

Questions and Answers

Who was Belshazzar?—M. J. W. He was king of the united empire of Assyria and Babylonia and one night with a crowd of drunken Democratic Night Riders of Tennessee got full and gave a supper. Bryan wrote a warning which appeared on the wall and it made Belshazzar tremble. That is where we get the expression of the hand-writing on the wall. Bryan threatened to run again. This was in 543 B. C., which shows that even in those days Bryan made 'em tremble when he ran for office.

Who were the Magi? They were priests of the Persian ward and presumed to be wise men. They originally demanded a gold platform when Parker ran for President, and it is thought that, among other things, defeated him, but Parker has never yet acknowledged that he was defeated.

Who was Zoroaster? He was an editorial writer on Bryan's Commoner, and afterwards went to the Appeal to Reason. He wrote roasts on the well-ordered condition of things and roasted the captains of industry because they had enough money to pay their board. Originally he was Z. O. Roaster, but people didn't think he was worth initials so they called him Zoroaster.

What is a mummy? A mummy is a moss-grown Democrat that can breathe and drink likker and cuss the country. He is in all states and generally gets up enough animation to vote for Bryan once every four years. All mummies are Democrats, but all Democrats are not mummies. Those not mummies we expect to see voting the Republican ticket next go-round.

What is Mythology? It is a Denver platform as written by William J. Bryan. It means something explaining myths.

Who was Nestor? He was a venerable old man renowned for his wisdom who told Bryan not to run. But as is known, Bryan never heeded his advice and got under the Republican pile-driver and was pounded into the earth.

Who was Pluto? He was a Democrat who died early and went below to open Democratic headquarters for the shades who came after him. The Democrats who find that the Republicans make it hot enough for them here will also find that Pluto will make it hot enough for them there.

Who was Ceres? She was the goddess of corn likker, patronized by Democrats.

What was ambrosia? Well, as we understand it, it was food for the gods, and was something like the near beer they have here in North Carolina.

Who was Nemesis? She was a lady goddess who flagged Governor Haskell.

Who were the harpies? They were the rooters who always attended Democratic conventions and yelled for General Jackson.

Who was Charon? He was a wretched old man who ran a ferry boat and who still runs it across the river of death, and some day he is going to take old John Rockefeller by the slack of the pants and carry him across.

Other questions answered next issue.

A GREAT QUESTION SETTLED.

The woman suffragists in America still want to vote, and when a male man in pants tells them that if the good women could vote it would be all right; that granting suffrage to women means all the women and therefore the vicious and depraved old girls would not only vote but flaunt their painted and brazen mugs into the faces of good women, the strong-minded will not admit it to be a true bill.

Because a male man had said that the bad women of Denver, suffrage being equal in Colorado, controlled the elections there, Alice Blackwell, of Dorchester, Mass., comes out in a card in the New York Sun and denies it. She quotes from a minister who said:

"That class of women in any city of the United States constitutes only an infinitesimal part of the female population, and in Denver the vote of this class is practically limited to three precincts out of 120."

Now, Alice thinks that ends it. Alice should know that a minister, if he keeps in his ministerial balliwick, wouldn't know a bad woman if she called on him and asked for prayers. The Denver women vote—and the question arises: What have the dear ones accomplished in Colorado and Wyoming? Have they bettered their condition? Not a bit. Some of the ambitious ones hold office; some of them gad about the polls and hobnob with bold, bad men who are candidates. Some of them let the cooking go and the hubby sits down to a cold snack a week or so before and after an election; the dirty-faced kid enjoys his dirt longer than in well-regulated households, but what, under the bloomin' charter of any old place, has the ballot done for women? It hasn't elevated her; she hasn't cut likker out of the catalogue. Indeed, in Colorado and Wyoming where women enjoy the ballot, there has been less whiskey legislation than in any other states in the Union. True, in Denver many have the Bryan habit; they remember him for his wild demand for free silver, silver being a staple crop and the big crop of that country, and naturally mine owners wanted Uncle Sam to place a price on the only commodity they really had to sell.

But what has suffrage done? Why should a woman want to be burdened with a responsibility that can possibly do her no good, and which may do her harm?

