



**HELL, AND WHERE IS IT**

Russellism and several other honorisms have been conducting a religious scrap about what hell is, and which way you have to go to find it, and if anybody has any late information along the line, I'd be glad if they'd call up this office.

Now I would not suggest any reform in the ministerial field whatever, or advise, but it must force a fellow to draw on his imagination a little bit to see the picture of endless torment as a great many preachers pack it up. I recently heard a little 22 calibre short, denominational cyclone take the task of picturing hell to his congregation; he chewed up a two-horse load of elocution and spit it down the throats of a big crowd and when he finished up his voice sounded like hollerin' in a rain barrel and sweat was dripping off his ears and a couple of ignorant fellows scared bet crazy. His sermon was so hot you could almost smell burnt leather. His entreaty was rather a preventative—an admonition to flank old Nick and take to the woods to dodge destruction, never mentioning the unfading glories a Christian will finally inherit. And if glory has as many degrees of altitude as hell has locations according to different denominations, then the saints will have to have a McNelly pocket map to tell when he gets there.

You see one fellow preaches hell is here in the world, another that it is located in the middle of the earth where it is so hot an apple as big as the Rocky Mountains would melt in less than two winks of a rooster's eye. Then here comes along a brand new ecclesiastical quidnunk and says that the latest slice from the old web-footed goose of wisdom is, that the sun is hell. So you see that while one solemn old nigger tells the world that hell is a lake of fire where aristo-cratic sinners can paddle around on a brimstone lake in an old kettle, another good parson points up toward the sun on a sultry August noon and tells the blacked old nigger unless he gets down on his knees and says his little "Now I believe" and repents and is sprinkled with water, a heap of blues and quackery

paying for Sunday School papers and white silk ves's for the minister, and stands to the financial rack without nickerin' that he will wake up some morning and find himself up there in the sun, blistered from Genesis to Revelations, thirsty as a prohibitionist, and not a bottle of soda-pop in a million miles—beggin' for a glass of near-beer to cool his parched hind legs in.

Now what we need in this country to make bills bleat and take notice, is a hell that the wayfaring man, tho a democrat or a republican can see without a spy glass. You see the way it's gettin' to be now, if the wicked want to find out anything about the hereafter, he has to take it second-handed from some minister who has not seen it himself, but got his idea from somebody else who maybe dreamed it out.

**ADAM, EVE AND THE DEVIL.**

One time the Lord planted a garden of truck eastward in Eden and that garden just spread itself all over the world that the Lord had made.

And in that garden the Lord put the straddlin', six-foot he-thing called man.

The garden was just jammed full of plenty to eat and wear, and fuel and shelter.

And the Lord said to His renter, says He: "The seeds of all the fruit herein thou shall plant, and lo! the harvest thereof shall be a thousand fold. Never shalt thou lack or go hungry, or cold while the sun shineth or the waters nourish the land." That was the day that man was made and the earth and the fullness thereof was his.

So the Lord went off a visiting, and one day there came along, a stump-tailed moccasin with a gold crown on his head and his hair parted in the middle.

And the wife of the man who owned the garden was sitting under a Ben Davis apple tree.

And the snake he smiled a smole and winked a wicked wunk and wiggled up close beside the lady, and he said unto her, said he: "Where's that measly old man of yours?"

The lady she sniggered at the words of the snake and said, "He's asleep back of the barn."

"How would you like me for a boss?" said the snake.

"For a what?" said the lady. You see the Lord had never mentioned a word about any boss, and the lady didn't know what it was.

"For a boss," said the snake. "Let me have this garden for myself and you and the old man and all your offspring can gather the fruits thereof and bring them to me, and I will feed you enough to keep you at work."

And the lady was charmed with the old cuss's logic, and she said unto him, "Let's go wake up the old man and tell him of your plan."

So the snake and the lady hiked out to where the old man lay a-snoozin' his snooze, and woke him up and told him all that the snake had said, and the old man bit like a bass.

"That's one thing the Lord overlooked" quoth the man. "He forgot to give me a boss. Now my happiness is complete. Take unto thyself, oh, snake, this garden and grant that I may sweat my brow with much sweat for thy sake!

And so it was done unto man even as he had voted for it. And it remaineth so even to this day.

**THE BIG PICNIC EXCURSION**

Heigh there, John Henry, and all you girls who want sweethearts!

I've got a message that will make you laugh kinks in your neck—tickle every square inch of your pink cuticle from your benighted boots clear to that anger-hole in your face that fits a boarding-house hiscut.

I want to make you feel like you were fresh married to everybody and couldn't help it.

You know there's no substitute for

feelin' good, and about twenty-five miles square of it is bully to have when you get down in the mouth and feel like you want to pick a fuss with a shoe wagon.

Now I'm goin' to invite you to a picnic, where the scissor-billed clown who makes The Lash is goin' to dance the hooche-cooche, stand on his head and kick a hole in the air as big as a sugar-barrel and jump thru it.

Old Sister Toogood, and Obadiah Poor-devil is goin' to wait on you with a wheelbarrow load of pudding and plums that will make you wish your throat was as long as a clothes-line and you could taste all the way down.

Look here, I want every mother's son of you, and everybody else who hasn't been lightning-struck or lynched to go with us on this big picnic excursion, which starts today, and will stop and take on passengers at every station from Pan Handle to Poker Flats.

Round fare is only Fifteen Cents.

Just wrap up a dime and a half in a brick-bat and throw it at our head, and if you don't stand up and swear that you've got your money's worth before you pass two stations, then b-hanged if I don't eat my old breeches for salad, and hire to the Salvation Army to sing bass.

Now Comrades, Brothers, Friends, and everybody whose generosity hasn't grown fast to their ribs, loan fifteen cents to the Lash wielder and take it in burnt leather delivered at your office every month.

Remember there'll be no particular brand of politics served on the trip. You may worahip Woodrow, slobber all over the Bull-moose or sing hallelujah with the the Socialists and we'll not turn the hose on you.

Now while the band plays "Comin' thru the Rye," I want thirty seven thousand of you good Samaritans with hearts so big your clothes won't meet, to get out and hustle an hour for The Lash—work like you had seventeen babies, and not a mouthful in the house to eat, corn nine dollars a bushel, and no meat to be had—don't let up till you have secured a dozen subscribers and chink enough to pay for them, and we'll commence to make the paper the wildest, wildest sheet that Uncle Sam ever maddled over the hills in his mail bags.

Swat the measly sinners of Mammoth!

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