

Let's All Smile

The Congregation Smiled.

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous to the event:

"My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday morning the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Let us now sing two verses of hymn No. 489, 'That Awful Day Will Surely Come.'"

It took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

Indefinitely Postponed.

She was an economical, industrious and ambitious young wife, a writer in the New York Tribune says, and often tried to persuade her husband to give up smoking. One day she pointed out to him, in exact figures, how much he spent for tobacco in the course of a year.

"And you would be better off," she said, "mentally and physically, as well as financially, without your pipe."

"But all great men have smoked," he urged.

"Well," she said, "just promise me that you'll give up smoking till you're great. I'll be quite satisfied."

The Accepted Time.

"De choir am now about to vociferate," said old Parson Bagster, during a recent Sabbath morning's service in Ebenezer chapel, "and uh-while dey am a doin' of it, I solemnly suggests dat de mothers of dem sassy child'en dat has been uh-sturb-in' de congregation on dis occasion spank 'em. Dis special song will rise loud and high, muh sistans, and so uh-while you do your duty, jes' do it wid zeal and liberality. Spare de spank an' spile de child—give it to de little varmintes hot and heavy, and de Lawd will bress you and de rest of us will owe you a vote of thanks. De choir will now pour forth de hozanners."

He Kept the Secret.

When the teacher was absent from the school room, Billy, the mischievous boy of the class, wrote on the blackboard: "Billy Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in school."

Upon her return the teacher called him up to the desk.

"William, did you write that?" she asked, pointing to the blackboard.

"Yes, ma'am," said Billy.

"Well, you may stay after school," she said, "as punishment."

The other pupils waited for Billy to come out, and then began guying him.

"Got a licking," did't you?"

"Nope," said Billy.

"Got jawed?"

"Nope."

"What did she do?" they asked.

"Sha'n't tell," said Billy, "but it pays to advertise."

Small Boy's Essay.

Here is a small boy's essay on newspapers. He ought to make a good editor when he grows up:

"Newspapers are sheets of papers on which stuff to read is printed. The men look over it and see their names in it. I don't know how newspapers came into the world. I don't think God does. The Bible says nothing about editors, and I never heard of one being in heaven. The first editor I heard of was a fellow who wrote up the flood. He has been here ever since. Some editors belong to the church, and some try to raise whiskers. All of them raise Cain in their neighborhood. Sometimes the paper dies and then the people feel glad, but some one starts it up again. Editors never went to school, because editors don't get licked. Our paper is a mighty poor one but we take it so ma can use it on her pantry shelves. Our editor don't amount to much, but pa says he had a poor chance when a boy. He goes without under-clothes in winter, wears no socks and has a wife to support him. Pa has not paid his subscription in five years and don't intend to."

Civilized Woman.

See the woman. She has step-ladder corkscrews heels on her shoes and has squeezed

her feet into a pair several sizes too small; and she looks as if she were going to fall forward and be deformed some more. She is having a continuous struggle with the law of gravitation.

She has a steel frame about her upper part and has compressed her waist so that it looks like the small end of a funnel, and she can hardly breathe, and her internal anatomy has shifted quarters, and there are several jobs ahead of her for the family doctor. And she doesn't know why she feels so "poorly" most of the time. She is pinned, tied, laced and braced.

She uses cosmetics, hair dyes, paints, powders, belladonna to brighten her eyes, and all manner of false and uncomfortable things are on and about her from her head down.

She has rings on her fingers, bangles on her wrists, a chain about her neck, many trinkets on her breast, and her blood has a struggle for circulation.

She has birds and gay-colored plumes and feathers on her hat, and she wears many colors.

She is not what she was created, but is what she has created.

Is the Woman a Savage?
No—she is the Flower of Civilization.

The Busy Ten Dollar Bill.

Mr. Brown keeps a boarding-house. Around his table sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took ten dollars out of his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Brown with the remark that there was \$10 toward the \$20 he promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying: "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews in turn passed it to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpenter work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown saying: "That pays \$10 on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to Mrs. Brown, remarking that he had now paid her the \$20 he had promised her. She in turn paid Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour bill. Mr. Hadley again returned it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board, whereupon Mr. Brown put it back in his pocket, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.

But suppose Mrs. Brown had sent to a mail order house for her new bonnet, then the \$10 would have gone out of town and never came back.

The moral: Spend your money at home.

Fox Hunting in a Greenhouse.

The only fox hunting I have ever done was on board an impetuous, tough-mouthed, fore and aft horse that had emotional insanity. As I was away from home and could not reach my own horse, I was obliged to mount a spirited steed with high intellectual hips, one white eye and a big red nostril that you could set a Shanghai hen in. This horse, as soon as the pack broke into full cry, climbed over a fence that had wrought iron briars on it, lit in a cornfield, stabbed his hind leg through a serge and yellow pumpkin, which he wore the rest of the day, with seven yards of pumpkin vine streaming out behind, and away we dashed cross country.

I remained mounted because I hated to get off in pieces.