That is what we would like to know, and at the same time we want it understood that we are spilling no tears or tearing no shirts about the matter. The way some of these fool Democratic men vote sometimes makes us sorry for the race, but if women want to dabble, just to be dabbling, let 'em say so—but don't let 'em tell us how they would reform the world, when the facts bob up in ghost-like forms to show us that morally the country where they vote is worse off than the country where they do not vote.

SOMETIME.

When Andy gets his spellin' in
And all the women get to vote—
'Tis then the pigs will fly the air
And Jackasses will bray by note.

HIDING BEHIND A NOM DE PLUME.

Recently there appeared in that bright luminary, the New York Sun, a letter from Atlanta, signed "A Southerner," in which it was pointed out that if Judge Taft wanted the South to stand by him he must appoint "Dimmycrats" to office. This is a paragraph in the letter:

"If Judge Taft will remember that 'Southern Democracy' is a misnomer and means 'good, safe, honest government,' and place men in office who have the respect and confidence of their neighbors, he will find the South will stand by him."

In other words, the so-called "Southerner" thinks in his compressed soul that no Republican is good enough to hold office in the South. He wants Taft to take the Democrats who have cursed the Republican party, always, and select from it men to fill the places which carry salaries. It is notoriously true that the upper case Southern Democrats never want an office unless there is a big salary fixed to it, and when a position is to be filled that carries no salary, a nigger is good enough to please the whites. The "Southerner" makes the one fatal mistake of prejudging all Republicans. He wants the white man to walk up and have things like he had them "befoah the wah," for listen to this paragraph in the same letter:

"A very old Georgian desired to be postmaster in his native town. He was endorsed by every respectable citizen in the town, by his Congressman, and Senator, yet with all this it was necessary for him to seek the endorsement of a negro officeholder in Washington before he could secure the position. With this condition of affairs, can Judge Taft be surprised when he meets the true people of Georgia that they are glad to see him and to know him as they wish him to know them?"

There you have it in its true coloring. Not a cloud hangs between the fact that the "Southerner" doesn't want to comply with the Constitution; he wants to have the office handed to him on a silver platter, and he wants the Republicans to insist that he condescended to take it. Suppose that a nigger in Washington, clothed under the law with a high office, felt that he should have something to say about the loaves and fishes down his way. Would it be so very humiliating for this Old Georgian to ask Sambo to write his name? No, it wouldn't—but a Southern Democrat who wants to advise Taft what to do through the columns of the New York Sun would see the office and the nigger further in hell than dynamite could blow them before he would ask a nigger to do him such a favor. And the Southerner has that right. All Democrats have the right to do that—except now and then there are niggers selling their votes and Mr. Southern Democrat doesn't hesitate a minute to buy 'em if he can. He will even ask a nigger to vote for him—but to go before him with a petition and say, Please, Sir, sign this for me—never, no never, not on your tin-type, your photo, your enlarged portrait, would he do it. Why? Because the nigger was once his chattel and that is the end of it. To show that this gentle "Southerner," writing the Sun, is afflicted and dangerously so, with niggerphobia, we need only copy one more paragraph from his mar's nest, which is as follows:

"It is to be hoped that the time is coming when the white men and women of the South will feel it an honor to visit the White House without the fear of meeting socially, Booker Washington or any other negro being lionized for political capital and gallery playing."

That is the meat in the coconut. The Democrats down in Georgia would promise to be good and vote for Taft now and then on the sly, provided, of course, Taft eliminates the nigger from office; cuts him out from official recognition and takes the Southern Democrat by his lily-white hand and presses him to his bosom and declares to him that he is it.

All men know now, if they did not at the time it was alleged to have happened, that Booker Washington simply visited the White House. It is known that for a nigger Washington is a big man. He is doing a great work among his people, and the President was glad to see him; glad to see any man that was elevating a helpless and ignorant race. Washington arrived after regular hours for lunch. He was simply given a snack as a million other niggers have been given snacks at the back door of the white man. He wasn't dined in state; he wasn't present with any other guests, and as he sat there with his possum in one hand and an official report in the other, Roosevelt and Washington talked it over. That was all there ever was of that incident that drew forth so much red fire from the South. Booker Washington would not want to make an ass of himself—he is one nigger who knows his place and keeps it.

