

## THE YELLOW-JACKET.

WEEKLY &amp; MONTHLY.

E. DON LAWS, . . . EDITOR.

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

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Thursday, Jan. 25, 1900.

## Oh for a Panic!

Grant us, thou sovereign disposer of mortal ills, a financial cyclone that will wreck the country and bring dismal poverty to every house hold, for without such a cataclysm, we are, indeed, doomed to wander in the cheerless outer darkness of an eternity and never hope to bask for a single moment in the joyous sunshine of the Federal pie counter. Let stocks fall with the velocity of a clown sliding down a greased rope. May one mighty run be made on the banks till every door is closed and Mack and Mark are made to tremble like an earthquake. Put fear and distrust into the hearts of the people and the devil into the leaders of all the railway and labor organizations through the land until strikes and shutdowns are made to cover the U. S. as the waters cover the sea. We've got to have a panic or our name is mud. The only hope for the party is in the misfortunes of the people. And oh for some soup houses to point to that we might say to the Rads and Hanner crats "We told you so". Thou knowest Master Satan, that we have served thee well in the past. We have told all the political lies we could think of. We yelled "Hanner" and "Gold bug" till our throats were raw. We yelled for a war and pushed Mac into

then growled because we had to help pay for it. We've yelled "rotten beef," and "pull down the flag at Manila" and everything else we could think of. Now give us a panic and we'll serve thee more and yell for anything thou would have us yell.—Amen,

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Senator from South Dakota has been Pettigrewing some more.

If Mr. Bryan presents any new issues he doesn't set them out where the people can see them.

If snarling and faultfinding made a statesman, Senator Pettigrew would be one with his boots on, instead of the nuisance he is.

Some of the squirrel-tails are talking of reading Governor Dan Jones, of Ark., out of the democratic party because he favors expansion.

It isn't necessary for speakers to defend the administration now-a-days. All they have got to do is to keep quiet and let General Prosperity do the talking.

The democrats cannot boast of a cardinal principle other than opposition to whatever the republicans advocate.

The party that fights expansion will stand no more show in the future of this country than a one legged man in a foot race, or a hair lipped boy in a whistling school.

If the democrats don't already know that no party has ever been defeated by circulating lying scandals against it, they should post up a little on political history.

Since the stars sang together the democrats have never agreed on issues. Henry Waterson says there is no hope for his party unless it gives up its silver craze and goes back to democratic principles.

Organization wins more battles than any other one force. Organization costs money, so don't hesitate to contribute to the campaign fund to keep the splendid republican organization in good condition.

Ex-Governor Stone, of Missouri, who is fully as long as Bryan on brains, but perhaps much shorter on wind, isn't afraid to talk expansion to the democrats. He goes for the skedaddlers.

The man who sat on a limb and sawed it off between himself and the tree didn't have much sense, but he was a philosopher compared to the fellows who propose to eliminate the trust evil by repealing the Protective Tariff laws.

In Chicago a wolf has been killed inside the limits of Chicago. Now let New York keep her end up by killing an octopus in the Hudson river. Or perhaps St. Louis might catch a microbe in her water from Chicago.

Mr. Bryan's friends would better keep a close watch on him. Since he said he was too busy to talk there have been doubts about his mind. Nobody had ever known him to be too busy to talk before, and talking has been about his only occupation for the last four years.

The St. Paul, Minnesota, Herald remarks that the \$19,000 prize money which Admiral Dewey gets ought to be enough to buy the baby a frock. We would like to know whose baby the Herald is talking about. Dewey is no relation of Grover Cleveland.

The Maryland legislature decided not to invite Col. Wyllyum Jennings Bryan to speak before it. Very natural! This legislature is democratic, and its members noticed the effect of Wyllyum's speeches in Ohio and Kentucky during the last campaign and therefore dreaded the consequence.

The democrats have always been disposed to criticize the republicans for selecting men to fill all important political offices who are thrifty in their private business and have accumulated much of the world's goods. This is another clear case of democratic incompetency. The state or national government is like the affairs of an individual, but on a larger scale, and a man who is not thrifty in his private business is unfitted to hold public office. Men who are shrewd in private business make the best officers.

Lots of little squirrel-tailed democratic editors believe that they know more about how the government should be run than McKinley does, and yet they couldn't keep their own business from going to the devil were it not for the help they receive from republicans who take their papers.

Bryan is again quoting scripture to prove that dire calamity exists at home and abroad, but such methods will have but little effect on the four million workingmen who are getting better wages than they did when they heard this song 4 years ago, besides Shakespear says: "An evil soul producing holy witness, is like a villian with a smiling cheek."

Mr. Sibley, once one of the most frantic free silver cranks in the country, has now come almost entirely to the republican party, admitting frankly that the logic of events has proved that his former position was a mistaken one. Naturally, his old party friends are biting their thumbs at him and making remarks about Judas Iscariot. But Mr. Sibley doesn't seem to mind. He knows that he is right.

Governor Jones of Arkansas, is advocating republican doctrine right along. In a recent speech he said: "The veriest nonsense of it all is to confound expansion with imperialism." That's what we have contended all the while. Our present expansion policy has about as much to do with imperialism as the rings on a 'coon's tail have to do with the spots on the sun.

Our banner club for this week is sent by Giles Wade, of Alum Ridge, Va., Mr. Wade sends club of 10 annual subs to the Weekly Y. J. and says that he will have more to follow soon. Let 'em come. If all our readers will go thus and do likewise, we'll agree to double the size of the Y. J. at once, put in a perfecting press, give the news in general and make the political end of the paper the hottest thing in Dixie.

Our big colleges are getting undesirable reputation of harboring freaks. Prof. E. C. Kenney, who has been connected with Cornell and Johns Hopkins, is champion-

ing the cause of Roberts, the polygamist, or posing as a humorist, we are not quite certain which. He recently said: "It seems remarkable that in a land where old maids are forever complaining because men will not marry them, that when one is elected to Congress who has been large hearted enough to take three or four wives, he should have such trouble in taking his seat." Prof. Kenney must have had exceptional opportunities, or must have come in contact with an exceptional class of "old maids."

Not long since word was passed down the line of the democratic encampment from the gutter snipes at Washington to the one gallus fellows in the remotest corner of the Union that some very smutty financial transaction had been going on between some high officials of the government and a certain New York bank. The democratic editors grabbed up the charge and rolled it as a sweet morsel under their tongues. They served it hot and cold. They flavored it with prevarication, puffed it up with democratic gas, and made it a pair of Aguinaldo legs and turned it loose to do missionary work among the brethren. Every democrat heard it or read it that takes any notice of anything, and many, of course, believed the charges were well founded. But when President McKinley offered to furnish any and all information desired by Congress concerning any branch of the government it put a quietus on those democratic editors, who had been norating this gossip. They are not saying a blessed word about those transactions now. On the other hand so far as we have noticed not a single one of those editors has had the manliness to inform his readers of the fact that the charge turned out to be nothing but a democratic mare's nest. By this method they leave the impression with their readers that the charges are true, and that the administration stands condemned. This is no new trick with the democrats. Who ever heard of one of them recanting however inconsistent the charge might have been. They howl on the string until that is proven a lie, then they drop it and proceed to hunt another mare's nest.