

The Yellow Jacket.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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THE YELLOW-JACKET.

WEEKLY & MONTHLY.

B. DON LAWS, EDITOR.
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THE YELLOW-JACKET,
MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Thursday, May 31, 1900.

AN ADDRESS.

By a Heathen to an Audience of Christians.

BOSTON. May 24.—Christians and heathen united to-day in discussing the reason for moral education and the best method of imparting it. They met on the platform of Lorimer Hall, at the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Moral Education Association, of Massachusetts.

The feature of the day was the address of Bipin Chandra Pal, of Calcutta, who gloried in his "heathenism." His caricature of Christianity elicited applause.

"I am not ashamed," he said, "of appearing before you as a heathen. Heathen means one who is not a Christian, and I am not ashamed of confessing that I am not a Christian. If I had any doubt on the subject when I left India, my two years' residence in Christian England and Christian America, and the closest study of the religion in the fogs and mists of London and on the streets of Chicago, Boston and New York, in Piccadilly and other places, have removed every bit of doubt. I am prouder than ever of being a heathen, as distinguished from being a Christian.

"Buddhism does not exist in India, and has not existed there for centuries. Ignorance is faith in many quarters, and I will not disturb that faith.

(Continued on 4th page.)

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

The only issue the southern democrats seem to have is William Jennings.

The Penn. calf is nowhere. The Bryan ticket this year promises to have three or more tails.

The people don't fear any imperial policy of McKinley. But that "imperial" soup house of 1893-7—it makes them shiver to think about it.

The democrats have set apart July 4th as the day upon which they will let the Pops swallow them head, and perhaps tail thrown in.

What's the use for the democrats to talk about their platform? They haven't got anything but what they have stolen from the pops.

The Southern Cotton Spinner's Association held at Charleston, S. C. recently, declared for the President's expansion policy.

Sam Jones says Ben Tillman is a mixture of mule and billy goat, and labels the remark a "compliment." No doubt Ben will so take it.

Protection is the father of the full dinner pail, while Free-Trade is the maternal ancestor of the Cleveland badges we all wore on the caboose of our pants a few years since.

The reason why many democrats kick so vigorously against the administration for the kind of times it is giving them is because they don't know a good thing when they see it.

The Kansas City Journal hits the mark when it says: The republican party has a past, a present and a future. The democratic party has only a past and it would be much better off without that.

Two rivers in Alaska have been named Bryan and McKinley, the former is said to be a noisy stream with a big mouth while the latter is quiet and peaceful—Very appropriate names indeed.

If the democrats as a party ever did anything that directly improved the conditions of the country or met the approval of a majority of the people, why in the duce don't they set it out where the people can see it?

The Sultan of Sulu is mad as a wet hen because Senator Jones suggested that Hawaii and Porto Rico only, be allowed representation in the democratic convention. The Sultan thinks his people grade up well with the democrats.

William Jennings has shown himself to be a pretty fair hobby rider, but if he keeps up with his party he will have to get some equestrian expert to teach him how to ride two wild horses at once, each one running in an opposite direction at the same time.

It may go pretty hard with some democrats to see their party at Kansas City endorse a Populist nominee for President, but men who have swallowed Cleveland twice needn't hesitate to try their gullet on a pop even if his eyes were as wild as a jackal's and his hair as long as the 119th Psalm.

The St. Paul Globe, one of the ablest democratic newspapers of the Northwest has renounced free silver and declared for expansion. May the good work continue until there is nothing left of the free silver, Aguinaldo party but a pair of broken suspenders and a wart.

A calf in Penn. has been born with two tails. Bull-pen Simmons of North Carolina should purchase this bifurcated bovine butter maker and keep it about his front yard as a parallel for the two opposite and distinct tales he has told the people on the Amendment proposition since 1898.

Hon. J. Adam Bede, of Bede's Budget, Duluth, Minn., who said if the baby carriage trust wasn't busted he would have to get a divorce, has made an inglorious failure in his fight for the republican nomination for Congress. J. Adam got to talking too much like a democrat and got left.

We will publish in a week or so the "wildest and woolliest" number of the Yellow Jacket ever issued. It will contain lots of campaign thunder, a letter by "Eli Tucker" to William Jennings, two letters from the "Devil", Stings and other hot stuff. It will cover the entire field and several acres of the ocean. Those wishing extra copies of that issue should write at once. They will cost 15 cts. per doz., \$1 per hundred or \$8 per thousand.