But this Atlanta patriot who perhaps is already fishing in deep water for a big plum, wants it understood that if he goes to the White House he doesn't want to run into Washington. How many chances would he have taken, say in the seven years of Roosevelt's official life? Only once

was that incident supposed to have happened. Therefore this great scribbler from Atlanta, could have gotten a chance. Roosevelt was in office two thousand five hundred and fifty-five days and Washington was there one day. In other words, the Atlanta man stood one chance in over twenty-five hundred, of meeting the nigger who doubtless knows more in a minute than the Atlanta patriot will ever know. Anyway, when Booker writes for the New York Sun, as he frequently does, he signs his name to it, and that's more than his elegant "Southerner" from Atlanta does.

These fellows down South who are showing Taft how to run things and insisting all the time that he must choose nice, fresh, dried, old aristocratic Democrats; denying that the Republicans down South have any standing and insisting with might and main that no nigger must be recognized, make us very weary.

All readers of The Yellow Jacket know where we stand on the nigger question, we never defend them, but we do oppose this gratuitous advice dished out anonymously by Democracy when its burden is that only Democrats South of the line, are respectable enough to hold office.

We just know better—that's all.

DELMAS' UNWRITTEN LAW.

When Delphin M. Delmas, the famous western lawyer, defended Harry K. Thaw, the possum grinning imbecile, for a hundred thousand dollars, he naturally blossomed into National fame. He talked about the unwritten law—the law that half-baked sentimentalists allow to control them when they are returning a verdict concerning the murder of some lust-eaten rake who was punctured by a discarded mistress, and because he gave it the high-sounding name of "dementia Americana," Delmas became popular enough to be invited to make speeches "on occasions." He was in Kansas City recently, talking to the bar association, and among other things referred, it seems, to the fact, that he named the unwritten law dementia Americana.

This aroused the ire of one Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady—a very long name for a gentleman so recently discovered, and he pummelled 'ell right out of the big-salaried lawyer. He said it was an insult to the country to invite big paid fellows who defended the degenerate aristocracy to come blowing about a new name he had bestowed upon murder.

So it created a little ripple even in Kansas City, where the pork packers and other grafters run things their own way.

If Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady had a name about a half yard shorter, or, if he would use but half of what he has, we would be inclined to "jine" in with him and tell the parson to whoop 'er up.

The unwritten law will always obtain. But when a man can get a hundred thousand dollars for defending it and urging it, it is time some parson with an empty stomach called down the custom. Harry Thaw is perhaps suffering with several kinds of dementia, and the fact that he killed White was a good thing—but before God, it makes us tired to see the American people falling over each other to hear a man talk who happened to be a lawyer who defended the scattering and weakened spawn. It makes us wonder how long will it be until the freaks of America hold the boards. It makes us shudder to know that a man can rush out with his night clothes on and attract a crowd where intelligence, learning, modesty and decency would play to empty benches. Mr. Delmas was a very good lawyer—but his fame seems to rest on one phrase he coined to defend Harry Thaw. If that be the measure of greatness, then the phrase-makers had better get to work, and as the Reverend Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady said, let us call it "Delmasia dementia" and quit.

Billy Bryan electrified the Nation with one little phrase which he got from the Congressional Record, and the Nation in some quarters is yet convulsed. Bryan never really uttered anything great—he simply has a wind mill on his thinking apparatus and the best pair of lungs on earth. And yet, if Mr. Delmas can make a hundred thousand while Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady makes twenty-five cents, who shall say that Delmas is not the man with the parsnip?

Buy a copy of "Hot Stuph," lend it to your Democratic neighbor and reclaim him.

HE WAS MIXED.

A man sometimes allows his eloquence to get the better of him, and especially is that true of a nigger who wants to grandstand. Recently in Louisiana, Bishop Lampton, in addressing his race on the protection of womanhood, said: "I stand ready to go with the whites to-day right into hell to protect a woman, white or black, against a fiend." Now the Bishop should remember that there is no danger of a good man going to hell if he is defending a helpless woman from a black ravisher. And he should also state what kind of a "fiend" he means. If he means a cigarette "fiend" or a dope "fiend" or a fiend incarnate who violates a woman's person to gratify his lust. But we take it the Bishop hasn't been pulpitering long enough to get the Talmage swing to his projectiles.

WHEN HE GETS TO HEAVEN.

St. Peter: But you said your name was Bob Glenn.
The ex-Governor: I didn't say it. Those d—d reporters misquoted me. My name is Robert B. Glenn.

WHAT WILLIE THINKS.

