

A Brazilian planter is just now delivering to Mr. Cleveland a box of cigars that he promised him twenty-four years ago. Reckon what is the politics of that fellow? His being so far behind time makes him look like a Democrat, but the fact that he was faithful to his promise brands him as a Republican. We give it up.

A New York nature fakir is exhibiting a cow that shakes hands. Why get excited about it? The Democratic party has a jackass that skins the New York cow a mile. It don't shake hands, mind you, but "chaws" up white paper like a billy-goat and spits votes into the ballot-box in the name of departed negroes. How's that, hey?

Thirteen Methodist preachers were recently poisoned from eating canned roast beef. They might have expected something to happen by so radical a change of diet. Yellow-legged chicken is the only absolutely safe flesh food for ministers of the Wesleyan persuasion, and we thought it well understood.

Several states will soon pull off gubernatorial elections. The Democrats are looking behind every old rotten log and in every old hollow tree for issues. It would make a wooden jackass split his sides with laughter to stand off and watch the antics of the Dems. The Democratic party is a seedy outfit. This wasn't intended for a joke.

Of course it is very fashionable to chime in with those who are cussing the Standard Oil trust, but when a Democrat can buy a whole gallon of oil for what he pays for one swig of red-eye, we'll be doggone if we can see where he's got any kick coming. If kerosene could be absorbed like booze, there wouldn't be any kicks registered. No sir-ee!

There is a saying that you will find honor among thieves, but you must designate the kind of thieves you mean. If there is any honor among a set of ballot thieves, it has never yet cropped out. Actually in some localities of the Southern states the Democratic ballot rogues steal one another's votes.

We'll bet two cents and a half against Billyum Bryan's platform that the Republicans win next year in a slow, leisurely walk. The fellow who will trot up to the polls and vote against this Republican saturnalia of good times ought to be doubled over an ash barrel and have his western hemisphere thunder-struck with a bed-slat.

The Peace Conference at The Hague has done one thing, if nothing else,—it has demonstrated that the little popinjay powers don't amount to a hill of beans in the world's mighty dread of war. If a nation wants to be heard it must have a great navy and a large standing army to give emphasis to its utterances.

Prosperity has brought such a goodly store to the farmers of the country that they are a gold-durned independent set of fellers. If a little bullet-eyed Democratic politician wants to get himself slapped into the middle of next week, just let him go to saying something against the G. O. P. in the hearing of one of the old horny-handed boys.

Say, Mister! If you claim to be a Democrat, just sit down quietly and examine yourself and see if you can give any reason under the sun why you should vote the Democratic ticket. Be honest, and if you can fish up a reason that is worth a cent, it will make you a rich man, for the down-and-out contingent of Democracy would give a fortune to know it.

Listen a minute. Here is a sample of the chunks of Democratic wisdom that are handed down to the dear "peepul" from an anti-tariff ape in the New York Evening Post. Hear him:

"Wage earners who pay \$4.50 for a pair of shoes they could purchase for \$3.50 if there was no duty on hides could get along very well without such 'protection.'"

Now isn't that fellow a lulu? As a matter of fact there never was a time when \$3.00 or \$3.50 would buy a better pair of shoes than it will today, and every reader of the Yellow Jacket knows it.

Unite and organize! That should be the slogan of every Republican in every precinct of every county of every state of the American Union. We want to give old Miss Democracy such a drubbing that she'll never have the brass to prance out on the political ball room floor again to dance a cotillion with the enemies of this Republic.

Senator Ben Tillman is going to San Francisco to deliver a lecture on the Japanese question. The Mikado had better call all his navy into dry dock, spike down his throne and hunt his hole. When the mighty Benjamin goes to brandishing his gleaming pitchfork over the waves of the peaceful Pacific there must be some artful dodging done, or there'll be something doing.

If the Democratic party wants to do something that will redound to its eternal glory and benefit every man, woman and child beneath the American flag—a thing for which all those who live now and who will live in the ages to come will glorify its name and sing paeans of praise to its memory forever—then let it retire quietly to some rock-ribbed cavern in the everlasting mountains and commit self-destruction. The deed will make it immortal.

What do you think of the mental calibre of the fellow who tells you that he never was so prosperous before in his life—says he has money in the bank, corn in his crib, wheat in his garner, and meat in his smoke-house,—and yet cusses the party in power at every opportunity? If he is not a monumental piece of ingratitude, just trot us out a blooming ingrate, please.

Something doing down in the Goober State! The Hon. Tom Watson intimates to the Hon. Hoke Smith that the Hon. Tom is boss—and the Hon. Hoke slaps back at the Hon. Tom and gives him to understand that the Hon. Hoke is boss. And an Atlanta brewer steps in and says that neither one is boss—that the devil is running the whole thing. Hanged if we wouldn't like to know who is on top 'way down in Georgy.

