

THE LASH is dead because
it sneezes unthinkingly without a sigh
It knows no human fear
It wears war on its crest
The many a job is near.

The Lash

Published Weekly
20 Cents a Year
LAWSON, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 4

MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

April, 1918

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WHO KNOWS MR. PATRIOTISM?

It is doubtful if any prohibition jug handle between the Dismal swamp and the Golden Gate has been used oftener for the past year than the word "patriotism," and we confess that we can't make it fit the weathers of a neap of Dan Patch pacers that swear, rip and tear by this fashionable little word.

Patriotism is supposed to mean "love of country." Country means land, for we wouldn't speak of people as a country.

Therefore the man who owns no land has no country, and to love something you don't own seems to be adultery.

To love another man's wife is sure to get you in trouble, and to love other men's country is sure to get you on the battle-field.

If we hear a man talk of love for his country we wonder how many acres, if he holds no deed to land we begin to think that he's a cross between a Honolulu humming bird and an un-abridged bobolink.

To love a country you don't own any of, is like loving another man's wife—you get much trouble and exercise out of it without any profit, and you regret it afterward, provided you are alive.

If the husband catches you loving his wife (whom you have no right to love) you're a sinner, and if the recruiting officer catches you in the same act with the country you don't own any of, you are also a good going.

When your mouth is blocked three-cornered by a piece of khannel, or your lower jaw is sent rattling thru the brush some two or three rods from where you happen to be standing, then patriotic acts won't be worth two cents to stop the pain or bring back these scattered fragments. Then if your oblongotta or hat-peg happens to come in contact with a forty-two centimeter in its forward rush thru space, it is just then you discover that no "Wecht Am Rhein" or "God Save the King" or "My Country tis of Thee" will ever bring back the sweet smell of onions in the garden or that longing appetite for turnip greens.

The world has been again made safe for baseball.

Where there's a will there's a way.

Uncle Sam says the ham and eggs will furnish that.

Mr. Gardner, who is to be invited to you by the... will entertain you for the...
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DRIFTING ON THE WINGS OF SORROW.

Last week the door of the Lash office slowly opened and a tramp walked in. He was a stranger. He was ragged and his feet were almost bare. His eyes were sunken and his hands were thin and bony, bearing the marks of continued toil. He was in every way the type of deep distress. He bore an honest face and was extremely polite. Looking us in the face he exclaimed: "I am in a strange land, gentlemen. I am penniless, hungry and seeking a job at any living price."

We gave him a dollar with which to buy a lunch.

He thanked us, and then said: "My once happy home was in Pennsylvania. I was driven from there because I was a socialist and was opposed to war. My only boy Charlie, was drafted into the army and killed in the battle of the Argonne forest in France. Now the demon of despair has blasted every hope and ambition, turning life into one long struggle. I have always been in sympathy with organized labor, and when government detectives learned this they drove me from my town and I have been drifting about the place works, as an agitator."

He drew a letter from beneath his ragged vest and opened it for me to read, as his eyes filled with tears.

It was dated, Tyrone, Pa., April 3rd, written by his wife. The letter was poorly written and the penciled words often blotted, as if by falling tears, but it breathed the spirit of a devoted wife and a heroic mother. Both of the children were sick. She had been taking in washing to provide some food and medicine, but a month's agreement was due and the landlord would turn them out on April 15th unless it is promptly paid. She would do the best she could and knew her husband would do the same. Then came the signature, interrupted apparently by a prolonged sob.

Under the letters "P. S." was written the following lines: "Were I a man I would not be driven from my home and family by alleged government detectives, while rich men have paid for their sons' bodies from the army because they had millions of dollars more than they will ever need. Were I a man I'd be helping to protect the constitutional rights of every citizen who respects law and order. Were I a man I'd offer my life a living sacrifice for the redemption of my country. I have two boys, one whom I love, but he is in the army, and the other is a socialist. I have a five-cent anxiety to see the Devil ourselves."