And still, you know, if they want me in 1912 to try again—
Why, I will look around and see
If I can't take it without pain.

If you would enjoy seeing a Democrat shed his political skin, buy "Hot Stuph" and loan it to him to read this Spring. Full directions how to read for the best effect are found in the Preface.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in New York just the other day gave rein to her thoughts and handed down a package on Socialism that certainly, in some quarters, will call for another Socialistic party. She cavorted; she dipped on her side; she sailed through several ways and finally made this astounding proposition: Hark ye:
"The subject at the morning meeting was 'What Effect Will Socialism Have on the Home?' Mrs. Gilman said it didn't seem to her that the home as it existed to-day was such a satisfying institution that there should be any monumental fear in regard to its being changed. It was held together, she continued, largely by economic causes. Women were bound to it as a means of support, men were bound to support it and children were bound to it in the same way that the women were, and even more closely because of their greater helplessness. Women were absolutely the property of men—so much so that even to the present day the marriage ceremony in vogue in this country contains the question 'Who gives this woman to her new owner?' Socialism, continued Mrs. Gilman, would alter this unhappy state of affairs by giving all mothers a claim on the State either in the form of an allowance for the maintenance of each child or by otherwise providing for the children."

Now then, bigosh, take that along and chew on it when you feel hungry for something in the way of dynamite. Women the property of men—and every day and all the time men are putting pistols to their brains and scattering the gray matter all over the lawn because some woman or other has given them the marble heart. Women the property of men down on their knees to 'em begging and imploring 'em to come back and receive another beating. Women the property of men and men always thinking about 'em and allowing them to spend millions for Merry Widow hats and gew gaws and long trailing dresses. Great Scott, Charlotte Perkins G., what in Samhill are you crooning about?

We know, and all bald-headed men know, that you are talking through your shaker. Woman absolutely dominates man. She ever has 'him on the run. But that is not all. Mrs. Gilman wants the state to come in and guarantee her a living provided she brings children into the world. She wants the lazy lout not to be responsible for his lust or love whichever it may be. She wants the home turned over to the state. She wants man to escape responsibility and then has the nerve to say Woman is the property of man. Let Charlotte Perkins, Etc., go out and look. Let her behold man cringing and creeping in the presence of the dame who wants to hold him down, and she will see that Man is the property of woman.

Now if Mrs. Gilman is talking about some of these female wild cats who got mixed in the woman's cage, it may be that man owns her. He is trying to subdue her, but let the woman be womanly; let her take time to wash her dirty face; let her keep neat clothes on her precious body, and she owns the man. If the man is a drunkard and a rake, then she is a sorry woman who will stand for it three minutes. Woman holds the key to the situation. It doesn't take Socialism, and it doesn't take law to rule a home where love abides. If the partnership is simply a convenience—the man marrying the woman for a cook and a mistress, and the woman marrying the man for a place to sleep and the chance for something to eat—then Socialism or nothing else would make matters better. But this last idea of Mrs. Gilman certainly takes the bakery.

SHOULD THE LINE BE DRAWN?

Strikes us that it was a very dangerous precedent established by Judge Anderson in the federal court in Chicago, when he squashed the panel of 150 men because they were farmers, to try to case against the Standard Oil. The Judge is quoted as saying that he wanted to give all parties a square deal, but—

"This case is tried in a district composed of an enormous commercial city and several rural counties. The country may have purer air, higher moral standards and greater intelligence than the city, but that is an open question. However, I am not going outside the issue when I say that if the jury were composed partly of business men who would realize the great industrial and commercial phase of the case, a more satisfactory and just verdict may be reached."

Well, now, Sonny, we are going to take a fall-out with the learned jurist. We are going to let it appear that he had a right, an undoubted legal right, to do what he did, but we are going to insist that if the federal court goes into the business of arraigning the classes against class, the sub-structure of our government falls. Judge Anderson went a long ways when he intimated that a farmer or a laboring man couldn't give a fellow brother justice. He says because the Standard Oil Company is a big commercial concern—a devilish big concern, too, he might have said, and law-defying and not God fearing, he must get men interested in commercialism to sit on the jury.

How does that strike us when we read the constitution? Is he getting the thing down literally? Does he in fact want a jury of its peers to try it? That means, then, as we view it, and "with alarm," that if a man is accused of murder and is notoriously guilty by reason of his past conduct, you mustn't bring in any churchmen to try him—but you must go out and find a jury of his peers—twelve good murderers and true to return a verdict. And that verdict would be for acquittal—because we

know that there is honor among thieves.

