

THE LASH

OUR MOTTO: REASONABLE, RATIONAL, RADICAL, RIGHT.

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MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., DECEMBER, 1914.

HERE I AM

Well, boys, I am again on a job—a new one, but the same old one after all. It is the easiest thing in the world to be honestly mistaken and I was mistaken, and I am frank enough to acknowledge it. It has cost me many thousands of dollars but it brought me big returns in conscious happiness. Oh yes, I am still a Socialist, as I could be nothing else and be a Christian, and that is what I am. A short time ago I had a man from Missouri write me and say: "I understand that you have cleared up over a million dollars by being a Socialist and then quit the party." I did not answer his letter, for to reply to a liar is to give, at least some credit to the lie.

I will say this, however that I have lost many dollars for every cent I ever made out of socialism.

It is true that I have made thousands of so-called friends while I was editor of the Rip-Saw, for which I am thankful, but as soon as I beheld that I was wrong I quit and those so-called friends melted away like dew before a tropical sun. But the hundreds of thousands of so-called friends who quit me as soon as I discovered that modern Socialism was naught but ancient Roman Catholicism have began to see so-called socialism as I saw it, and are flocking back to a real friend.

No, my Missouri friend was mistaken about my making a million dollars out of socialism, and if he thought that he had to pay what I have lost by being what I thought was a socialist he would have a string of fits that would girdle the globe—but there is no use talking about other mens mistakes, as it is the correction of our own mistakes that pays the greatest dividends, and that is my mission in The Lash.

I was invited by The Lash to take up the "whip", and I have taken it because I beheld a glorious opportunity to arouse the natives by the "cracker" on the Lash as I have learned that to coax an ass, you have got to reach his "head" through his "rump", and The Lash is a very beautiful little instrument to make the ass "wiggle", and "wiggle" he will so watch him "Rube," and see the lachrymal glands begin to open up.

Yes, I was mistaken in what I thought socialism was, and declared my mistake. But I am glad that there is a law of progress and that is what I have done. I am a truer and better socialist today than I ever was before in my life.

I never asked to be put on this job, but I was asked to accept, I told those who employed me that if they thought I believed all that modern socialism teaches they were mistaken, but they said "come" and I am on the job—so "Here I am."

COL. DICK MAPLE.

Nashville, Tenn.

THE MAN UNDER GROUND.

The man underground, God bless him, as his is a dreary life. We refer to the coal miner who toils day in and day out away down in the bowels of the earth that your children and mine may keep comfortable when the snow across street and lane and the sleet rattles her fury against our windows in midwinter.

It is he who begrimed with soot leaves his humble home in the morning to enter upon his daily labor in his underground dungeon, not knowing whether he will ever be permitted to again embrace his loving wife or trot his baby upon his knee.

The miner has but few of the pleasures of this life, and it appears as though those for whom he drudges day in and day out, year in and year out begrudge him what few sunny moments he does snatch from the happiness of this life.

Let us place ourselves for a moment in that of the miner if we can, and see how we would like to be forced to drop out of sight, and hide ourselves away in the blackness of the bowels of the earth each day of the year, with the gaunt form of danger each moment staring us in the face, then it may be that we can have a faint idea at least, of this life, and the anguish his wife endures all through each succeeding year,

not knowing what moment she may receive the awful news that the mine is on fire, or that poisonous gasses have overcome the entire army of brave souls who labor hundreds of feet below in the inky darkness of this lonesome cavern, that they might earn enough to keep the wolf from the door of their loved ones while their "boss" the coal barons and their families are enjoying every luxury known to the profligacy of man.

We often hear the miners spoken of as a rough, uncouth set of people. Why, bless your soul if you knew him intimately you would change your mind, as a kinder bigger hearted mortal never suffered than he.

We make him rough by our treatment, as we treat him as our inferiors, simply because he is a "coal miner." He sees by our actions that we consider him our inferiors, which disheartens and discourages him and trains him to hate you, because you hated him first.

Warm up to that great broad shouldered, hard handed soul, and let him know that you consider him just as good as any mortal on earth, and you will soon learn that it does not require but little polishing to make him shine like a pure diamond.

When you meet him on the street, don't shun him simply because his clothes and face are begrimed with his toil, but grasp his hand and let him know that you love him and let him know that

you love him because he is a MAN, and the first thing you know, you will find that the miner whom you taught to hate you, by hating him first, will pass the saloon without entering its doors and will soon have your neighborhood wondering what has ever come over John.

We have mingled with the miner and we know him. We know that you will find intellect and manhood underneath his daily soot, that would shame the veneered pretenses of the sons and daughters of the "boss" who treats the miner as only a breathing "something" which he uses to increase his fortune.

Slap him on the back and let him know that you consider him as good as yourself, and you can hear his manhood jingle.

The Country Newspaper.

There are a few who appreciate the country newspaper and its editor as they should.

The country newspaper is a "home grown" institution, and should be a part of every man and woman's pride, who lives upon its good deeds.

The country newspaper weeps when you weep, it mourns when you mourn, it sighs when you sigh. It tells all of your good traits and you have to be devilish mean when it says anything bad about you.

It tells of your prosperity and weeps when adversity overtakes you. It will sit up nights with your sick family and contribute

to your wants when in need.

It will go for the Doctor at midnight for you if you need it. It will delay its issue a day to attend the funeral of one of your family. It will give you the best room in its dwelling if your house burns down. It will send you a "mess" of fresh meat if it butchers before you do—And this is not all—If your family is too poor to erect a tombstone when you die it will "chip in" to help erect one to remember your last resting place—Still this is not all, as it will close its eyes to the truth and say something nice about you after you're dead and endeavor to make your wife believe you were an angel when she inwardly knows it's a lie, yes it will do more—will stoop down and wipe the dirty nose of your "Kid," and still you'll cuss it and let the poor editor send your paper 'steen years without paying him a cent and stop your paper if he intimates that he is "hard up"—SHAME ON YOU.

If you editors over the country want to exchange with The Lash, send your journals to Col. Dick Maple, Nashville, Tenn., and notify The Lash, Moravian Falls, N. C. that you want to exchange, and we'll be tickled a lot to do it.

Why should women not have the right to vote, are they not human? You coddle and run after the negro to get his vote, and you won't sleep with him and you do with your wife—but lots of asses don't have long ears.