



## Take a Swipe of HOT FROM THE BAT, MR. SHUTMOUTH.

This country is infested with an army of easy-mark Protestants who are as courageless as a scared rabbit. Seeds of backboneless bunnies who are awake to Rome's political buncomb, and bloody bull-doing, yet they stand as silent as a punk-knot on a locust log.

Enough people of this country are already convinced that the Catholic church is an image-worshiping, hot bed of fanaticism, and strong hold of white slavery, to purge the land of its presence in less time than two gods could skin a minnow, if they only had the courage of their convictions.

The editor of The Lash has been a target of bloody threats by the dirty, treacherous Nites of Mob and Riot, simply because it has dared to tell the truth on them. Not a few of Rome's detestable, featherless buzzards, who have an appetite sharpened for carrion, have hurled down the "dare!" to us, because we are out trying to kill their cook. And while printer's ink will form a halo of truth upon white paper, we will continue to plod the old scarlet beast that is trying to squat and distill its poisonous dope into the ear of American Liberty.

No, it is not The Lash's nature to cease lambasting a gang of sanctified vultures vending a religion which they declare should be clubbed, stabbed or burned into the souls of those who reject its infamous teachings. We'd denounce it if we knew it would bring down upon us all the ardent admirers of the "holy" pope—all the powers of earth and

the legions of hell. It were better to be dead, damned and delivered; it were better that this country should be made a desert of desolation forever and a day; it were better that the owl and the jackal should make our ruined homes their habitation, than to live, a race of cowardly curs breeding babes for the confession-hearing, hanging priests of Rome to de-

### CLUB-FOOTED PISSMIRE.

About the time a beefy-brained youngster acquires enough information to distinguish between a stone bruise and a bunion or find the joints in a string of sausage without a search warrant, he begins to doubt the religion of his mother, ask his Sunday-school teacher who made God, or diagrams how impossible it would be for a prophet to straggle about for three days in the gastric juice of a whale's stomach. Yes sir, he nimbly spits thru his fingers and proceeds to rip religion up by the roots and reform the world while you wait, but soon learns that the linchpins have slipped out of his logic and that he has a government contract on his hands. The gay jabberwock who can drive the Deity out of the hearts and homes of this land can also make a fortune turning artesian wells inside out and peddling them for telegraph poles. But these little batter minded intellectual pissmires have to pass thru a period of doubt and denial, just as a tadpole sheds its tail to become a frog. And when they have finally ferraged about on the devil's theological thistle patch, and stamped down their crop of wild oats, the great and immortal

truth begins to bore its way into the knot on the top end of their neck, that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

The existence of God is flame-written hieroglyphs of the sky which no man will ever successfully erase.

Who made God?

Suppose, Mr. Smart Alec, that I find thee an answer? Who will furnish thee with an intellect to understand it? How will you comprehend the beginning of a God, when you couldn't even guess how William Jennings Bryan talked the guts out of the Mexican war and the administration swallowed it?

### THE SAINT ANNE BONE SWINDLE.

There is an annual Catholic swindle getting ready to be pulled off again this year which pours the cold cash into the pockets of the priesthood like hail. It is the exhibition of a sacred relic which is claimed to be one of Saint Anne's bones. This woman is declared by the Catholic grafters as being the grand-mother of Jesus, and to get to touch one of these bones is an instant cure for any human ailment from a clabbered brain down to an epidemic of poor relation.

Nine days in each year the Catholic priests and hired newspapers which are serving for a part of the swag, urge the "faithful" to scramble forward like so many toads after a lightning bug and lick the pope's toe and view the holy bone.

These newspaper editors and money grabbing priests know as well as we do that this pretended relic is a fake, a fraud and a contemptible scheme of the priesthood to cheat the ignorant and

superstitious victims of the church.

If this bone's presence heals the sick as they claim it will, why in the Sam Hill do they keep it hid away all the time except nine days in each year?

To prove that the priests realize that the whole business is a swindle, when they are stricken with gum-boils or gout, it's not old bones that they seek, but a physician. Even the old "holy" pope himself continually calls the physician, altho the churches of Rome are rich with saint bones and sacred relics.

This ridiculous bone racket is good enough for the poor dupes of the Catholic church to tumble to, but it ain't worth a whoop in Halifal for the pope or priests.

Intelligent people who will defend such infernal rot ought to be lawfully shot full of green cucumbers and then operated on for cholera morbus. And the corrupt priesthood who hatch up such diabolical schemes should be denied even a front seat in Hades, but consigned to the very basement of perditions, where the mangy old ash-cats howl their absconded curses thru "Hell's Half-acre."

Father Phelan is the leather-lung lion for Rome who said it had always been considered a disgrace to live in North Carolina. He said, "to hell with the government of the United States." He said that everybody who were not married by a priest is living in adultery, and that their children are bastards. Yes, he's the contemptible, brawling tyrant who opposes free press and free speech. If someone should call my dog Phelan and it didn't resent the damning insult, I'd drown it.

LISTEN! You people who protest against the Roman Catholic church in its policy of making its convents and nunneries the holds of white slavery, debauchery and prostitution, we want to see your names on our mail list. We want you to remember such mental demons 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.