The Yellow Jacket

Published Bi-Weekly.

R. DON LAWS, Editor and Prop'r

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Editorial Splinters

A Virginia fisherman "caught a black bass the other day with a fly weighing four pounds." It is left for the reader to determine what the fish did weigh. We can't keep our mind off of the fly.

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The New York Evening Mail, a Republican organ, finds considerable fault with Mr. Roosevelt's calling the Wall Street wolves, "malefactors." It shows where The Mail stands and where it gets its bread and butter.

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That wing of the Demoratic party which objects to the word "jackass" being used as the party's emblem and insists that "donkey" is a milder term, ought to win out during the next campaign in getting its preference adopted, as there is nothing else in sight for it to win.

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A subscriber writes us that the Yellow Jacket is worth its weight in gold. Yet occasionally some fellow steals the paper from his neighbor, because he is too stingy to dig up thirty cents, and reads it, then he seats himself and writes up that the paper isn't worth a continental.

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Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Republican party was never in a better shape to lick the Democrats out of their boots. That Salt River route is long and lonesome and the Democratic leaders know it well, hence they go into the campaign figuring on the cruise as a sure thing.

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Rameses II. is being severely criticized at this late date for his brazenness in causing his name to be inscribed on monuments all over ancient Egypt. How will it be with Andrew Carnegie away down the aisle of the future? He has already been dubbed the Rameses II. of the twentieth century.

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One of the biggest things, that looks bigger and grows larger every year and month and week and day is the United States government. She's a whopper, boys, and no little one-man party, like the Democratic party, could run it successfully for twenty-four hours.

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If a mild and not too drastic reduction of the tariff is demanded, then unquestionably Mr. Taft is your huckleberry. He is a stand-patter for protection, but thinks a few alterations might be made in the schedules. But mind you, he hasn't any free trade flies on him, as the howling Democrats would have it.

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An Illinois woman thinks she has solved the labor problem by feeding the hands on the place pie three times a day. This however, will get the good lady into trouble if she is so unwise as to extend her operations to political parties. Just think how many Democrats would be hanging around her back door.

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Mr. Bryan did a wonderful thing for his country when he wrote to the Tokio Hochi Shimbum, a Japanese "yellow" newspaper stating that America didn't want any war. If you noticed, the war cloud blew over just after he did us the excellent service. Great is Bryan—in his own imagination.

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Secretary Taft's speech at Columbus, Ohio, is said to be the keynote of the Republican campaign of 1908. Well, the Democrats themselves admit that he landed on 'em in good shape and that the address was a masterly piece of exposition on burning issues before the American people to-day.

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Brazil's representative at The Hague is as mad as a wet hen because that tribunal set his nation down as a third-rate power. The nations of the earth ought to present him with a complimentary copy of Aesop's Fables, and ask him to read and reread the fable of the Ox and the Frog.

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Mr. Taft's position on the tariff is likely to spike the gab traps of the tariff reformers. He declares himself a protectionist who wants to keep the tariff schedules thoroughly abreast of the times. He is a stand-patter in the sense that he stands pat on protection, that bulwark of American prosperity.

The New York Sun does not think that Uncle Sam will deliberately sell eight millions of Filipinos for cash. No, no—had he such a thing in mind he would, no doubt, begin right at home and get off a job lot of worthless trash who have the right to vote, but who vote every time to clog the wheels of progress.

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Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis says there are forty-four roads to hades, but only one to heaven. Yet it appears that all the highways to the first-mentioned destination are over-crowded. This shows that Old Nick is doing a land-office business. What makes him so popular, anyhow?

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Halt! Flags at half mast! Listen! "What the country needs," says the Charleston News and Courier, "is a President who would conduct himself like a Southern man." That depends. Like Ben Tillman, J. K. Vardeman, Jeff Davis of Arkansas, Hokus Pokus Smith, Pad Misduke, Dank Botts?—oh, help us to saw off!

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"The Democratic party is for sale," says a Western politician. Say, Bud, if the old donkey was put up at auction it wouldn't bring fifteen cents in Mexican money. Who would want such a conglomeration of pie-hungry politicians on his hands? You can't just sell any old thing these days.

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The Free Trade idea is to make this a nation of cheapness and idleness. The Protection plan is to give everybody work and protect their wages. Which can a laborer better afford to do, to work at fifty cents a day about half the time and pay a dollar for a hat, or work at a dollar a day all the time and pay a dollar and a half for the hat? This is a free country—you can vote with the crowd that suits you best.