If the thing is going to be that a jury of rapists must try a man accused of rape; a jury of murderers must try a man accused of murder; a jury of grafters and vultures must try the Standard Oil Company—then good bye the hope of justice. This is serious talk.

We are of opinion that a jury of farmers would return a verdict in accordance with the evidence. It is our belief that a jury of laborers would give the devil his due, and we are of opinion further that Judge Anderson, if he did what he is quoted as doing, made a serious and grave mistake. That was clearly arraying class against class; it was clearly saying that in this country there were two classes of men and that only the rich and prosperous should try the rich and criminal rich.

Be it known that The Yellow Jacket has never been accused of having the Bryanesque bellyache; it isn't a howler of calamity nor does it believe in much of the clap-trap used by the wind-jammers, but it is big enough and honest enough to say that in its opinion Judge Anderson has raised the devil and it was a sorry day when he squashed the panel.

TO REPEAT HISTORY.

When Samson, the strong man, found that his Delilah had turned him over, betrayed him, he became desperate. He was placed in prison and at the right moment pushed aside the pillars of the massive structure and let the house fall down—killing all the Philistines you might be looking for, but bringing death to himself. He knew it meant his death, but in a desperation born of revenge, he cared nothing for that. So he lived and died a weakling, although strong physically.

When the Democratic party saw that Populism and Socialism were taking its very vitals; appealing to the imbecile and weary who had always been Democratic, that party of historic name concluded it would destroy itself and wipe out all that might make for the parties which had decimated it.

It simply, after a debauch of well high sixty years, voted out whiskey. It drank the saloon's running dry, and then turned in and pushed out the pillars and the house fell down, killing the Democratic party as dead as a door nail.

Without whiskey there can be no Democratic party. That is as true a bill as was ever presented by the court of public opinion. Whiskey and Democracy were always hand in hand. When the South saw that it must perforce go Republican it concluded it would not be Democrats who turned the coat—but it simply drank the bar room dry and then voted to abolish history.

It did the Samson act, but it didn't kill anybody but Democrats. You take an erring Democrat and take whiskey away from him and he soon reforms. He becomes a Republican and a useful member of society. It is history. It is unchallenged.

Ten years from to-day and you won't see a Democrat in the South. The hide-bound and moss-covered will be gathered to their fathers or they will be at the head of a new party calling for the re-establishment of bar-rooms. Democracy cooked her own goose. The Republican party will not ride the horse in the South. The Republican party does not of necessity advocate prohibition. It never advocated the suppression of slavery. It simply said slavery should not be extended. The Republican party grapples with living issues. It regulates vice, and controls it. Democracy said it wouldn't do anything of the sort. It wanted free whiskey or it didn't want any, and thus it killed itself in voting the South dry.

Hereafter you will see a new party. It will be called something or other that signifies free whiskey—and ninety-nine one hundredths of its membership will be old-time Democrats with moss on their backs; whiskey on their breaths, and a general hurrahing for General Jackson. It was pitiable to see the wreck—but Democracy alone furnished the corpse, so it needn't belly-ache if it now regrets its rash and ruinous stunt.

THE MATTER DEFINED.

Noah Webster, in the next edition of his great dictionary, will define a Lobster thus, in the second definition: **LOBSTER:** A red faced Democrat with scrambled eggs in his whiskers, who gets violently full of mean likker and shouts "hurrah for General Jackson."

Of course there is no use for Webster to do this except to keep history straight.

Your Uncle Ben Clodhopper hands out another bunch of forget-me-nots in this issue. It is what we call meeting all the requirements of the pure stuph bill. Read it and send the dose down the lane to one of your Democratic neighbors, and then look that way in about an hour and from the looks of the atmosphere round there you will think the house is on fire—but it won't be—it will just be the fellow cussing in the Kamtschatkan language.

It is accepted by those who accept history, that Cleopatra, the beautiful Egyptian sorceress of the Nile, whom Shakespeare said time could not wither or custom stale her infinite variety, allowed an asp to bite her on the breast in order that she might die. Had she been one of our modern beauties the dope of the day would have killed her before they got the asp fat enough to be on his job.