

# THE DEVIL'S LETTER.

Hades, Apr. 15th, 1900.

To my democratic friends, throughout the United States Dear Boys:—I am so glad to have the pleasure of writing you again. Don't think, boys, that I have forgotten you. Bless your old souls I couldn't afford to be that ungrateful. My future business would be a gloomy prospect without your influence and encouragement. I think of you all every time a ballot-box stuffer or Goebelite comes to my kingdom, and my only regret is that you haven't got a Goebel election law in every state of the American Union. Or if we had a universal Goebel law it would be better. We would have a devil of a time then. I'd soon have to enlarge my roasting machine one hundred fold to accommodate the vast increase of business it would afford me. Boys, I would like to be with you in the present campaign and help you denounce trusts and shout against expansion, but I have lots to do. You see campaign years are always busy years for me, and this year promises no exception. While I can't be with you in person I am always with you in the spirit, and in this way help you thru many tight places where you would otherwise be left in a sad plight. I trust you remember me in all your undertakings. When in trouble always look to me. I'd drop my business any time to answer the emergency call of a machine democrat. I use the term "machine democrat" advisedly. There are a few scattering democrats you know who don't belong to the machine, but there are not enough of them to do us any harm. Most of these will eventually go over to the republicans, where they will fight us openly whereas they are now fighting us in secret. Business is very lively down here now, and I'm getting everything sizzling hot. You remember I wrote you in February that I was having a devil of a time with the Goebelites that had come down here. As hell was originally contracted it was supposed to contain accommodations for every class of people, and as a matter of fact I never had any serious trouble until those Kentucky fellows began to arrive. You know I had to drop everything else and build a special cage to put these Goebelites in because I knew that if I didn't they would soon steal all the coal and brimstone and even the shovels and pokers of hell and run me out of my business. Tho since caging up the boys, I have had an awful time. They keep up such an everlasting racket that it gives me the headache, besides they have actually worn out two steel cages fighting in them since February.

You see I have two anti-Goebel democrats in the cage. They are opposed to the Goebel law on the grounds that it don't afford

as much chance for fraud and trickery as it should have done. They accused the Goebels of being cowards for this defect in the law and the result was a fight which has been going on incessantly for nearly two months. When the racket began I tried to stop it by getting on top of their cage and pouring melted pot metal down their backs through the cracks between the bars, but the hotter I made it for them the harder they fought, besides I like to have met with a serious misfortune myself. Unthoughtedly I let my tail drop down thru a crack in the cage whereupon at least a dozen of these devilish wretches grabbed it. Angels and ministers of mercy, how they pulled it! I never was hurt so bad since I was kicked out of Heaven. My screams brought to my assistance about a dozen of my lieutenant devils who proceeded to let the Goebels have it under the ribs with red hot pitchforks till they let go my tail. How I did wish that Ben Tillman had been there with his pitchfork. My tail was badly hurt and has been more discomfort than ornament ever since. But this has learned me a lesson. It learned me never to let my tail fall into the hands of even my best friends, lest in a fit of political hydrophobia they seize it and tear it from its very foundation.

I was very sorry to learn that the United States Senate kicked out Clark from Montana. That was too bad. After spending 150,000 dollars bribing the legislature to vote for him and then loose his seat in the Senate is enough to make us all feel bad. But like the good democrat he is, Clark is going to try it again. I hope the democratic editors won't say much about the Clark affair. The people are already finding out so much about our devilment that we are going to have a thunderation hard time getting anybody elected this summer. You see it don't always pay to be too bold about our business. Several democrats this year have uttered things which are hurting our party. When Ben Tillman declared that the democrats in South Carolina "had stuffed ballot boxes, shot niggers and were not ashamed of it" he told the truth but he made a devil of a mistake. There are several democrats in S. C. that love fair play and honest dealing and who are blindly lead to believe that the democratic party is upright and honorable, and if Ben, who is a little god among them, has a little more such chat as this he is going to drive these folks into the Republican party. I admire Ben and all other democrats for their roguery and rascality, but it pains me to see them stand up and brag about it. Boys it is all right to accuse the republicans of rascality and fraud of every kind, but for my sake and your sake and the sake of the dear old party never boast of your rascality like Tilman

