

**Democratic Prayer.**

Oh Thou Great Spirit of Democracy, thou who used to dwell in Tom Jefferson when he picked up a huge gob of social chaos and carved the Democratic party out of it with the trenchant point of his political penknife; we come tumbling down, nearly breaking our necks, this morning, for the purpose of confessing our political sins. But Glorious Spirit, we will just be everlastingly dad gummed if we know what to say. We confess that we don't know what to confess. We are in the middle of more sorts of a bad fix than we ever have been before in our lives. We are afraid to confess that we ever voted for Cleveland because thou knowest that Cleveland points to thy holy name with pride. We are afraid to confess that we have hollered and voted for Bryan for Billy claims closer kinship to thee than Grover. Great Guiding Power, if we haint got ourselves into the middle of a devil of a fix we would just like to know the reason. What are we to do? How can we get out of this awful delirium? Canst thou let fall one ray of political light to illuminate the dark and crooked places in our thorny pathway? If we have shot too many niggers, told too many lies and stuffed too many ballot boxes to merit thy favor, then what in the name of politics are we to do?

We confess that we are just fairly dying to do something and we ain't so very particular what it is. Just anything for a change. Because thou knowest we hollered and followed Cleveland till there wasn't any meat on our political bones, so to speak. Then thou knowest we ripped around after Bryan and free silver till one could hold us up toward the sun and see the fish worms of political rottenness wiggling in our inards. We have fought for harmony till there aint nothing to fight for now but a bad smell. If we don't need help nobody never did. If we don't get some help pretty soon we will never need it, for we are just positively pestered politically.

We beseech thee, Most Holy Democratic Ghost, to toss a few crumbs of comfort at us. If thou canst not afford to shower a very profuse shower of comfort on our heads, then just let slip a small smile that we may know that thou approve our ways. We want to feel like somebody would smile on us. The radicals have jagged us with their "We told you so's" till we don't know straight up any more.

We implore thee to help us to know what we want. We need a leader but we don't know whom to get that can lead us. We want a leader that can get there. We want a leader that looks like a democrat to us whether he does or not to other folks. We are willing to confess anything if it will get us a leader. We are willing to swear that we haint got sense enough to lead a blind goose to water if it will help us on the road to success and pie. Thou knowest that the democratic party cant exist long out of the spirit world without pie. We don't yet want to join the caravan of the departed but we must confess that we cant stay here long with no pie in our mouths and Teddy Roosevelt and Mark Hanna and the whole republican party after us.

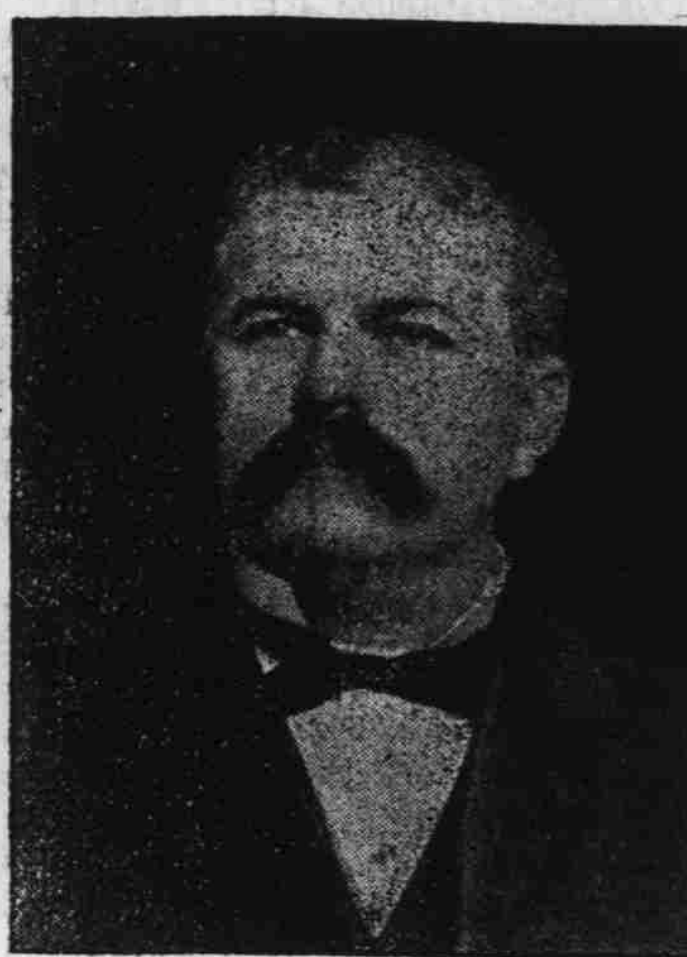
Smile on us with a broad, Democratic smile and tell us what to do to swat these dad gummed radicals. Nerve us up for the fray of 1904 and stand by us in the midst of the battle and all the glory shall be thine, worlds without end. Amen.

