

ELI'S LETTER.

Huckleberry Knob, N. C.,
January 19, 1907.

Editor Yellow Jacket:

Dear Sir: Did you ever think about what would become of the politicians if they had nothing to howl about? When I say politicians, I don't refer to that class of men who spend much time in deep thinking and wise planning for their country's welfare, but rather to those blustering, rantankerous fellows like Ben Tillman, who are everlastingly rearing up on their hind feet and braying like jackasses because something has been done that wasn't laid off by their little pocket rules. There doesn't a blessed week pass during a session of Congress that some billious "patriot" doesn't uncork himself and spill his bile on a long suffering people. And what is to be done about it? You can't keep these fellows from howling any more than you can break a dog from barking at the moon. They will howl just as loud and long without an excuse as they will if they had one. Just look back over the last eleven years and think about it. There has been enough physical energy and lung gas expended during that period railing out at imaginary political dangers and over false issues to cut the Isman canal from Colon to Panama. Every little cross roads in the entire country has been afflicted with the howler. He's been up early and late "viewing with alarm" and shedding his crocodile tears.

When William Jennings Bryan made his "cross of gold and crown of thorns" speech at Chicago eleven years ago he furnished a keynote or a howling receipt for several million "patriots," and they seized it with all the eagerness that a hungry dog would a link of sausage. And they used it to beat the band. It was the thing they long had sought and mourned because they found it not. And after all the howling and covarting and ranting from one end of the country to the other, what good did it do? Where is the man who can stand up today and point out a single benefit to the people that grew out of all that ranting? Ah, he's not to be found. But the howlers had to howl.

You have often heard it said that the Democratic party made no progress. That is a mistake. They are progressing one way—they are better howlers every year. There was a time when they had some issues and didn't have to howl, but as the years have gone by one by one of their issues has passed away and now they are reduced to the extremity of howling to keep up appearances.

Take the past month in Congress. What Democrat has stood up and held out to the people a single Democratic principle that contained any perceptible merit? Several have spoken, but their speeches were howling affairs from shout to tail. They start out by referring briefly to the virtues of their own party, and the howling spirit gets the better of their judgment and away they go, howling at the tariff, howling at the President, howling at the Philippine policy, howling at the trusts and howling at everything and everybody from the Chief Executive down to a Hottentot digging in the ditch at Panama. And not a remedy do they propose.

I have just read the speech of Congressman Sheppard, of Texas, and it ranks well as a masterpiece of the howlers. Yet the Democrats are about to go into fits over it. They think it one of the finest things since "the crown of thorns and the cross of gold" slogan was promulgated. And why? The devil only knows. There is not a constructive idea in the whole blast. It is one continuous epigram of "damn the Republicans." Listen to his howlings. He says, "Stand pat is another expression for dry rot." Ye gods, think of that. Think of the unparalleled cheek and gall it must take to induce a man to stand up in the Halls of Congress and say that the Republican policy is synonymous with dry rot. If this sort of times is dry rot what in the name of all the gods at once would he call the sort of times we had twelve years ago?

"Stand pat," he says, "altho the enormous tariff rates incite the antagonism of the world and imperils our foreign trade." Another empty howl. Why didn't he quote some figures to prove this statement? Why didn't he take the figures of our foreign trade under a Democratic tariff and also under this "dry rot" tariff which he is howling about and prove his assertion. He simply couldn't do it. That is why. He doesn't dare to try it. It is cheaper to howl. With the Democrats it goes further and costs less. Listen at him once more, "Stand pat, although patriotic Republicans all over the country unite in the general prayer for a lower tariff." Why don't he furnish just a few names as samples? Let him show a baker's dozen of "patriotic Republicans" who are praying for lower tariff that are not tied to the coat-tails of some Democrat if he wants to cut any ice. You will also notice whenever a Republican goes back upon the principles of his own party and begins to side with the Democrats that he instantly becomes an "honest Republican" or a "patriotic Republican," or something of that sort in the eyes of the Democrats. You see they don't accredit a Republican with any honesty or patriotism unless he begins to wobble on the spindle of his party and see things thru their sole-leather spectacles.

