

The Yellow Jacket

Published Bi-Weekly.

R. DON LAWS, Editor and Prop'r

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About The Yellow Jacket

This periodical of political plevy is called the Yellow Jacket, the only thing of its kind on this little earth. Its temperature is 200 in the shade.

It preaches the Republican gospel so straight that every issue brings many an old moss back Democrat and Socialist to the mourners bench on a trot. It gets 'em going and coming.

It retails to Democrats, Republicans, and everybody else at 30 cents per year and circulates over all the United States.

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Editorial Splinters

"We split the air like a shot from a gun," warbles an automobile poet. That fellow ought to be employed to write sonnets for the National Democratic Committee next year. He can put 'em there in a hurry, doncher-know.

"Some of us are Democrats because we are built that way," says Henry Waterson. This is what we have always argued. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots.

Not a few in the Democratic party seem to be uneasy about their party's nominating Mr. Roosevelt for President next year. Say, you trailers after the lost cause, Mr. Roosevelt would prefer not to have his name besmirched by a nomination at the hands of your howling, forlorn crew.

There is a deal of flapdoodle about all this anti-tariff gab. Just paste it inside your Sunday hats that it is all the work of the howling Democrats. A few Republicans, tis true, are for reduction, but they are not ripping great orifices in their undershirts about it.

Mr. Roosevelt has gone to his home at Oyster Bay for a quiet summer, but the pestiferous politicians won't let him alone. He ought to have every mother's son of them arrested that comes bothering him and lock 'em up till next fall, then the country would get a little breathing spell.

Scientists claim that in Jonah's day there were whales big enough to swallow an automobile and it a-running. No wonder that the little rebellious preacher wasn't as much as a fish-bait. Now, as this swallowing business is up, let us ask: what would have to be the diameter of a fish's throat to gulp down the Democratic party?

The fossilized party now stands for the "initiative and referendum"—paste this in your hat and remember it. And while you are remembering it, don't forget that such a tenet is against a representative form of government. O the sins of the Democratic party! It were enough to stagger the Almighty and it certainly does tickle the devil.

They are now circulating it on Mr. Roosevelt that he actually swore once. They say he said "By George." If it is any harm to swear by the name of George Washington, then deliver us from the wrath to come. We've a right to say "By Teddy" and not be cursing either, "By George."

There is fifteen female members in the Finnish Diet. We would like to know who the first female will be that will break into the U. S. Congress. They are going to get in, gentlemen, and you had just as well be straightening up your crooked trails about Washington. You laugh, eh? Well, you'll change your tune one of these days.

The mother of Mr. Taft is said to strenuously oppose his candidacy for the Presidency. What of it? Most mothers oppose their sons' predilection for anything that runs to air castles. This thing of running for President before nomination is like taking a pot shot at the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo.

Edgar Saltus' remark that everything will be all right 3,000 years from now, is good news for the Democrats. They can figure on putting a man into the Presidency by that time. No doubt, then is when that long looked for Democratic millennium, in which the eternal principles of Democracy will triumph, is set to be pulled off.

"A Michigan baby has eight grandmothers," says the Washington Herald. When that kid grown up its history will be like that of the Democratic party—full of kicks, squalls, defeats and humiliations, for it will be swamped by the sluice of advice that will come from its own kith and kin.

"If you are not yourself, who would you rather be?" is a question that is floating around thru newspaperdom. We have no answer right now on the end of our tongue, but we're cocksure that we would not want to be the Democratic nominee for President in the year of our Lord, A. D., 1908.

Some bard has written a poem to "The Angel of the Isthmus." You may bet your last doubloon that it is not dedicated to the Democratic party, unless the poet has a screw loose somewhere. The Democrats don't see any angels down about Panama—they see only a Republican failure.

A man was fined \$19 for telling a stale joke on a street corner in a Pennsylvania town. Let there be much more of that and this yarn telling business will be cut out. Speed the day. Let the conversation on the street corner be chaste as in the home, or anywhere else. A smutty yarn were as contaminating to the young as is smutty company. Stop the vulgarity on our streets or keep your boys chained to a post in your back yards at home.

OLD GLORY.