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Rat-tat-tat! Swing corners, doodlebugs! A Democrat of more or less prominence announces that he is an "anti-trust Roosevelt Democrat." If we could get his latitude and longitude, together with his tintype, we'd present his physiognomy to our readers as a remedy for St. Vitus' Dance or a knock-out blow for the political mulligrubs.

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Just about every other day Henry Watterson the rip-roaring Kentucky Colonel and ramrod extraordinary of the Louisville Courier-Journal, comes out and tells the Democrats how they can win in 1908. Wonder why the shattered legions of the glorious don't hop onto his "inside information" like a full-grown duck on an esculent June-bug?

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Tom Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine is still piking for the Populist dream—but why wonder, when the backbone of the Populist tenets have ever been of such stuff as dreams are made of? Mr. Watson's Pop-gun and Mr. Bryan's Commonest thing published west of the Mississippi are a team calculated to raise the drooping spirits of a fallen statue.

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The United States has no right to rend the air about her meat supply, for our consul at Chermnits, Germany, writes that the use of dog as food is increasing thruout the German Empire, and 5,500 were reported in the official inspection last year, which also included 75,000 carcasses of horse-flesh, now a standard article of food in Germany as well as France.

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The Houston (Tex.) Post observes: "Wouldn't it be funny, if Bryan or Culberson should happen to be President, to behold Theodore Roosevelt in the waiting room at the White House, growing impatient and grinding his teeth and twirling his big stick??" Yes, but when that happens, trees will grow with their roots in the air, and watermelons will have to be dug out of the ground like sweet potatoes.

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Old John Barleycorn is being chased from the Southern states with a vim to it. He's losing out locally and at large in every commonwealth South of the Masōn and Dixon Line. What does it portend? Are the Southern people in real earnest, or is it a wave of fanaticism overspreading their section? The country is holding its breath and waiting to see if the South really has the nerve to throttle the behoofed and behorned rum-demon.

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A Texas man has raised a lemon as large as an egg plant. They are always doing wonderful things down in the Lone Star state. Why, bless your soul, when an election comes around, Democrats rise up out of the ground to help swell their Democratic majority. Joe Bailey can make a coup of a cold million by practicing law for the trusts and then go back to the U. S. Senate a-whooping.

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When Chairman Taggart of Indianapolis and Stewart of St. Louis clasped hands in a conference the other day at Chicago under the eye of Roger C. Sullivan, the quiet holiness of sanctified Democratic politics was sealed, and no higher guarantee of Democratic harmony has been vouchsafed since Mr. Parker, on the lawn at Esopus, greeted Dave Rose of Milwaukee with a quotation from scripture. Hurrah for Taggart and Stewart! Peace!—be still, troubled ocean of Democracy.

Nightcap Lecture

Of a Woman to Her Husband

LECTURE NO. 1.

"John! John Dale! You know you are not asleep a-ready. Did you bring home that medicine for the baby? No, forgot it just as you do everything else that concerns me and the children. You can listen to me or let it alone, just as you like, but I'm going to talk. It's the only time I have to say a word to you.

"If it wasn't for the papers, I'd never know anything. You do not think enough of me to tell me what happens in town or anywhere else. In fact, you don't read enough to know anything to tell. That little old dinky Democratic sheet printed down the street by that old bum and ex-saloon keeper is the only paper I ever see you reading. But, I thank you, sir, I can read. Women are getting independent in this bright and good day. We can have all the papers and magazines we want to read, if we do have to sell butter and eggs to pay for them. I've just been reading President Roosevelt's speech delivered at Provincetown, and I don't care if you are a Democrat, I'll tell you to your teeth, it's a fine speech. I think the President is so brave and honest. Why, he just comes out and tells those trust-magnates that he is going to prosecute them to the bitter end. He doesn't fear Wall Street or anybody else. I have heard you say that you would have voted for Mr. Roosevelt if he had not been a black Republican. He's as white as you are, John—if not whiter. I can tell you right now the women like him, and if they had a chance to vote for him they'd keep him in the White House another term.

