

The Hornet

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SPLENDID PRAISE

All these long days we have been making THE HORNET hot as fire, to singe bristles off old foggy rusty-necked Radicals and tannin them to their eternal fate; we have been assuming THE HORNET to be a National affair, exposing Republican wrongs and stinging the perpetrators. We have been doing all these things and nothing, save the rattle of thousands of quarters and 30c.'s have we received to tell us that our doctrine is meeting with approval anywhere. But it has come at last, and it has rolled in from the sweltering perfumes of the stingingest Republican quarters in the whole political cow lot—Pennsylvania. It is the best piece of home-made praise and poetical juice we have seen or heard of since we started our political cat-fight five years ago. It is the honey; it certainly is funny; it's better than any money. A Pennsylvania poet is evidently the fellow to strow it, so everybody may know it. Here's the thing that's made us happy, now we'll not be called "sappy"; its even better than being called "pappy":

W. HENRY D.

Say, W. Henry D., you're just the stuff
Your Hornet is certainly a ringer,
You tell the truth and never bluff
Your pen's indeed a stinger.

The Rads can "cuss," it ain't no use
THE HORNET has double triggers
You're never scared with cheap abuse
Of Republicans and their "niggers."

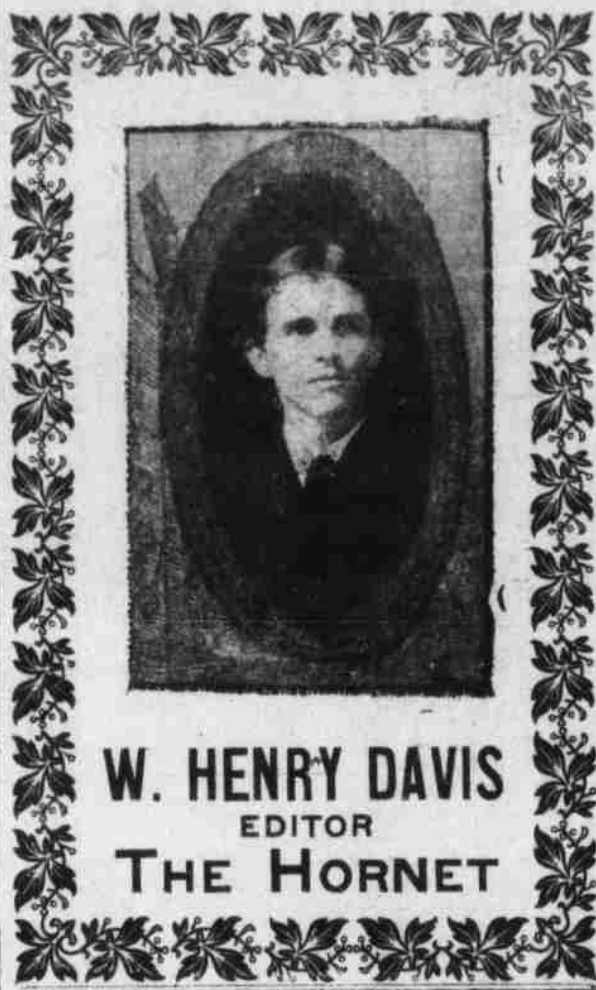
When Democracy again reigns, and the people get free,
And your life here below is ended
A monument will be built for the world to see
On which your life will be commended.

On there it will say "Here lies his clay
His politics was big and strong,
He done his damdest every day
To help Democracy along."

LORD'S PRAYER.

(Republicanized.)

Our Teddy, who has been our boss in all our meanness, hallowed be thy name, thy wishes tell us and we will break our old necks to do them, in office as well as out; give us this day our "full dinner pail" for that's all we Republicans are killing for a poor man to have, and best forgiveness for the wrong we Radicals do; lead us not into the paths of righteousness, for there we would not know ourselves, but deliver us from the wrath to come, for your will is Taft's also, and in thy power is the glory of us all. Amen.



