

T. JEFFERSON, JR.

After the plunge at Galveston Col. Jefferson and the mischievous Tommy purchased tickets for New Orleans, the Crescent City. Their route carried them thru Beaumont and over the Southern Pacific railway thru the marshes of Mississippi and Louisiana where they could view the rice fields that make that section famous. Nothing out of the ordinary happened on the way. The sights took up the time of the youthful fun-maker's mind. It was after they had crossed the Mississippi, that great Father of Waters that flows by the Crescent City, and had started up Canal Street, that Tommy began to cudgel his thinker for something to pull off on his dad.

The St. Charles hotel was soon reached and a comfortable room engaged. Next came the taking in of the sights of the city. Jackson Square was first visited. Col. Jefferson was a great admirer of that hardy old hero of New Orleans and when he stood close by his statue he swelled up and grew quite eloquent. A crowd gathered around the monument, attracted by the Colonel's loud talking. This enthused him and he began to address them:

"In all American history there is not another hero that measures up with Andrew Jackson. He came to this city with a little squad of men and drove the Red-coats into the sea. It was not only a victory he gained, but he punished the enemy fearfully. Since the last shot fired by his intrepid Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen, not another gun has been pointed at our glorious flag by a British soldier. He forever silenced the war-like antagonism of England toward this young giant of the West."

At this juncture an officer tapped the Colonel on the arm and told him to let up, as he was creating disorder on the streets.

He let up and stepped down among the crowd.

"Go on! Go on!" shouted a number of voices.

"Free speech is denied me," he replied.

"What is your politics?" some one bawled out.

"A Democrat!" he replied.

"Go on and make a speech then—we're all Democrats!"

He started to go on with his address, but Tommy took him by the hand and told him that he was going to get into trouble, and suggested that they leave the statue forthwith.

"I hate to be bluffed," roared the Colonel.

"Come on!" cried the boy, leading the way.

"Where to?" he inquired.

"To the old battlefield."

Now it might be explained here that Tommy had studied up a huge joke to have played on his Pa.

While the Colonel was making his little speech at the statue, the boy was busy developing his scheme.

He was always fortunate in finding someone handy to help him out with his fun. An old peg-leg ex-Confederate soldier was standing near and Tommy told him he wanted him to hurry out to the battlefield and have a lot of old junk ready to pan off on his Pa as souvenirs.

The old fellow tumbled to the fun, and after the boy had forked him over a dollar, the rest was easy sailing.

Of course the old soldier was to give back to Tommy all the money that changed hands in the souvenir transaction.

Tommy delayed his Pa all he could, so as to give the old soldier time to get out to the battlefield and get his souvenirs in order.

In about an hour the Colonel and his son took a car for the old battleground. The boy worked his Pa up to the highest pitch by asking him all sorts of questions relating to the famous battle. He even broached the question of souvenirs. When the battlefield was reached, there stood the old soldier on duty. He had a lot of rusty iron and dirt on a plank in front of him.

"Hey, old man," said the Colonel, "what have you there?"

"Souvenirs," answered the old soldier.

"For sale?"

"Yes—cheap."

"What kind of souvenirs have you?"

"Relics picked up here and there over the battlefield. This dirt you see here is taken from the spot where General Jackson stood when he dismounted during the battle to give orders to his famous Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen."

"How much will you take for what you have there?" inquired the Colonel, pulling out his wallet.

"Fifty dollars."

"It's a trade. What can you put them in?"

"I think I can find a sack around here somewhere."

The old junk and dirt was put into a sack and handed over to the purchaser. It weighed something like fifty pounds. The Colonel put it across his shoulder and wagged it around over the battlefield. It tickled Tommy and the soldier, but they dared not laugh outright. The old fellow slipped Tommy the fifty dollars and took a car back to town. He was satisfied with the dollar that Tommy had given him.

