



SOMETHING AWFUL GOING TO HAPPEN!

Say!
 Heard the news!
 It's amazing wonderful!
 Tie your dogs and drive the cats in the closet, and hold your breath.
 The newspapers are smeared with the profound announcement that Miss Elizabeth Ebenezer Hanan, daughter of the late Jas. Hanan, and Duca Don Arturo de Majo Durazzo of Italy are to occupy the same pillow and sheets on or about Feb. 17.
 Now I am not familiar with this couple, but we take it for granted they are thoroughbreds by the double column phiz which the Winston Journal trots out for em.
 They have already been seen in New York.
 Of course Liz and Duca, her sucker, expects The Lash to give 'em a half column puff off after the agony is all over, so I must give that conspiracy against single blessedness at least a laundry soap hunch.
 Now we don't know any more about these foreign flunkies than a fiddler's feminine dog does, and if there's anybody fool enough to seek their introduction we hope they'll succeed in obtaining it—great gobs of it.
 The pictures of the famous couple would be fine advertising for a zoo.
 Liz's pouton resembles a Greek cook struggling with the glad surprise of a ten cent tip. And Miss Lizzie, I hope her picture does her a rank injustice—it makes her fish-faced as a new moon, with nose like a seed wart, peech-mouthed, with a soup-ladle chin, and a smirk that is calculated to frighten anything except a Winston editor.
 But pahaw!
 Her "ma" has boodle to throw at the bird's!
 Not much is said about the bridegroom's pedigree, but we infer that tucked away in some secluded corner of civilization, his "ancestral castle" rears its proud battlements. Anyway he

hung around ma's front gate to catch the silvery accent of Liz's "how-do-ye-do?" And finally the word was passed up to him: "Polly wants a cracker."
 That settled it—the courting stunt, I mean.
 Liz is by her own arithmetic, of marriageable age, being a vinegar-faced old spinster of 50 summers.
 Now the Lash can't smear their mugs all over a two-column article like The Journal for it is a real artist at "slinging the soup," but I hope the event with all its usual ceremonies will be successfully performed without any fainting or frowning. And in the coming years when the phylosophical frogs sing their merry evening hymns, I hope Liz and her devoted yagdrizzly may be happy in each other's love, and that neither one may ever suffer with hookworm or wen.
 Liz, keep buttons sewed on your frau's shirts, sing "top line" at Sunday school and wiggle-woggle your hair.
 Duca-drazzle, see that you quit winking at shemales, take plenty of baths, and love your mother-in-law, even she knoweth not what manner of chronic jack-ass her grand nephew may beget.
 Good-by Liz.
 Good-by Duca-drazzle.
 Luck to you and a heap of it.

President Wilson's Roman Catholic, Knight of Columbus, private Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty-bug, boasts that he has destroyed more than 8,000 letters written to President Wilson protesting against his Roman Catholic policy. Tumulty-bug considers these letters as "crank letters."

Kissing the Old Bone.

Rome's "old bone" rouse would cause intelligent people to laugh if it wasn't for the sad fact that poor ignorant dupes are blindly lead into its vortex of superstition and robbed of their humble earnings.
 Miss Annie Callahan, an 18-year old girl in Philadelphia recently became the victim of an incurable malady, and before her death the Catholic pastor of the church administered the sacrament of holy unction—had her kiss the bone of St. Ritta, an alleged Italian saint.
 The paper never stated how much the relatives of the dead girl must pay that blood-sucking band of ecclesiastical pirates, but all they possessed very likely.
 Talk about hell!
 Its a cold storage compared with what should finally settle the Roman Catholic priesthood. A man who'd try to ram such rot as that down the throats of American people in this age of enlightenment oughtn't be allowed to stop three miles this side of hades long enough to tie his shoes.
 It's little wonder the old graft-breeding shirt-tail dragging Pope of Rome counts his annual income by millions.

JOSEPHUS JILTED.

While Josephus Daniels is about as full of pride as it will do for a man to be and not crack open, he can't "spread on" to please Washington snobocracy.
 The high cut tripple plate Matties of Washington who have had two coats of society paint smeared on with a hose

brush, recently tried to faint and fall out of their tall stockings because Joe referred to them as "females."
 'Twould perhaps be expedient for the honorable Secretary of the Navy to carry them thru a rigid inspection before he again handles their gender so recklessly.
 Yes, those plutocratic pullets puckered up their proboscis like the nose-end of a tobacco bag and exclaimed, "vulgar! vulgar! vulgar!"
 No doubt, Joe's familiarity with the 7-inch guns of the Navy prevented them from demolish him over a beer barrel and beating off his patent leather bustle with a bung-starter.
 I'll bet 7 cents against Sal Sanders' wooden leg that Joe knew better, but was too nodist to refer to 'em as "stupid animals with ears so long that they need no tail to keep the gad-flies off of their heels." Even plain facts would cause them to rebel against the bust of his pantlets with the solid impact of a car load of mule-thunder.
 Guess these royal rompers consider old Noah Webster an immaculate ass unworthy to associate his dictionary expressions in Washington sass-iety, and they propose to put the holy cabosh to the word "female."
 Suppose Sir Walter Raleigh had fallen in company with one of those D. C., over-modest hobble-skirt tuckers. He might have bridged a mud puddle with his Prince Albert coat, but more likely he would have told her to climb upon his back.
 If we can't play down a "Tar Heel" for political game without nickle-plated Sissies trying to choke him off his common expressions, then it's time to hitch their chariot to a star and break out the coupling pole.
 It's no small wonder that the old brass Indian on top of the Capitol doesn't wear out the dimple on his stomach sliding down the dome in search of paragon to ease his pain, caused by looking upon Washington aristocracy.
 Friends and readers, don't forget my press offer which you are to settle for me this month. It's in your hands.

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