

sample copy



VOL. V. NO. II

MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., MAY, 1914.

NIGHTY, IS OUR COURTS!

JOHN ROCKE, DOLLARS AND THE DEVIL.

Have you seen how John Rockefeller, Jr., and Standard Oil has hit the ceiling since the courts "dissolved" their "legal" robberies in the United States?

Ah, it's wonderful how their greedy diaphragms hit the ceiling when the courts went after them.

After being "dissolved" the company's stock holders received the greatest dividends ever declared since old John swore allegiance to the devil and bowed to the dollar mark.

That's the shape the courts left John Rocke's bis in when it got done "dissolv'."

You have perhaps read how John's hired gunmen out in Colorado recently dissolved the humble shacks of miners who refused to come under his lash—women and babies were shot down and burned in a pile by John's "legal" hirelings, strutting about in militia's uniforms.

This same old John imagines himself full of God's grace clean to the muzzle.

Don't you know the Devil laughs up both legs of his old sheet-iron tights?

Every dollar of John's millions has been coined from the life-blood of labor.

He's simply a licensed highwayman. Does any doubt it? If they do, then let them turn to the hell-born horrors of Ladio. Go ask the widows and orphans of those he has slain upon the thresholds of their hard earned homes.

But one of these days old Rocke is going to "pass in his checks"—he'll wake to be eternally haunted by the pale faced mothers he murdered at Trinidad as they pace the floor of burning tenement houses, crooning a lullaby to wounded and bleeding babes breathing out their lives upon ragged bonoms.

Samson slew steen thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, but it won't go now, for William J. Bryan has been trying it on Mexico.

A NEW YORK BISON.

Rev. W. E. Gore, of Buffalo, N. Y., read a copy of The Lash, then sand ed his hands and reached for his wool stick to do us one for waring on religion.

Quite natural that a criticism should come from this "hupper suckle" gospel auctioneer.

I am not a great straddling ecclesiastical calf standing upon a pair of wabby legs listening to the bellow of the proud bovines.

I respect Christianity wherever it is found, but for the brand of holiness that's put on with the Sunday shirt—that makes a man cry "amen" with great uncton, but doesn't prevent him from lieing his neighbor out of ten cents every opportunity—for that kind of religion, I have no more respect than I do for a lustful old Catholic priest who locks innocent girls behind convent doors and stifles their cries from the outside world.

If this worthy brother would discard Mammon's muzzle from his head he could justly align his gospel gun on the religion in his own state.

When I glance at the valuation of the church property in the great city of New York, and then think of the five thousand children in that same city without rags to shield their nakedness, and half as many innocents, such as Christ blessed, who die every year of the world for lack of food, I can't help but "war on religion." Yes millions all over this broad land whose cry go up night and day to God's great throne—not for salvation, but for a soup-bone, not for the robes of righteousness, but for a second-hand shirt. Yet a religion which will bear all these miserable conditions in perfect ease, will sit up night to agonize because a few darned naked niggers in sunny Africa never heard of Eye's snake story.

Mr. Buffalonian, I'm preaching every month to a little over ninety thousand people, and I believe nine-tenths of them will agree that it is poverty and contempt, suffering and disappointment that breeds skepticism.

It is easy enough to say grace over a good square meal, to be honest on a fat income, to praise God when full of pie; but just wait till you get the

same razzle-dazzle the devil dished up for Job and then see how long your hal...

CUSSINGS, POSTAGE PAID.

Every day of the I receive... paid, a brai-fired new cussing... some of Dago God's defenders... course a Catholic is licensed to wear every time the mad comes, and they never let a chance go by.

I know there are just scads of 'em who would like to shake me until my teeth would rattle like a pack of glass beads in a bottle if they had the nerve to try it.

It is getting so now that an editor or preacher who speaks against Rome's infamy is placing his life in jeopardy. When a gang of ecclesiastical, mangy mavericks tuck their bloomers in their belts and shriek for slaughter, hell only can excel them.

"Father Night-shirt," buttoned up the back, and Captain Snite's-hip-and-thigh have a sneaking suspicion that Protestantism would soon whistle thru its nose if The Lash could be made to keep the peace but both of them are mistaken. The land is full of people who are awake to the sanctified holy humbug that is distilling its dope in the mind of ignorance.

The reason the Catholic church turns out such criminals as Priest Hans Schmidt who chopped the body of his girl victim in pieces and threw it in the river, is for the reason that Rome teaches that murder can be forgiven by coughing up a few dollars to swell the purse of the pope.

Pope John XIII, in 1328 issued a schedule of forgiveness for which \$12.50 entitled a Catholic to commit perjury, house-burning, murder of father, mother, or wife, and still be eligible to hit the pike right on toward heaven as spry as even Dan Patch paced on a race-track.

LETTERS: You people who protest against the Roman Catholic church in its policy of making its converts and supporting the trade of white slavery, debauchery and prostitution, we want to see your name on our mail list. We want you to remember our novel dramas as "Father Schmidt" who murder their offspring, and yet with hands still warm with the blood of their victims, parade in clerical garb and hear the confessions of virtuous women.