"Yes, you can grunt and make out that you are asleep, but I know you're not. I read every word of Mr. Taft's speech made at Columbus, Ohio, and I admire it very much. He makes his position so very plain on the national issues. It seems to me that any man ought to see politics as he does, except possibly John Dale and a lot of other tough-hided old Democrats who couldn't see a real truth if they were armed with telescopes and magnifying glasses. I also read his address down in Oklahoma, and like the way he talked to those people. He told them about their shameful gerrymandering, and pointed out how the will of the people could be defeated under their proposed constitution by trickery and chicanery, and explained how there might be a majority of 10,000 for the Republican ticket, and yet there would be a Democratic legislature and two Democratic Senators.

"No, indeed, I'll not go to sleep until I get good and ready. I don't know anything about politics. Of course not; I'm a woman, and women are not supposed to know anything. That's right; abuse me. But you can't tell, to save your life, why you claim to be a Democrat and vote against those who are doing most for the country. Yes, my tongue, and it is loose at both ends. But where is your loose? It's only loose when you are spinning some smutty yarn down town or when you are yelling yourself hoarse on the night after a local Democratic victory, won by throwing out negro votes. John, I really do believe you have the least sense—I mean good thinking sense—of any man I ever talked with. Yes, flare up and get mad; that's you—John Dale.

"You know what a strong Democrat Uncle Jud used to be—well, I got a letter from Aunt Jane to-day stating that he had turned over. He was as big a fool as you ever was over Bryan and free-silver. You remember he declared that he was not going to have his hair cut until Mr. Bryan or some other Democrat of his views was landed in the White House. Well, Aunt Jane says his hair got so long he had to have it cut off. She says he was a sight with his long, shaggy wool hanging about his neck and shoulders.

"Well, what do I care if it is ten o'clock and you have to get up early. You know who has to get up. You'll lie right here until I get breakfast ready and drag you out of bed. If you would look more into politics and quit being a fool about what you call Democracy, you'd be a far better citizen.

"There was a cartoon in to-day's paper which showed Mr. Bryan and old Miss Democracy at the piano playing and singing as lovers are wont to do. Mr. Bryan is represented seated at the instrument with his head thrown back, his mouth wide open, and his fingers playing over the keys. Miss Democracy is standing close by his side with her mouth spread, looking like a love-sick swan. The book open on the piano shows they are singing that sweetest of love songs, 'Love Me and The World is Mine.'

"Yes it's foolish, I know; but if John Dale would study these simple lessons more, he'd be a much wiser man.

"Then there's that nature-faking controversy—well, it is real laughable. Dr. Long tells some wonderful stories in his nature book, which he contends is a true story of animals as he has observed them. He tells one story about a woodcock that broke its leg and then turned surgeon and splinted it up. And another about a little girl who got lost in the woods, but who was found and guided home by a wolf. Mr. Roosevelt says the stories are fabrications of the most extravagant sort, and thinks they are not fit for children to read, unless they are labeled as fables. Were children to believe them, they would also have to believe that Little Red Riding Hood was a real girl and Old Mother Hubbard a sure enough old woman.

"What do you think of that trouble they are having in Morocco? Don't know anything about it, eh? Just like you, and still you claim to be a man who keeps up with things in this enlightened twentieth century. I wouldn't care if the French would drive those banditti into the sea and drown everyone of them. They follow kidnaping and piracy for a living.

"I wish you would hush about me going to sleep. I want to talk a little sometimes, I guess. I only wish you was more like I am, then maybe you'd be a more congenial husband. If you'd listen to me, you'd read the papers and be informed, instead of being a mere stick of a thing that floats down town every morning and back at night. You'd be up in politics and quit voting the Democratic ticket just because your daddy did. Oh, well, it's all right to abuse my mother. I'm sure she don't come about us enough to bother you much.

"Say, John—John! I do believe he has dropped off to sleep. There was something I wanted to ask him about."

WHERE THE DANGER LIES.

If you would look to find real danger in a nation's business, do not look to the ruler, to the trusts and monopolies, or to supply and demand—but look in the public mind. There is where confidence resides, and when it is once shaken, all the money in the world could not stave off a panic. If the public has confidence in a government, that government can thrive, even tho it be financially embarrassed.

