

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Bryan declares that the "democratic party must be consistent." If it does that it must spew up Bryan.

Democracy is a house divided against itself, and it is hard to tell who is for and who is against.

The democrats might hope for success in 1904 if they only had a candidate and an issue and a splitless party.

When a democrat offers us advice now we can't help but remember that he advised us to vote for Grover Cleveland.

It is probable that the Cleveland third-term presidential boom will commit race-suicide between now and convention time.

The greatest obstacle to democratic success is the lack of opportunities to make the election laws in the Northern States.

The man who finds comfort in belonging to the so-called democratic party could dine on a basket of dry thistles and swear they tasted good.

Bryan talks about a "standard of government." The last "standard" the democratic party gave us makes our hind foot ache to think about it.

Two hundred and seventy votes in excess of the number required to nominate are already pledged to President Roosevelt in the next national convention.

The Omaha Bee announces that Mr. Bryan is a good man when he is "not talking politics." We always suspected he was harmless when he was asleep.

This "Cleveland third term" business is a very good thing for the demmies to talk about and wrangle over in the absence of anything of importance to say.

The astromomers have formed a trust. Say, Mr. Democrat, don't you reckon that the tariff on the stars had better be repealed and bust this trust?

There is a Chief Justice in Raleigh Who thinks it would be very jaleigh To enter the race For the president's place. But Walter wont reach it, b'kaleigh.

The United States as a whole are largely republican, yet some of the states still insist on carrying the corn in one end of the sack and a rock in the other.

Some of the arguments put up by the democrats remind us of the fellow who said he lost ten thousand dollars on pork because he did not have the hogs to kill.

The microbe killer might do the democratic party a valuable service by destroying the germ that is biting the heel of the democratic donkey and making it kick so.

The difference between the money question and that of imperialism is that money is the creation of law, while "imperialism" is the creation of jaw.

The democratic party is a 16 to 1 party in the sense that there are sixteen reasons why it should go off and die to where there is one that it should continue to live.

All the "consent" the democrats in the South ask of the negro is the consent to count his vote. And this they obtain, although they sometimes have to kill the "nigger."

Bryan is trying to work out the democratic problem by the cancellation process, and it looks very much like when he gets done there will be neither numerator nor denominator left.

Hokeysypokey Smith says free silver is dead in the South. Maybe not. Per-

haps the old lady has been coaxed off to bed while White Supremacy cuts a few fantastic capers before high heaven.

The old democratic boat is trying to navigate a very tempestuous sea these days, but there wouldn't be quite so much danger of getting the old thing upset if they could only make Billy Bryan sit still.

The difference between republicanism and democracy is this: Under republican rule two or more jobs are looking for one man; under democracy two or more men were looking for one job.

It is wonderful how the little ones come to absorb this new democratic doctrine. For instance it is said that some school children now insist that they should not be governed without their consent.

The Standard Oil Company is one of the biggest trusts in the United States. Oil is on the free list. Still the democratic editors continue to keep up their little song that "the tariff is the mother of trusts."

Bryanism and Clevelandism represent the two extremes of present day democracy and both have wandered so far from the original doctrine that neither would recognize Jeffersonism if they were to meet it in the road.

We can't see any use in spending much time in discussing President Roosevelt's attitude on the race suicide question, because everybody with as much observation as a one-eyed dummy knows that the republican party has always favored infant industries.

The Roosevelt administration is winning the confidence of the people by the manner in which it is going to the bottom of things in the Postoffice Department and routing out the criminals. Some editors seem to have forgotten, by the way, that Machen was a democrat.

Henry Watterson, the double-leaded editor of the Courier-Journal, says the milk in the Cleveland cocoanut is Pierpont Morgan. It seems to us that the last time we remember to have had the Cleveland cocoanut on our bill of fair that the blamed thing contained nothing but free soup.

J. Pierpont Morgan may not want us to tell it but he is busy at odd times trying to find a democratic tool whom he can make President. He don't exactly like Cleveland for the reason that he might fool too much time at fishing and he don't want Bryan because he fools away too much time with his mouth.

Since May 1, 1896, the money in circulation in the United States has grown from \$1,540,007,082 to \$2,375,353,720, an increase of over \$834,000,000, or 54 per cent. If this is inflation, it is on a gold basis and the people rest easy as to its substantial value. And still inflationists are not satisfied.

If we had to take choice between Cleveland soup and Bryan starvation we would prefer to commit suicide. A man whose tasting apparatus is so badly out of whack that he can't tell the difference between republican biscuit and democratic soup—well, you could put some gravy on a rubber overcoat and the fool would eat it for salad.

A scientist says that if the earth were flattened the sea would be two miles deep all over the world. After due meditation a Kansas editor gives out the following: "If any man is caught flattening out the earth, shoot him on the spot, and don't be too blamed particular what spot. There are a whole lot of us in Kansas that can't swim."

