



Scientific Farming With Gas.

Farming like most everything else is now being conducted in a scientific manner. The fellow who doesn't entirely ignore all the former customs from planting Johnson grass down to dedicating a squash patch is considered a backwoods ass too ignorant to go in when it rains. It's certainly wonderful to live in the age of the printing press and the campaign lie, the nickel-plated dude and farming with official gas.

It must be amazing to the big fat-headed jabberwocks how a poor devil hustled his hash before their hot air pumps were brought into service.

The newspaper man can generally offer more suggestions to the farmer or about the construction of good roads and know less about it than any source of knowledge save an east wind.

Take the average newspaper writer who can yoop and cavort to the public about farming, and he could demonstrate about as much practical judgement as a she monkey. Yet they can tell the farmer in flowing lingo how and when to plant everything from pumpkin seed up to the papers at the county home.

The Agriculture Department loads up a train with a gang of bald-headed big-eyes armed with pencils and paper, and as the train glides thru the fields of cotton and corn they poke their heads out of the car window and gather "data" for the department. And should that gom of high salaried guys have to hike out to heaven's-foot or tell a sun-flower from Fear Richard's Almanac, it would put the whole capoodle on the run.

Bats and buzzards of Sodom!

If there is anything more disgusting to the farmer than these straddling jabberwocks, then we'd like for you to write it on a ripe goose egg and scramble it on the tail of an old Catholic priest's Mother Hubbard dress.

Men whose ability warrant them to advise, or donate discoveries in the application of farming should be welcomed with a glad hand, but these water-drinking who are out on a fat sal-

ary trying to offer their forty-legged night-mares for sale, should be loaded into a hog train and imported to Cugulo.

Some Singing, Doncherknow?

FROM THE FOOL-KILLER.

There is a certain kind of unearthly screeching that they call "fashionable singing."

Ever hear any of it?

If not, you've missed a treat.

Just go into most any city church on Sunday morning and they'll give you a sample of it.

Here's how you'll know when it's a-comin'. You'll see somebody go to the piano or pipe organ and begin to claw over the keys like a puppy digging for a ground-mouse. Then you'll see a young lady march out onto the stage with her arms full of sheet music and her face set like the time-lock on a national bank. She stops and gazes over the audience as solemnly as a convict in the electric chair. Then she unfolds her music and begins to pucker her mouth till it looks like the blossom end of a swivelled cucumber. Everybody holds their breath. Something awful is about to happen.

Suddenly the young lady's mouth opens like the nose end of a tobacco sack and you hear a noise that sounds like pulling a yard of bologna sausage through a tin horn. Her eyes seem to bore through the ceiling like two left-handed gimlets and her throat works like a frog swallowing a June-bug. Her voice seems to have been made in joints and put together with brass rings and it rattles against her Adam's apple like dragging a log-chain over a bridge.

The audience leans forward and drinks

it in like a young cat-bird eating a worm. Of course nobody understands a word of the song, and if they did, the song would be a failure. It wouldn't be "fashionable singing." The only thing required of you is to sit there like a chicken with the gapes and drink it in. Let it run in at both ears and ooze out through the pores of your soul.

The singer stops to get her breath and to wait for the audience to catch up. The organist hits the instrument in the face a few times like a nigger woman beating out peas, and then they sail in again. Lickety-split they go, up and down the scale, like two hound dogs after a rabbit, and all the while the expression on the singer's face looks like a mixture of cramp colic, death agony, a toothache and a sneeze.

Once in a while the jointed melody comes in such volumes that it almost jars the shingles loose, and then it fades away till it sounds like where the tail end of a cat fight tapers off to nothing.

And when it is all over, you go home feeling like somebody had run a wood-rasp over your sore tooth. But it is the Fashion, you know, and Fashion is a great old gal.

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Toot! Toot! Stop the Federal court engine long enough to scrape the Catholic hides off of the cow-catcher.

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In this "home of the wealthy and land of the robbed," a millionaire has the limit of my contempt. I had rather play a juice-harp while lousy niggers dance, than build of widows' sighs and orphan's tears, a castle to the clouds, only to be dashed down by the devil's irony hand and swept into Eternity's shoreless sea.

Have Some 'Backer Colonel.

We are told in Holy Writ that the Lord counts the sparrows that fall—even notices the smallest things, and we love to be like good old Christ.

That's why we mention Col. Henry B. Varner. He's small—between the size of a half-grown hail storm and a lean man's fist. Perhaps the Bible writers never thought of Varner when they made mention of small things.

This magnificent gentleman parambulates about first on one foot and then on t'other foot and talks thru his nose about "good roads" and such like.

He shovels hot air and we shovel dirt. He imported his litte fat head up here into our county recently without fracturing his hat.

Neither did he toil or spin, but he made the glory of Solomon look like 30 cents.

He could furnish the gab sufficient to transform Wild Cat Gap into a thoroughfare, or even construct a turnpike across the Alps, but he couldn't think how to pay The Lash a decent court.

Henry discovered while here that The Lash was a forked-toothed cannibal dining on raw rascals from Cape Cod to Kalamazoo, but hated like I. to acknowledge it in a report to the state papers.

We are an "imitation" of something hot, says the Colonel.

Perhaps the acquafortis we dose out to drones didn't fit his liver pad.

But "imitations" are in demand these days, Colonel, that's why you are not industriously humping yourself behind a meek-eyed mule across a cotton patch.

However, I stand reproved.

I submit my neck to the goose-yoke with all possible grace.

For analyzing my simplicity, I want to thank the Colonel, yes, from the very foundation of my bowels.

So I'll exchange bouquets by printing his name in The Lash, and immortalize him as the prize pickanifes of our day and generation, and I hope his and his biographical tribe of postiferous peasants will preserve my friendly remarks as a heritage for their offspring to profit by.

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