

## THE YELLOW-JACKET.

WEEKLY &amp; MONTHLY.

R. DON LAWS, EDITOR.

WEEKLY, ONE YEAR, . . . . . 50¢

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THE YELLOW-JACKET,  
MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Thursday, Jan. 18, 1900.

## BREAD AND BUTTER.

Look here, Brother, we want to talk a little business with you. Being a subscriber to the Y. J., we presume that you are a Republican, or, at least, that you are a Democrat who has the backbone to read both sides of the question. We take it that you know a good thing when you see it, and that you are not so selfish as to deny your neighbor a good thing when it doesn't cost you anything for him to obtain it. Now the point we are striking at is this: Do you believe in the doctrine the Yellow Jacket teaches and in the fight it is making? Do you desire to help in defending the cause of Republicanism? If you do, then we want to ask you to help circulate the Y. J. a little further among your neighbors. You know its politics. It speaks for itself. It costs but 50 cents a year, and it never "rips, rusts nor runs down at the heels," but comes forth every week brim full of Republican truths which will help to make your Republican faith stronger and enable you to vote more intelligently. We want to ask every subscriber to make one square, honest effort to secure us one new subscriber to the weekly Y. J. Take a copy of the paper when you go to the store, the shop or mill, show it to your neighbors and persuade one or more of your Republican friends to take the paper. Don't slight the Democrats either. Some of them love to read the Y. J. The campaign of 1900 is drawing near, and you want your neighbor as well as yourself to be prepared to vote with a clear understanding of the issues.

If you are interested in this matter we shall expect to hear from each of you with one or more new subscriptions. Don't throw this matter aside but act to day or to morrow. We are not talking to that other fellow, but to you. Now altogether, everybody. Let the Yellow Jacket fly.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Southward the star of manufacturing takes its way.

Keep your eye on that soup house party.

And Coxe, Oh where is he?

Times are all right. The trouble is all with Bryan's mouth.

It is strange that there are so many people in the world who want to cut off their nose to spite their face.

The more manufacturing there is in the south the more that section will derive from a Protective tariff.

The remedy that the democrats propose for the trust evil is worse than the disease.

If the free silver sentiment is as strong as it was in '96 the leaders are keeping it powerfully secret.

This democracy that you read and hear so much about today is the same old hook with the bait changed.

If we had to take our choice between Cleveland democracy and Bryan democracy we would take to the woods.

That army of unemployed that was ever present during the Free Trade days of the last administration don't seem to be receiving much notice these days.

No where in the United States is there an idle cotton mill today. Mr. Democrat, suppose you compare this fact with the conditions six years ago and meditate.

Democratic orators continue to steer as clear of Dun's Review of business failures of 1899 as a wild mule would of a musk rat hole in the creek bank.

Thos. Pettigrew, of Woodston, Kans., sends club to Y. J. and adds: "The Pops in this country are dying off very rapidly, politically."

The territory of the United States was increased about 1,600,000 square miles under democratic auspices. It looks like it is rather late in the day for that party to fight against the addition of 150,000 more.

Talk about turning over the affairs of this country into the hands of a set of men who voted three times for Grover Cleveland. Ye gods, and little fishes.

It begins to look like Bryan was going to hypnotize the pops, the socialists and free silver republican this year and dump the whole shebang into the democratic band wagon.

If the democrats don't like the Dingley tariff they should remember that it was designed for the protection of the American who works with his hands and not for the politician who works only with his mouth.

What's become of those knowledgeable democrats who predicted that another bond issue would be necessary before 1900, and now see the government redeeming instead of issuing bonds? We'd love to get a swarp at one of them.

If President McKinley could dump a tank of molasses and plant a pancake tree in every man's yard and cause 5 dollar williams to grow on the bushes, there would be a few chronic sore heads who would stubbornly shut their eyes to the truth and persistently howl calamity.

An exchange has at last solved the trust question. Here it is: "The peanut trust should be roasted; the flour trust sifted to the bottom; the cigar trust smoked out; the plug trust chewed up; the iron trust hammered out thin; the twine trust twisted; the furniture trust carved in twain; the metal trust heated hot; the solder trust melted; the berry trust picked clean; the paper trust ground into pulp; the lamp trust snuffed out; the lumber trust nailed; the bicycle trust pounded; the mule trust kicked to death and the coffin trust buried."