did. Then there is Aycock whom your party has nominated for Governor of North Carolina, has played thunder by declaring that the democratic party "has ruled by fraud" in his state. I hired several democratic editors to swear that he never uttered such language, but I fear that lots of honest democrats will regard their statements somewhat like the good people do mine. But if Simmons, who is the ringleader of machine democracy in North Carolina, carries out the special instructions that I gave him we'll score a big victory in that state next August. We will carry the Amendment which will disfranchise over one hundred thousand poor devils and of course it will be smooth sailing after that. Those states that have disfranchised the poor and ignorant population are sending me about as many recruits as they did under the Soup-house poverty administration of Grover Cleveland. If you want to make a fiend and a devil out of a man take away his right to vote. Give him to understand that it is only the educated and the rich who have sense enough to know how to use the ballot properly. If you can't succeed in disfranchising him outright why pass an election law like we have in Arkansas, Virginia, Kentucky or North Carolina, which puts the entire election machinery in the hands of one party. Then you can always throw out as much as you please and hold the offices. It may sometimes strain your consciences to help put such a law upon any state, but remember that you will be rewarded some time. You know how the democratic legislature which passed the Goebel law in Ky. also passed a bill at the same session known as the "Prison Bill" which turned out the Republican officers and guards of the penitentiary and supt. of charitable institutions in the middle of their terms and distributed their offices among the members of the legislature as remuneration for their support of the Goebel law.

And then if you should not be rewarded up there I will remember you when you come to my kingdom by furnishing a tub of salt and snow for you to cool your tails in and a dozen assistant devils to fan you.

Now I want you to go to work. We have a big job on our hands this year. We have got to yoke the populist party and the Bryan democrats up together and get the free silver republicans to get in our band wagon. We've got to fuse with every old thing that will give us a vote. Pay no attention to consistency nor party tradition. You know if we had to abide by consistency or party tradition, we might as well shut up shop. What you fellows want and all you care about is the offices. You have all got the office itch and nothing but official salaries will do it any good, but you have got to scratch like

the devil (that's me) to get them this year. You have got to not only scratch, but you have got to tell lies and lots of them. Invent all the new lies you can, and tell all your old ones in a new way. Promise everything asked. If you are running for office promise places to everybody. This is the way I instructed Bryan to do and he's carrying out my advice to the letter. He informs me that he has promised Cabinet positions to 16 hundred persons and lesser offices to a small sized army. You see this accounts for the way the boys are whooping her up for Bryan. Come out good and strong against trusts and expansion. The trusts wont care how much you abuse them. They know that your National Chairman is a big stock holder in the American Cotton Trust. Call them those damnable, bald-headed, read-eyed brimstone-eating, blood-suckers of honest toil. You see such talk as that will scare lots of fools and cause them to vote the democratic ticket. Save lots of breath to denounce expansion, but don't call it expansion. Call it imperialism, and make it sound as horrible as possible. In short, rip and storm and make all the fuss you can, because as I said in my last letter, you know lots of democrats will follow a noise that will not stop to listen to argument. Many of them also want to believe a lie, therefore let them be damned. That's scripture and I want you to help me to apply it to the people on this expansion question.

I have a lot more that I would love to talk about but my tail is paining me so much right now that I will have to close. I will write you again when my tail gets better and tell you just how I want you to run things. Give my love to all the democratic candidates. Tell Aycock and Tillman that I'll forgive them if they wont talk so any more.

Now, boys, for the sake of all that's in democracy, don't let this letter get into the hands of that blasted Yellow Jacket man. It just beats the devil how that Yellow Jacket fellow is catching on to our tricks. I hate him worse than I do holy water.

Now in conclusion let me thank you for the valuable service you fellows have given me in your management of election affairs and in cheating the republicans out of votes. From time to time I will gladly give you advice in the business of election tricks, as I have been in the business longer than any of you. If Wm. Goebel had lived I intended to have appointed him as democratic chief on election laws in the United States, but I am now thinking of giving the place to Simmons of North Carolina. He comes nearer being a democrat after my own heart than any man on your planet, and if he carries his state this year I'll reward him by making him chief lieutenant devil over all my dominions. Lets whoop her up, boys,

and have a general jubilee. If you need any assistance let me know and I'll come up or send a hand. Yours for democratic success and also with a very sore tail.

SATAN DEVIL.  
P. S.—I forgot to tell you one thing. Now this is strictly confidential. I have decided to help elect Bryan by the use of a few miracles. I had nearly forgotten how to work them, as you know I haven't had much experience since the days of Pharaoh when I blooded the waters of Egypt, turned walking sticks into snakes, brought up frogs, etc. But I tried my luck again the other day and the result was that a hen in North Carolina laid an egg with the initials of W. J. Bryan on the shell. Lots of superstitious republicans will look upon this incident with reverence and refuse to go against Bryan. They will never suspect that I bossed the job. I am going to try another trick. I believe I can work a miracle in the ballot boxes, by causing republican names to vanish from the ticket and the names of the democratic candidates to appear in their places. If I succeed in doing this we're solid. It will beat Goebel laws, stuffing the boxes or voting dead niggers out of sight.  
S. D.

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