Most likely there'll be a lot of political juggling between the Bryan forces and the Hearst crowd from now until the Salt River craft cuts loose from her moorings next year, but what of it? The Republicans have their pickets stationed, and, although the Democratic donkey should be fixed up in the disguise of an angel of light, the brute would be recognized. A jackass will bray, you know.

Special Sub. Rates

The regular price of the Yellow Jacket in single subscriptions is thirty cents per year, or clubs of four for one dollar. But during the next sixty days we are going to beat that. All subscriptions sent in clubs of five or more at a time will be received at twenty cents per sub. This is bed rock. Don't look for any lower rate than this, for you will not see it. But we know you will not ask for an eight-page all-wool-and-a-yard-wide paper for any less than twenty cents per year. We want to insist upon every subscriber we now have trying to send us a club of five or more at once. We have set out now to make "Rome howl," and we call upon you to help us. The only way we can reach the people is thru those who are now subscribers. Hurry in your subs and see how it makes the list swell as well as the editor smile.

Just trot out the son-of-a-gun who will say that the Republican party makes promises and never fulfills them. We'd just like to see the color of his hair and the cut of his eye. Republicanism stands for honor and absolute honesty wherever it flutters its banner to the breeze. The people know what to depend on when they install a Republican administration.

The Yellow Jacket is not a sentimental, tear-coaxing prayer-book. It is a mighty, pungent, convincing, convicting organ of militant, progressive Republicanism, and when you read it earnestly and searchingly it causes a sensation of political righteousness to pervade your whole being from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet.

The President is being criticised by a few because he does not open up on the tariff in his speeches. Teddy knows a thing or two, therefore he proposes for the country to remain prosperous so long as he is President. He knows full well that tariff agitation means a disturbance of our commercial life, hence he believes in letting it entirely alone.

There is only one class of mortals that prosperity really injures, and that is the Democratic politicians. It is the next thing to impossible for them to hatch out an issue in the face of a tidal wave of Republican good times. We actually do get sorry for them sometimes. They work so hard and get so little in return for it. Say, boys, fling your clothes, quit your meanness, take a lye-soap bath, put on a clean shirt, and come over and get on the Republican bandwagon. Life is too short to spend it as you fellows are doing.

What party will the young men who come of age between the campaigns of 1904 and 1908 vote with, if let alone? Why ask? The Republican propaganda is the only really progressive declaration of principles in this country. Our young men are progressive, and, of course, they'll vote the Republican ticket first, last and all the time. It is the only sensible thing they can do.

The devil grins from ear to ear every time the Democrats get hopeful. He sees a rush of business for him in their possible success. From now until the polls close next year His Satanic Majesty will keep in constant communication by wireless telegraphy with Democratic headquarters. Just watch the indicator, boys, and see what Old Nick has up his sleeve.

Figuratively speaking, the G. O. P. elephant is now being groomed and sleeked-up for the campaign next year. He'll be in better shape than ever to come down the pike and clear the track for four more years of progress and prosperity like we have been having since Grover was made to get out and lie himself off to Buzzard Bay. Yes sir, everything is lovely and the goose hangs high at Republican headquarters.

The man who would be willing to swap off our present era of good times for another Democratic good epoch could swallow a gallon pot full of putty and digest it without making a single wry face. He would be willing to see his wife and children put out in the streets as beggars, to wander until they died of hunger, and then rejoice to see them buried in the potter's field. To Hades a-popping with such a man!

You don't have to guess at the Yellow Jacket's meaning. It speaks in language so plain and comprehensive that altho you are a Democratic fool, a Populist crank, or a Socialist howler, you need not err in excepting its political gospel. Sometimes it takes an erring mortal by the rear elevation of his pants and holds him over the smoke-stack of the infernal region, but it does it for his own good.

Now bobs up Ex-Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, like a campaign cork, and says that he has talked with Mr. Bryan lately, and it is by no means certain that he will be a candidate next year. Wonder why the old-timer didn't tell us how sure he is that a Democrat will be elected in 1908? When the old boys begin to get weak-kneed, it is time for the upstarts to go to hunting some place to roost.

There are several million voters in this country gropeing around in political darkness, and when you stick the lantern of truth in their faces it makes them mad and they set cursing you for trying to give them light. They ought to be herded off in some mighty subterranean cavern where they can keep company with eyeless fish and blind bats. They are out of their sphere here on this beautiful, sun-lit earth.

The Socialists, Populists, and Democrats are all on about the same puncheon. The reason that we skin the Democrats most is because there are a few more of them. A tallow-legged man could wade through the molten lakes of Hades and come out whole just about as easily as this country could pass through the hands of either of the above trilogy without looking like it had been in a dog fight.

The Democratic party would have died with its loudly-bemoaned "lost cause" if it had not been for the negro. When the party gets seedy and about petered out, as it is now, it goes to hollering, "nigger, nigger!" The negro squall has about the same effect on the majority of people south of the Mason and Dixon Line as does a mint julep or an apple-jack toddy. It revives their drooping spirits, you know.

