



TO THE SUFFRAGETTES.

My dear Miss Suffratette:—I have been thinking over your proposed political project, and would be glad to spread myself and my energies at your feet, in any cause that I thought was for your happiness and final success.

I am in favor of women, and they can own me at any moment by asking for me, or sending me a letter.

I owe them my existence, and my first virtues. Woman has done for me what no man could or would do.

And I insist that lovely woman is given most everything she happens to want, from a steamboat down to a fuzzy-tailed poodle dog.

I wouldn't deny her anything if I could, and couldn't if I would, for I aint built that way; but my advice is to stay right where you are, and not try to spit in your hands and get a better hold or you might lose your entire grip.

"General" Rosalie Jones, if you get hold of the ballot-box what reformations do you propose?

I've never seen your platform.

You will vote against whisky, I suppose, and tobacco and whiskers, and club rooms, and trottin' horses, and pitching cents, and staying out late at night, and lots of this kind of male iniquity, but what are you going to vote for?

You will have to vote against trial by jury, and dispose of them or you will have to sit on jury, and that would be mighty stylish—eight men and four women locked up in a jury room all night together, on bread and water, with your husbands peepin' thru the key-holes to see how the verdict is going.

You will have to vote against all kinds of house-work, for how can you run the United States government, if you are kept busy patchin' the gable end of breeches all the time?

You will have to vote against any more human beings making their appearance, for who is going to nourish the babe while you are down at the town hall trying to elect some whiskered Miss Nancy for a favorite constable; your husband can't do it anyhow, unless you have him reconstructed.

Suppose you could vote today, do you know any woman on earth whom you would vote for, I mean an unmarried woman like yourself?

Miss Suffragette, the more I grind these things in my mind, the more I think you had better turn your attention towards harvesting a good husband and study how to transform an humble cottage into a happy home gilded with God's own glory—make a husband play the lover thru a whole life time, and rear a crop of boy babies fit to be president, instead of holding woman conventions, or galloping over the country in company with a set of long-haired, immoral cusses, who haven't any reputation to spare, and who will cheat you out of what you have, if they can.

MONKEY'S DEAD.

Monkey's dead, hee, hee, hee! The Cincinnati Post gives out the sad news that "Monkey", the pugdog of Mrs. Harry Jackson, 545, West 7th Ave.,

is dead, dead, dead!

Mrs. Jackson sat Tuesday weepin' tears as big as hoss-apples beside the coffin of "Monkey". Friends heaped flowers upon the costly casket, and a procession of fifteen carriages followed the hearse to the barying ground.

Boo hoo, hoo, stop and let's hunt our tear jug and squeeze a few briny draps into it. Poor woman, I'm sorry the god of her dreams and the idol of her wakings has tuckered out. She hasn't anything now to lavish her affections on, and no doubt they'll soon sour.

But "Monkey" has gone glimmerin' and left the good lady's heart to flumix about in grief.

Three thousand dollars paid out to the doctors who attended "Monkey", and in the same city there are three thousand ragged, hungry children who have never heard a sermon preached.

A prattling babe would have been a silly thing in that rich home, but glory be to dawgs!

It's amusing to the devil what is happening among the gold gilded aristocracy, who make vanity their idol and dogs their golden calf.

LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE.



AND THE DUNKEY SWIPED HIS SMILE.

Goin' to leave the White House, the blamed thing's haunted—

Goin' down the road for to rest me a spell; Don't know when I'm comin' back to see it, Sometimes a fellow can't always tell.

Fact is, Woodrow's got the place rented, Donkey's goin' to graze on the White House lawn—

Elephant's dead as a salt water herring, Steam-roller coddled, and the lynch-pins gone.

Platform kerfumbled—the bottom droppin' out Band-wagon mired—hosses all a-balkin'.

Silence is a big noise made by the 'patters, Ted's lookin' toothey and the governor's still a-talkin'.

I've wore out my welcome so I must hike along, We're all a feelin' blue and sorry sore, Just let the donkey grin, he knows he's comin' in.

Fat folks are out of style, nobody seems to love 'em any more.

KEROSENE STILL GOES HIGHER.

It just seems as if that old long-cheeked, bony-snouted John Rockey can't get comfortably fixed for turning up his toes without sucking in a few million dollars more to feather his nest with.

Of course John's no hog, for a hog does know when it gets enough.

It's gettin' about time for the old stag to "cash in", but he seems to imagine he's goin' to live forever—no doubt he dreams of being chloroformed at the Judgement Day, but he's off his trolly a bit.

One of these days, and it won't be long, perhaps when he's focusing one eye on some poor devil's last dollar, Death's goin' to come along and say to him "play ball" and the world's most money-mad miser will have to truckle on to that court whose Judge is supremely just.

There'll be no "packed" jurors.

There'll be no reversing of decisions.

There'll be no petty fines imposed, but he must answer for his miserable and hoggish deeds all in one solid lump.

All the suffering and heartaches, all the crime born of need, and all the despair begotten of his damnable extortion, will form one shrieking moan like angry thunder galloping after thunder thru the bowels of the earth. Because he has helped to force want and misery upon ten millions of laboring people, and taken their humble earnings to heap upon his millions.

Every dollar of John Rockefeller's millions has been coined from the life-blood of labor—those who light their lowly cabin with a kerosene lamp, those who have never been able to blend the blackness of night into day by an electric arc light, and down like an eagle, upon dependent humanity John still burries his deadly talons of Greed.

Reader, did you ever think how much work it requires to publish a newspaper?

This issue of The Lash will cost over two hundred dollars.

Now suppose every reader should neglect to send in any subscriptions for a month, next month I would have to go out of business.

Have you ever sent in a club to this paper? If not, then will you help us out by securing at least three new readers before next issue?

We haven't a cent of income except thru those who are raising subscriptions to The Lash.

Perhaps few of our readers have trod a more rugged path.

We started out into the world at 20 years of age without any education or a dollar in cash, and our richest estate today is the thirty-five thousand readers who are holding our destiny in their hands.

We receive no revenue from fake medicine men for advertising their damnable frauds, we pander to no party for hire, but shall ever be found helping to bear the poor man's burden, and expose such as prove to be his enemies, whether we are smiled or frowned upon.

Now Comrades, I'm going to ask you to show your interest in our success, by sending in a club this month. Will you do it?

Bill Coleman