A democratic exchange seems terribly wrought up because the price of shoes has advanced along with other things. It points its editorial quill at the trusts and rolls its eyes back and yells "Hanner." Of course shoes have advanced, but the \$25 which a knot of a steer now brings will pay for the family supply for a year, while the \$5 or \$6 which the aforesaid yearling

would hardly bring in Free-Trade times would leave the family barefooted and with good old democratic stone bruises on the childrens feet, with shoes at calamity prices. The farmer can see the point, but of course it is doubtful if such a fact has ever penetrated the cerebrum of a cimblin-headed democratic editor.

Does any body know what the democrats really want? In 1896 Eryan and his disciples said give us free silver or we perish. Give us free silver in order that the farmer might receive higher prices for his products. Give us free silver so that the day laborer might get better wages. Give us free silver so that we may have better prices for everything. Oh, free silver, free silver! To raise prices from the dead level of the infamous gold standard. Today the democrats are cussing because prices are high. We are of the opinion that the democrats don't know what they want and they are not going to get it.

Nearly every paper that comes to our table gives the amount of the Lawton home fund up to date. Now there is something about this kind of giving or benevolence, if such it may be called, that gives us a pain in the hind leg. We don't criticise the giving of fifty or sixty thousand dollars to the widow of General Lawton, although she will receive an annual pension of \$2000. Lawton was all right. We had no braver man in the Philippines. But the point we were striking at is this: There have been privates killed over there as brave and as good as Lawton. Few of these soldiers had magnificent homes and their widows will receive only \$8 a month from the government. Those benevolent hearted silk hatted bipeds of Snobdom are raising no subscriptions for these unfortunate widows, nor even trying to ascertain their whereabouts or their wants. These widows can go to the poor house and their children to the devil for all Snobdom cares. "What fools we mortals be," anyhow.

Jackson is the incarnation of the westward expansion of our race. What would he say if he saw his successors opposing expansion in his name?

## The Song of Aguinaldo.

I come from fields of rice and mud,  
I make a sudden skurry,  
Adown the road my sandals thud,  
I'm always in a hurry.

I skip along to Bayambang,  
I amble down the highway,  
I dodge the waiting Yankee throng  
And flutter up a byway.

Sometimes I polka by the bay,  
And see the pebbles sunning,  
Then turn again and dash away—  
For I am ever running.

I chuckle, chuckle, in my flight,  
And then again I giggle,  
The Yankees think they have me tight—  
They don't how I wriggle.

I skip, I sneak, I slide, I swoop,  
I flutter down the valley,  
I dodge the noisy Yankee troop  
And off again I sally.

I rise and run at early dawn—  
For I'm an early dawner;  
And when they think my hope is gone  
They find that I'm a goner!

I dash along the timbered hill,  
I hear the bugles tooting,  
And while the echoes gayly trill,  
Another way I'm scooting.

I hop from railway tie to tie,  
I climb the chasm craggy,  
I watch the Yankees rushing by—  
All looking for their Aggie.

Then out again they lightly go  
And splash along the river,  
For Yanks may come and Yanks may go,  
But I race on forever.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The advance in wages for the entire country has been estimated at 15 per cent. All this followed a restoration of the policy of Protection to American labor and industry. When democrats assail the Dingley Tariff it is well to remember this.—Clinton, Mo., Republican.

Democratic efforts to make it appear that prosperity only extends to the manufacturers and the merchants do not fool anybody. The workingman and the farmer realize and appreciate the change in conditions since the "advance agent of prosperity" was elected President.—Clinton, Mo., Republican.

The demand for labor during the whole year has been remarkable. Instead of the streets of the cities being filled with men searching for work, the employment agencies have been offering every possible inducement for men to fill the orders they have received. In Minneapolis and St. Paul it has happened not once but dozens of times, that an agency would receive an order for 200 men and not be able to secure 20.—Minneapolis Dispatch.

If some democrat would suggest some possible disposal of the Philippine problem instead of decrying everything the republicans propose, the country would have a better opinion of that party.