We know of no earthly theme that is fraught with such a halo of supernal glory as a nation's flag. It represents the hero's courage mingled with the heroine's tears. What man living to-day is not proud that our flag—Old Glory—waves triumphantly over a united people? What old hero does not feel proud of the humble part he played in the salvation of that ensign? It is altogether befitting that we take a retrospective glance occasionally to those other days when men with hearts of oak went forth to do or to die in defense of Freedom's Flag. Some there be who had rather talk of Love's triumphs than of war's waste—rather bask in the sensuous delights of voluptuous eyes than to feast on the carnage wrought by Mars' steel-clad feet. We have ever loved to hear told the achievements of battles and the glory of clashing bayonets. The flutter of the war-drum and the cold gray eyes of the brave soldier hath ever appealed to our martial imagination, and, altho we never went forth to beat time to a nation's heart-throbs, we've gloried in the way others have ridden their barbed steeds into the very jaws of death to uphold the honor of their country.

This is pre-eminently a day of reminiscences and of fresh laurels. We care not whether you were born among the Adirondacks or amid Southern hills, whether you marched to the tune of Yankee Doodle or the strains of Dixie, whether you looked into Grant's victorious countenance or into Lee's steel gray eyes, you are proud of your country today. You are glad that brave souls did put forth from the oppressive shores of tyrannical Europe and sail for the New World to found an asylum for all those who would be free. You are glad that brave men dared in those days to invade a wilderness for conscience' sake and fight pestilence and savage hordes, and at last face an enemy of their own Saxon blood and put him to flight across the brine. The American nation is a fair young flower plucked from the rose-gardens of European tyranny where it was being choked to death. It has budded and bloomed on these fair shores until its flag is respected and honored thru-out the world.

We sometimes glory too much in our material prosperity, and are apt to forget the origin of those elements that made us grate. When exulting over our material prowess and our triumphs of peace, let us recall those victories in war that made them possible. Let us remember that had

there been no Yorktown and Appomattox and San Juan Hill there would be no Old Glory to-day fretted with stars in a field of blue; that had it not been for the courage that beat a revile in the hearts of Columbia's imperial sons—their tireless energy and indomitable valor—we might still be paying homage to a foreign oppressor. It is natural for a nation to crown its heroes and pay tribute to those who bought so dearly its right to rear its majestic head among the other nations of the earth. But we must not boast too much or emulate too little. It is not patriotism to deal in senseless bragging and foolish blustering. We should rather review the past with an eye single to universal brotherhood, that all-pervading spirit that makes the whole world akin, than to open anew the wounds of bloody war. We would not again array section against section, and sow the Draggon's teeth of carnage. Thank God, that is past. Never again will heroes in blue go down to battle with their brothers in gray. Never again will men of the same ties and blood shoot one another to death. Old Glory floats over a re-united country—a galaxy of commonwealths knit together in the web of a common brotherhood.

Imagine a man loving a part of his country—the north or south, east or west. Think of an individual cherishing only the upper or lower half of his country's flag. If we could not love our country as a whole, we'd move out of it. The patriot—the man who will dare to go down in the darkest night and defend his nation's honor—does not love his country on the installment plan. He loves its every hill around which circles the purple mist of the morning, its every valley in which is cradled the dreams of toil, its every mountain peak that rises to kiss the sun. He loves it all in a lump, and is proud of its every achievement whether it be New England's manufacturing, the North's varied industries, the South's agriculture, or the West's lowing kine. He loves it up one side and down the other, across it and all thru it.

When you feel that way, brother, you are a patriot and deserve all the honors your country may see fit to bestow upon you. But if you run down one section and laud another, you are rank with sectionalism and poisoned with partisan hate, and deserve but the ignominious frown of your countrymen.

The American flag represents a mighty volume of history. It is the same that old Cornwallis beheld at Yorktown, and that Packerham looked on for the last time at New Orleans. It was at the Wilderness and at Gettysburg. "Old Pat" Thomas stood beneath its folds at Chickamauga and Joe Hooker carried it above the clouds. It was the ensign that Lincoln loved and that Grant fought for. It stands for liberty wherever it is seen thru-out the world. The Feejee Islanders respect it and autocratic Russia dares not insult it. Tyrants hate it, but they honor it. It is not the flag of the victorious North, but the colors of American liberty.