In this age of grafters and sharks and cheap politicians, people like to be shown the proof of a thing. When a Democrat stands up and cusses out the Republican party as a party of "dry rot" and ruination in general it is up to him to prepare a remedy; to suggest something in the place of this "dry rot" and stagnation. But he hasn't got the remedy in his saddle pockets, and he knows it. What he wants is to get the Republican party confused and discredited. Then as a consequence he expects his party to step in and take the case. That is the way the Democratic party campaigns. That is the way they came into power once and they are still drunk with the recollection of that victory.

But I have no use for the "howling" politician. His noise don't appeal to me. I want to see some facts introduced at the trial of the two great parties. It's the evidence of living witnesses and not the howling and the rumbering of the lawyers that must lay the foundation for the verdict of the jury.

I wouldn't set aside the evidence of a full Treasury, an employed people, a high scale of wages, a flourishing domestic and foreign commerce for all the howling of all the Democrats that could be stood in a row from Keokuk to Kamskatcha. And if there be little inequalities in our economic system that need attention let's

entrust the work to the skillful of our own party. Even it were better, safer and wiser to

"Bear the ills we already have
Than fly to those we know not of."

ELI TUCKER.

BUYING UP NEGROES.

When you hear a Democrat blustering around about his party being a "white man's party" we want you to ask him to explain the action of the Democracy of Kentucky about Lexington. If he hasn't heard of the disgraceful affair then read him the following which is taken from the Lexington Leader:

"One of the most amazing spectacles in even such a politically rotten balliwick as Lexington is the open and matter-of-fact discussion in the public press and in private conversation of the use to be made in the coming Democratic primary of 1,200 to 1,500 purchased registration certificates of negro floaters registered as Democrats.

"It is practically admitted on all sides that these fraudulent voters were registered under the auspices of the Democratic machine; that registration certificates were brazenly purchased by wholesale by policemen, firemen and other organization agents; and that these certificates are in the actual possession of some of the boldest performers ever known to Lexington politics. When illegal registration, colonization of repeaters, ballot-box stuffing, impersonation of reputable negroes by floaters, and other crimes against the suffrage have been made by the Leader they have been belittled and ignored, but now it is acknowledged and discussed as an indisputable fact that the registration last October was shamefully debauched in the interests of machine candidates. When Senator McCreary was advised of the extent of this fraudulent registration and came to Lexington to consult with his friends, he was assured that the fraudulent certificates were not to be used against him in the Senatorial race, but it is said that this pledge was violated.

"The existence of these registration certificates is accepted as a necessary incident of Lexington politics, and there is no pretense of punishing those who perpetrated this monumental political crime. Announcements of candidates in the Democratic primary have been delayed for days and weeks pending the discussion among distinguished party leaders of the use to be made of the fraudulent certificates in the various contests. It is recognized that the machine can make or unmake any candidate with this solid mass of 1,200 or 1,500 'phony' voters, and there is little use of announcing one's candidacy until assured how this voting battalion stands.

"In some of the faraway cities where politics is corrupt grand juries are sometimes aroused to heroic action against those who debauch the ballot; but in Lexington and Fayette county the fraudulent registration of 1,500 negro Democrats and the purchase of their certificates at \$2 each are treated as legitimate business transactions and made the subject of conferences as formal and dignified as meetings of bank directors to pass upon a big loan or declare a semi-annual dividend."

AN INDUSTRIAL CRISIS: WHEN?

In the current discussion as to the outlook for continued prosperity varying opinions are expressed by financiers, railroad men, manufacturers and college presidents. The weight of judgment seems to be on the side of continued prosperity. This view is sustained by the fact of a power to consume equaling the power to produce. The power to consume rests chiefly upon wages earned and paid. Employment and wages are at high water mark. Never before in the history of the country have similar conditions prevailed in respect of the ability of every individual to find work at good pay. Will these conditions continue? That would seem to be the main question. Intimately related to that question is the question whether and when wages and industrial production are to be unsettled by Tariff reduction and reciprocity arrangements designed to increase foreign competition with American labor and industry. Given the date when Tariff revision downward and reciprocity in competing products shall have been definitely determined upon, and it will be much easier to guess at the date when the present prosperity will be followed by an industrial and commercial crisis.