He took it in his ragged pocket, bowed his head and exclaimed: "I wonder if government officials ever pause to reflect that there's hundreds of homes in America in the same condition as mine today? Wonder if they think we will stand this kind of treatment forever? Don't talk to me about "world Democracy" in this land when a man has given his only boy to its call, and after he is killed in battle, his parents driven from home because he is a socialist." When men are half the time imprisoned for demanding their constitutional rights, and the other half wretched tramping vagabonds, he's ready for trying some change."

Thanking us for our kindness, he bowed and again continued upon his sad and lonesome journey.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREED 'EM.

We'll rally round the farm boys, we'll rally once again, shouting the battlecry of freed 'em. We guess old Europe will stay put till we lick the Bolsheviks, shouting the battlecry of freed 'em.

The United States forever, beans and cabbage slow, hungry crew, while we rally round the plow, boys, and take the hoe again, shouting the battle cry of freed 'em!

We're back home again, boys, Gosh, it's simply fine, it makes us feel so hearty, and it's God's infalling sign, that we're a favored party, tho some brave boys were slain, but we'll rally round the farm boys, we'll rally once again, shouting the battlecry of freed 'em.

America, well, she's no slouch when the Eagle screams it's heard, the Dutch goose steps for certain, and the lion drops his head. We thought of Valley Forge, boys, and also Lundy's Lane, and with a glorious victory won, we're back at home again, shouting the battlecry of freed 'em!

Better run a lawn mower over your whiskers lest ye are mistaken for a Russian Bolshevik.

Good-bye Dr. Mary Walker, hitches and all! Walk in and have a crown.

Don't let your Monroe doctrine straggle off from home—she's the sacred old cow of America.

Uncle Sam seems willing to feed and clothe the world, but he hopes it will sleep at home, the days are growing longer.

Wonder why the Allies don't put old Bill Kaiser in a cage four feet square and exhibit him for five cents a look. They's raise million dollars quicker than they raise Victory Bonds. In fact, they've a five-cent anxiety to see the Devil ourselves.

FOUR OR KEEP A-DOWN

All the best on high have been insulted again. Gabriel has gone into mourning and the angels wear their wings at half-mast. The Jewish rabbi have taken an appeal to Pilot's court. The golden harp hath grown silent, hushed is the loud hosanna, and the spasmodic snuffles have conquered the halloo. St. Peter has pad-locked the pearly gate and gone off to forge more thunderbolts and barbed arrows for the final day of wrath. The Virginia "dese-dry" brigade have donned their sack-cloth britches and wallow in shame and refuse to come up to their feed.

The United States Supreme court did it—and from grape-juice-drinking William J. How to the wingless, buzzardly vipers of Danville, Virginia who shot and being treated under the cry from the Supreme court.

What has the United States Supreme court done to have the "dry" heap upon its head great wave of withering rebuke!

Why, does your alabaster soul, the highest tribunal in the land has handed down a decision that the "dese-dry" amendment portation of liquor thru a dry state.

Thus the Virginia "dry socks" who have been jerking conductors off of trains, tousing suitcases and subjecting ladies to humiliation can stand aside, as Mister Bootlegger tells him with the impudence of a pet monkey submitting to the mandates of nature, to go to Helena, Montana, or some other town without a seaport.

Not even the dead have been immune from these Virginia "dry" thugs who have billeted passenger trains and committed cold blood murder in the name of the Federal law.

Only a few days ago these dry detectives whose stomachs usually carry about a half gallon pounced down upon a corpse in the Roanoke station and after desecrating the dead they sneaked away like so many jackals.

The Lash has always favored restrictions of the manufacture and sale of liquor, but if I must countenance such bloody assassins as pretend to represent law and order in Virginia, then mark me down with the wets.

WHERE IS UNCLE SAM ANY WAY?

The President and five government officials are in Europe, Senators, congressmen and the Supreme court are in America, the army is distributed on both sides of the Atlantic, the navy is all over the ocean and patriotism trying to run four ways at once like a piñata in case of a thunder-storm. Therefore The Lash asks where is Uncle Sam anyhow?