



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The editor of The Lash glides swiftly into his new britches this morning and joins in the celebration of the "glorious" Fourth, but what for?

If my memory serves me right, I believe this is the date that antiquity declares that the devil, (surnamed Belzebub,) wiggled his way into the Garden of Eden, and without a single trump in his hand, beat our two original ancestors out of joy and glory hallelujah forever.

Now that was an uncommon poor trade for the whole family, and the result of the game caused the seed of woman to continually be after Mr. Snake with a long pole.

And it is also customary I believe, on July 4th to make the eagle scream—to fight o'er again all the gory battles of the Republic, from Lexington's defeat to the glorious victory of the Democratic party last fall. But I fail to find the glory in boasts of war. I had rather see the barbarous sword beat into peaceful plowshares and strife forever banished.

"War is Hell," Sherman said, and I have no encyclopedia from which to sponge my information to offer in the way of a denial.

Of course my knowledge, like my experience in war could all be written upon a bat's wing, but when my knowledge gives out I draw on my imagination, which I am well supplied with.

I have about as much respect for war as I have for an old club-footed louse that has spent its life shuffling on the woolly summit of a Georgia nigger. And as for me, the louse is one piece of vital creation I actually hate.

I simply despise snakes, fear muskeeters, avoid fleas, don't associate with toads and back square but for a hornet, but old lady louse has been a victim of my envy since away back in the alphabet of my memory when I sat on the flat side of a slab at school and spelled out of Webster's old blue-back with one hand and stirred the top of my head with the other.

Any way with these around us, we'll spend a moment for the 4th even old

Solomon in his Proverbs was dumb as an oyster about this day; but he was perhaps better at writing Proverbs than he was on delivering 4th of July orations, in fact when a fellow gets to chinnin' about with a thousand women and buying candy and chewin' gum for seven hundred more, his industrious observation wouldn't be likely to come to a focus if he should meet the 4th of July at a picnic with Christmas on one arm and Easter Sunday in its pocket.

HOLD YER TATER BROTHER, IT'S COMING!

Oh, glory hallelujah!

Jordan's road no more is rocky.

High tariff shall no more play Old Man of The Sea to the industrial Sinbada.

Soon the bushes will be growing flapjacks and the song of contentment be heard in the land.

Labor is preparing to enter an industrial Eden.

The multiplication of millionaires and mendicants is a dispensation of Providence which "ordereth all things well", but Oscar Underwood has applied the Xray of progress to "Providence", and Democracy has commenced operating on it.

Political faith doctors have been bamboozling the Samsons of Labor, and the concious of their terrible strength, they continue grinding the Philistine corn of patience.

Tariff revision is now the star of hope—the haven for all our ills.

Soon the "high cost of living" will be forever hushed.

It's tariff now then comes the pitiful farce played with the currency.

How long will Labor submit to this miserable hocus-pocus on the part of politicians whose battle cry is "pie?"

Soon the laborers are going to grow weary of shifting from tweedledum to tweedledee—tired of turning one set of wretched rascals out to turn another in. Then what will happen? Will the people who have been impoverished to supply the insatiable greed of a pack of industrial wolves, surrender and sink into abject slavery, or rise in bloody rebellion against

their bosses?

And while the spokesman for plutocracy assures us that all is well, we are going to keep right on plastering corns to cure cramp colic until something breaks.

That's what we'll do.

Better go ask your congressman about it. He can tell you what to do to be saved.

He'll arrange it if you'll but give him an opportunity to draw \$5,000 per annum and clerk hire for distributing pumpkinseed and postoffices. Just touch the ballot box button and he'll drag the million by the ears.

THE WORLD'S STINKLING.

I have discovered sir, that the English language is a runt.

I have ransacked every word department from the damheskin of Italians to the helpuskin indulged in by chattering savages. Chased every descriptive adjective thru the slums of profanity till they grew weak, staggered and gave out, without finding a single word which I would attempt to use to describe a featherless, two legged animal which is neither man nor ape; whose mug is an infringement on that of a sick buzzard, and his babblings the pus of malodorous maggots.

We find words to describe old John D. Rockefeller who is so infernal stingy that he often fills his belly with warm water to cheat it into the belief that it has had a warm meal, who has been caught stealing from himself, and was once heard discussing the matter in his sleep, whether it is cheaper to go lousy or buy a fine comb.

We can find lingo to fit brazen liars and conscienceless robbers, including every type from old Judas Iscariot down to the editor of a standpat republican newspaper, but to dress up in words, this gila monster who was hatched in the marshy fens of some dismal swamp, from the addled egg of an asp, and is hiding in some opium den or nigger variety dive to avoid a lead of buck shot for vile insults offered pure men and women, we are short of words to describe him. All

other candidates for coarseness, thru all ages are but white winged angels by comparison. A crayon made of the darkness which Moses laid upon the land of Egypt would make a white mark upon his soul. His heart is a green worm that feeds upon gall. He has moral gangreen and his odor of morality would give a polecat convulsions.

This animal is Dr. A. T. Abernethy.

Behold him!

The meanest of mankind.

Observe him well, for it has required six thousand years to produce him, and the world may never look upon him like again. He is a concentration of all the ulcers on society for sixty centuries. We are taught that Providence creates nothing in vain, and this is why we charge it not with his existence.

It is no common mortal whose memory he would defame, but the one who slept in Joseph's tomb,—He who caused the golden bell of Hope to ring out its sweet message o'er Bethlehem's hills nineteen hundred years ago, and which will continue to ring till time shall be no more.

Without apologizing to the lowly Nazarene, whose social teachings are graven in letters of gold upon the great heart of Christianity, he says "all socialists should be in hell where they belong." Thus all who choose to accept the doctrine of socialism, with Christ himself included, are adjudged.

By whom?

By A. T. Abernethy, the one whose whole moral code can be written upon the face of a nickle, and his Christianity poked into the peth of a horse hair, and rattle like a bean in a molasses boiler.

We can but wonder what will become of A. T. Abernethy when the breath leaves his foul body and death calms the rattle of his poisonous brain, for he is unfit for heaven and too fool for hell. The dirty rascal seems to be a white elephant on the hands of Providence, and I'm anxious to know what it will do with him.

If you don't like The Lash, spit on it, just groan, grin and swear, but it over the head and sit on it if you please, you can't make it take back a word.