There be a few who would boast that it is the flag that Jeff Davis hated—that Southern traitors fired upon. But these are those who did not get to the front until the war was over—they are post-bellum warriors. We are sorry that its folds were ever riddled with bullets. We are sorry that people living in the South should ever so far forget history as to shoot to shreds the glorious banner of Washington, but we do not vainly boast of the duty done by the Northern soldier. We look upon it as the saddest spectacle of all our history that men had to go forth and shoot to death the children of Washington. There is little in it to boast of, and yet the Union soldier feels supremely proud that he was the instrument that saved his nation's flag. We have very little patience with those who are still content that they did right in riding the grand old flag. They are still belligerent in spirit, and would march forth again to shoot to tatters Old Glory. It is not the old soldiers who exchanged compliments at Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor; those who followed Forest and rode like devils into Sheridan's ambuscade of ether fire; those who stood like Romans of old upon Vicksburg's impregnable heights and saw Grant turn the course of the Mississippi and steer his instruments of death right up under their fort—who go about with miniature Confederate flags stuck in their hat-bands. These surrendered, and since they have been supporters of the Union they sought to destroy. It is the peanut politician and his henchmen who wave the bloody shirt in this latter day. They would fan the flame of sectional hate and keep alive the strife of other days to ride into office on.

The civil war was not a necessity. It could have been avoided. It was a useless slaughter of men. The Puritan and the Cavalier could have compromised their differences. The mutual dislike that existed between them could have been smothered out by a broad-minded Americanism. These people, bone of the same bone and flesh of the same flesh, ought to have left their animosity upon the other side of the ocean with the ashes of Cromwell and Charles I. The New World ought to have been a place where Old World feuds could not thrive. It is a singular fact that the Puritan and the Cavalier went arm and arm with Washington thru those eight long years of blood and sacrifice of which human liberty was born. Together they sat in the Con-

stitutional Convention and laid deep and firm the foundation of this Republic and reared thereon that wondrous model structure which—by the Eternals—shall last forever, and together they poured their life-blood upon its sacred altar. It was utter folly for the descendants of these fadless patriots to engage in a bloody war—to pollute the fertile soil wet with their fathers' blood with civic strife. But Old Glory was fired upon, and brave men rose up to defend it.

After forty years it is no uncommon sight to see men who faced one another on the battlefield, marching under the same banner—Old Glory. The Spanish-American war did much to bring our people together. In a few more years the tragedy of our civil strife will be but a mere event in history. Its bitterness will all be forgotten. The ranks of Grant and Lee will be reformed upon another shore—no more to do battle, but to bivouac thru-out all eternity on the eternal camping-ground.

To day the North and the South can kneel together about the shrine of Lincoln and do honor to the memory of our martyred chieftain. The bitterness of the years has been wiped out and Old Glory is the proud ensign of a hundred million people, of one heart, of one destiny.

The Anglo-Saxon has the leadership of the world upon him. He has torn the mask from the face of the tyrant and struck away the chains of the slave. He has defied the ukase of kings and handed the reins of power into the hands of the people. Will he be able to belt the globe with his gospel of human liberty? The world has long sought a shrine where it could worship free and untrammelled. The Greek adored at the mouth of Delphic cave, the Roman worshiped his own indomitable prowess, but it is left for the American to worship in his own good way underneath his own vine and fig-tree. The eyes of the world are upon us to read the meaning of our every act. We have championed the cause of human progress and woe be unto us if we do not prove that we are a knight worthy of our spurs, a veritable Moses among the nations.

Roosevelt vs. Bryan

The press of the country has lately been giving a great deal of space to discussion and prophesying as to whom will be the candidates for President on the Republican and Democratic tickets next year. Both the Republican and Democratic organs have their favorites picked and they are piking for them for everything that's out. But, as we view the Presidential horologue, the time is not ripe as yet for dead moral certainties.