During the last six years, under republican rule, the per capita circulation of money in the United States has increased nearly fifty per cent. Yet we hear the dead-heads howling for a change. A man who would advocate a change back to democratic methods at this time simply hasn't got sense enough to know prosperity from a barrel of brooms.

Club Rates.

We will have 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.

Did President Roosevelt while in Arizona and new Mexico take occasion to explain the plank in the republican national platform pledging statehood to the territories?—Commoner. Nope. Did Col. Bryan use up very much lung power in denouncing redshirtism and election frauds in N. C. when he passed through this state some years ago?

Nearly every little "anti" paper in the country is emptying its vials of vitriolic wrath upon the head of the only man who has led the party to victory in the past forty years. Democrats are strangely lacking in appreciation for service rendered as well as in most other good traits. Don't be so hard on Grover, boys. He's mighty bad, but he's the best you've got, and so there you are.

Mention Grover Cleveland for president and the ghost of Coxe's Army passes in review before you, and every full dinner-pail in the land turns sick at its stomach. At the very suggestion the government printers begin to oil up their presses for another bond issue, and every democratic sign-board in the country points one way and bears one inscription—"To Starvation."

We notice a good deal of factionalism prevailing among certain republicans in Illinois. Boys, stop it or go over to the democrats. This thing of raising a ten ton racket over a five penny reason is too much like the way democrats do things and besides, is a deuce of a poor way to aspire to leadership. Get together and stop your mischief. It will do you good.

Before William Joel Stone decide to accept the nomination he would do to remember that W. J. is a very person lucky combination of letters. Its coupled with a democratic presidential candidate. If Miss Democracy had a Stone fastened about her neck and then the republicans were to cast her into the middle of the sea of defeat she would be a gone gal for sure.

A little old demopobryanocratic sheet published at Hastings, Nebraska, says that "Roosevelt is the greatest trust-buster that never busted a trust." Say, little 'un, trot out your party's trust-busting record and stand it up by Mr. Roosevelt's and maybe the comparison will learn you how to keep your mouth from talking so much. By the way, ain't your man Billyum J. the greatest president that was never elected?

If you delight in "hot things" politically speaking, then don't fail to get next issue of the Yellow Jacket and a club of your neighbors to boot. It will contain enough blister plaster to stamper the whole democratic shooting match and make them yearn for the soothing balm that is applied to the fellow that puts his head under the motherly wing of the great republican party. Ten thousand new clubs to begin then will not frighten us bad.

Those twenty-six democratic members of the Missouri senate who claim that they were over-ruled and forced into those boodling crimes by the eight republican members of that body are certainly demonstrating their fitness to hold office. Twenty-six democrats bossed by eight republicans! Well! Anybody that could believe that could believe that the moon was a grindstone or that the devil was a Christian.

The Commoner says that the time will come when the causes set forth in the Kansas City platform will be vindicated by a majority of the people. That prophecy is about at par with the Mr. Bryan made in '96 to the effect that if McKinley was elected the country was ruined, that wheat and corn

and all other farm products would depreciate in value. Just reverse his prophecies and Bryan is a first class prognosticator.

This talk of the democratic party being short of presidential timber is all bosh. Col. Bryan has just dug up a man in North Carolina and one in Tennessee either one of which hesays would make a first rate president. There are several million more democrats whom the people have never yet heard of, and that's the sort of fellows the democratic party tries to get. If they could find a genuine Robinson Crusoe wouldn't they be in it?

The democratic party, it seems, is floundering "between the devil and the deep blue sea." Cleveland says, "Come back, boys, and cease to run after strange gods." But when they think of returning to father Cleveland's bosom, then the thought flashes upon them that it was Cleveland's hard times that drove them to Bryanism. Really it appears to be a case in which they will be "damned if they do and damned if they don't."

A reader of the Yellow Jacket wants to know who invented the "Microphone," spoken of in our issue of April 2nd, which is said to be so delicate in construction that by its aid the groans of a dying fly can be heard. We are not absolutely certain who invented the "Microphone," but we kinder suspect it was some democratic politician who invented it for the purpose of trying to catch some faint promise of democratic success that might be floating through the air.

Col. Bryan is just about to have a geminy fit for fear the democrat party will touch the hem of republicanism's garment and get a little political saving grace injected into it. Never you mind, Billy. Association with the republicans will save anything that has life and self-respect about it, but your party has neither. It has sinned away its day of grace long ago. Not even republicanism would be able to save her now. See's too far gone.

Wake Up, Young man. "Young man, you are coming of age, the stage of action in the most favored period that has occurred since Cain and Abel were babies. They said 'David was a good fellow,' answered the little student. "What put that idea into your head?" asked the mother. "Why," replied Elsie, "it says here, 'David pleaded for protection,' so he must have been a republican. I wonder if there is anything about democrats in the Bible, mama?"