TWO BOOKS IN ONE.

"The Red Light" and "Hot Stuph" Combined.

We are preparing the plates and getting ready, as fast as possible, to issue the "Red Light" in a new edition and combined with it, under the same covers, we will include "Hot Stuph" which is to consist of the hottest and best paragraphs and articles that have ever appeared in the Yellow Jacket. The Red Light needs no introduction to thousands of our readers. "Hot Stuph" will reach back for a period of ten years and bring together hundreds of rich and racy articles that you have doubtless long since forgotten. With this book you get the best that's going. You can start a political campaign on short notice. It will create more fun than a bushel of monkeys and everybody will stop to listen. Every reader of the Yellow Jacket will want a copy and all the book will cost you will be to get us a club of six subscribers at 25 cents each, and the book will be mailed to you free, soon as completed. The regular selling price of this book will be one dollar post paid. Hurry up with your club and let us send you this compound Democratic skinning machine.

A number of years ago, when the present second assistant secretary of state, Alvey A. Adee, was third assistant, an employe of the state department was called to the phone.

"Will you kindly give me the name of the third assistant secretary of state?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adee."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adee."

"Spell it please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"You go to hell!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.—Indianapolis Republican.

THE YELLOW JACKET.

Us boys up here in "Ioway"
Ben huntin' fer a paper,
The best of all upon the earth,
Ayl' e'en a bold "sky scraper."
We got the sample copies sent,
We've heard their gentle racket,
So here's a club which doesn't snub
Your dear old Yellow Jacket.

We may not know a thing or two,
Nor good ones when we see 'em,
And yet it kinder looks to us
As though you folks might be 'em,
You seem to have material,
And brains enough to back it
With hot stuff not aerial,
To fill your Yellow Jacket.

Theys' lots o' things a goin' on
In Democratic quarters,
Which seem to tell us "good-bye John"
And which in fact are snorters;
Jist nail 'em every time you kin;
Lay on the whip or crack it—
That's what'll fetch subscriptions in
Unto the Yellow Jacket.

But now it's time to say farewell,
We hope it aint forever;
But we must let you rest a spell—
A thought, perhaps, quite clever.
Don't let the good things get away,
And when you see one, sack it,
Then we will read it when we may,
Where? In the Yellow Jacket.

JOHN L. AINSWORTH.

Denison, Iowa, December 1, 1906.

A CENTURY OF BLOOD.

The Anglo-Saxon must either Encircle the World with the Sword or Recede from the Position He now Occupies.

The war-god hath not ascended to high Olympus to never return—he's now polishing his guns and drilling his artillery for a great world battle. "Peace, peace!" may be the cry; but war is inevitable so long as the nations of the earth persist in insulting the English-speaking world without provocation. There must come a world-wide war to test the strength of the Anglo-Saxon. For the last century the English tongue has belted the globe and conquered the world's trading marts. The Latin, the Tartar, and the Mongol have looked on with a jealous eye. The American and the Englishman are considered presumptuous and domineering in their world policy. European nations have ever hated England, and Uncle Sam's friends abroad are few and far between. There's Russia, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, Spain, and a job-lot of other petty powers thrown in as worthless military lagniappe, who would delight to see the bluffing Westerners driven en masse off this little planet. China and Japan—the blooming yellow peril promulgators—would, no doubt, like to see the blue-eyed Saxon a thousand miles in hades with his hamstrings clipped and his fighting prowess somewhat the worse because of wear and tear. It's got to come—that terrible carnage of blood from which the spirit of the Saxon and the Celt will rise triumphant. Hague conferences and international treaties can't stay the world's juggernaut of death. The adept seaman may steer his craft out of the path of a mad hurricane, and a man with ordinary sense avoid a collision with an infuriated bull, but young America and old England can not escape the wrath that this century will bring upon them. It seems but recklessness for Columbia and John Bull to face the world in battle array, but they'll have to do it before babes now nursing wear whiskers. It seemed utter folly for a ragged shirt-tail brigade of Continentals in the American Revolution to stand before England's embattled hosts to be shot to pieces, but they did it with some credit to themselves and much discredit to the British soldiery. A very few fighting under freedom's rag can defy the very gods and gain victories which appear but the vain imaginings of the heroic age. The battle is not always to the strong, but generally with him who trusts to the winged bullet fresh from his unerring fowling-piece. It's good marksmanship rather than the god of battles that wins fights. One small pebble from the sling of the stripling David stretched Goliath on the grass. Sampson did wonderful execution with an old jawbone. The massive armaments of Europe and the crazy daring of the Mongol are not worrying the Anglo-Saxon a little bit. A nation's strength lies not in steel monsters and drilled soldiers, but in its throbbing hearts of oak; not in its vast armies, but in its flaming patriotism.