Col. Bryan's Commoner is still appealing to the faithful to organize. We want to add a word to that solemn note of warning. Both factions of the Democracy need organization. If the reorganizers, straddlers and camp-followers, like those who run the campaign in this country last fall, do not organize, the yellow-legged Populistics will mop up the earth with them. On the other hand, if there is not organization on the part of the followers of Bryan and his 250-dollar heifer, old Grover's gang will come marching along to the tune of "Four Years More of it," and they'll stamp the in'ards out of the slothful 16-to-1-ers. Up and at 'em, both crowds of you! "Lay on McDuff!" We want to watch this fight fought to a finish.—Independent, Weston, W. Va.

**Our Candidates for President and Vice in 1904.**



**FOR PRESIDENT:  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.**



**FOR VICE PRESIDENT:  
JETER G. PRITCHARD.**

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

It takes the oar of honesty to row the boat of prosperity.

We desire a few hundred nice clubs to the Yellow Jacket by the next issue.

And Mr. Bryan's name was never mentioned at the great political function at Saint Louis.

Congressman Richardson, the democratic leader has decided to quit politics and start a Masonic goat ranch.

A Kansas community sang "Red, White and Blue" in Russia as the President's train come to a stop.

What has become of Col. Bryan's prediction that if the republican party was successful corn would go to ten cents a bushel?

It seems like most of the Bryanite democratic papers have decided that the best way to handle the silver question is with silence.

Of course the democrats are sincere, but they are behind the times. They act as if they were living way back in the middle of last century.

It don't pay to let the democratic party get too gay. The livelier it is the greater stagnation of business; the deader, the greater prosperity.

Since the President announced that it would be unwise to attempt to revise the tariff before the next election a tariff reform republican is as rare as a 16 to 1 democrat.

Mark Hannah says the talk of his becoming a presidential candidate is all boah. Your Uncle Mark is for Teddy, first, last and all the time.

There are seven hundred dialects spoken by the native coons of South Africa. And yet some scientists are endeavoring to learn monkey language.

What the President spared the Mississippi bears he has given to the Wall Street bulls by reason of his sincere and honest fight against meretricious trusts.

Why should not Senator Hanna make a speech in defense of labor unions? Who gave that gentleman more help once than the dinnerpail brigade?

Who slanders a state—those who steal its offices and disfranchise its citizens, or those who expose corruption and rottenness? Does that hit you?

It is suggested that the town of Mars Hill, Me., which is made famous by having five families containing 69 children might more fairly be named Ma's and Pa's Hill.

If anybody thinks that the Bryanite wing of democracy could show up any better in running the government than the Cleveland wing did, we would like for him to explain why he thinks it.

A Southern man who has discovered that feeding hens with onions flavors their eggs, is now trying the experiment of feeding them with whiskey and sugar to produce eggnog.

If you want to start a political circus don't fail to get next issue of the Yellow Jacket. It will both teach and tickle nearly half a million people.

Those democrats who urge the nomination of W. R. Hearst and Carter Harrison should remember that the United States is bigger than a Chicago or even a New York ward.

Republicanism is an unceasing warfare for the principles of honest government. You are not a republican unless you are enlisted in the fight. What are you doing?

There are a great many useless and injurious habits held to by the people; but the worst habit we know of is the habit of just shutting one's eyes and voting the democratic ticket.

Her Most says the heads of the leading governments of the world are occupied by idiots. But that is a deuce of a sight better than to fill there places with anarchist.

