



Let Women Rock the World!

There has allers been plenty of big fat-mouthed quidnunks and quidnunksies spoutin' off their "cut-half bit" about looking "manish" for a woman to vote. But I can't see the point.

So if you'll-double up your fist for a seat and sit down on it, your Uncle will proceed to fire off his goose-gun a few pot shots.

Now if poking a little piece of paper in a ballot box makes a man out of a woman, well, then hanged if Nature ain't pretty easy hit on the "funny-bone." Yes sir-ee, if women can split wood in the back yard, plow a steer, or keep time to Yankee-Doodle on a pair of dirty breeches with a battlin'-stick without knocking a pucker in her womanhood, it does seem that she could scrape up enough physical strength to slip a little piece of paper in a ballot-box. And if I thought she couldn't I'd have my little thinkery unscrewed and treated for the swivels, swap eyes with a darning needle, and go to Madagascar and ketch grasshoppers for the heathens to eat.

Now it may be a woman's sphere to chop wood, feed the horses and go to mill, but if such as that won't make a woman "manish", I can't see for my life why tucking a little slip of paper into a ballot box expressing her opinion, should make such an awful change.

Maybe the good Lord intended women to lug a pail of water and a yelling boy-baby on each hip while men handle the ballot, which, of course, is a thunder-of-a-sight harder to handle than a pair of babes and a pail of water, but I can't see the point.

I can't see why she hasn't as much right to say how much tax shall be paid on her milk cow and pig, as somebody who has never

seen them. Yes, and why in the name of Bill Bryan shouldn't she be as much interested in raising local tax money to educate her baby as the straddling blackguard who sells likker to make her husband drunk?

"Women's sphere!"

When I hear one of these anti-suffragetts screw up his mouth till it resembles the snout of a stud-grubworm and jingles his leather cow-bell about women's "sphere," I can't help but wonder if the devil made kickers accidentally, or whether they are like house-flies—just come so. They seems to think her sphere is to do drudgery, and keep her ideas down to the level of believing her husband is a god, while he does the elevating work of voting for _____.

I always think that these brilliant-minded snackerjipes who oppose this slip of paper business for the women, want their wives to fetch wood and water while they tug away at the slip of paper.

I don't love my wife so abominably as to want her to grow angelic carrying the heavy end. It's a mighty hard task to become a nigger under the banner of marriage.

Women have done housework, rocked cradles, and been kept awake nights by a drunk husband a-snorin' till she righteously deserves a ballot-whack at the hellish saloons. If men's spheres was pruned down to rockin' cradles and churning I much fear there would soon be a baby panic and a buttermilk drouth.

If a man has just sense enough to not put his breeches on hind-side before he is allowed to vote on any question, while the president's daughters can't vote against making a law to hang every woman who wears a corset and curls her hair. Maybe there is common hoss sense in such a system, but blamed if I can see the

point.

If women are chattles or apples why don't we buy and sell them. If they are machines for makin' pies an' shirts an' so forth, why don't we get a patent on 'em?

Maybe a man can represent women at the polls, but a drink of whiskey may often make him represent something that didn't suit her. I never see a fellow who wants me to represent him when he's thirsty for something to wet his whistle with.

CHEW THIS WITH YOUR TOBACCO.

Say, all you spoon-shaking coffee sweeteners, let's talk a little commonsense. When Congress put sugar on the reduced list you heard people talking about the sugar industry being ruined—that it would be so cheap it would float on top of your coffee. But now the sugar barons have proven to you that the tariff hasn't a blamed thing to do with the price of sugar. Recently the price has been doubled showing that the law of supply and demand plays no part in fixing the prices of our commodities. The price is set by the infernal barons and we must pay it or do without it.

Now let's see if you ever knew a game like that to be played in the price of postage stamps. Stamps and sugar are both made from products grown out of the earth, and both supplied by human labor. Stamps are not made and sold for a speculation off of all who must use them, but for the common good of all. Then suppose the government owned and operated the sugar refineries and paid those who work in them just such prices as are paid all government employes. You would today be buying your sugar at the actual cost of producing it, which would be less than one-half of the usual price, and those

infernal food gamblers would be working in the government employ for a living instead of stealing their millions of dollars from the consumers. Now Mister, this is not mere theory, but has been actually put into practice where government ownership has been recognized, and it's going to come right here in the United States of America in spite of the blind Thomases who can't see half way to the end of their noses.

The banker calls it "interest" And heaves a pious sigh,
The landlord calls it "rent" And he winks the other eye,
The merchant calls it "profit" And he tucks it in a bag,
But the good old honest burglar— He simply calls it "swag."

THE LASH SUGGESTS AN AIR

The war of '61-4 could never have gotten along without "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," and I have decided to select a national air for the Germans. Now I don't know whether they are going to "O.K." it or not, but I know they ought to. It is so appropriate for every soldier to sing who is engaged in the great war of today. It is the national hymn of Siam, in the original Siamese language. I hope you are scholar enough to translate it into English. An for fear you get embarrassed, maybe you had better go out back of the barn when you get ready to translate it. Imagine yourself one of the Emperor's hired assassins fighting for more gold braid to add to his royal robe, and then sing these lines to the tune of "America."

O wha tan nas Siam!
Gee wha tan nas Siam!
O wha tan nass!
Wha ta foo las Siam!
Sucha dar nas Siam!
Sucha nas Siam!
Osucha nass!

Friends, Readers, Comrades, and Brothers: Allow me to drop my cap at my feet and talk with you a minute. I sincerely thank you for the dimes you have passed into my palms in the years gone by. I feel as our thoughts oft have met and parted. We turn our backs upon the past, and our face to the future. Your names are treasures heaped upon the urn of memory. I want you to continue to be my readers. I want all your friends to become readers, and if extra inducements and square dealing will win, I am going to have you renew within thirty days. If your subscription expires within the next six months don't fail to respond to this offer. I will mark your name up one year from the time it expires. Here is my THIRTY-DAY OFFER: Send 25 cents and the names and addresses of three of your friends, and I will send The Lash a whole year, and also renew or extend your subscription for one year from the time it runs out. This offer only holds good for thirty days. If I fail to hear from you, I shall conclude that you have deserted The Lash upon its onward march. I don't believe you would do that. Now will YOU show your paper to three of your friends today and take their subscription? You get the paper another year free for doing this. I believe I'll hear from you, for which, here's my thanks.

Faithfully yours,

LEONARD B. LAWS.