

Sol. Flint's Letter

Wild Horse Prairie, Texas, June 18, 1907.

Dear Editor of Yellow Jacket:— Just for once I desire to express myself freely and unreservedly. I desire to let it fly off-hand like just as it occurs to me. I propose to say just what I dadgum please, and you can do just as you dadgum please about publishing what I say. I've made a lot of these Democrats around here as mad as blue blazes, and I want to make 'em still madder. I don't give a whoop in Hades if they get so tarntation mad that they'll come in droves to hunt me up. I can take a tin horn and a toy pistol and make every Democrat in this neighborhood think I'm a whole army. I am just wanting 'em to come at me. Not that I want to kill any of 'em, for I'm not good enough runner for that—but I just want to get 'em all set on me so I can have a good excuse to tell 'em of their low-down devilment. The remarks that I shall make in this communication are general, and will fit a Moss Back, I don't care where he is hiding. I may be a little scattering, but I am going to shell it down just as it pops into my mind.

A Democrat is the twin brother of an ape. Wouldn't you call a fellow an ape who votes a certain way just because his daddy did?

A Democrat will vote against his country, his own home, and his own wife and children. Every howling Demmy who voted for Cleveland and soup and who still contends that that was right, is a mortal that God Almighty wouldn't let come within a million miles of the pearly gate. Even the devil has to spike down everything in Hades when a fresh crew of such fellows arrive from the earth. They are so hungry for pie that they go to devouring his brimstone.

A few Democrats voted for Roosevelt last time, but they sneaked around like sheep-killing dogs to do it. I do not refer to the thousands of Democrats who cussed out the Democratic party and left it for good, for these were sensible men. I refer to the fellows who voted the Republican ticket and then denied it.

The Democratic party has two distinct principles that I want to speak of—lying and stealing. It will lie on the Republicans and steal votes to substantiate its lying.

The Democrats talk of the glorious old party. Yes, she's glorious—a glorious humbug, deceiver, and hard-time bringer.

Darwin was a scientist who believed in evolution. I wish he could have been induced to pass his judgment on the Democratic party. No doubt, he would have classed the Bryan Democrats as a resurrected tail-end of nothing, the reusal of creation, and a parody on the monkey. But a great man like Mr. Darwin could not afford to waste his precious time cataloguing an insignificant thing like a Democrat.

I know a fellow who says that he would vote the Democratic ticket if Cleveland was to be nominated again. This same fellow was indicted for stealing a hog during the Cleveland times, and escaped the penitentiary by telling the court that his wife and children were starving and he stole the hog to keep them from dying of starvation.

To thunder with your tariff reduction argument. It smells of those times in which Coxeys marched his army of tramps to Washington.

The man who wants to trade off our present prosperity for a job lot of Coxeys army supplies and other Democratic starvation hard-tack, could eat a stewed polecat and never make a wry face.

You must remember that the Democrats cussed the Gold Standard a few years ago as a Plutocratic Robbing Machine and a Republican Hold-Up Scheme, now they say she's all right. Inconsistency, hide thy shamed face.

The Democrats have covered up more of their thievery and other devilment by hollering "nigger" than by any other means. They've lied on the Republicans relative to the negro, and then turned around and stole every negro vote they could get their hands on.

Prosperity seems to have a peculiar effect on most Democrats. It gives them the political jimjams and sets them to scheming how to get in and munch some of the good things that are spread on the Republican festive board.

A Democratic love feast is an assembly of run-down Democratic politicians who eat great stacks of pie in their dreams.

I consider it a poor way to cure the Democratic belly ache to be constantly prattling about the virtues of Thomas Jefferson.

When people can all be led to think soberly the Democratic party will last about as long as a snowman would last in purgatory.

This is the Democratic party in a nut shell: Cuss the Republicans, get in power, and damn the country. How would you like to read a full history of the Democratic party? I hardly think the aggregation want it written. It would read like the story of Jack the Giant Killer, or Cervantes' account of the exploits of Don Quixote.

The man who votes the Democratic ticket must take his medicine—that is he must be lambasted for his

bull-headedness. But the trouble is, he will go home and take his spite out on his helpless wife and children. The Democrats are always talking of high taxes and wanting Free Trade. If they will quit drinking red likker they will knock out the \$1.20 per gallon tax that the government makes 'em pay for their campaign thunder.

