

B. C. Wood

# THE HORNET

Vol. VII

FORK, NORTH CAROLINA, Sept. 8th, 1915

No. 2

## NOTICE!

We wish to explain that this is not THE HORNET'S regular size. This is one of our Vacation Issues, and we will get back to normal in another issue or so. So just hold your potato now and we'll come properly dressed after a bit.

## It Sums Itself Up

Dogon my lousy liver, I'm going to stand pat until there ain't enough of me left to cover a flea bite, provided I was court plaster, which I am not as good as.

I'm done petered, all but my name, and it ain't got no credit any more, but I don't want the devilish Democrats to know that I think so.

I ain't mashed on myself nary bit, but catch me a saying so if you can. I'm ashamed of myself—drot it if I ain't—but I wouldn't own it, not even to old man Joe Cannon.

I'm going to stick to the interests, till the last hair slips, and then continue to stick like a hungry tick to a nigger's shin.

The standpatters is my right arm, and the Teddyites in my left arm and our departed brethren, Nels Aldrich, Bill McKinley and Mark Hanna, are our legs and they being dead is the reason we can't travel like we use to do.

My right arm got paralyzed in 1912 and my how funny it felt, but I done some wild slashing with my left arm, you remember.

I change, as you well know,

And changing ain't no sin.

Wise men change, but fools don't.

And that's the reason I change.

I've turned many a political somerset with such velocity that it left my naval in the small of my back.

## A "Drummer's" Discovery

Democratic supremacy and Democratic control in the Nation is having its effect.

A traveling man who "makes" most of the states west of the Mississippi made this remark the other day:

"There are not as many cheap-skates, half-crooks and demagogues in politics as there used to be. I see the effect, but I don't know the cause."

The estimate of this drummer is correct but we can't see why the devil he can't discover the cause.

The Republican pretenders, the "four-flushers," and the fakers and the blatherskites haven't the easy picking they enjoyed, say, for 16 years under G. O. P. Pry. The voters rounded up this kind when they put all Republicanism on the blink in 1910 and 1912.

This is not to assert that the political millennium is at hand. It is yet a few centuries off, human nature being human nature. There are still demagogues visible to the naked eye. The fakers yet flourish in our midst. The buncombe-artist, the inciter of prejudice and passion, the player on ignorance, still spout from the barrel-head or other convenient platform.

But there are less of them, they hold power more precariously, and they are, above all, being compelled to change their styles and paces. The people have found out the Republican type of demagogue and buffoon. The Republican predigested conviction from "boss" to "rank and filer" is becoming unfashionable. The penalty of following the incendiary and the flannel-mouth has been borne home. It is harder than ever to fool the "proletariat," sounding phrases won't do it. Mere promises won't do it. Something more substantial must be offered.

In conclusion, we want to remind the Republican "bosses" that they can fool part of their "one-gallus" following all the time and all of them part of the time, but by Ned, they haven't been able to fool all of them all the time.

## This Does Us Good

As good praise as THE HORNET has yet received came in from a reader away out in Utah. He said: THE HORNET drops in on him every two weeks like "some pleasant dream." He pronounced THE HORNET "a rain-bow of hope," "Pandora's box."

Its presence acts as a life elixir; it is a destroyer of the blues, a dispeller of ill forebodings. The look of depression on one's face will disappear before its sunny smile, its cheeriness, as frost before the morning sun. Gifted with natural wit, it can furnish wholesome amusement by the hour to one, a dozen, or a thousand, and keep them laughing until the tears of Democratic joy flow down their cheeks unbidden, but it will give a Republican pleurisy-pains and mental appendicitis.

He says further, "it turns away the burden from the heavy laden breast, drives away dull care, and makes one have a feeling of sweet contentment."

## Truth in a Nut Shell

The Hornet has said a great deal about the Republican party and we haven't said enough. The fact about the matter is that a common cuss stands about as much chance with the big pussle gutters as the proverbial celluloid cat has of catching the asbestos rat in a lake of fire which the Russelites tell us does not exist.

One of our subscribers writes: THE HORNET and asks: when will the Democratic Party die? When the Mississippi River runs backward; when women quit loving money and fine clothes; when snakes walk on legs and their bite don't poison men's toes; when Plymouth Rock roosters look like Leghorn hens; when U. S. marshalls quit helping run wild cat stills; when there can be a hollow without two hills; when the Republicans stop lieing and their "lame ducks" quit crying; when Teddy quits running and goes to walking; and quits so durn much talking.