

A Democrat Denounces His Party

I take this method of letting the world know how low down I have been, and the crimes I have committed in the name of the Democratic party. I have stuffed ballot boxes, thrown out negro votes, and drank red likker until I feel as low down as any mangy, yellow dog. There never was a moment in my life when I thought the Democratic party was the party of the people, yet I have worn out at least three dozen pair of shoes in torch-light processions, marching the streets carrying Democratic banners. I have acted the fool ever since I entered politics to make people believe I was honest and bent on saving the country. I have bought votes in flocks, droves and covens, bribed election boards, made lying speeches, and robbed widow women to give to negroes to keep them from voting the Republican ticket.

I have held office from County Attorney to Congressman, and have made more money by accepting bribes than I ever made from the emoluments of the offices that I have held. I have made promises enough to build another tower of Babel, were they placed one upon another. I have turned criminals loose to prey upon society for political influence. I have given saloons and gambling hells immunity from prosecution to further my political ambition.

But I am getting old now and soon must cross the great divide. I feel that I owe it to the world to tell it how low down and mean I have been. I'll never vote another Democratic ticket while I live. I am utterly disgusted with myself and the party that I have run with. I would go over to the Republicans and be one of their outspoken champions. But I'm too depraved and infernally pusillanimous to befool such a party with my miserable affiliation. I shall be content to denounce the party that has dragged me down. I honestly believe I would have been an honorable man had I never affiliated with the Democratic party. I do not mean to say that all Democrats are as low down as I have been. Doubtless there are many honest men who vote the Democratic ticket as regularly as elections come around. But I do say that the average Democratic politician leecheth not his left hand know what his right hand doeth. No doubt there are dishonest politicians in all the parties, but I am convinced that the Democratic party has far the largest per cent.

Have you ever noticed the trend of Democratic legislation? It is always class and retaliative legislation. It appears that the average Democratic legislator thinks he owes it to his party to tear down everything that his opponent has builded up.

I denounce the party, its methods, and hope it will never get in power again in this country. I do not make this renunciation because I have been kicked out of the party. I make it because my conscience burns within me. I make it because I realize that I am a criminal—a political criminal, as blackhearted as ever struck an assassin's blow or clutched the throat of a dying victim.

I could give the names of men who are high up in office—Democrats who sway the nation—whom I helped to elect by methods that would shock even the modesty of a midnight grave-robbler.

The Democratic party cannot win by a direct appeal to the intelligence of the masses. In every city, county and state where it is now in control if you will ferret out its methods, you will find that it went into office either by misrepresentation or fraud. It appeals to sectionalism and race hate in the South and depends upon misrepresentation and straight-out lying in the North. True, the country has prospered under some national Democratic administrations, not because of the Democratic party, however, but in spite of it.

The hour has struck and the scales have fallen from the eyes of the people. Modern Democracy stands out in all its deceptive wiles. Go down, it must. It cannot live in the effulgence of the twentieth century. It must glut its greed on passion and prejudice—and this it cannot do in this era of civic righteousness. Yes, in some sections it will stay in power for some years yet, but like the inhuman slavery which it championed as long as it could, and which it had to give up at the point of the bayonet, it will die. It will not go down in blood, but it will succumb to the accumulated intelligence of the onward march of our superior civilization.

To this denunciation I do not subscribe my name, not because I am too cowardly to sign my own name, but for the reason that I do not wish to publicly sting again the name of my children and my children's children.

SATAN'S FALLEN ANGEL.

ADVANCE AGENTS OF THE SOUP JOINTS.

In the year 1896 big stalwart men had to sneak up to public soup-troughs and drink soup at somebody's else expense to keep from starving. That period in our history might be fitly compared to the "starving times in Virginia" during colonial days. It certainly is shocking to think about, even tho it is removed back behind eleven years of unprecedent-

ed prosperity. But forget it, this nation never will.