In a little while the Colonel and his son took a car back to the city, the old man hanging on to his purchase as if it was so much gold. He discoursed on the battle and the famous general that fought it all the way back, attracting considerable attention on the car. When they got

back to their hotel, the Colonel set his souvenirs down in the rotunda and a number of loungers wanted to know what it was he had in the sack.

"Souvenirs of the Battle of New Orleans," replied the Colonel.

At this he began to open up his purchase and the loungers drew close around him. Tommy got off to one side where he could loiter. All was taken from the sack but the sacred dirt.

"Come off, old man, you've been hoodooed," said one of the bystanders.

"What!" flared up the Colonel.

"You've a lot of stuff there that never saw the battlefield and it was carried there by the man who galled you."

"Do you reckon?"

"I know. All the real souvenirs were taken from that battlefield seventy-five years ago."

"How about this earth I have here which was taken from the spot where General Jackson stood when he ordered his famous riflemen to fire on the Red-coats?"

"It is fake dirt. You're swamped all around."

At this the crowd began to laugh, and the Colonel grew red. Their laughing angered him. He jumped to his feet.

"I am not to be a laughing-stock here!" he stormed. "I'm a gentleman, I'll give you to understand. I'm a direct descendant of the illustrious Thomas Jefferson. My name is Colonel Nicholas Jefferson, and I stand on every inch of floor-space I occupy. I fought thru the bloodiest battles of the Civil War and still have fighting blood in my veins. If any of you fellows want to fight, come on—I'm ready for you."

This bombast only made them laugh the more.

"How much will you take for your relics?" asked one.

He became so enraged at this that he put the stuff back in the sack and ran to the door and pitched it into the street.

"There, you can go and get it!" he exclaimed.

Tommy saw the predicament that his Pa was about to get into and he went up to him and told him that he wanted to speak to him in their room a minute.

The old man followed his son, but very reluctantly.

"There is no use to get so wrought up," said the boy to his father when they reached the room. "You have been faked and that is all there is to it. You are just fifty dollars short."

"Yes, and I'll have that old scoundrel who sold me the stuff in jail before I leave here, too."

"If I should tell you how to get your money back without any more excitement, will you drop the matter? And will you promise not to get mad with me?"

"Yes, if you'll get me back the fifty dollars, I'll drop the matter, and have no more to say about it."

The boy began to fumble in his pocket and pulled out the very same money that had been paid over.

"There's your money," he said, handing it over.

"How?—well, I'll be—"

"You promised to drop it," interferred the boy.

"But will you not explain how came you with the money?"

The boy explained, and the old man laughed in spite of himself. He slapped his boy on the back and said:

"You will make a good politician. You'll fool the Radicals. You'll be up high in politics some day. You'll be able to fool 'em when they are looking at you. But, son, you ought not to get me into so many close places. You'll get me killed one of these days."

Tommy laughed and said, "Hurrah for General Jackson!"

THE WATERSON IDEA.

We have tried to imagine how the Kentucky editor—the Sage of the Blue-Grass Region—or, in other words, Henry Waterson would comfort himself in the event that William J. Bryan should be named as the Democratic standard-bearer by the Democratic National Convention next year. Only a week or two ago he declared in most fervid style that the Nebraskan's policy was "insensate and diabolical, preposterous and revolutionary, and at war with all the traditions of the Democratic party."

He roasted Mr. Bryan most unmercifully because of his advocacy of government ownership and the initiative and referendum. "The Democratic party," he declared, "could not afford to endorse such revolutionary schemes—and a nomination of Bryan would mean an endorsement of everything he advocates."

Someone then came out in the public prints and intimated that Col. Waterson was getting ready to bolt the Bryan ticket in the event that the Nebraskan got the nomination.

But this makes the veteran editor red-headed and he flares up and nails it as a lie and adds that "Mr. Bryan is a most agreeable man, and that he would be mighty glad to see him in the White House, and would not be afraid to trust him there."

So the Colonel says one thing one day and contradicts it the next. He hates Mr. Bryan and he loves him. He says he would make the worst kind of a President and then he would make a dandy.

