



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 hang-ed 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

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 a woman 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 commoditties. 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

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!

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