The average Democrat is a Knock-er, a Kicker, and a Calimity-Howler. He's the same in hard times and in good times. Should a Demmy happen to sneak by Saint Peter at the gate he wouldn't be in heaven ten minutes until he would register a kick against the Lord for the way he is running things.

When you meet a man who is opposed to prosperity and progression, just set him down as a Democrat.

When you hear a man talking about black Republicanism, smell of him and you'll find the scent on his own clothes, and you'll find him a Democrat.

When you hear a man say that the country is going to the devil, set him down as a Democrat and write after his name: One of Satan's agents.

When you find a man talking about rich people robbing the poor and howling about the government blowing in so much money building war ships, just catalogue him a Democrat.

The Democratic party has been that force that has dragged many a man to the gutter and turned his wife and little ones into the street. It has robbed many a home of that halo of happiness which is the birthright of every individual born beneath Freedom's Flag.

Old Glory has thirteen stripes and forty-five stars, but not a one of them was put there by the Democratic party.

Go down to the corner grocery and you will hear some old squint-eyed, razzle-dazzled Democrat saying, "Fellers, this yer prosperity is not goin' to last allus. It wud hev ben the same if the Democrats had ben in." Look on his shirt-front and you'll see the effect of a "chaw" of terbakker that he has begged to nerve him up to the talking point.

Don't forget that the Democrats and Socialists are about one and the same. About the only difference is that the Democrat is old and experienced in devilment while the Socialists have just cut their meanness teeth.

A Democrat stepped up to me the other day and said, "You're from the North aint you, Mr. Flint?" "Why do you ask?" I made response. "Because most Republicans come from the North," he replied. I felt like slapping his jaws for him, but I remembered what he would do when he got home to his wife and children so I desisted. "I am from Coxeys County Georgia," I told him in as gruff a voice as I could.

It's a fact—these Southern Democrats look upon Republicans as being what they call "a blue-bellied Yankee."

If this letter is published, I'll write again in next issue and tell why I am a Republican. I've a bushel of reasons for my politics and I'd like to throw 'em into the faces of every Democrat that reads the Yellow Jacket.

Mr. Editor I hope you will pardon me for being so plain, but it's my style.

Yours truly,
SOLOMON FLINT.

"CUT IT OUT!"

A story has been going the rounds of the Democratic press that President Roosevelt was opposed to anyone speaking but himself at the Jamestown Exposition on Georgia Day. He is said to have put forth every effort to curtail the hot air of distinguished Georgians. Whenever a speaker was announced the President would cry: "Cut it out!" or "Cut it short!" The result was the scheduled orators were silent under the Gatling gun fired from Roosevelt, and their orations were not unloaded.

Governor J. M. Terrell has come out in a published statement that the whole report is a fabrication from start to finish; that it is a newspaper moon-calf pure and simple. He goes on to say that the President did not interfere in the least with the program, and at no time did he utter a word or show any inclination to do so, touching any part or any feature of the arrangements.

This shows again how the people are often imposed upon by the hungry news sharks of a goody number of our secular newspaper. It will be so that the public will not give credence to any dispatch seen in the papers until it is verified. Many insignificant events are touched up by enthusiastic reporters in such a way as to make them read like startling happenings. A thunder storm is converted into a cyclone. Hail as big as bullets become veritable chunks of ice falling from the heavens. A derailed train grows into a horrible wreck in which hundreds lost their lives. Words and phrases are put into public addresses to make them catchy. In fact, our public news gatherers are growing into colossal exaggerators, and facts and figures are so changed and twisted that they become unrecognizable.

The fabrication touching the President's conduct on Georgia Day at Jamestown may have been circulated purposely, if so, it hurt the Democrats worse than it did Mr. Roosevelt. The Democrats may say that they had nothing to do with it, but for sure many leading papers of the Democratic press took delight in spreading the base misrepresentation.

THE DEMOCRATIC EDITOR.

It was on the morning of the day before publication day, and everything was moving lively around the little country print-shop. An old farmer dropped in to place a load of stove-wood on his subscription. "How are ye, Mister Editor?" inquired the old resider, rubbing his hands and depositing his ox-whip right athwart the editor's editorial copy.

