

## OLD SONGS MADE NEW.

BY MAC OLIN.

### Come, Thou Spirit of Bill Goebel.

Come, thou spirit of Bill Goebel,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Thy example, great and noble,  
Calls for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by democratic throats,  
Praise the plan—I'm fix'd upon it—  
Plan to steal the peoples' votes.

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
For in this I take delight,  
And I hope by thy good pleasure  
To steal everything in sight.  
Goebel sought me while a stranger  
To the music of his jaw;  
He, to get me into danger,  
Studied out the Goebel law.

Oh, to him how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be;  
He hath bound me like a fetter  
And his spirit leadeth me.  
Proue to wander, yes I feel it,  
Proue to leave the Goebel throng;  
Here's me heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy deeds of wrong.

### Thus Sayeth Grover.

As pants the hart for cooling streams  
When heated in the chase,  
So pant I for official pie,  
For pelf and honored place.

For fifty thousand every year  
My hungry soul doth pine;  
Oh, say, dear voters, when shall that  
Fat salary be mine?

I sigh to think of happier days  
When I in clover roll'd,  
Although the voters stood outside  
And shivered in the cold.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, for by and by  
Perchance thou'lt get another taste  
Of Presidential pie.

### Two Mysteries.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
So do the democats, for they  
Just take the South by storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of Satan's blackest skill  
They treasure up their dark designs  
And work their devilish will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
But think on this the while—  
That if you give a democat  
An inch he'll take a mile.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace,  
And keep a skinned eye on the dems—  
They'll steal or break a trace.

### The Song of the Democratic Office Seeker

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Give me wings and let me fly  
Till I reach the flowing bowl  
And the sweet official pie.

Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,  
From defeat's ominous blast:  
Safe into some office guide,  
And receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
Give me licker flowing free:  
As I drink from sun to sun,  
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust in gold is stayed,  
All my help from "booze" I bring:  
Hide my money-making head  
'Neath the shadow of thy wing.

### The Land of Tillman.

There is a land of theft and fraud  
Where Tillmanism reigns,  
Injustice spreads its wings abroad  
O'er all our Southern plains.

There everlasting wrong abides:  
The dems do as they please,  
And into power the rascals ride  
On flowery beds of ease.

Beyond oppression's swelling flood  
Is outraged Justice seen:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood  
While Jordan rolled between.

### The Lament of Billu.

O Washington, the big men's home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my struggles have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

Oh, when, thou city of my hope,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where Congress rarely breaketh up  
And office hath no end?

Cabinet members, Senators too,  
Around the Presidents stand:  
Gee-whiz! But how I'd like to be  
The center of that band!

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

If silver drops much lower it may yet get to be free.

The democats propose to run North Carolina affairs just as they ran the nation's—by selling bonds.

Grover is getting more prudent in his older days. He recently refused to serve as Santa Claus at a church Christmas party.

There is said to be a bright outlook for 1903. How could it look any other way with everything in the hands of the republican party?

The democratic idea of an honest election law is one that will enable that party to count itself in perpetually. Shame, on you, boys.

The republican party can be relied upon for effective anti-trust legislation, but it refuses to enact a buncomb measure merely for political effect.

The doctors have discovered that laziness is a disease, according to some of the scientific papers. Yes, and it can be cured by the oil of birch.

Why doesn't some one send Mr. Watterson a bottle of the editorial stimulant that used to inspire him, or has the famed Kentucky article lost its strength?

The question was asked the other day, "what is a drunk?" We would say that a drunk is a case of where the subjective mind gets control of the objective mind.

No one can tell what is in store for us. There is Croker, the ex-ward boss, spoils politician and debaucher of votes settled down to the semi-respectable life of an English squire.

In advising the Utah legislature not to send an "apostle" to the Senate the President was merely following a precedent set by President Cleveland and reiterating the advice of President McKinley.

If you desire to march with the party of prosperity throw away that tin rooster in your hat, get out of the democratic party and walk over into republican class. You won't feel so mean then.

President Roosevelt has espoused the interests of the people as opposed to the interests of corporate wealth. It remains to be seen if the people will stand by him or will bow down to the golden calf.

A subscriber asks us to state in as brief a way as possible why the republican party can win victories so easily. The whole story is told in seven words: "The republican party carries out its promises." Ask us something harder.

The brutal assassination of the editor of the Columbia, S. C., State by Lieutenant Governor Tillman is the beginning of the end of Tillmanism in that state. At least if Tillman gets his just deserts there will be one Tillman less.