The Latins will hang together like so many thugs in a loot game, and the Japs and the Celestials will swarm like bees to get at the hated Occidentals. Continental Europe and the Orientals will fight together well enough, but how about Uncle Samuel and John Bull? Can the American forget old George III? Can the Britain let slip from his memory Yorktown and New Orleans? Will America and England clasp hands over a century of hate, bury the past and enter common cause for the future? They will have to. Columbia's braves and England's cuirassiers will have to stand shoulder to shoulder on the firing-line and deal death to the enemy.

America and England will not have to fight their battles alone, and they well know it. Liberty lovers from the four corners of the earth will come trooping into their ranks. As the Roman legions overran the world, and trampled their enemies under their feet like flies, so will Freedom's banner triumph. As the intrepid Caesar made all Europe tremble at the tread of his matchless soldiery, so will some leader rise to lead the determined host of free government to final victory. The emblem of hated monarchies will be buried in bloody pits and Freedom's flag will be hoisted upon every mountain-top. The sword's blazing vengeance will cut low the hundred-headed monster of a thousand years of oppression. The bullet's mad hiss will settle forever and a day the future of this little earth.

But such a world-butcher is looked forward to by some as the world's final catastrophe; by others as the beginning of the blessed millennium. For sure great wars have ever been followed by great eras of prosperity and peace. Israel's war-kings paved the way for Solomon's reign of glory. The Grecian Marathon belted the Hellenic isles with hero worshipers. Waterloo fixed England's star in the zenith of heaven's blue concave. Saratoga studded our empyrean with sovereign commonwealths. Gettysburg knitted together forever the souls of the Puritan and the Cav-

alier. Santiago gave the Western Titans an opportunity to show forth the flower of their lineage. Human history is redolent with the beneficent fruits of bloody carnage. War is the broom that sweeps decayed nations and worthless peoples into the world's rubbish heap. No people ever wrote history, sang songs, drew pictures, or sculptured marble until after they had passed through the fiery-furnace of a great national conflict. A nation must have a million dead heroes sleeping before its living can snatch fire, Prometheus-like, from Joveng chariots. When a people become great in war, they become great in commerce, in romance, in poetry, in art and music. A sick nightingale can not make wailing lovers sigh for the Elysian fields, nor can a puny nation attract white-winged ships to its desolate shores. The eagle is the emblem of war-scarred peoples. Poets and painters must have stored brains before they can sing and paint. Achilles was not such a hero until he stood victor over the fallen Hector. Hercules had performed his twelve labors before all Greece rose to crown him with the laurel.

