

The Hornet

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EDITORIAL STINGERS



Some men can be judged by the newspapers they cuss.

Nothing is cheap enough to be wasted now; not even Republican campaign promises.

If you don't want war vote Democratic. It's better to be safe than sorry.

The Republican "dove of peace" is about as minus of tail feathers as the continent of Europe just now.

Who's going to beat the bass drum in the Bull Moose band when Roosevelt dances in 1916?

That Republicans have no principles is one reason they never try to stick to any at any time.

The hands that rock the Bull Moose boat are the hands that rock the will of his Satanic Majesty.

THE HORNET can't see why the two Republican factions can't get together for they are all birds of the same feather.

The Republican party has many campaign tools but a lie is the handle that fits it best of all.

Say, Mr. Democrat, how do you like this automatic Republican stinger any way?

The Elephant and the Moose are in a gallup already. With Wilson and the Donkey after them in 1916, the turkey trot is going to be too slow.

"War is hell" and the European muddle makes us think of the 1912 bust between the Moss-backs. Say, Mr. Republican, why not resign from this society of soot-heads.

Four thousand churches of one denomination in this country failed last year to win a single convert. That's almost as bad a record as the Stand-patters made for Taft in 1912.

The offenses of the Bull Mooses are as plentiful as the drops of water in the ocean, while the crimes of the Republicans are only as numerous as the seconds in eternity.

Third term enthusiasm is petering out; in fact it is getting so weak that Roosevelt's adherents have to get about "three sheets in the wind" before they can enthuse worth a cent.

Let THE HORNET tell you something, pardner. Because your daddy was a Republican is no reason at all why you should be an old moss-back ass too, especially now since Republicanism has lienastied itself.

Look here, brother Democrat, why not get up a Club of subscribers for THE HORNET. Every Democrat should taste of our hot stuff and we need the filthy lucre in our business. Help us to the tune of about 15 or 20 subs at once. We're going to come out like a blue steak pretty soon.

Some fellow keeps writing THE HORNET and chewing the rag about T. R's. "te-to-talism." Well, it was amply proven not long ago in a trial in Michigan that Roosevelt was never drunk in his life, and THE HORNET hopes that he never will be. There are not cops enough in Oyster Bay to hold him.

When you turn the hose-pipe of education upon Republicanism it skeedadles like a cowardly kitten when a bulldog comes down the pike. For instance, here in North Carolina where a few years ago there was not a half-dozen decent schools in certain counties and half the population couldn't read and write, these counties were then the "Banner Republican counties of the state." Now that schools have begun to get in their glorious work these places are fast becoming the "Banner Democratic counties of the state." Keep putting schools and Octagon soap to Southern Republicanism and by and by it sheds its skin and comes out for the party of peace and enlightenment.

"Don'ts" For Republicans

Don't be a quitter. When you find you're in wrong, however, get out, no matter who hoots.

Don't squirm. The aftermath of "cutting a dash" is usually a sadly bruised bumper.

Don't continue in the old rut; pull out into a smoother road. Your boss may be a boar; this, however, need not prevent you from being a gentleman hereafter.

Don't remain with the "all in" crowd. Come into the Democratic fold and feel fine.

Don't cry. Cuss. It will do more good among your kind.

Now, In Calm

Now, while everything is quiet, and between the services of our big political camp meeting we want to ask you in all fairness and candor, do you really love THE HORNET? Some times we believe our friends are faithful, then again we feel deserted. We certainly do want to build up a big thing and we can't do it all by ourselves. We must depend upon your help. Seeing our position as it is, why can you remain idle and listen at our pleadings? Come on with a nice club.

The Old Elephant

The G. O. P. Elephant was discovered by Fremont and Lincoln half a century ago. The party of which the elephant is emblem, was born in sin, rocked in the cradle of iniquity, and bred by a band of boodlers.

The old Elephant is noted for its tough hide and rubber trunk, which, like a walking pharmacy, is packed with high tariff pills and protect on squills. His nom de plume is G. O. P. M. P. I. P., which means: Grand Old Party of Many Promises and Immoral Practices. Some admirers call him "Old Trusty," as he never willingly went back on a Trust.

His visage, once so imperialistic, is assuming "that tired look" as he tries to digest poor fodder. The American Economist and other G. O. P. journals now think his regular diet of high tariff provender should