"I jest thought I'd drap in on ye an' see how ye was gittin' along an' ask ye 'bout lettin' er load of wood that I hev out here go on what I'm owin' of ye. Ye might tell me any news that ye may happen to know afore we trade."

This he said, changing jaws with a big quid of homemade tobacco, taking his seat and propping his feet upon the editor's table.

"I'm very busy this morning," responded the editor. "I'm right in the middle of an editorial treating on the reorganization of the Democratic party, and I have but little time to talk. But I'll take your wood and set it down to your credit on my books. You may unload it at the usual place."

"But afore I go," put in the old man, "what did ye say ye was doin'?" Writin' an article on the reorganization of the Democratic party, eh?" "That's what I said," answered the editor, appearing unconcerned. "Ha! ha!" ejaculated the old fellow.

"Yes, I'm writing an article treating along reorganization lines. I suppose you read my editorial in last week's paper giving the radicals hell on the 'robber tariff'?" Well, I got a number of compliments on that article, and I thought I'd do my best on this one, and make the old moss backs come a-tumbling. I'm getting enough of this lukewarm Democracy."

"Wall, yas," said the old man, taking off his hat and scratching his head. "I read it, but didn't jest exactly understand a few things ye put in hit. Ye write so highfalutin like. I believe ye said that the tariff was the worst enemy that the farm'n class of people ever had; said it made 'em pay more for nails an' plows an' pitchforks an' the like, an' get less fer what they sold. Ye said it made one class rich an' another poor. But I don't jest agree with ye, altho I'm a Democrat, died in the wool an' double hem-stitched."

"That's it," frowned the pencil pusher. "The very people that the tariff robs are blind to the robbery. I meant the article for you fellows, but you are too blind to see the truth in it."

"Now, look here, Mister Editor," said the old farmer rather lustily, taking a fresh chew of homespun twist and expectorating in the paste pot, mistaking it for a spittoon. "I've been takin' yer paper ever since ye was at the head of it, an' long afore that. I've allus voted the Democratic ticket as straight as I knowed how, but somehow, here right of late ye's kinder soured on its teachings. Ye say that 'tariff is robbery.' Well, I'll be consarned if I can see hit that way. I voted fer Cleveland with the understandin' that we was goin' to hev free-trade, an' we had er. Ye know we had awful hard times them years. Why I'm the biggest liar in seven states if I didn't git so poor that my backbone come near growin' to my belly band: I jest couldn't sell nuthin'. An' when I went to buy, I'll be geewhittiker if I didn't hev to pay jest as much as I always paid. So I come to the conclusion that there wasn't anything in free-trade but starvation. I may not hev any tariff lice on me, but I'm ticklish as thunder on free-trade."

"There you go," spurted the editor, kicking the paste pot out of his way and looking at his watch: "you old moss back Democrats need reorganizing. You couldn't raise a Democratic yell to save your lives. You've gone clear back on the party and its teachings. We editors and the leaders are doing everything in our power to bring you fellows back to your senses, but you are as contrary as a yoke of hot steers. We've been banking on you as the backbone and sinew of the party. You've forsaken us and gone off after false gods."

This he said, taking up his pencil as if to resume writing. The old fellow sat for several minutes looking out the window meditating. "Wall," he said presently, "its a meat an' bread question with us fellows that ye've been bankin' on. We don't hope to git any office or anything out of politics. We jest want to make a good livin', that's all. We supported Cleveland because he was a Democrat, an' then come along Bryan an' we supported him. We've supported everything the Democrats hev ever trotted out, but we're gettin' dadgasted tired of hit. I want to tell ye, Mister Editor, an' I hope ye want get mad. I believe the Republicans do more fer us than we've ever done fer ourselves. That may sound funny fer a Democrat to say, but I say hit."

"Oh, go away," said the editor, somewhat nettled, and getting up and walking the floor, "such talk as that is what is ruinin' us. There's that fellow Graves who said he thought Bryan ought to nominate Roosevelt for re-election on the Democratic ticket next year. There's Hearst gone back on us. The party is split into as many factions as we have leaders. It is because you old farmers are hoodwinked and bumflegged."

"Ye are right," said the old codger, "we do say funny things. It may not be sound Democracy, but it is the kind that us fellows are goin' to stand up fer in the future."