The republican party has built up the commercial prosperity of the nation. It now refuses to enact legislation inimical to that prosperity and to attempt to deal with the trust problem without careful thought and deliberation.

There are no "growing-pains." Rheumatism and articular troubles in children are sometimes thus misnamed, but it is well for parents to remember that if, what they are prone to call growing-pains persist, the services of a physician are needed.

## Glub Rates.

We will send the Yellow Jacket in clubs of four or more at a time at 25 cents a year. We can't give free copies for cubs at this rate. Wish we could. We kindly ask every reader of this copy to take a spin out among your friends and talk and work the Yellow Jacket up a little. Read our personal chat on second page and let us hear from you with a club a dozen strong. Now while the band plays "Republicanism" let every mother's son of you get a hump on that would make a camel look like a clothes line.

We thank the boys for the interest they are taking in securing subscriptions to this paper since our announcement that we intend to put in new and improved machinery by the first of March. Since the 1st day of Jan. 1903 we have received 2,472 subscriptions.

There are said to be 500,000 unemployed persons in London. If you would like to see a similar state of things in this country all you need to do is to give your moral and material support to the movement for revising the tariff by the democratic party.

A Michigan woman who has had a husband in the state penitentiary for five years is evidently getting lonely. She wrote to the governor as follows: "Pleez, your magesty let him cum home, if fur no other reason than to see his three children which has been born since he left."

Whenever you hear one of these little squirrel-tailed democratic roosters raving about the duty that the Dingley bill put on anthracite coal just remind him of the fact that when the democats had control of all departments of the government they put a duty of 40 cents a ton on coal.

The second issue of the Yellow Jacket in February will be called the "George Washington edition" and if nothing don't bust or a box don't get hot in the preparation department it will be the uncommon hottest Yellow Jacket ever yet issued. It will be read by a quarter of a million people.

It is true that corporations have no souls to be damned, but unless the stockholders of the Standard Oil Co. are hell-fire proof the prospects are good for them to be given a genteel roasting down yonder for popping oil up five cents a gallon for no other reason than the desire to increase their enormous profits.

We are indeed sorry that we have no Democratic Prayer in this issue of the Yellow Jacket for the editor of the Carlinville, Ill., Democrat to run in as original matter. It is so handy, you know, for editors who are too lazy to think up their own "prayers" to just drop 30 cents in the Yellow Jacket slot and pray (prey) with a pair of scissors.

A Raleigh, N. C., paper wants to see provisions made for a reformatory for youthful criminals. That's all well enough, but the thing we need most is something adequate to manage the "adult criminals" who are setting such a bad example before the youths. When men steal, and are "not ashamed of it" how can they expect the youths not to follow in their footsteps?

A few months ago the democratic papers were printing a statement to the effect that Russell Sage was of the opinion that we were nearing a general business panic. The thing has turned again. Sage says there is every indication that 1903 will be a prosperous year, and adds: "All this talk about impending panics and reactions is bosh." He should have said "Democratic bosh."

It has been said that the devil is not as black as he is painted nor are all angles as white as they are represented, and there is a good deal of truth in the statement. We all have engaged in cussing out J. P. Morgan to the very best of our ability,

perhaps, for the reason that we are not his employees. Each employee of Mr. Morgan received from him as a New Year's gift a bonus equal to a year's salary.

An Ohio judge ruled that a husband has a right to keep his mother-in-law away from his house, if he believes that she is causing trouble, and use force if necessary. The fact that in this particular case the wife owned the residence, the court held, did not effect the husband's prerogative of ruling his own household. This makes it begin to look as if the mother-in-law was doomed to evaporation.

Those democats down in Indianola, Mississippi, lack a whole thundering lot of being consistent, to say the least of them. They permit their town and state to bear names which have no reference to the Caucasian race but they can't endure a post master with a little aboriginal blood without raising hades and putting a chunk under it. Why don't they mob Mississippi and Indianola and be done with it?

The governor of N. C. has recommended the issuing of half a million dollars in bonds to meet the deficit in the State treasury. This is so much like the way that Grover ran the affairs of the nation that we don't see why governor Aycock should not be the democratic candidate for Vice-President next year. There is so close an intimacy between democracy and bonds that it is impossible to name the one without thinking of the other.

Building roads and bridges may be postponed which only inconveniences temporary material loss as a result; but to postpone the building of good schools brings eternal loss in knowledge, intelligence, culture and the highest interests of life to the boys and girls fast growing through the educable years of childhood and youth to manhood and womanhood. A people may sometimes be justified in postponing the one, never in postponing the other.