If there is such a thing as heavenly recognition, we'll bet that Thomas Jefferson wears a long face when W. J. Bryan steps up to him and calls him brother on the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, that is, supposing, of course, that there is any chance under the sun for a Bryan Democrat to sweep thru the pearly gate and set his brogans down on the boulevard that runs along in front of the great white throne.

Texas may be the exact spot where the Garden of Eden was located in the Antideluvian epoch, but the Noah flood wiped its claim from the face of the earth. About the only thing Texas can claim now rightfully is, that her registration lists contain the names of many dead heroes, who, altho they are very dead, vote the Democratic ticket as regularly as elections come around and help to swell her Democratic majority.

Suppose, Mr. Socialist, you sit down on a stump and think for a minute where your dreaming aggregation would lead this country. Now wouldn't she be a dandy after she was rescued from your hands? If this nation was run for thirty days according to your idea, we'd have about a dozen presidents all at once. Congress would be a howling mob, and a blood-red flag would be substituted for the Stars and Stripes.

Say, Mr. Democrat, ram your fist in your mouth and stop your howling long enough to answer this question: Under what Democratic administration did the farmer receive a dollar a bushel for his wheat, 12 to 14 cents for his cotton, \$10 to \$15 apiece for his bull yearlings, \$100 to \$150 for his male colts, and fabulous prices for his chickens, eggs and vegetables? And yet you are wearing out your leather lungs advising farmers to vote the Democratic ticket while they are piling up handsome surpluses in the bank thru Republican principles and Republican policies. You ought to have your legs tied in a bow-knot and your carcass loaded into one of the biggest guns Uncle Sam has, and be shot clear into the blue ether of the Milky Way.

Mr. Bryan is going wild over the tune of "Dixie" these days. He's catering to the South to beat the band. He wants every Southern delegate to go into the convention and make it Bryan and nobody else. But how will "Dixie" sound to him after the smoke has cleared away in 1908? About like that other song that says, "Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound!"

With the Democratic leaders clutching at each other's throats, and the rank and file of the Democratic party deserting the stubborn donkey in bunches and droves, the Republicans in every neck of the woods ought to wear a smile like unto a summer sunrise. To be living in this era of good times under the guardianship of the Republican party were like residing in a beautiful mansion and having money sent you by a rich uncle. Throw up your skull-caps, boys, and holler hooray!

The New York Times says: "If the Southern Democrats will come to their senses." Say, Mister, we've heretofore regarded your organ as a tolerably sane, well-meaning periodical, but you'll have to guard your utterances better than that, if you want us to even look in the direction of your editorial sanctum. Talk about Southern Democrats coming to their senses! Rather look for hell to freeze over, and for Lucifer to take St. Peter's place at the heavenly gate.

What opinion have you of the judgment of that individual who is willing to march off to war under the excitement of the fifer's shrill call and the drum's intoxicating beat and fight like old Nick for his country, and yet in time of peace will swagger up to the polls and give that same country a black-eye with his vote? Well, that's the kind of patriotism that the Democratic doctors shoot hypodermically into the veins of the descendants of the scions of Democracy.

Boys, let's put the Yellow Jacket into every nick and corner of this great country. It is going to be a red hot political package from now until the ballots are all checked up in the great campaign of 1908. It is going to deal so much misery to Democrats, Populists and Socialists that the atmosphere is going to be filled with cries and groans for mercy. Its mourners' bench is going to be crowded to the limit. Let us see to it that every man, it makes no difference about the color of his hair or the cut of his eye, sees the paper and has an opportunity to subscribe for it.

Some people think they are Democrats when they are not. If you believe in protection, want to see this country the greatest on this mundane sphere, think that the Stars and Stripes is the most glorious banner that waves over either land or sea, regard our present era of prosperity as a Godsend to the American people and want to see it continue, love your neighbor about like you think he ought to love you, pay your honest debts, and say your prayers as regularly as the sun rises and sets—why, man, you're no Democrat. You ought to never lay down to sleep again until you let your friends know how you stand. Cut the "daddy racket" out and tell 'em that you are a Republican, and will vote the ticket straight from capstone to foundation, if God permits you to live till the next election.

"What is the significance of this 'affinity' racket?" an inquiring editor wants to know. Well, brother, if you can manage in some way to soak your head in a dream solution for about six weeks, uncork your understanding apparatus and let all your reason run out, and then take a few month's training under J. A. Wayland, Dick Maple, or Eugene Debs, you'll begin to see into it. It is said to be a beautiful delusion—one that will make your ugly wife agree to pull her freight so you can wed some lovely creature that you have taken a fancy to. It is Socialism with its Sunday clothes on. It is free-love, that riotous passion that beats in the blood and throws down the bars of precept. It is licentiousness flaunting her scarlet robes in the face of chastity. It is a tempter spawned in hell and borne to earth by the Harpies and turned over to the Socialists. There, you have it in a nutshell.