The editor of an exchange being asked if he ever saw a baldheaded woman, replied in the following vein: "No, we never did; nor did we ever see a woman waltzing around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar in her teeth, and running in every saloon she saw. We have never seen a woman go fishing with a bottle in her pocket, sit on the damp ground all day and come home drunk at night. Nor have we ever seen a woman yank off her coat and say she could lick any man in town. God bless her, she's not built that way."

The Covington, Tenn., Record gets inquisitive and inquires: "What does re-organization of the demonratic party mean? Does it mean that the party is wrong in its declarations as expressed in its platform?" Now you are smelling along a hot trail, old boy. That's exactly what's the matter with the old critter. Now as to the "re-organizing" business, we ain't got a doggon thing to do with it, and we pity anybody who has. We'd just as soon think of making a game rooster out of a leather-wing bat that had been blown up with a bicycle pump and busted.

The Register, of Stanton, Nebraska, rises up with a countenance like a funeral sermon and makes the solemn assertion that only republican papers are advocating Cleveland for president. Why, bless your old alabaster heart, cousin, if the republican papers couldn't find anything better than Grover to support it would be time for them to tumble into the paste-bucket and get drowned. If the Register man will cite us to just one republican paper that is boosting Fatty, then the Yellow Jacket will settle down into a quiet, undisturbed, peaceful, motionless calm and say no more.

A Georgia Howler.

An esteemed subscriber sends us a marked copy of a paper called "The Southern World" published at Blue Ridge, Ga. In one of its columns we find a communication signed "Bon Homie" in which the writer undertakes to completely demolish the Yellow Jacket with one fell swoop of his immaculate buzzard-feather. He begins by declaring in words murky and thick that the Yellow Jacket is a conglomeration of abuses bordering on profanity, and that it has neither an argument nor a sensible idea on its pages. Now we'll bet a ninety dollar mule against three inches of Bon Homie's nose that that individual is so blinded by the black pall of party prejudice and so entirely destitute of the faculties of observation and judgement that he wouldn't know a sensible idea from the leg bone of an Egyptian mummy. Doubtless he knows equally as much about what constitutes profanity as a potato-bug would know about astronomy. If Bon Homie would go and hear Sam Jones preach he might get a few points on language. He might possibly get the idea hammered into his simlin that somebody besides the Yellow Jacket uses rough talk. We choose our language according to the subject we have to handle. Men don't put on their best clothes when they go out to kill a skunk. Our business is to salivate the democratic party, and if Bon Homie don't want us to use rough talk we wish to goodness he'd send us a list of real nice words that we could use in describing something terrible nasty. The writer goes on to state that the Yellow Jacket abounds in misspelled words and grammatical errors, and that it cannot possibly do the republican party any good nor the democratic party any harm, except "to poison the minds of the most ignorant." Speaking of mis-spelled words and grammatical errors, who in the dickens would think of lecturing a jibber-jawed monkey in belles-lettres English? And as to "poisoning the minds of the ignorant" we will say that ignorant people do not read the Yellow Jacket. Some of them may be ignorant when they begin, but they soon grow out of it and become intelligent men who think and act for themselves. Mr. Bon Homie, you are a mighty small potato and your criticism don't cut much ice in this sanctum. You don't know a bit more than you think you do. Your brain is a little old dried up wart of a thing about the size of a hoot-owl's eye and is not capable of comprehending a great question. Your alleged intellect might come up sideways to a great question and rub against it, but it cannot surround it and grasp it and comprehend it. That's where you are deformed. Why, bless your old mustard-seed soul, we could raise brains to sell to you Georgia democrats and then have enough left to run a paper that would make you see stars every way you looked.

The Fairburg, Ill., Local Record has this to say: The Cleveland democrats who have undertaken to re-organize the democratic party by turning it over to the republican party will find that they have a hard job before them." Well you'd better bet your sweet little life they will. The mere idea of the democratic party being turned over to the republican party is too preposterous to think about. What in the name of peace and Betsy Bobbitt would the republicans do with the lame-legged hulk? Don't allow yourself to become unduly excited good brother; the republicans don't want your party nor any of the appurtenances thereunto appertaining.

The Aurora, Nebraska, Register says the republicans would like to get Grover elected president again and unload another panic on him. That's just where you've missed it, buddy. In the first place, the republicans haven't got a blasted bit more use for the old Tub of Fat today than they had back yonder in 1892 while you demmies were making such pale pink monkeys of yourselves yelling for him. In the second place, the unloading of that panic came the other way. Fatty did the unloading and the people had to carry the load. You sorter begin to get a faint glimmering idea, don't you?