We know who brought on these terrible years in our history. The Democratic party ushered in that era of starvation. It dare not deny it. Yet after eleven years Democratic leaders think maybe the people have forgot, and they are preparing to try to do the same thing over. That is they are trying to inject the same deadly issue into the campaign of 1908—the tariff issue.

Now we denigrate every man who is crying "down with the robber tariff" as an advance agent of soup-joints. History but repeats itself, and like causes produce like effects. Isn't it reasonable that if the country was to so far forget itself as to put the Democrats in again, the same conditions would swoop down upon us? What think you the Democratic party would do should it elect a President next year and control both houses of Congress? Don't you believe it would do just as it did under the Cleveland regime?

It behooves us to watch these advance agents of the soup-joints. We must not be caught napping again and go down in the whirlpool of another panic.

The soup joints are still below the horizon, and long may they stay there! Their advance agents have not as yet been able to deliver the goods. It is hoped they never will be able to get in their deadly work in this country so long as men have the right to vote and choose between the right and the wrong.

Mr. Graves' Latest

Hip, hi, hoodledom! Mr. John Temple Graves, whose variations are as changing as the notes of a dulcimer and as sweet as the strains of an aeolian harp borne to a dying warrior over a tropic sea, has again jumped full length into the political arena and made a declaration. He says he is much pleased with Mr. Taft's speech delivered the other day at Columbus, Ohio, and then he proceeds to analyze it much as a full-armed critic would dissect the carcass of a heavily-loaded magazine article. He says it smells as strong as Limberger cheese of Roosevelt and, consequently, it puts a splendid, good taste in his mouth. He adorns the big secretary of war with sweet-scented honeysuckles, fixes for him a soft, downy bed of thornless roses, and consigns him to the loving embrace of futurity's out-stretched arms. In short, he brands him O. K.

And then he goes and blots out the beautiful dream with a cruel stab of his dagger-pointed pen. He says:

"Secretary Taft has learned from his chieftain, the President, how to steal Democratic thunder. In fact, the Taft speech makes it more than ever desirable that the Democratic convention shall precede the Republican, and that the Democratic national platform shall go in advance before the people, so that the Republican utterance coming later shall come as a mere echo and imitation, as it is sure to be."

We believe now we tumble to Mr. Graves' program. He wants the Democratic convention to meet first and outline a platform in accordance with Mr. Taft's speech, and invite Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Taft, or Mr. Bryan, or Mr. Hughes, or Mr. Tom Watson, or Willie Hearst, or Hokus Pokus Smith—or just anybody, and put the flag of victory in his hands, and let him go like a scared wolf into the White House.

As to party traditions and party lines; he would bid 'em good by forever, and pronounce their obsequies. He would have it one country, one party, and one mighty, triumphant victory.

At Chattanooga he gave Democracy a black-eye by calling upon Mr. Bryan to arise in the august presence of the next Democratic convention and nominate Mr. Roosevelt as a Democratic standard-bearer. Now he deals the Republicans a knock-out blow by saying that their platform will be nothing more nor less than a mere "echo and an imitation." Thru it all, however, we think we can see the imprint of the little round hoof of the Democratic donkey. Else why would he endeavor to put the Democrats next to how to "git their first and win the mostest men?"

We look over Mr. Graves' faults, moreover, and pronounce him the Chevalier de Bayard of the South—a veritable knight of the Round Table in American politics. And he deserves the title, for does he not make his bombardments with gum-drops, and deadly thrust with a sword of stick-candy?

Rah for John Temple! He loves everybody, it makes no difference as to the color of their hair or the cut of their cutaway. His platform of peace covers every acre whereon falls the shadow of our flag, and his sweet clan-call is "catch 'em comin' and a-gwine." He praises Bryan and lauds Roosevelt; fondles Taft and throws kisses at Henry Watterson. He pins bouquets on Tom Watson, eats bonbons out of the same box with Willie Hearst. His smile of sunshine pervades the entire Western Hemisphere, and his blanket of political charity covers all of our party sins.