How difficult it must be to be a Waterson Democrat! One who knows that a candidate's policy is preposterous, insensate and diabolical—and yet one who would rejoice to see that same candidate elected.

Happy, happy Democratic family!

Sol. Flint's Letter

Wild Horse Prairie, Texas,
August 30, 1907.

Dear Mr. Yellow Jacket:—

I have just returned from St. Louis where I marketed a few cars of summer cattle at a very good price. All I could hear on the train and in the city was trust-busting. Everybody seems excited. I am afraid a lot of people are going to loose their heads.

I looked around on the cars for John D. Rockefeller, but I couldn't find him. I wanted to ask him how he felt over that little fine imposed upon him by Judge Landis. A Democrat sitting on the seat just in front of me said that if oil went up to fifty cents per gallon, the Rooseveltian administration would have to shoulder the blame. I laughed in the fellow's face, and he hopped up and began to lecture me. "The Democrats would have put the whole gang in jail," he said, pointing his index finger towards me like a six shooter, "and the people would not have had to pay out nearly thirty million dollars in backing up the senseless decision of a crazy judge."

"Hold right there, Mr. Democrat," I said. "How in the name of Moses' weeping mother would you have settled on the really guilty party? Surely you would not have put everybody connected with the Standard Oil Company in jail?"

"Yes, sir, and confiscated every dollar's worth of property the Octopus controls," replied the fellow, with tormented flames leaping from his eyes.

"What!" I gasped.

"Yes, sir, extirpate the mammoth trusts, root and branch."

"Where did you get that language?"

"From Mr. Bryan."

"Ah, I thought so. Now let me tell you, sir—the Republican party is fighting the trusts just now, and it is not borrowing its tactics from the Democratic leaders or from any other source. It is surpassingly strange that the Democrats would dictate to the party in power how to 'bust' trusts, when their party never busted a trust thruout all of its winding history. Such a method as the Democrats advocate would paralyze the industries of the country to such an extent that a panic of mammoth proportions would swoop down upon us. The object of the Republican party is not to destroy combinations of capital, but to hedge them about with legal restraints. Certainly where the purveyors of a trust persist in running rough shod over the statutes and the courts that endeavor to enforce them—the party in power is in favor of imprisonment as an adequate penalty. This country, sir, needs a great deal of capital to run its business, and the idea that every big capitalized concern is a trust is erroneous."

"You just wait and see the trust plank in the next Democratic platform and you'll see which is the really trust-busting party," rejoined the Democrat, batting his eyes very rapidly.

"I'm satisfied it'll be a daisy," I replied.

At this another long-necked fellow who said he lived down in Arkansas, butted in.

"Will you let me ask you a question?" he asked.

"Fire away," I answered.

"Well tell me," he said, licking his cheek, "do you think Mr. Roosevelt would agree to John D. Rockefeller or E. H. Harriman being thrust in jail if their crimes could be proven on them as individuals?"

"Yes sir; I believe he would rejoice to see some of the managers of unlawful trusts convicted and sent to the penitentiary, and I think myself that such a procedure would have a most healthy effect."

"Another question, please?" said the fellow.

"Go ahead."

"Did not the Republican party get its enthusiasm touching trust-busting from the Democratic party?"

"Not as I have ever read about."

"What about the Democratic platform of 1900? It denounced the trusts in unmeasured terms and recommended exactly what the Republicans are now putting into effect. Look at the Republican platform of that same year and see if you can find a word about trust-busting."

"Hold, my dear sir," I replied; "I happen to have a little memorandum here in my pocket. It is from the Republican platform of 1888. I will read it to you and then see if you will claim that we have stole your campaign thunder. Listen: 'We declare our opposition to all combinations of capital, organized in trusts or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens; and we recommend to Congress and the state legislatures, in their respective jurisdictions, such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies or by unjust rates for the transportation of their products to market.' Now, I'm sure Mr. Bryan cannot say that the Republicans of that year and generation stole that plank from him or the Democratic party. What have you to say, sir?"