We did not see the fox, but we saw most everything else. I remember riding through a nothouse, and how I enjoyed it! A morning scamper through a conservatory when the syringas and jonquils and jack roses lie cuddled up together in their little beds in a thing to remember and look back to and pay for. To stand knee deep in glass and gladioli, to smell the mashed and mused-up mignonne and the last fragrant sigh of the scrunched heliotrope beneath the hoof of your horse, while far away the deep-mouthed baying of the coarse hounds, hotly hugging the

reeking trail of the aniseed bag, calling on the gorgeously caparisoned hills to give back their merry music, is joy to the huntsman's heart.—Bill Nye.

Stray Stingers

Mr. Bryan wrote the platform for the Nebraska Democrats this year, as usual. It is so Socialistic that a Billy goat wouldn't eat the paper upon which the instrument is written.

We are on the road for fifty thousand new subscribers next month. If you, good friend, are not a regular subscriber, then we would like mighty well to have you send us thirty cents for our paper one year, or one dollar and let it go to you and four of your neighbors for twelve months. We are the friskiest rooster you ever came across when it comes to politics.

Better to be a dog and bay at the moon than a howling politician who cries down his country's greatness and sees nothing but Dead-Sea fruit where grow the apples of Hesperides. Better to be a doodlebug and burrow in the earth than a miserable parody on manhood and stand up on two legs and bray like a jackass. Keep your eyes on that aggregation who are doing that very thing in this country right now.

The Democratic leaders say that their next campaign will be pitched against the stronghold of wealth. Honest Indians you are for once, gents. This nation has, for a fact, grown immensely wealthy under Republican rule, and when you open your batteries next year, you'll attack the richest government on the Almighty's foot-stool. But you'll not be able to so much as indent the steel-plate armor on the breastworks with your little projectiles of pie-dreams and office-visions.

Holy smoke! Here's a chance for the Democrats. It is said that Dr. Long, the nature-fakir, is the only living man that can hold Mr. Roosevelt a light on any question under the shining sun. He's the duck to write the Democratic platform next year, and run on it, too, by jingo. If he is able to cross bats with the President on stored fountains of animal lore, he certainly ought to know something of the tricks and capers of the Democratic donkey. Yes, Dr. Long is their ripe huckleberry. Mr. Bryan, call off your dogs.

You will admit, Mr. Tariff Reformer, that it was the Republican party and the Dingley tariff law that set this country on its feet after the Wilson-Gorman act had about played thunder with everything.

Yes. Now you say you are willing to see this bridge that has brought you over, this present cure in time of need, knocked in the head and dragged out to the bone-yard, just because it is claimed that a few men enjoy a special benefit thru the tariff?

Yes. God have mercy on such a fossilized fool!

Now as Mr. Roosevelt is off on a vacation, had you thought of the difference between the way Teddy takes his outings and Grover's way while he was president? Grover used to amble off to the barnyard and dig a gourd of red-worms, fill up his decanter with booze, and meander off to Buzzard's Bay to fish. He would sit for days on the damp mud and slip and slide around on the slippery beach like a pot-bellied alligator until he absorbed all his likker, then he would return home to authorize another big bond issue. When Teddy wants a little recreation he takes a spin across his glorious country to the beautiful golden West, or down into the sun-lit South, where he can find relaxation from his strenuous duties. He delights to mount the pitching broncho and twirl the cowboy's lasso, to hear bears growl and wolves howl, to chase the antelope over the boundless plains, and revel in the musical crack of his Winchester. There is no dreaming and sliding around on slippery banks for Teddy. He is a man of action at Washington, at Sagamore Hill, on the public platform addressing his fellow citizens, and in the wild wilderness.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

A little dinky Socialist sheet fell into our hands the other day, and it was full of such stuff as dream are made of. Its dreaming editor stated in several places in his paper that divorce, murder, graft and war between capital and labor would entirely disappear under Socialism.

We would just like to get our think tank in shape to see, if only for a brief moment, what the Socialists claim they see in the Socialistic propaganda. But it is our opinion that a fellow can't do that until he gets his mental apparatus on the haw side of himself and his better judgment smothered nigh to death. Just how the Socialists propose to herd humanity and make them all think and act alike is the unsolved riddle of Socialism.

If anything, the way it looks to a man with his reasoning faculties in gear, Socialism would cause still more divorces, more murder, more graft and intensify the war between capital and labor. The "affinity" racket it preaches would forever undermining the institution of marriage; its turning every man footloose to prey upon his fellows would result in wholesale rapine and murder; its proposed system of taking from him that hath and giving to him that hath not would be a colossal piece of graft; and its interference with the natural relations between capital and labor would tend to broaden the breach between them. The devil would be to pay.

But when you go to poking a few practical thoughts like these under a Socialist's nose, he says, "Oh, I used to look at it that way myself; but I've had the scales knocked from my eyes; I was once blind, but now I see."

We have about decided that when a fellow gets a full dose of Socialism, he's a goner, world without end. There is no use to waste your time talking reason to him. You are throwing pearls before swine, so to speak. The only hope of the perpetuity of this nation is to keep it entirely out of the hands of the Socialists; to exhort men to look upon Socialism as a veritable Gorgon that means death to the Republic, if it is ever embraced by the majority.