A Georgia mob has beaten to death a man suspected of having set fire to a barn. The New York World says that "the fact that he was a negro seems to have been regarded as ample confirmation of the suspicion."

The claim of an Anniston, (Ala.) man that he saw the first railway train ever run recalls the somewhat surprising fact that Stephenson's first engine was built considerably less than one hundred years ago.

Just listen at this. The Democratic State Chairman of Missouri says: "Whatever the Democracy does is wise and good." Gewhiz. That feller could eat a poll cat and never make a face.

The kind of government the democrats are giving in every state where they are in the majority is mighty poor argument for a national change to that sort of stuff in 1904. Say! Do you hear?

If every subscriber to this paper will take his copy of next issue and raise a club we will return the compliment by giving you something richer than you ever saw before. You tickle our back and we will tickle your back.

Mr. Bryan thinks it is too bad that the Palmer and Buckner party should be disturbed by the quarrels between Cleveland and Watterson, and suggests a harmony dinner. Now why not Billy get up this harmony dinner? Wouldn't it be nice?

In nearly every other paragraph of his paper Col. Bryan urges the boys to organize democratic clubs in every section of the country, and of course there will be thousands of clubs formed. Now to make the fun complete let every reader of the Y. J. make him up a club of subscribers to this paper and go after the dems with something warm.

With next issue of the Yellow Jacket we expect to begin the publication, in a boiled-down form, of all the best pieces of political thunder that has ever appeared in this paper. It will consist of editorial comments that will apply to the present situation also extracts, etc., from Eli Tucker the "Devil," Tobe Spilkins and all the other correspondents of the Y. J. who have hit the bull's eye.

In these columns we present our readers with cuts of the men who are our choice for President and Vice-President. They combine the elements of republicanism that move forward and do things. Theodore Roosevelt and Jeter C. Pritchard would merit the united support of the entire republican party, and a large part of the democrat party.

**Club 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 clubs 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.

**A RETROSPECTION.**

Years ago, when the circulation of the Yellow Jacket was only a few hundred we uttered things in a political way that we should like to repeat at the present time to our one hundred and seventy-five thousand readers. What was true of the democratic party then is true now. What was sound republican doctrine then is just as good in this year of grace. Furthermore, the people then were face to face with the blunders and mismanagement of democracy. Now we propose to give our readers a panoramic view of the sayings of this "southern butterfly" when the dems were in power and times were so hard that Eli Tucker said that he had but one pair of britches to his name and they had patches on the gable ends of them that were a disgrace to the very devil. So if you want all your neighbors converted and the whole thing made unanimous for the republican party in 1904 then all we ask you to do is to see about four of your neighbors and get us a club of one dollar in subscriptions. Hurry up now and don't miss a single number. We will begin to make the fur fly in next issue.

It begins to look like the republican party would come into power in Missouri. In less time than a year fifteen high democratic officials have been convicted and will get terms in the penitentiary. If this thing keeps up long there wont be any democratic party left in that state.

Col. Wm. J. Bryan remarked in his Kansas City speech that the democratic bed is wide enough for all who want to come in. That's what's the matter. The party has been in bed too long. Get out, rub up your eyes and see where you are "at" and then get a hump on and trot up tell you get in shouting distance of Republican progress and confess that you have been in a Rip Van Winkle slumber.

Here is a puzzle that puzzles every body: Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add to it three multiplied by five, add to it the number of living sisters, multiply the result by ten, add the number of deaths of brothers and sisters and subtract 150 from the result. The right hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle will be the number of living sisters, and the left will show the number of living brothers. Try it and see.

In a speech at Kansas City the other day William Jennings Bryan warned democrats against making their party too much like the republican party. Just hold your skilet. Billy. You needn't be afraid of anything like that being done. It's too big a job to contemplate. The idea of making the democratic party look like the republican party is a task that would stagger the skill of gods much less men. You might just as well try to make a coronation out of a bull-nettle, or a honey bee out of a dog louse.