Let the man step to the front who would dare to say that John Temple is not all right! We, with the millions screaming at our heels, will defend him till the world grows old and the leaves of the judgment book unfold.

Texas and Socialism

The camp of Democracy in Texas is somewhat disturbed since the Haywood trial. It appears that some of the true and tried have gone over to the red flag brigade. Texas has long been known as the Democratic Israel. But from the dispatches, one would think she was losing her grip. The Socialists have wellformed organizations in the state, and have a considerable following in the Texas cities.

We believe we understand this drift of Socialism in Texas, and in other states where it is taking root. The Democratic party holds out no hope to its members. Interest within Democratic ranks is at a low ebb. You cannot find one Democrat out of every ten who will express any hope whatever of a victory to the national ticket next year. The party as an organization, is very nearly to pieces. Factions and dissensions have shattered it. The average Democrat hates the Republican party and everything connected with it. He has been taught to despise it. Socialists are making a big fuss just now. This is attracting Democratic attention. Democrats have ever been fond of torch-light processions and counterfeited pageantry. Hence, they are now meandering into the Socialistic ranks and enlisting under the scarlet oriflamme of anarchy and communism.

The Republican party has proven itself the party of the masses. It has demonstrated its ability to do things. It has met every issue that has come up since its organization and settled it right. It is not a party to dive into experiments. It is a cautious political organization. But rather than to join it, Texas Democrats, and Democrats elsewhere, prefer to be gulped down by Socialism. If Socialism is going to swallow down the Democratic donkey, then it is Socialism that Republicanism must fight in the future as it has fought the wild dreams of Democracy in the past.

Socialism flourished a few years ago in the Northern cities, but it is losing out there and taking root in the West and Southwest. Texas has a large foreign population, and it is among our foreign element that Socialism takes root best. Not a few of the leading Democrats of the Lone-Star state are becoming alarmed. They see their beloved Israel going over to the heathen. Mind you, Democratic leaders are against Socialism. It is the rank and file of the Democratic party that is causing the alarm. Senator Bailey, in a speech not long since in Texas, declared that it is the Gorgon of Socialism that the Democratic party must contend with in the future. He meant, of course, that the Democratic house was going to be divided against itself. It is already divided in Texas. Altho Bailey was a regular nominee of the Democratic State Convention of Texas, enemies sprang up against him like magic in every county of the state, and he had a strong opposition in the state legislature to his return to the U. S. Senate. He says his opposition is composed of men who used to be in the Democratic party, but who are now aligned with Hearstism and Socialism—and he is right. Joseph Weldon Bailey is no fool, if he does smell to heaven of coal-oil.

Nebraska Turns Down Bryan

The failure of the fusion project in Nebraska gives Mr. Bryan a black eye in his own state. The Democratic forces of the state, of which Mr. Bryan is the leader, have been endeavoring to bring about a fusion between the Democrats and Populists to defeat the Republicans in the next state election. But the Populists would not agree, hence it goes out that Nebraska is irretrievably lost to Democracy. The state turned against Bryan in 1900. McKinley swept it in that year like a whirlwind. Its entire delegation in Congress is Republican except one member. Roosevelt snowed its fusion ticket under in 1904 to the song of 86,000 plurality.

The refusal of the Populists of the state to unite with the Democrats in common cause shows that the Populists have very little confidence in the Democrats' ability to deliver the goods. It will also have some effect on Mr. Bryan's fortunes in the other states. Democrats in the South, especially, reason that if his own state will not unite on him, there must be a screw loose somewhere. What the Democrats want more than anything else is a leader who can lead. They are getting somewhat tired of cruising up salt river every four years. The fact that Mr. Bryan has been unable to unite all the non-Republican elements in Nebraska in 1907 will deal a hard blow to his prestige all over the country. His enemies in the South and East will now take up the cue and work against him with renewed ardor. They know that that two-thirds requirement has more than once beaten men who were thought to be popular favorites. One or two more local shifts like this in Nebraska and Mr. Bryan's chances go like chaff in the winds. Yet Democrats say that Mr. Bryan is the strongest

man they have. The fact is, Democracy is at a very low ebb, and Democratic leaders recognize it. They see in advance that they will go into the campaign next year already beaten. They know they cannot make any headway against the tide of popular approval that the country will give to the last three Republican administrations.