Not a few rose-goggled optimists contend that this predicted world-wide war is a product of a diseased imagination; assure us that the nations of the earth have entered upon an era of peace that will not be broken until Gabriel sounds his gong for time to be no more. The student of history sees it differently, however. Babylon's hanging gardens and Nineveh's gold-paved streets; Memnon's singing tower and Babel's crumbled dust; Cheops' mammoth pile and Ilium's blazing glory—all tell us of what others before us thought and dreamed. History but repeats itself. Nations rise and fall; kings mount thrones and die; warriors go forth to conquest and their names are inscribed on triumphal arches; world-geniuses grow old and hand their scrolls to others; gods worshiped yesterday are considered myths today. The Egyptian kneeling to Osiris beside Nilus' sacred waters; the Hindoo whispering to Siddhartha beneath the Bodhi tree; the Greek listening at the mouth of the Delphic cave; the Roman worshipping his own unconquerable prowess on the Seven Hills; the Catholic trudging toward the sacred city to wrest it from the infidel—each loathed his predecessor because of his idolatry. The world can not stand long as it is, notwithstanding the cackle of the optimistic geese. A prolonged peace hath ever meant decay. Judah's Holy Temple shown brightest when her warriors were absent fighting in the name of Israel's God; Grecian glory was most transcendent when her great generals were at Salamis disputing the passage of the Persian hordes; Rome was mistress of the world when her imperial legions dared the alien to set foot on Roman soil; France was master of Europe so long as the Old Guard could shout victory in the ears of Napoleon. Every nation and people that have ever rose were greatest when their swords were keenest. But sooner or later the mightiest monarch must go down to his tomb; the greatest king lay down his sceptre; the most invincible army surrender. Egypt must feel the heel of the conqueror; Babylon be overrun by the mighty Cyrus, and his kingdom, in turn, be swallowed up in the world empire of Alexander. Greece must hand over the laurel branch to the Roman, and Rome, in turn, give it into the hands of the greedy barbarian.

The millions of the earth are dead tired of monarchies, and kingdoms, and principalities. The world-clamor is for liberty. Nihilism in Russia and bomb-throwing throughout the world are only the feeble efforts of serfdom to throw off the yoke of cruel oppression. When the fires of Anglo-Saxon wrath are once kindled against the enemies of Freedom, the discontented millions will flock to its banner, and the great world battle will be fought once and forever. The Anglo-Saxon is hated because he holds out to humanity the hope of an untrammelled existence. European rulers and Oriental despots can see the handwriting on the wall. They are not going to give up the royal purple without a struggle, and that struggle is the impending world-wide war. The Anglo-Saxon is not going to bring on the struggle; it is going to be forced on him. But when it comes, he will be ready for it. He's now grinding his sword and whetting his martial spirit. The American and the Briton will pour their crimson tide on the sacrificial altar for the oppressed of every name and tongue, and will say to kings and sceptred monarchs, as they sail in:

"To the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them;
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to his ears in blood."

GEO. D. BEASON.

AS REPORTED IN ARIZONA.

President Roosevelt's Panama Trip by Country Editor.

"Teddy" Roosevelt upon his arrival boarded the railroad coach and "rid across" His Ismus (as now speld), and waded out nine miles into the Pacific ocean, where it was knee-deep, just to show the man-eating sharks and numerous gupchucks that he was "game." On turning round to foot it back to shore he discovered a school of whales in his path. He squared himself for a real good kick into the gang, but was only partially successful, as his Rough Rider spur, which he happened at the time to have on, caught in a three-acre bunch of seaweed and his effort landed only eleven full-grown whales ashore, including the big bull of the flock.

On his way back on the train he jumped off near the Culebra cut, grabbed 11,000 workmen by the hand in exactly three-quarters of a minute schedule time, with the expression, "D-e-l-i-g-h-t-e-d!" for each man. Then, seizing one of the five-ton steam shovels, he spilt on his hands and began to dig toward the Atlantic ocean. He plunged that gigantic shovel eleven feet into the bosom of Mother Earth at his first motion, and the Pan-American republics took it for another earthquake when the vibrations were felt. Within just 12 minutes and 17 seconds he had dug that "Ismus canal" one mile and three-quarters.

While awaiting for his train to convey him from the cut he held a "levee" with the workmen, which numbered something over 200 English-speaking persons and something over 9,000 imported shirt-tail hop-consuming animated Chinese pigtails; the latter warmly greeting him with "Hoopa, Teddy him belly good Melican man." During his brief interval, and in exactly 41 seconds, "Teddy" made a six-year contract with three of the coolie pig-tails to do the White House washing up to the end of the next Presidential term.—Safford (Arizona) Guardian.