"I—I did not know—the Republicans ever had a plank like—that," he replied, much confused.

"Of course not—you have believed

what Mr. Bryan has been telling you. You ought to get an armful of Republican platforms and read up on them and you'll see how your champion is trying to mislead you."

Mr. Editor, this knocked him clear off his pinnacle. I had all sorts of fun out of the two fellows until they got off of the train. I scored them on Bryan's free-silver dream and on his railroad ownership hullabaloo. I pinned them down on the "initiative and referendum" and told them they ought to go and live amid the goat-pastures of Switzerland where Mr. Bryan got the idea. The news-boy came thru the train with the morning papers and both of them bought a St. Louis Globe-Democrat, thinking of course, that it was a Democratic paper. When I told them it was the staunchest Republican paper west of the Mississippi, one of them dropped his paper between the seats, and the other crushed his in his hand. They looked like they had been shot at and missed. I laughed at them until my sides hurt me.

I believe, honestly, that the Republicans have the easiest go next year that they have ever had in the history of the party. The country is convinced that it won't do to trust Democratic recklessness. I actually believe that if the voters of Texas could go to the polls untrammelled, they would endorse Theodore Roosevelt's administration. I met up with Democrats everyday who have cut their eye-teeth. You are doing a wonderful work with the Yellow Jacket. It is worth more to the Republican cause, to my way of thinking, than all the other Republican literature that has ever been scattered over this section. You do not mince your words or compromise terms, but preach the straight old Republican doctrine just like you meant it. If every Republican who takes the Yellow Jacket would see to it that every other Republican and a number of Democrats in his section took the paper, he would be doing more for his party than he could possibly do in any other way. I, for one, am going to see that the paper is brought to every man's attention in my county. A movement like this all over the United States would put a million subscribers on your list during the coming campaign.

No more for this time.

Yours for Republicanism.

SOLOMON FLINT.

THREATENING PANIC.

The same old song. The Democrats sang it when they elected Cleveland. They are singing it now. It has a hard times whang to it. Read the words as taken red-hot from The Commoner:

"Whenever the people show any disposition to stop the extortion practiced by the trusts the trust magnates threaten to bring a panic if they are disturbed. They learned it from the tariff barons who have for a generation warded off reform by the threat of panic."

This is the identical gourd-sawing that the country heard when the air was filled with tariff reform screams in 1892. The people had the wool pulled over their eyes so completely then that they couldn't distinguish between a good sound tariff argument and a balloon inflated with Democratic gas. They went to the polls and voted for Cleveland, treading proudly to the deceptive Democratic tum tum of "tariff reform!"

"Down with the Robber tariff!" "Smash the tariff and you-smash the trusts!" Even staunch Republicans became intoxicated on the Siren song and fell into the ranks of the Democrats, and caught the Democratic lock-step and marched like so many wooden men up to the polls and voted like double-action dummies.

But the aftermath was the blow that killed father. Everybody that voted for Cleveland and Free-trade were the direct instruments in bringing on a panic such as this country never saw before. Conditions became pitiable indeed. Big strong men became as powerless as babes to make a support. Want stalked abroad in the land. Once happy homes became desolate. Little children went naked, and in some instances starved to death. It was awful.

The Democratic party tried to dodge its ignominy. It tried to make the people believe that the same depression would have occurred if the Republicans had been elected. But the masses wouldn't believe such rot. They still hold that panic against the Democratic party.

However, the Democrats think maybe the people have forgot. They propose to trot out the same hoodoo again. Like the turf man who wins a big purse on a certain horse in a race—he will bet on the same horse again but to lose. The tariff issue has proven a winner for the Democrats in the past—they figure that it might prove efficient again.

There is no good sound reason for the coming of another panic in this country. So long as conditions remain as they are now, we will have no panic. But so sure as our industrial equilibrium is disturbed, a panic will come. If there is to be any monkeying with the tariff let Congress do it. It ought not to be a partisan issue. It ought to be a legislative question purely. Tariff schedules do need changing occasionally. Let Congress make the change.

