



Shake, Then Take

Say, John Henry, sit down here a minute, I want to talk to you.

Take the lid off your rain barrel, I want to holler in it once. It won't hurt you.

Lef me tell you something you know, but you don't think about it.

You are either a democrat or a republican just because your daddy was, but your daddy had a right to have some choice, back in those days.

And you are a working man and you help to create the wealth in this country.

Do you get your share of it? Statistics show that the average wealth produced by each working man is over twelve hundred dollars per year.

Do you want to live hungry, die ragged and go to heaven in your shirt tail!

You don't believe a man should have that which he doesn't earn, do you? Then whose money is it that goes to make up the millions of such men as the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Harrimans, etc?

Now, Mister, suppose the government had you hired would it want to make a big profit off of your labor? Does it ever do that?

You have children to educate and want to send them to school. You may be a tax payer or you may not be, but your children are educated just the same.

All the school property in the United States is collectively owned by all the people.

It is operated for the common welfare and not for profit.

Nobody accumulates great fortunes from the operation of the common schools of the country.

You receive your letters and papers thru the postoffice system at cost of service, and no fortunes are built up thru its operations.

Would you be willing to turn the common school and postoffice system over to a gang of infernal money-mad capitalists to be run for the profits they could make out of them?

I want ye to answer darn, ye!

Now if you like to have your mail carried at cost, and your

children educated at cost, then why not have your express and your freight and even your own individual mutton hauled at cost? This will be done when the government owns and operates the general means of production and distribution — in other words when the spirit of socialism has covered the land as the waters cover the sea.

And now, Rastus, its goin' to cover'er one of these big days. Stuff that into your old Henry Clay and smoke it!

IS LIFE A PRICE?

We see where the papers are filled with the startling news that a German has perfected a means by which he can pump oxygen gas into a corpse and start it to doing business again in the same old way. And it is announced that the hospitals will be equipped with one of these apparatuses in the near future, and dying for certain will then be a question of whether you have enough "dough" to pay for a second term of life or not. Of course old John D. Rockefeller would be able to purchase a new head for himself and have his earthly existence half-sole'd and bore the world with his presence for a century or two yet, but it is earnestly hoped that the machine will slip a cog and make a bodacious miscue of it when the Rockefellers, Morgans and Astors are thrashed for a second stay-with-us. If this new discovery should prove anything like a success, the spider could soon weave its web over the needle's eye, and Old Nick's "down-town" monotony would only be broken by the occasional kerchuck of a poor devil whose face was ground away by the earth's board of plutocratic op-

pressors. While there isn't a squirming hoodlum of earth known to us, whose general appearance would be more improved by the purchase of a new head and face than old Oil D. Johnefeller, we maintain the belief that the pre-ordained order of things will continue to make hay, and that all the wealth that Standard oil has brought to old John will make a holy fizz in the purchase of one day's existence beyond his allotted time. And we brood no deprivation of the devil who has slept with one eye open for these many years watching the maneuvers of that straddling six-foot bunch of saturated kindling-wood which promises his faithful blowers a day off in the regions down below.

MY LOVE TO MR. WOODPILE

My dear Wooden'-so-an'-so, Partner of Joseph. P. Tumulty, Dealer in Official Favoritism and one truck an' another.

I now lift my feeble pen which was plucked from the wing of an adult goose to dedicate a message to the mighty and aristocratic ostrich of Washington, in this our great and glorious Unicorn.

I am so glad to reverse the monotonous ding-dong of my hasty information, and purge it to the erroneous conceptions relative to your fornication with Rome. It starts glory and hallelujah forever jumping half-hammer thru every vein in my body to be informed that your Roman Catholic private secretary, Joe Tumulty-bug is only a beautiful and benighted wax doll with which to ornament your official sanetum. It relieves me in spots as big as a gobbler's gills to

know that Jelup, your tumul-to has not been floppin' the eternal cabosh onto all letters sent to you protesting your Catholic appointments. And further to know that you have received every dinged one of these letters, even tho' you have never had time to answer a single one of them.

I will hence forth remain as silent on your alleged imperfections as a mule-cared rabbit in the hands of a hungry Hottentot.

I refrain from again accusing you of playing poker on your coat-tails. I will hereafter hang the monkey-wrench on the safety valve of my think fixings so it won't run so darned fast.

I will enform all the wailing Willies in your party that you never attended mass in old St. Patrick's Catholic church on Thanksgiving last November, but that you were down upon the silent banks of the Potomac all that day poking your finger in the water and looking for the hole.

Now Mr. Honorable Sew-Saw, I'd simply slide down from off my official perch and man the eternal bee's wax out of the guy who daddied these unmitigated fabrications. I'd make him apologize with about a foot of his nose in the sand. Yea, smite him with the smuck of a three-year-old mule forever.

Now Mighty Chief, while we solemnly sing "Comin' thru the Rye", I hope that your future conduct may verify your recent denials, and that in the coming years, you see to it, that no durn Catholic shall even get a smell of thy official "pie basket." Yea Setah!

Now be it known by these presence that I serve notice upon democracy that The Lash in company with seventy-five thousand American patriots have started camping on the trail of this Roman political prostitute, and until we have driven it from our land, will the light of our campfires cease to burn.

The rich man wrings his millions from those who till the soil— The laborer gets the hoo-laugh, An the wealthy gets the spoil.

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