"Of course, if you old standbys are going back on us, we had as well disband our party organization."

"But," interfered the old fellow, "hasn't Roosevelt made the best president that we hev had since the Civil War? Hasn't he proven himself the friend of the people? Hasn't he gone against some of the high and mighty in his own party? Is he not the champion of the laboring man? Did he not fix them 'niggers' what shot up Brownsville? Didn't he say that big railroad man, Harriman, was an 'undesirable citizen'? Are not times good now an' money plentiful? I can sell anything I bring to town. I hev to pay a little more fer what I buy, but I git more fer what I sell."

"Yes," said the editor, taking his seat again and lighting a fresh cheroot, "I'll admit that Roosevelt has made a good president, and all that, but he's a Republican and an enemy of the Democratic party. Besides, if we endorse him, we cut our own throats. The Democratic party has a right to some of the spoils. Here I've been preaching Democracy for ten years and little emolument has come my way."

Here the office cat came about his feet purring, and he gave it a kick and threw his fresh-lighted cheroot out the window.

"Yes," he went on ardently, "We are going to reorganize and if you old moss backs don't want to come in, you can stay out. We're going to win next time, and some of you will wish that you had staid with us. The new organization is going to raise all manner of cane with the Republicans. We're going to lambast 'em on the tariff, give 'em particular thunder on plutocracy, and swat 'em like the devil with our 'initative and referendum.'"

"Ye may reorganize," responded the old farmer, as he picked up his whip to go, "but ye'll never pull the wool over the eyes of the people agin. Them times under Cleveland killed the Democrat party leader 'an' a door nail. I've been watchin' these fellows who want to reorganize. They are office-seekers an' pie hunters. Old fellows like me are not carin' a continental durn whether the Democratic party ever gits in power agin er not, so long as we hev good times an' can sell everything we make. I'll go on now an' flop this wood off an' go home, an' I've got to plow in a new ground after I git thar, an' I'd advise ye not to come in that direction while I'm messin' with that new ground, er ye'll not be able to help reorganize the Democratic party."

The old resider here strode out of the editor's sanctum, and left the editor to his thoughts. But he could not collect them to save him. Too much truth had fallen like a dull thud on his ears that morning. In his heart he was with the old man, but through his paper he must be a reorganizer of the glorious old Democratic party. Ye gods, what some people will stoop to for a little loaves and fishes.

BE PROUD.

Are you a Republican? Then be proud of your party's record. Let us enumerate what it has done:

The country was in bankruptcy in 1897 it asked the Republican party to get it out of the hole; the Republicans got it out.

The country wanted sound money; it asked the Republicans to give the nation a sound financial basis; the Republicans brought it about.

The people wanted to see smoke curling from the smokestacks of furnaces and machine shops; they asked the Republicans to start the thing to going; the Republicans started it.

Laboring people wanted employment; they asked the Republicans to bring about a condition that would give them something to do to keep the wolf from the door; the Republicans did it.

The manufacturers wanted protection on their goods; they asked the Republicans to give them protection; the Republicans did it.

The people wanted a pure-food law; they asked the Republicans to enact one; the Republicans did it.

The people wanted the railroads regulated; they asked the Republicans to regulate them; the Republicans did it.

The Nation wanted the confidence of every other nation, and asked the Republicans to make the Stars and Stripes an emblem of Freedom wherever the sun shone; the Republicans did it.

Now in the light of history, in the face of prosperity, in the time of plenty, where is that Republican who is not proud that he is a Republican? Be proud! In the old Roman empire it was an honor to fight under the imperial eagles of the Caesars. In this new American Republic it is an honor to fight under the exalted banner of Republicanism.

Republicanism has a glorious history. You can point to its past and to its present with a glowing pride.

If you are a Republican, you have not anything to be ashamed of. You are the salt of the earth—the fairest amid ten thousand!

It would really be a national calamity for Japan to swoop down upon us and wipe the earth up with us just because a few San Francisco hoodlums need thirty days in jail. Say, little brown people, you'd better give yourselves running room when you take a sure enough fall out with Uncle Samuel. He is a modest old gentleman, but as foxy as Old Nick when you once get his dander up.

THE BELLHART COLONY.