The Louisiana legislature on the 22nd inst. elected ex-Gov. Foster and re-elected Senator McEvery to the U. S. Senate. Both these men are expansionists. Foster confessed to the caucus that he was not sound on the 16 to 1 issue, and Senator McEvery made similar confessions on the Tariff. These men, the Statesville, N. C. Mascot, a free silver, Free-Trade, anti-expansionist paper, calls the "pure stuff." Hurrah for expansion, sound money and Protection!

This cry of the democrats that the next election will settle the fate of the people, and that unless democracy is successful it will be useless to try any further to perpetuate a free government is the rottenest kind of tommy rot. We have heard that same old story for twenty years, our father heard it before us. It indicates demagogism and weakness in the upper story, and at this time it is being worked by the democrats simply because they have nothing as an issue upon which to come before the people.

When you hear a democrat spouting off about the republicans favoring, encouraging or fostering trusts, just remind him of this simple fact: Senator Jones offered an amendment to the Porto Rican Tariff bill to return the duties on sugar imported from that island to the persons from whom they were collected." The sugar trust had paid \$637,551 of these duties and if the amendment of the Democratic Senator had not been opposed by the Republicans, then he would have caused the return of that sum to the trust! You might also remind him that Senator Jones is bell-weather in the American cotton trust also National Chairman and high-muck-a-muck of the trust cussing democratic party.

"Phantom."

Somewhere in the ground hog dens of the Blue Ridge in Western North Carolina there lives a democrat who is so utterly destitute of a tangible principle of truth or fairness that he has adopted the very appropriate title of "Phantom" as a *Nom de plume* over which he writes to the Watauga Democrat. In a recent issue of that paper he pays his respects to the Yellow Jacket by classing it as a low-grade newspaper, full of bald-headed lies and says that it should be barred from transmission in the mails. Like the average democratic ghost dancer, Phantom has an idea that his navel is the center of the universe, and that everything should be annihilated that dares to expose the corruption and rottenness of the democratic party. We have no words of censure for the democrat who believes in honesty and fair play—the fundamental principles upon which both republicanism and democracy were founded—but Phantom bears about the same relation to true democracy that a wart on the hind leg of a yellow dog does to the dashing splendor of a Saint Bernard mastiff. No doubt but the Y. J. and all other republican papers that show up democratic cussedness would be debarred from the mails if such hot headed rebels as Phantom had the privilege to make and

administer the laws. The democratic party of North Carolina made a fine start in that direction when it boldly took from the people of the state the right of all parties being represented in the officials of the election and turned over the whole thing to the democratic party. A man's political rights are his own and a party that will steal, or deprive him of them as Phantom's party has done in North Carolina, would not hesitate to stifle or deny the right of the public press, if it had the power to do so. Phantom's "baldheaded lie" charge doesn't cut much ice. Two years ago we told the people that if the democrats got control of the legislature that they would pass a disfranchising law. Phantom's party told us we were "bald headed" liars for saying so. Now when you call upon Phantom or any other democrat for an explanation of these things the only answer you get is: Nigger, nigger, nigger. Let the people then be the judge of who are the "bald headed liars." After squirting a few gobs of ridicule at the Y. J. Phantom then turns upon the republican party and proceeds to demolish the poor little thing with one lordly wave of his paw, by charging it with every crime in the catalogue of vices. Could Phantom distinguish his right hand from his left or his umbilical cord from a red yarn raveling, he would understand that his own party stands at the head of the list in all kinds of political devilment. It has broken more pledges, stolen more votes, made more men poor, drunk more whiskey, bribed more voters, intimidated more people, told more lies and resorted to more dirty low-down tricks than any other party that ever existed since God made the earth.

Before pitching into the republican party Phantom should ask the Lord to assist him in the reformation of his own mouth, as we remember to have noticed where Phantom said in 1898 that the white republicans of this country were the "lineal descendants of the old Tories who bushwhacked Gen. Marion in the Revolution," which statement Phantom knew to be a falsehood as black as the dungeon of hades, and he also described some of our best and brainiest men as looking like the "butt cut of original sin."

Now we are unable to say what Phantom looks like or what he descended from, but if his physical appearance bears any resemblance to the principles manifested in his writings, he looks like a cross between Lucifer and a hairless one-eyed Mexican dog walking on his hind legs.