A girl in Indiana played post office at a party the other night and yelled and shrieked and howled and ran behind the door and scratched the young man's face in seven places, upset a lamp, kicked over the piano stool and when he finally kissed her on the tip of the ear she fainted dead and said she could never look anybody in the face again. They led the bashful, modest, gentle, sobbing creature home and the next day she ran away with a married lightning-rod peddler who had a hair lip and ten children.

"All that the republican congress is doing to the trusts consists of talk, talk, talk, and it will all end in talk," remarks the Urbana, Ohio, Democrat. Conceding for argument's sake that is all that they will do, Mr. Democrat, that is a whole lot better than spending their time passing laws that would result in turning loose in this country an army of men hunting work and none to be found. We will choose talk on the part of our congressmen and plenty of work for all who want it every time in place of Coxe armies and free soup. Let 'em talk.

The Pilot, of West Bend, Wisconsin, rather sarcastically remarks "that the sacred tariff schedules will not be touched at this session of congress." Whoever wanted them touched except the democats and a few broken legged sore-backed republicans? Of course the tariff is not going to be meddled with and you needn't be worrying about it. If the republicans keep their senses they will never meddle with the tariff while it is giving as general satisfaction as it is now doing. We can't understand why the democratic press should suppose that a republican congress is going to adopt methods that were proven by the democratic party to be ruinous to the industrial interests of this country.

Carrie Nation is not the only freak in Kansas. There is a paper published at Long Island in that state and known as the Leader which for undiluted, downright gourd-headed

foolishness takes the cake. It lays the blame for the privation occasioned by the plague in the Philippines to "imperialism." Hear it shoot off the bile of its liver a moment: "The results of American imperialism are the same as that of the European brand. Starvation is staring the people of the Philippines in the face."

The Leader knows that the United States is doing everything in its power to make the condition of the people in the Philippines better; trying to introduce education, suppress outlawry and stamp out those plagues that are playing such havoc to man and beast. We have too much confidence in the intelligence of the people of Kansas to believe that the "Leader" is leading anybody to its way of talking.

The following item clipped from the Detroit Free Press will no doubt be regarded as news by our readers in Bloomington, Illinois:

Following are the rules and regulations posted in a hotel in Bloomington, Ill.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumbwaiter. Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for lunch.

If the room gets too warm open the window and see the fire escape.

Base ballers desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand. Board, 50 cents per square foot; meals extra; breakfast at 6, supper at 7.

If the lights go out take a soda—that is light enough for any man.

The office is convenient to all connections. Horses to hire, 25 cents a day.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet.

Don't worry about paying bill. The house is supported by its foundation.

If you are fond of athletics and like good jumping lift the mattress and see the bed springs.

Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles and other valuables kept on the counter. They should be kept under the safe.

## Plantation Philosophy.

BY DIKE DOORBOTTOM.

Sand in the gizzard, metaphorically speaking, denotes firmness, but when found in sugar it denotes a thief of the thoroughbred persuasion.

Truth goes by freight, falsehood by express and usually unloads at every stopping place.

Better be on a firm foundation in poverty than to stand on the rickety pinnacle of ill gotten wealth; to climb will tire, but to fall will hurt.

Fair promises make an excellent political currency, but unless backed by performances to keep them at par they will sooner or later depreciate like the democratic currency did in the sixties. Don't you forget it.

It is not every flower that is filled with honey; some pinks furnish an excellent hiding place for a spider.

The hat least admired by freemen is the one that is all crown.

When you look at yourself through the telescope be sure and invert it; the toad tried to equal the ox but she busted.

To burn both ends of your social candle at once deceives your friends and provokes your enemies.

The little sharp shares generally get sheared by the big sharp shears. When it comes to sharing shares in a thievish corporation a water dog can swallow a man every time.

As long as the crimson records of barbarism are accepted as the prophetic guides for the future, the doctrine of Odin Scandinavian god will remain unshaken, which is, that bloodshed and carnage are the stepping stones to peace and honor.

A losing speculation is buying nine lottery tickets where there is nine blanks to one prize. The politician who makes nine promises to one performance is pursuing the same business and he will not be hard to find in Southern Democracy.

The candle of Napoleon's fame first shined in civil conflict, burned in a cyclone of conquest and went out in the confines of a prison.

Washington budded in usefulness, bloomed in adversity, ripened in peace and happiness and retired clothed in the mantle of righteousness loved and esteemed by the people.