A scientist declares that peanuts are more nourishing than porterhouse steak. We now begin to understand why the people down in Georgia have such good health.

Profanity

We can understand why men are mean, for it is their nature to be so; we can understand the motive of an individual who like Lincoln delights to illustrate a deep truth by a funny anecdote; but we cannot understand the depravity of that mental abnormality who profanes the name of the Creator every other breath. It sounds to us like taking womanly virtue and Divinity's robes under your feet and stamping them into the mud and dirt. It brings a blush of shame even to the name of mother, for what man who has aught in his soul but hellishness would curse in his mother's presence? It has got to the place in some circles that an individual isn't "in it" unless he curses like a sailor and frowns upon everything that is good and noble.

The small boys have fallen in line, and to hear them off together, unrestrained, profaning the name of God were enough to make a man with a semblance of modesty want to grab a club and straighten out the rising generation. The boys have not taken on to this foul habit spontaneously—they are only echoing what they hear upon every side.

A man with an oath in his lips contaminates the very air he breathes. He violates God's law and sinks himself into an atmosphere where devils hold high carnivals. His brain is full of the gangreen of immorality and everything that is decent flies from him like affrighted birds. An oath is twin brother to murder, for they are both embraced on equal terms in the ten commandments. The same God who thundered from Sinai's flaming crest "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" also declared "Thou shalt not kill." The man who utters his tongue with foul oaths does not murder in the sense of taking life, but he slays purity and virtue every time he anatomizes God's name.

There is a mighty crusade in the country against the drink demon, which is, indeed, a righteous movement. But let those who would stamp out the colossal evils which are undermining our social structure, not forget that profanity is another evil as iniquitous as drunkenness.

This is a beautiful world with the glories of divinity all about us. All nature delights to praise the Creator but depraved man, who takes pleasure in cursing the God who gave him life. There is not another created thing so mean as to wallow the name of its God in the slime of profanity, but man. Man alone is given the power to be an arch-angel or a demon, and yet with his god-like attributes he would be lower than the brute.

No wonder Job's wife said to him, "Curse God, and die." She understood the profanity route to perdition. She knew that it meant sure death. All down the ages to curse God has meant to die. And yet in this enlightened twentieth century men will stand up in the face of the Creator and curse him, knowing full well the consequences.

A chaste tongue is an index to a chaste life, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." What must be the condition of that man's heart whose tongue is rank with curses against his God? It is a reptile's den full of hissing vipers and stinging adders. It is a veritable valley of Hinnom, rotten with the stench of dead carcasses and decayed garbage; a Gehenna on fire with hell's embattled hierarchy.

What virtue is to a woman, is a clean tongue to a man. A man who swears in the presence of his fellow man insults every noble instinct of his being. There is positively no excuse for using profane words when our language is rich in chaste idioms. It is a habit so damnable that it brands its victims with a curse and chains them to everything that is low and grovelling.

Stray Stingers

"Bad cooking is the cause of 90 per cent of the crimes," says a physician. Well, then, it is about time we were rounding up the cooks.

"We need more water," says the Richmond Journal. Don't worry. The prohibitionists will see to it that the country does not grow waterless.

The full name of the man who biffed the Standard Oil Octopus is Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. No wonder he piled his fine mountain high on the oily gang.

A New York divine says there are three heavens. Look here, parson, you but make it more difficult. The average sojourner here below will be satisfied if he reaches just one of them.

A Kansas druggist admits that he sold \$1,400 worth of whiskey last month, and only \$4.50 worth of drugs—and yet they tell us that Kansas is a prohibition state. To Purgatory with such prohibition as that!

A well-known physician claims that whiskey is a sure-shot antidote for poison ivy. Perhaps it will soon be considered necessary for the true-blooded Kentuckian and thirsty Georgian to plant him an ivy patch right close by the side of his mint bed.