you for your subscription, and then help a gang of soulless, patent medicine sand-baggers and slick tongued scoundrels to rob you while I stand guard. Never on your tin type. By all the gods at once, I'll never thus betray you, not for the gold of Ophir or the cattle on a thousand hills, neither a few dimes of ill-gotten swag swiped from apothecaries and invalids.

DARK DEEDS OF DEMONS.

That pestelence that walketh in darkness, and has long cursed the college campuses of our land, blowing its damning breath of dread into the face of school-boys, often marking its victims with permanent injury and an occasional death, is about to be rounded up at Chapel Hill, N. C., in the human form of W. L. Meriman, A. H. Tryon, R. W. Oldham, A. C. Hatch and other scholars of the Chapel Hill University. These acrid-bearded, bloody-handed criminals now await justice for the cruel murder of young I. W. Raud, of Smithfield, N. C., whom they dragged from his room about midnight on Sept. 13, and murdered upon the college grounds. Since the arrest of these brutes it has developed to the college's everlasting shame and disgrace, that a number of students have been abused to such an extent that they were totally disabled for days--one scholar who was forced to crawl upon his elbows while the students in turn passed behind and kicked him until when carried to medical assistance his spine was found to be fractured. A great record for an institution of learning which asks that you send your sons to college to be returned home the second week in their coffin, slain by a gang of incarnate devils who should be moving in the penitentiary at the command of a warden's raw-hide strap rather than disgracing an institution for preparing young men for usefulness.

Ernest appeals have been made to the faculty asking that rigid rules be enforced against hazing--but the requests were ignored because it did not meet with the scholars' approval. Fathers, can you consent to hereafter cast your sons upon these human cactuses? This occurrence will brand Chapel Hill with a mark as permanent as the curse of Cain. The shameful deed of these sneaking demons will cling to them like Sin Bad's Old Man of the Sea, and the cries of young Raud should haunt them to their very graves.

Every college should be legislated out of business and its doors closed that will not declare against hazing.

But it is all right for this death-dealing practice to be carried on.

Why? Because the great money-mottled millionaire of Durham, N. C., Jule Carr, says: "boys, I'll go on your bond, you shall not go to prison."

So much for that, old Jule, I had you sized up as just so much "punkin" any way, and I don't have to guess now.

We earnestly hope that our next Legislature will consider well this infernal practice countenanced by our colleges, and that boys may be protected who are lured into these death-traps advertised as "institutions of learning"

The leather-winged bats may again return to their roost in the dome of our national capitol, the ruptured gas-bags and legislative jackasses have returned for a few week to sober up.

DO YOU KNOW THE BUDDY?

Mr. Prohibitionist, I want to introduce you to John Barleycorn.

Don't know him do ye? He's the dirty disciple over whom you swore such a mighty swear and bared such a mighty tear, when you were calling democracy the sword that saved us North Carolinians from one long continuous jag. You just tooted your little ram's horn and tried to tear down Jericho and kill the devil all in one day.

You acted then as if democracy and the good Lord were first cousins, and were both workin' at the same table.

And now your Uncle Wooden Wilson has gone and made you swallow your cud, hasn't he, by the stand he takes for local option?

You wanted prohibition when democracy wanted it, and you told the Lord you wanted it some bad, but when your Wooden rod says he wants local option you are ready to say: "me too, Lord."

Now Mr. Went-to-prayer-about-it, are you goin' to turn around and vote for something you told the Lord you didn't want?

It is little wonder your reversable, wisha-washa prayers doesn't ascend higher than a hair-lipped Dutchman can spit butter-milk. If the Lord was to answer your prayers the same day you would be wantin' him to exchange for something else.

Now all you good democrats who voted for prohibition and prayed for it till the shingles rattled on the church rafters, and now want to vote for local option-Wilson, please send your name and address to Booze-soaker headquarters and get a full quart of "Old Henry" to wash down your prayers with so you can come across and vote for more likker.

I'm not goin' to vote for anybody who favors more of the stufh than we have now.

Mr. Prohibitionist, did I hear you say something like that?

When a nice man tells me there is no harm in likker, I try to believe him to the full extent of my ability, but I remember a little experience of my own. I don't know whether I was drunk or not, but if I weren't I had some of the most natural symptoms a fellow ever had and kept sober. I was something over two hours goin' two hundred yards along a straight road, lost my hat and couldn't find it, tried to open the door by the pull-bell, hicoughed faster than two auctioneers could keep tally; and in sitting down onto a chair, I didn't wait long enough for it to get quite under me, when it was goin' around and missed the darned thing about twelve inches, and couldn't get up quick enough to take the next one that went by. It seemed that everything that I had ever eaten in my life wanted to come to the surface, and if I hadn't pulled my boots off just as I did, I believe they'd a-come thunderin' up too.

I always did wonder if I got boozey, but reckon I never will know for sure, anyway I found out that old John Barleycorn couldn't be treated as far as a bow-legged girl can jump with a tubbie-skirt on.