



The Law Tells Us 'NO!'

Whenever The Lash promises to do a thing it always wants to keep its promise. But it begins to look a sight like we have made one promise that we can't keep. Here's what's the matter:

If you remember, we promised in last issue of The Lash that we would print in this issue a list of the questions which Roman Catholic bachelor priests are in the habit of asking women and girls in the secret confessional box. But we find that the law of the land, as well as a reasonable respect for decency, will not allow these foul questions to be printed in a newspaper of general circulation.

We have these questions—a long and sickening list of them—in a booklet written by an ex-priest who was honest enough to come out of the old Whore's house of bondage and expose her rottenness before an astonished world. There is not, and cannot be, any doubt as to the genuineness of the questions, nor of the fact that women and girls of the Romish faith do have to hear and answer these vile questions from the foul lips of licentious priests. Having himself been for many years a wearer of the priestly petticoat, the writer of this booklet knew the workings of the pappy-ocratic machine from the inside. But he happened to be at heart an honest man, and he became so disgusted with the rotten mess that he tore off the petticoat and wrote such an exposure of the "confessional box" as has never been seen before.

But we find upon investigation that the printing of these questions as we promised would be a violation of the postal law. One brave editor was dragged into court and tormented for years because he printed some of these questions as a warning against the dangers of popedom. The Lash is a decent and law-abiding paper, and therefore it must submit to the inevitable and withdraw its promise to print these questions.

But, good heavens! Does that weaken our case against the Pappy-crats? It does not. On the other hand, it strengthens it a hundred fold. The very fact that the plain truth about the Catholic confessional is too nasty to print—isn't that condemnation enough? What sort of a "religion" is it that gives a

set of bachelor buck priests the right to enter a secret den and have talk to women and girls which is too nasty to print in a newspaper?

Now, folks, how many of you want for president of the United States a man who professes that sort of religion, and whose first allegiance is not to America but to the pope of Rome? All in favor of Al Smith for president, please go soak your head in a horse-trough

A SERMON ON THE AMERICAN LEGION.

I reckon right now is a purty good time for me to preach you a little sermon on that great "pate-rot-ic" shebang which calls itself the American Legion. Just about now the said shrebang is holding a great world convention in the old town of Paris and trying to scare up enough "war-spirit" to get another world-war started.

There now! I guess you expected me to float with the current, like all the rest of the dead fish, and pour out a great torrent of pate-rot-ic praise for the military machine known as the American Legion.

Sorry, my dear fish, but you will have to be disappointed. Maybe the American Legion is the last eternal cap-stone on the pyramid of perfection. Maybe it is. But I can't get my goo-goos set on it at just that angle.

What's it all about, anyhow? To keep alive the war spirit? Some say no, but that's exactly what it does. It keeps piling new coals on the flames of hate that swept the world for four terrible red years.

How can such a mental attitude help the cause of world peace? How can any good result from a continual stirring up of that old war mania? Are the war memories something to be cherished and kept alive for the pleasure of the thing? To a small minority perhaps the answer is yes. But in my opinion nine-tenths of the world war veterans want to forget the hell they went through just as soon as possible. I don't see what pleasure they could derive from living those horrors over again every little while.

I was not in the war. I was too old for the draft, and I didn't want to go bad enough to volunteer. But God knows I got enough of it at home. What I saw and heard and

read and imagined as the terrible weeks lengthened into months and years, was enough for me. Too much. A few more years of it would have run me crazy, and me here at home. Then what must it have been like to the suffering soldiers who were forced to be in the red, reeking midst of it all? I can but dimly imagine. And don't tell me that any sane man gets pleasure out of living it over again.

American Legion members who are now in France express regret that French people have restored the shell-torn battle fields to fertile farms and the spots where red hell brought a shudder to the world now grows the golden corn. Sane people want to forget those bloody days while the Legion wants to keep it fresh in the minds of the world.

The American Legion is made up mostly of army officers who have the military bug eating on them. To the common fellow who went thru that four years of hell, it was not glorious. The boys who suffered, bled and died, need to be remembered and honored, but not in that way. If they fought to bring peace to the world, as you say, why couldn't we have some peace celebrations? Why must every Legion convention and every Armistice Day bristol with guns and reek with burning powder?

Ah, my friends, there will not be any peace until militarism is dead and buried. And militarism will never die so long as the American Legion lives.

There has never been a better time than right now to get up a club for The Lash.

Have you flew across the ocean yet? Or were you simply one of them who fell in?

Every time they plant a lilly in Europe, the blamed thing turns out to be a sword when it comes up.

In all this talk about the "husband shortage" in Europe, it should be remembered that just lots of husbands in America are short, too.

If you are not satisfied with the way The Lash says it, suppose you flinder away and say it yourself. Then I'll print your letter and answer it—if I can find room for it. Let's have a nice little friendly fuss.

Well, I'll Be Dinged!

In the Sunday Visitor, priest Hanlyn says that "Purgatory is congested." That, by Hanner:, I've been lookin' for something to happen like that. Purgatory is full up at present—so packed that their legs are stickin' out at the windows.

You see according to Rome's "ology", and that is the kind of 'ology' that Al Smith believes in, when a fellow goes and dies without having a pretty fair rating in St. Peter's directory, his soul is side-tracked at "Purgatory", a side station on the road to the "Far Beyond," and there awaits the orders of an old Catholic priest who claims to have the fellow's soul in charge. If the dead fellow's relatives have enough 'dough' to pay a priest for saying mass, then the fellow's soul is switched back on the main line and proceeds to jog along on its lonesome journey to "whither it goeth." But if the dear fellow's relation are too poverty-stricken to dig up the coin to induce a priest to intercede, then right there the fellow traveler's soul may stay till it sours so far as the priests are concerned.

Now why not Al Smith's Wall Street friends raise a purse to hire priests to commence saying mass over the congested crowds in Purgatory? I think a "Purgatory Fund" will be about the first thing that will be asked of Congress if Smith is elected president.

So after The Lash carefully goes over the situation, it has decided to run a mass shop in opposition to the Romish rabble. We are reducing the price of mass from one dollar to twelve for twenty cents, and we guarantee the results will be just as satisfactory as if reeled off by an old pot-gutted priest wearing a kraut-cuttin' collar and a black Mother Hubbard dress with a tail as long as the nasal twang of a Puritan.

Send along the names of your friends wrapped up in an old lop-eared dollar bill, and let us serve them slices of our theological pudding, and if they don't become convinced that Romanism is the mother of harlots and abomination of the world, then we'll buy a patent chicken-picker and commence preaching for the Methodists.

Suppose we turn over this page.