WHY IS IT?

Had you ever noticed how Democracy relegates its old war horses to the rear? You can look over the Democratic leaders who are occupying the forefront to-day, and, with very few exceptions, you find young bucks doing the stunts for the Democratic party.

Why is it? It appears that the silver locks of age would but add wisdom to the councils of a political party. Youth is ever impetuous and does things, oftentimes, too rashly. Yet where are Henry Watterson, James K. Jones of Arkansas, Senator Daniel of Virginia, and all the other old-time Democrats? Relegated to the rear—put on the shelf. The front line of Democracy is now graced by W. J. Bryan, Joseph W. Folk and their school of youngsters. The old boys got too wise and wouldn't stand up to the rack and munch fodder like the younger ones thought they ought to, and they were sidetracked.

It is all right to break young men into the political harness and train them so the collar will not chafe their necks. They must be trained like the old eagle trains her eaglets to beat the air with their pinions and to soar into the empyrean.

How is it with the Republican party? You find it altogether different. You find the old men on the front and the young men backing them up. This party boasts that it has never dodged a question nor straddled an issue. It has ever listened to the old men in its council chambers. To-day it goes forward to yet greater conquests, guided by the wisdom of its leaders who were schooled in the past by the schoolmaster of experience. It does not cart a man off to the political bone-yard when he gets ripe in wisdom and mellow with years. The young men step up by the side of the old and help them carry their burdens.

Yes, why is it? It must be that the old Democratic party, like the Whig party, is dead, and leaders like Bryan and Folk are endeavoring to put new life into its dead carcass. You can't explain it in any other way.

The biggest issue the Democrats have presented in many a day was that bond issue in the days of Grover. Now don't lose your breath.

CONCERT DAY

At the suggestion of a Yellow Jacket worker in Tennessee, we have concluded to ask our friends in every state to participate in a regular Yellow Jacket concert, and as a matter of convenience we will set the date for Saturday, November 2. The program will be for each subscriber or reader of the paper to resolve himself into an agent and make it a point on November 2 to get one or more people to subscribe for the Yellow Jacket. Single subs will be received at 30 cents each. But if you will secure a club of five we will accept the subs at 20 cents each. In other words, if you can get four of your friends at 25 cents each, and will send us the amount of one dollar we will also put you on the list for one year, or if you are already a subscriber we will mark up your time one year from the date your time expires.

Now what's the reason we can't have all our readers to take off a few hours on the date mentioned and see what can be done on concert day. Look on first page at our list of readers by states, and then imagine what a concert indeed it would be, from Maine to California, if all of these people will act in harmony one time. Let our readers remember this date. Make one universal move for one purpose. We want to see what state can make the biggest show. As a further inducement, we propose to give away a valuable premium to the person in each state who gets us the largest list of subs. at 20 cents each on Concert Day. The premium will be a handsome cloth-bound edition of "The Red Light," a political story that shows up the blackness of Democracy like a searchlight. The book is worth one dollar, but will be sent free and postpaid to the person in each state who sends us the largest list on Concert Day. So here is a chance for every subscriber to send us one dollar for four subs. and get your own subscription free. Besides, remember "The Red Light" will be sent as explained above.

Now for the sake of the fun of the thing, let's see what can be done on Concert Day. Mail your subscriptions either on Saturday evening, or Monday, the 4th, and they will reach us in time to make full announcement in our issue of November 14. Hurrah for Yellow Jacket Concert Day, Saturday, November 2, 1907.

NOT READY TO DESERT THE OLD SHIP.

"I got your letter about Jinin' the Republican party," wrote an old set Democrat to his son in the city, "but I ain't ready to do it myself—not yet. These hifalutin' good times are awful tough on us Democrats, an' we have to hold a stiff upper lip to keep our organization together, but I'm not one to back down so easy. When a Republican approaches me an' asks me somethin' or 'nuther 'bout how I like this Republican prosperity, I jes' turn if off with a joke, if I happen to have one ready, an' if I don't, I don't say nothin'. But, Bill, lemme tell you somethin', my boy: There's goin' to be a finish to this business. Them fat-crawled Republicans can't allus fool the people as they are doin' now. Remember this. An' when this flurry of good times has had its day, then the Democrats will come in agin. Now this is yer old dad speakin', an' you never caught him in many lies, did you? I've been votin' her straight ever since Lee's surrender. So I reckon I'll just keep up the lick a while longer. Your argument is good and I'm glad you feel an interest in your old dad, but I wouldn't feel right when I got up to the judgment if I was to vote the Radical ticket. I'm not losin' anything as it is. I'm enjoyin' the good times jes' the same as the rest. Yes, Bill, the chickens will come home to roost. So I'll jis' stay with the old ship and wait till the cat jumps agin. That's me."

The Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler boom must be careful not to make a head-in collision with the William Jennings Bryan boom, or there will be a smash-up in which there will be nothing left but two demolished silk hats and an obnoxious smell of liberated campaign gas. It would be a cataclysm that would make the very gods hide their faces and the fool-killer throw down his bludgeon and pull for the brush.