A donkey stepped into a store and the proprietor approached the beast and asked, "What are you doing here? You know this is no place for a donkey." "I am here," said the donkey, "because I saw your advertisement on the fence that surrounds my pasture: I know you, too, must be a donkey or you would place your advertisements in a paper where it would be read by people, not donkeys. Being lonesome today I thought I would be neighborly and make a fraternal call."

We notice that some of the democratic papers are disposed to ridicule the President for his very sensible statement that the "trusts should be dealt with cautiously." You see it is out of the question for a democratic pencil pusher to think of doing things cautiously since Bryan put his hoodoo on the party. When a democrat takes a notion to do something he goes at it heels over head, with no more regard for preparation or method than a blind calf trying to escape a cyclone. Take the management of the government, for instance.

"You are dying" said the doctor to the country editor as he lay on his death bed after long weary years of toil. "And do you think I am going?" said the editor. "Yes I am sure," said the doctor.

The dying editor turned his head and looked at him who had come to make out his last will, said: "And you think I am dying?" "Yes I know it," said the Lawyer. The dying editor then said to the doctor, "How much do I owe you?" "About \$100," said the doctor. The editor then turned to the lawyer, "How much do I owe you?" "About \$100," said the lawyer, who had spent about three hours making the editor's will. "Well," said the editor "wont you please kneel on each side of me while I breathe my last?" "Why do you make such a request?" the lawyer and doctor asked simultaneously. "Well" said the editor, "It will be a great satisfaction to die as my Savior did—between two thieves." The doctor and lawyer fainted and the editor got well.—Ex.

It seems to me that things are upside down in many ways. Instead of being born a baby a man ought to be born old so he'd know enough to start life right. By the time he had accumulated a fortune he would be young and foolish enough to have some fun out of it. Then he'd get married and if there were any children they'd be old enough to care for themselves. No bother at all to parents you see. At the ripe old age of one day he'd quietly cash in on cholera infantum and the funeral expenses would be a mere trifle. But that wasn't what I was thinking of at first. It was marriage. We get hooked up in the holy bonds of wedlock in about five minutes and then spend weeks trying to show that the referee ought to step in and separate us. If two people want to take a chance at running in double harness the court should be notified at the start. Then let each side summons witnesses to tell all they know about the principals. It would save a lot of trouble if Harold could know in advance that Caroline was in the habit of throwing flatirons when offended and for Caroline to know that Harold earned \$12 a week instead of \$50. If it looks like a poor proposition let the courts divorce them before they are married and save a scandal.

We often wonder why it is that men have not sense enough when they have got enough—enough property and money. There are men by the hundred in the country at fifty to sixty years of age worth from \$15,000 to \$50,000, owners of the best farms in the world, working and slaving year in and year out to make more money and buy more land when the very best they can make of the job is ten years or so of fret and worry, then a funeral and the probating of a will and a scattering of their hard earnings. While every man should earnestly and industriously try to provide for his family when he is gone, there is little sense in carrying the effort to the point which these men do. Nine boys out of ten will make better men and citizens to have to hoe their own row instead of getting the notion that they can loaf around till dad dies. You man and woman of sixty, just plan your business so as to get just as much comfort as possible out of your money, for you "ain't got long to stay here," and no amount of money will buy back youth and health and strength.—Ex.

A boy who had read the story of George Washington and the hatchet, cherished an ambition to imitate the Father of His Country, and, taking an ax one day cut down a choice pear tree which had cost his father \$2.50 when it was a yearling. When the old man got onto the fact that the tree was chopped down just as it was getting ready to bear, he was tolerably warm, and said: "I wonder if this is some of that kid's work? If it is I will warm him up till he will have to eat standing for a week." Then the man sought out the lad and asked him if he knew who cut down that tree. He expected to betray the boy into a confession, but the boy had made some observations himself, and answered: "I think, dad, that you know more than any other man in the country and I have heard you say that when one isn't sure what is the best thing to say he had better keep his mouth shut. This tree question is one about which I don't care to express my opinion." "My son," said the old man, as he clasped the boy to his arms, "If you will stick to that rule all your life you will be the greatest politician that ever came down the pike."

Judging from the opinion of Colonel Watterson and Cleveland and others, the negro race made the mistake of its life in ever coming to America. —The New York Mail and Express.