There is some uneasiness just now in some circles. It is feared by some that the pendulum is going to swing too far in this trust-busting crusade. And there may be room for uneasiness, unless the courts remain cool and dispense justice irrespective of public clamor. The public is a pretty fair guide until it gets excited—then it is liable to do something rash. The trusts and monopolies have had such a free hand in this country so long, and now as the people see they can be routed, the cry is going from one end of the country to the other: Down with every trust and monopoly! The movement is all right, but it must be seen to that legitimate concerns do not go down with the illegitimate. For just so sure as public confidence is shaken in our business interprises, that sure will a panic swoop down upon us.

We are heart and hand with the administration in its prosecution of trusts and combines. But we would have the Goddess of Justice not to be too blind. The Standard Oil Company has committed many crimes, no doubt, but after it pays the penalty, it should be allowed to go on doing business in a legitimate way. There is no need to wipe the corporation out of existence. We need corporations to transact the large volume of business that must be carried on in the country. Individuals cannot transact it. It takes capital—millions and millions of dollars.

A reform is only wise when it does not have to be reformed in turn. A reactionary movement is sure to set in if the masses get excited and do things that ought not to be done.

To show that the masses are not always right, one has only to point to the election of Grover Cleveland in 1892. They made a mistake then, which they repented of bitterly afterwards.

The unprecedented prosperity that we now enjoy ought to last. There is no reason why it shouldn't unless the public mind is unduly flustrated over this trust crusade. The land is overflowing with plenty. The farmers were never in a better condition. The wheat fields of the West have yielded bountifully. The corn crop is enormous. There will be a fair cotton yield. If anything, we ought to be more prosperous next year than we are this.

The danger signals ought to be thrown out. Not to stop monopoly prosecution, but to mark well the trusts and monopolies and prosecute them only. It would be utter folly to go out into the commercial world and cut and slash without due regards to what is being carved up. This nation doesn't want any more Black Fridays. We want a continuance of peace and plenty, of public confidence and unprecedented prosperity.

Are you a Republican? If not, why not? The Republican party headed off slavery extension into the territories, preserved the Union, abolished slavery, put the eleven Confederate states safely back into their old places among the Commonwealths, protected property against assault by greenback, populist, and silver inflationists, made the United States the wealthiest country on the globe, and marked the nation's credit higher than that of any other country on God's footstool. It means something to be a member of a party that has the ability to do things.

A Voice From the Tomb

The dead has come to life. Salt river has surrendered another victim from its fatal, murky waters. Judge Alton B. Parker is the man who has been given back to us. He made his re-apearance at Portland, Maine, not long since in the role of an anti-administration spouter. He lambasted Mr. Roosevelt on all sides, without calling his name. He insinuated that the President was a demagogue and a disturber of our present era of prosperity.

Land sakes! Who would have thought it? The country had the idea that the once powerful man of Esopus was eternally dead. His name has not appeared in print in so long that we had to take a second look at it before we recognized it in cold type.

It appears that the Judge slipped away off to Maine to get off his bazoo which has been spitting and frying in his heart ever since that fatal day in November, 1904. He probably thought his harrangue to his law audience would escape the papers, but it seems that a reporter was present who took down every word he said. If you haven't read the speech, you've missed a treat. It sounds like the sorrowful threnody in a voice from the tomb. You would recognize it in Hades or anywhere else, for it has the old-time ring to it. Yet in this instance his name is put in a glaring head-line above his address, so there can be no mistake.

President Roosevelt gets the full weight of the Judge's somewhat belated avenging blow. Every sentence of the speech gives the President the Medusa frown. No doubt the Judge's auditors knew for whom the term "designing demagogue" was meant. The Chief Executive was held up by the narrative while the vehement Judge pumped anathemas into his callous, deceitful hide at long range.

It is vaguely possible, however, that Mr. Roosevelt will survive the blow and serve out his present term.

It is not our purpose here to give a review of the Judge's rantings up in the piny-woods of Maine. We would say, moreover, that it would have been better for the Democratic party had no reporter been present to take down the speech, so that it could have lost itself in reverberation among the tall pines where it was uttered.

Why did not the Judge get off this aftermath denunciation nearer home? Why did he sneak away off to Maine like a pelted hound and let go his miserable howl? It is possible that he could not get a congenial audience in New York. Or it may be that those lawyers over-persuaded him, and he made the address to pacify them:

This squeaking wail from the ignominiously defeated Parker calls to mind other days. It holds him up again before the lingering gaze of the millions who repudiated him at the polls nearly three years ago. It gives the Democratic party a glancing look at its former idol.

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