W. HENRY DAVIS
EDITOR
THE HORNET

Political Proverbs

Republicanism is wrong, its principles are abominable and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

It is an honor for a man to cease affiliating with Republicanism, but every fool will vote that ticket.

A Republican cannot be heard to place the blame of this panic upon his party, but it's upon it just the same.

Better is the man who is "wishy-washy" sometimes, than he that is a staid Republican and a fool.

The heart of a poor Republican desireth and has nothing, but the pockets of his political boss is filled.

Democrats withhold not good from them to whom good is due, but Republicans think too much of one or two.

The fear of defeat it has come to the Republicans, and the laboring man's desire to "outst" them this fall shall be granted.

The desire for a change of administration soundeth without; it cryeth up from the bottom of a million empty dinner pails.

The fear of the wrogs of a high tariff, it shall come upon us; but the desire to take a whack at it shall be granted.

It is as sport to a fool to vote against his own well-being, and plenty there be who have been doing that very thing.

He that hideth the truth with lying lips, and he that telleth untruths all the days of his life is a Republican politician.

A protective tariff law is an abomination to a Democrat, but a chance to make it higher is the delight of a New England Republican.

"Keep the ballot-box pure and in the hands of the people," says a Republican editor; but he's forgotten how long dead Radicals vote in Pennsylvania.

AS A SICK REPUBLICAN SEES THINGS.

Oh, why does our party
Force us to stoop
And take down our goozles
That awful soup?
That weakens our muscles
In times that are hard,
And compels us to steal
Of our neighbor's lard?

Oh, why did we Radicals
Cover old Grover with blame,
When now we must hollow
His counterpart's name?
Will God such hypocrisy
Ever to us forgive,
And take us Radicals above
Where Democrats live?

Oh, why are my slumbers
Encumbered with sights
Of poor starving workmen
All through the dark nights?
I hear them with wailings
Of misery and pain,
Crying out to the world
That we Radicals are to blame.

Methinks I can see
As God calls out to you,
While crying for mountains
To hide us from view,
"Take your seat on the left,
Midst the cursed and vile,
You never shall the portals
Of Heaven beguile.

Oh, brother Republicans, can we
Not foresee our fate?
We're simply dunces in our country
And curses to our State.

February in 1908.

The calendar of 1908 shows a peculiarity in February not often to be seen. The first day of February fell upon a Saturday and the last of the month happens on the same day of the week. In February of 1908, therefore, there are five Saturdays. Similar conditions only happen once in 28 years.

CURE FOR REPUBLICANISM

Take 12 ounces of the principles of "Equal rights to all," one pound of dislike for the darn trusts, 8 ounces of the powder of "political purity," a handful of hatred for high tariff, a spoonful of julap juice of Jeffersonian principles and a large sprig of the present panic.

Set these over the wild fire of Republican wrongs, sweeten with the sugar of "Special privileges to none."

Put it into the empty cavity above your "Adam's apple," cork it up with the cork of common sense, and let it remain forever.

This done, you will find instant relief, and will never more be called the "moss-back" Radical that you are.

The Hornet.

This is a copy of THE HORNET, the hottest Democratic paper in America. It is small, but will get larger; it is hot and will never get any cooler; it is a stunter as well as a stinger; it is yet an infant, but sleeps by itself; last, but by no wise least, it is the only thing of all larger good things in the sea of Democratic journalism.

It is our forte to sting, bite and fight for pure Democratic principles, the kind that Thomas Jefferson carried in his breast seven days in a week. We are determined to distinguish THE HORNET as the hottest babe that was ever folded within Democratic arms. Its temperature is far beyond normal and still heating. It preaches Democratic gospel so plain that the wayfaring Republican, though a fool, need not continue in his course.

Please look over this copy of THE HORNET. If it is the thing you want, take it. If you are a Democrat, you will want it.

At all times, and for most all purposes, address
THE HORNET,
Bixby, N. C.