A fellow by the name of Jacob Bellhart is running a Free Love pasturage at Ingleide, Ill., and there he proposes to congregate 5,000 men and women who believe in the pernicious lunacy. Here are a few of the corrupt tenets of his Satanlic platform: "Marriage ends the joys of courtship. Any marriage which gives possession is a curse. It is lawful to desire to be happy. But to set a standard of goodness and morality apart from happiness is a sin. To redeem man means to destroy his soul. Soul is the only sinner. The soul has within it the ingredients of self destruction. It must rob and kill. I say that all 'good' is Hell—all evil is Heaven. Satan is right. God is wrong!"

Now if this blatherskite hasn't reached the limit, then there is no limit. If he hasn't taken the plumb line of the devil and reached the bottom, then the abyss is bottomless. We've read of the horrors of devil worship and all that, but thought it was confined to other lands, but this fellow Bellhart has brought it right into our midst and set it up within fifty miles of the great city of Chicago. Devil Worship hath ever been a mystery to theologians. It was stamped out in London. It still thrives somewhat in some of the darkest holes of Paris. Its home is in India. The popular goddess of the sect is Kali, the goddess of blood and revelry. She wears a head dress of snakes, and a necklace consisting of a chain of skulls. In her hand she holds a murderous looking knife. Her feasts are generally held at night. Great crowds gather around her most fearful image. The devotees walk round and round the idol, bearing torches, beating drums, and dancing in odd ways.

Jacob Bellhart brags that he is going to build a colony up on the theory that all men and women are by nature free like animals, and that any attempt to restrain them is but a ukase against the Creator. He is moral leper who is aiming at the very foundation of marriage and decency. He is an assassin aiming at the very heart of womanly virtue. The strong hand of the law has stepped in and put a stop to wholesale polygamy in Utah, but the very worst things the Mormons ever did were godly and virtuous compared with this new prophet's iniquitous doctrine. The indescribable evil that he will work is beyond calculation.

The colony is rapidly filling up with faithful adherents—mostly women—who are described as "spontaneous love cranks." They take a vow to hate marriage ties and detest the bonds of wedlock. It is said that most of the women are young—a great many of them educated and beautiful. They are not from among the 10,000 prostitutes of Chicago. It is claimed that they are from virtuous homes. They voluntarily lay themselves upon the altar of lust and call it Free Love. They exact no price for their lewdness. They are happy to gratify their own bestial appetites even tho all woman-kind sink down to hell. They scorn legitimate offspring and know no single individual as a husband.

Of all the Free Love crazes this country has ever known, this takes the cake. It is an exaggeration of anything the Socialists have ever claimed. It is always thus. Let a thing be claimed, and somebody will come along and overdo it. If there is any law in Illinois by which the colony can be suppressed, it ought to be done forthwith. If there is no such a law, the legislature ought to call a special session and get busy. It is a shame on the state of Illinois to have such carrying on within her borders. It is a blow at the virtue of American womanhood.

THE YELLOW JACKET'S PLATFORM.

The Yellow Jacket offers the following as its platform, and its editor occupies every inch of floor-space on it:

It has no ax to grind. It does not run fake advertisements.

It says what it thinks to be true. It does not drink froth from the swirl tub of public opinion.

It does not mince words, straddle issues or speak in parables.

It stays at home and does its own knitting.

It moulds its own bullets, cuts the patching and does its own shooting.

It don't allow the English language, or science of grammar, nor the higher critics to get in its way when it wants to say a truth.

It does not crawl in a hole to talk or hide its face from the enemy. It caught its inspiration from the eternal mountains, and it proposes to stay in that altitude of purity where it was born.

It is the champion of the Republican party and had rather see the toiling masses happy and contented than to feast on the manna of kings.

If the Yellow Jacket suits you, take it a year and try it; if you do not like it, take it anyhow, for you'll learn to like it. It's our mission to bring Democrats, Socialists and Populists to their knees in a hurry. The big campaign of 1908 is just now beginning. It will be the hottest in the history of the country. All the combined forces of Democracy, Populism and Socialism will be pitched against the G. O. P. If you miss an issue, you'll miss a lot of fun. The Republicans have their rigging trimmed and their sails set for a cruise right into the harbors of the enemy's country.