Mr. Watterson flares up and says: "This whole prattle about the difficulty or impossibility of revising the tariff is pure humbug and false pretense. In 1897 a Republican President called an extra session of Congress and revised the tariff." Saw off there, Colonel—you forget that Mr. McKinley had to call that Congress to enact a tariff law to get the country out of the hole that Cleveland and the rest of you Democrats got into. This country is in no hole now. You'll have to come again, old war-hoss.

Georgia has passed a law which sets qualifications for voting in that state at \$5,000 in property, and one must be able to read and write a paragraph of the Federal or state constitution, be a descendant from a soldier of any of the United States' or Confederacy's wars, and be otherwise capable. Good-bye Mr. Negro—you must stay away from the polls in the Goober state, unless you will induce all your brothers to sign a pledge to ever in the future vote the Democratic ticket, then that statute will fade from the law-books like the mist of morning in the face of the risen sun.

Those Northern Negroes

It is enough to make the rest of the negroes of the country quit politics forever to be compelled to read the slush that is being sent out to them from so-called "nigger" organizations in the North. There is said to be an anti-administration Afro-American organization in nearly every Northern city, and a few in the South. Without a single exception all these organizations are for Senator Foraker, of Ohio, for President, a circumstance which gives the whole movement dead away.

The shame of it is that Mr. Foraker will keep encouraging this disturbing element among the otherwise peaceful and law-abiding negro citizenship of the country. The Ohio Senator stood high in national politics until he went off on this anti-administration tangent and championed the cause of the discharged troops of the 25th infantry. He stood well in Ohio and was in line for the Presidential nomination. But the country has been keeping tab on his actions and utterances for the past several months, and his name is Dennis so far as Presidential honors are concerned. He may be able to go back to the Senate for another six years, because of his grip on a certain faction in Ohio politics.

It is to be deplored that such a debater and otherwise sound statesman as Mr. Foraker has proven himself to be, should at the zenith of his power champion a cause which he ought to have known would be ruinous to his reputation. He was warned of the consequences of such a stand by the press of the country, as well as by the masses of the people. Opposition, however, seemed but to nerve him on. Because of his high standing in the Senate, a few others of that body joined him in his nonsensical pet contention.

He will, no doubt, prove a disturber in Ohio politics for years to come. He has his crowd, of course, and they will stay with him. He can have no hope of any political honors more than another term in the Senate, yet he has set in to block Secretary Taft's chances for the Presidential nomination next year. We do not make this statement because we are in favor of Judge Taft for President, for it is too early as yet for us to settle definitely on any man to fill President Roosevelt's warm seat. There are a number of aspirants in the field and we prefer to hear every claim before we open our battery for any certain individual.

But what we set out to discuss was those Northern Negro organizations. We have ever accorded the negro the rights guaranteed him by the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution. We have never said a word that could be construed as antagonistic to the advancement and development of the negro race. We realize that the black man is but a little over forty years removed from slavery, and that he has not as yet learned every lesson that is necessary to a full American citizenship. But we do believe, and that strongly, that this anti-administration movement gotten up by a few hot-headed negroes and championed by a few anti-administration white men, will work much harm to the general welfare of the negro race in the country. The organizations will have no other effect than to prejudice many people against the advancement of the negro politically. The race, as a whole, was satisfied with its progress attained in so short a time, and many white people everywhere were hopeful that the negro was going to assimilate quietly into our body politic. It is to be hoped that, even yet, the leaders among the negroes will see their folly and put a stop to their anti-administration foolishness.

