



SOME GOOD TOOLS FOR LADS.

Some of our literary quill jerkers have inked some whappin' big essays on the subject of good raisin'. A great many of them have done bully, but there's oodlins to say yet without spoiling it.

Every few days there's children bein' raised somewhere or other, and to know just how to do it is considered a great art.

About the best article to have layin' around loose for children to mess with, is a chunk of old-fashioned honesty—the kind that wont sour over night.

The Lash declares honesty is a science. It was never born in a boy any more than was the ability to spell Nebuddkenoozer right the first time.

It took two winters, a multitude of gum hickories and fortitude enough to lick a whole army of Turks before I fully mastered that word, and either Noah Webster or I one, are sorter spraddled yet bout the right way to spell it.

Then there's another tool that is bully for a youngster to have in hewin' his way thru the early years of his adversity, and that is the art of bein' at home of nights when the bedtime whistle blows.

I learned it when I was a lad.

That art was as familiar to me as corn-bread and sow bosom for breakfast.

I knew it by heart.

It was the eleventh commandment in my catechism.

Dad taught it to the whole push of us while we were brats, and if one of us were a little slow about learnin' it we were invited out to the woodshed, and there the art was explained to us so that we got hold of the idea forever and amen.

Now-days, by the time a dinkey little dude is old enough to kick off his trianglar bird's eye swaddlings, he's out and gone at night-fall wandering far away, with only the Lord and himself on to the racket.

WE'RE DONE GONE FOR. A-WHILE.

Ding, dong; ding, dong; toot, toot, toot, and The Lash has steamed out from the political depot. Good-by wind-chuggers, I leave your glimmering tanks for a while.

I shall retire from politics and let the wounded atmosphere heal from the foul stroke of the loud-mouth blabsters and hair-brained bubblejocks.

Our high officials will again flatter Mammon for their fodder and slobber over everything the plutes

demand for another four years.

Probably the earth will continue to grind around on its axletree while our political doctors dally with the dudes and continue to serve for hire—pander to trusts and corporations for stray pennies, and that's no lie, but it's strong language that will find echo in the heart of this mighty nation.

Official extravagance will continue, the vulture of prey will fly on with wings uncropped, graft will flourish as a bay-tree and the loud-smelling old stable of corruption remain uncleansed.

We only continue to view the danger-line which is drawn between the capitalist and the laborer—between the man who has millions in excess of his needs and the man whose chief capital is a strong arm, a slice of cold corn pone and a soup bone.

Something must be done to make the working man feel that he too, has a country and that it is in every truth "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Something to give him courage to say to the employing capitalists: "I'm your fellow countryman, not your slave, you can have my labor by giving me a just proportion of its products, I adhere to these principles, and they are not for sale or rent."

REJOICE DOWN IN YOUR CRAW.

And high cost of livin' is now over with, all but pickin' your teeth and takin' a pill.

Mr. Woodpile Willsoon is goin' to waltz the old pirate around the rink and call down the high cost of hog and hominy, and if he doesn't make it ante, we'll plant Mr. Woodpile in the Taft patch next time we get a whack at his wish-bone and let the political ghosts dance on his official monument.

We believe Democracy can bring it down like hog hides skootin' down a greased pole, because it holds the original patent on cheap soup.

It is the only party known or unknown that can build enough soup with one old Shanghi rooster to float a war ship.

Bgosh it done it, thank you.

Besides they gave us free soup when democracy bossed the grub counter under Grover.

Then say they can't make livin' cheaper?

With a fair chance, I believe the donkey party could make a black-snake straddle a log, or even cause bones to grow in butter-milk.

Swat it over the head Uncle Wooden thing, knock it down and sit on it, make high cost o' grub beg for mercy.

I've run my thinker over the situation goin' and coming, and I've concluded that there is about as much glory in founderin' on free soup as there is in starvin' to death on foot. Take your choice. One is as bad as the other and a blamed sight worse.

We know what it is to eat dried apples for breakfast, drink water for dinner, and swell up for supper. And when you propose to lower the price we have to pay for rations to keep Sallie and the babies alive, you have poked your voice in at the window of our soul and sung a song that sounds sweeter than the golden harps of Fairy Land.

We know what it means to borrow second-hand biscuits and not be able to pay them back in a week.

We have heard the hoarse howl of the wolf at our cabin door more times than one.

We have struggled with every degree of poverty and feel proud of it, but don't understand me to say I love it.

And when we survey the prime cause of most of these conditions coupled with the woeful waste and excessive extravagance of those we suffer to sit upon the official throne, it demands our notice.

Into the world there's talent born.

But without means to back it—

Millions of true and honest hearts

Beat 'neath a ragged jacket.

Don't come home on Xmas night walkin' like this.

Somebody said once that the good die young somebody else said the younger the better. I recon not to be born at all would be a sure dead thing.

The Wilsonites tell us they are raisin' cotton all ready instead of raising Cain. Now we are not having any measly fits about cotton goin' any higher, our shirt tail has been so short we've been a wearin' sinkers on it to keep it in our breeches.

Mr., we hate to make you feel like 30 cents by maulin' away on your dear political party, but when we catch a cuss stealin' the gimlet we make a practice of hitting him square between the horns.

Mr. Taft sent the republican party up Salt River with its tail frozen to its belly-band and both optics draggin' in the mud. Yes Selah.