



KERPLUNK! And High Tariff Is Gone.

Take a good long fat breath. Jam your lungs full clean to the muzzle, and then yawn like an old settin' goose.

The tariff tax is now knocked heels over appetite.

So we have a free list for nearly all the necessities of life.

Woodrow put his fist to it, and the people saw it was so.

As soon as our country merchants sell out the brogan shoes and sturdy clothes which they have paid the tariff on, you can then get your boots for a song, and probably whistle out a pair of breeches if your mouth has the right pucker for it.

BUT

the combination of capital will organize and control the purchase of all foreign goods and set the price as it has done in the past.

WHEN

the feathers and fuzz have ceased flying, it will be discovered that the democratic congress has only kept its pledge with those who elected it, and no blame will be attached to its members.

JOHN HENRY

sits around suckin' his thumb and waiting for the high cost o' living to come essoin' down, but he can have his waster fixed and wiggle along for a spell yet. He need not expect cheap living to land a straddle of his neck so long as he practices such wilful extravagance as paying the city barber 25 cents to shave off the three dwarfish whiskers on his chin, have his patent leathers shined on a credit, rolling half a dozen two-story linen collars a week, by screwin' his cabbage-head around in them, looking like a grocery wagon with the side-boards on.

We have all been going at a gate that has made us poor. We have watched the aristocracy select their choice eating and fine duds, and try to trot along behind them, not realizing that the elephant has tramped upon our pocket book and mashed the "holy tar" out of it.

We must return to more economic living—such as hog and hominy, beans and butter-milk—leave fine whines and under-

mented grape juice to chaw-talker Billy Bryan who can scarcely live on twelve thousand dollars a year.

And then, if you girls would return to home-tailored dresses and home-knit hose in place of silk ones, it would help some; I'm sure it would close the slit in gowns. Then men would be left to guess as to whether Miss Fannie had on one or two petticoats, instead of knowing that she wore none, for as long as a woman can keep a man guessing she has a cinch on him in some way.

No, Nicodemus, don't think because the tariff tax has been taken off that you can tickle the garden with a hoe, and it will bring pumpkin pie.

Time only will tell us whether a free tariff bill were right or wrong, but until it has been proven a failure, we say:

BULLY FOR THE DONKEY!

How Tumbo Ate Fried White Man.

Yesterday I accidentally hunched my roaving optics upon a copy of the "Missionary Arc-Light," and as a result, I became a little bit dazzled.

Its tear-jug was well adjusted, and briny weeps were oozin' out of every column for the poor heathen Johnnies over in pagan lands, but not one word of sympathy was available for our American hoodlums at home.

That paper has in it a history of old Bwano Tumbo, a cannibal chief that was captured on the South Sea Islands, and tells how he dined on fried human hams, and bodied niggers to make gravy.

Old Tumbo claimed that white man tasted like pork, only more so, but said little children was the best meat.

The Arc Light's story of Tumbo is one of unspeakable horror.

But thunder! Old Bwano's Faiji stunts are being pulled off daily all over these capitalist-ridden, devil-smitten United States of ours.

We have thousands of big business cannibals here in America who have old Bwano skinned to a finish.

Our mills and mines devour little children with bigger and bloodier jaws than ever Mr. Tumbo dreamed of. The only difference is, that our cannibal chiefs eat the victims raw and in lingering style, while old Tumbo knocked them in the head and cooked them and the agony was all over.

People, who without useful work, live on the sweat of those who produce, without leaving them a sufficient portion to feed themselves, their wives and children, are doing mathematically the very same as Tumbo who devoured human bodies.

Our high officials are perfectly willing to stain their fists in the blood of famished fathers, mothers and children who have struck for wages sufficient to buy the bare necessities of life.

Many times have different governors called out the militia to shoot and bayonet the outraged workers whose bellies called for more food and whose shivering backs cried for more raiment. These authorities cringe to the beck and call of the damndest aggregation of voracious cannibals that ever devoured flesh and blood.

The "Arc-Light" has a plenty of horrible tragedies in our home country about which to harp, without directing its hypocritical snuffles to a gang of foreign niggers who if in heaven, would steal the eternal throne if it wasn't spiked down.

I'd rather see a thousand saddle-complected foreign niggers short on saving grace than to hear one American baby crying for bread.

While we are peddling high-priced saving graces in pagan lands, our own country is cursed with godless heathens and reeking with crime.

Our banks apply to New York for capital to loan our business men; and New York has it by millions which it is eager to loan at interest; yet it is estimated that five thousand children perish in that city every year for lack of food—within sound of silver platters and merry feasts, famished children fight like wild beasts for the scraps that are thrown the garbage barrels of the wealthy.

And The Lash is inclined to think that it will be time enough to carry bibles to barbarians when our own children are provided with bread.

Oh, Democracy, Democracy!

Sulzer's impeachment court in New York, nails Democracy to the cross.

It issues to the Wall Street wolf, Murphy, a patent on dictatorship.

It erects a barrier between Dives and Lazarus.

Its decision is a crime against the honesty of American politics—a dagger driven to the very vitals of pure Democracy—a foul blasphemy of Liberty.

The decision, as handed down reads like the special pleadings of a set of jack-leg lawyers defending a gang of rich but notorious robbers caught despoiling the pantries of the poor.

Wall Street's victory is a challenge to destiny—it is foolish Philistines mocking Sampson, as he stands with giant arms encircling the pillars of our political temple.

Every Romish advance in America is only developing the embryo of that merciless many-headed monster, who writes its awful rebuke in fire and blood.

It is as impossible for a big rich rascal to go to prison as it is for a camel to trot thru a needle's eye.

I am about seven-eighths of a mind to declare that a Catholic priest can't be an honest man. There's but one thing I'd rent, loan or lend to an old priest and expect to come out even, and that would be a bar of soap.

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