Mr. Taft and the Tariff

The jumping-jacks over the country are showing how little they know by trying to criticize that part of Secretary Taft's speech at Columbus dealing with the tariff. The woods are ringing with tomtit twitterings of Democratic pencil pushers and weak-kneed Republican paste-slingers. The chief objection to the speech is that Mr. Taft did not declare for free-trade and throw the Republican banner of Protection into the proverbial Slough of Despond.

Mr. Taft declared for the old time-honored shibboleth of protection, and this is where he knocked not a few little gourd-headed politicians off of the Christmas-tree. He told them that the tariff might need a little touching up, but no radical monkeying with, and here is where they raised their heartrending howl. Who are these little peewee blisters who are filling all heaven and earth with their insane bickerings? Why they are the same crowd who crowed loudest for Grover Cleveland in 1892. You can hear the soup-gurgle in their every yell. The starvation glare is back in their wild, frenzied eyes.

While Mr. Taft committed himself to a reduction of the tariff on some articles, he advised due caution. He declared that the object of protection was to put foreign manufactured goods on a parity with our own manufactured productions by putting a duty on the goods from abroad to make them equal in selling price in this country to our own manufactured goods. This is the idea of protection in a nut-shell.

The Yellow Jacket has ever championed the protection of American industries. It would rather see our magnificent capitol in ashes, our army disbanded, our ships rotting in our harbors, our railroads not moving a wheel, our every city grown up in grass and weeds, and our name abroad a byword and a reproach—than to see this country put on a free-trade basis, for it would mean our everlasting ruin.

If the Democrats want to see the tariff question threshed over again to a finish, just let them embody it in their platform next year and the country will bury it deeper than ever free-silver was buried. If there be a few weak-kneed Republicans who want to vote with the Democrats, let them march to the polls with them and deposit their ballots. The Republican party does not want anybody in its ranks who are not true to Republican principles.

We would like to see this question settled once and for all. It is already settled definitely in every true Republican's mind.

Mr. Taft may or may not receive the nomination in the next Republican National Convention. It is too early to tell just where the lightning is going to strike—but, for sure, his head is level on the tariff. It was heralded abroad that the secretary of war was for tariff revision along Democratic lines, but his Columbus speech gave it the lie straight from the shoulder.

The next national campaign is going to settle two issues in this country: the tariff and the power of dollars. It will be a fight worthy of the admiration of the giants. It will be fought upon the one side by the Republican party, which is the party of prosperity and protection, and upon the other side by the Democratic party, which is the party of panics and starvation. It will be every man's privilege to fight with the party of his choice.

AVAILABILITY.

When the elections to the first Douma were going on some of the workmen in St. Petersburg put up a goat as a candidate. Others voted for a factory chimney. They did it, of course, to show their contempt. They knew better than they acted.

But how about those who would make Haywood a Presidential candidate? Do they know any better? It seems to suffice them that their man is in the public eye. Real availability doesn't cut a particle of ice.

This W. T. Barnum idea of political availability has left some high water-marks in our history. Eugene Debs was named for President on the Socialist ticket because of his record as a striker. Coxy was nominated by the Greenbackers for Congress and later for Secretary of State in Ohio because he led an army of tramps upon Washington. "Ben" Fauter was nominated for the Presidency because he was such a notorious turncoat. Richmond P. Hobson was sent to Congress from Gen. Joe Wheeler's old Alabama District because he happened to be selected to pilot the Merrimac into the mouth of Santiago harbor. Adrian C. Anson was made city clerk in Chicago because of his baseball record. "Jim" Corbett, pugilist, has been mentioned for Congressional honors.

Thus, it seem that a man must do something sensational to get in the road to political honors. On such a score a man could well afford to take desperate chances to be President of the United States.

The country does not need any spectacular, pugilistic, athletic, bull-fighting statesmen. We need men who have come up by sheer merit from the bottom.