Mr. Roosevelt has announced that he will not be a candidate again, but we do not know what pressure will be brought upon him at the convening of the next Republican National Convention. Wise men change their mind, but fools never. It may be when the crucible moment comes that the clamor will be so great for Roosevelt that his patriotism will burn within him so mightily that he will reconsider his hasty statement made on the night of his election and consent to imolate himself once again upon the altar of his country. It is a fact that none can deny that Roosevelt is very popular, and the masses have implicit confidence in his ability to rule. Not since Abraham Lincoln was at the helm with his "horse sense" statesmanship have we had another like him until Theodore Roosevelt shot like a blazing meteor upon the stage of our national life. Some said that he would be transient, but time has proven that he has the necessary staying qualities. The cry of his enemies is "the third term precedent." But the masses are paying but little attention to the howl. The naked truth is that a large majority of the people of this country are for Roosevelt in 1908, whether or no, precedent or no precedent, and the pie-rooting politicians cannot change the overwhelming sentiment.

The Republican national convention will likely be held first, as it generally happens, and if Mr. Roosevelt is nominated, the "Immaculate" William Jennings Bryan will "but in" like a full-grown billy-goat and pull for the Democratic nomination, in the belief that he can swat Roosevelt on the "third term proposition" and not half try. Bryan is a born leader, but the trouble with him is, he leads in the wrong direction for his adherents—leads them on a wild goose chase "hellards" and never lets up until he gets his party in the miasmatic swamps of humiliating defeat. He couldn't beat Roosevelt for a tenth term, let alone swatting him for a third term. Bryan can make 'em hollow and throw up their sombreros and tear their shirts, but he can't make 'em vote his way, as has been fully demonstrated on two very momentous occasions.

Let us suppose that the Republicans nominate some other man besides Roosevelt, the party will rally to him and elect him just the same. But how about the Democrats? Suppose they "tin-can" Bryan in the convention as they did at St. Louis in 1901, why the Nebraskan will kick out of the harness as he did on that occasion and help the Republicans to defeat the Democratic nominee. It is this way with Mr. Bryan—either rule or ruin. If he can pull in the lead, he is all smiles and oratory, but if he is relegated to the rear, the devil is to pay. Bryan is right now meandering around over the country "fixing" matters, and if

the conservative element of his party do not keep their weather eye wide open he'll knock the nomination persimmon.

When it comes down to plain brass tacks, there is no such thing as a Democratic party to-day. What is called the Democratic party is a regular Joseph's coat of issues, isms, factions, men, and platforms—a regular hotch-potch or salmagundi of political theories and visionary shibboleths. The ghost of Jefferson would scare the aggregation to death.

It is ever thus. When a political party goes to fishing around promiscuously for issues to win on, it is a dead duck. It is noticeable that the conservatives are leaving the so-called Democratic fold in droves. A number of them voted for Theodore Roosevelt in 1904, and they have had no cause since to change their minds. A comparison of Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan were like discussing the two opposite poles of a magnet. The one is positive and the other negative. The one represents our vigorous American life, the other the nation's political death.

Of course the mention of any man's name this early is mere speculation. Before a year has come and gone, both Roosevelt and Bryan may be put upon the political shelf. Men, now considered possibilities, may receive the nominations. But let come what may, there is one thing that cannot change, that will not change, and that is the eternal principles upon which this Republic is founded. The party that stands squarely upon these ought to win, and it will win. The masses of this country are sane, and have but two mistakes set down to their discredit—and that their folly in voting for Grover Cleveland. The fearful nightmare of the Cleveland regime is a hideous ghost that will haunt this nation to the end of time. Uncle Sam was well-nigh done for when he emerged from the wreck of matter and crash of worlds of those awful years, and the old man is going to keep out of bad company ever in the future.

It is enough to make a man run himself to death to keep up with one William Jennings Bryan. He can be at more places in less time than any other man upon the American continent. To-day he is in New York; to-morrow you hear of him in Los Angeles. One would infer from his vigilance that he is afraid the Democratic donkey will break loose and lope out of the country. It is said that W. J. takes the animal out of the stable in the morning and carries him down well and then pats him on the nose and says "be good," and he talks back to his master as Balaam's proverbial ass did.

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