

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

WEEKLY & MONTHLY.

R. DON LAWS,	EDITOR.
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INSTRUCTIONS.

Silver preferred to Postage Stamps on subscriptions.

Remittances of silver of small sums may be made with comparative safety in ordinary letters, using good envelopes. Amounts above fifty cents it would be well to send by Registered Letter.

P. O. Money Orders are better still, but they must be drawn on Wilkesboro, N. C. as Moravian Falls is not a Money Order office.

When writing to have your paper changed you must give your former as well as your new address.

Always write your own name and address plainly, and direct all your letters to THE YELLOW-JACKET, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Thursday, June 28, 1900.

GET A HUMP ON!

Look Here, Brother: If you are not already a subscriber to the Yellow Jacket, consider this copy an invitation to become one. Read this paper over and if you like it, send us 50 cents for a years subscription. You will find the Y. J. a warm article. Its business end registers 200 degrees in the shade. This paper each week will contain something good and each succeeding issue will get better if it can be made so. Being a firm believer in the principles of the great party of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and McKinley, we will always be found contending for fair play, and for the rights and liberties of the people, and waging an unrelenting battle against the devil and the so-called Democratic party. We don't only want you to become a subscriber, but we also should be pleased to have you do a little missionary work among your Republican friends. You can reach those whom we cannot. Take a Y. J. when you go out from home, and tackle every Republican you meet and get him to subscribe. In this way you will not only be doing us a great favor, but you will also be aiding us in reaching the people, and helping to present the facts of Republicanism, which only need to be understood in order to make the Republican party so numerically strong, so harmonious and invulnerable that the tribes of Bryan, the world, the flesh and the devil can't overthrow it at the polls next November.

See all your neighbors and make up a club of 5 or 10. If you can't get the club now, send along your own sub. and try the club later.

The Yellow Jacket is not local, but circulates all over America and goes to foreign lands, and all the time preaches nothing but Republican gospel and common sense. Before sending money, read instructions at top of this column. Now, brother, take the case. You send along the subs. and help do the circulating and we will do the preaching. Let the band play "Republicanism."

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

For President—William McKinley.

For Vice-President—Theodore Roosevelt.

Our national ticket and platform are the best we ever had.

Necessity is also the mother of expansion, and we've expanded.

Many democrats rail at the McKinley administration purely from force of habit.

Oh, Billy, Boy, Say quick. How much tariff did the Dingley bill impose on ice?

Eli's letter to Col. Bryan is so long that we had to continue the remainder in next week's issue.

The democratic party is a brayer and a kicker—That's why the emblem of the party is a jackass.

We give the substance of the Republican platform elsewhere. The full text is too long for our space this week.

We are expecting every day to hear it asserted by some Free Trade democrat that the drought in India is the result of the Dingley Tariff.

Germany has a sugar trust. Now why don't some smart democrat show that McKinley, Mark Hanna and Co. are responsible for that.

The Yellow Jacket has buckled on a new hame string and bellyband and proposes to be in the thickest of the fight helping to wallop William Jennings.

The only piece of national legislation the democrats as a party have given us since the election of Abe Lincoln was the Wilson Gorman Tariff bill, and that ought to satisfy the people for 40 years to come.

Out in Kansas there is said to be but one single pauper on the state poor farm. Isn't it a shame that this republican prosperity has invaded the poor house, given paupers employment and robbed this poor devil of his dear companions?

Wouldn't it be singular if a state like Missouri, acquired by expansion, and which has just received a gift of \$5,000,000 from Congress to celebrate the fact, should remain democratic and opposed to expansion this fall?

The St. Louis strike continues with its daily quota of outrage and destruction. And the democratic governor sits silent, afraid to act for fear that he may lose a few votes this fall. "Votes be d—d", as Peter Stirling once said, under somewhat similar circumstances.

No use speculating on what Bryan would do, if elected. He will never be president

The Ark. State Republican says "the only remedy for labor strikes is another dose of Cleveland times." Ye gods, then give us the strikes.

Some of the democrats claim that there wasn't much enthusiasm in the Philadelphia convention, but there was enough to give the Bryanites the backache.

U. S. Senator Morgan says the Chicago platform "has a few marginal notes that are rather too socialistic." That's just what the voters thought in '96, and they'll show in Nov. that they haven't changed their minds.

Mr. Bryan, you can't run your "imperialism" rabbit's foot over the people this year. You once helped work the Free-Trade racket, then you tried the free silver racket and now you would love to scare somebody with your "imperialism" bugaboo. You can't do it, Billy.

No wonder the democrats dread Roosevelt. Listen to him score the New York ice trust democrats:

They (the democrats) have raved, they have foamed at the mouth in denunciation of trusts, and now in my own State their foremost party leaders, including the man before whom the others bow with bared head and trembling knee, have been discovered in a trust which really is of infamous and perhaps of criminal character—a trust in which these apostles of democracy, these prophets of the new dispensation, have sought to wring fortunes from the dire needs of their poorer brethren.

It gives us pleasure to inform our many readers that we are now issuing the Yellow Jacket from a new Campbell cylinder press with the latest improvements. It is one of the finest machines in this part of the state and will print both sides of fifteen thousand Yellow Jackets a day. We run it by water power same as we did our old press. This power consists of an over-shot wheel one-half mile from our office with a belt a mile long which runs on a drum at the water wheel and leads over hills and hollows to overhead works in our print shop. The belt is supported on pulleys put on high posts every 40 rods. A wire leading to the water wheel enables the printer to stand by the press and start or stop the water wheel at will. We designed and constructed this power nearly a year ago. It is cheap, simple and safe and is one of the advantages of living in the country. We expect to give to our readers cuts before long of this water wheel and belt leading away from it through the woods to the printing office, also a cut of our new press.

Didn't They Hit Them?

Didn't the democrats hit the trusts hard when they were in power? Didn't they hit the whiskey trust when they extended the time for paying the ninety million dollars taxes due the government? Didn't they lam it to the sugar trust when they dallied with the tariff bill until the trust had scraped the earth for raw sugar and brought it in free of duty and then passed a bill putting a duty on raw sugar that was free under the McKinley bill? Didn't they sock it to the trusts again when they repealed the anti-trust provision of the McKinley bill which imposed a fine not exceeding \$5,000, on persons convicted of entering into a trust, and then enacted an anti-trust law that prescribed no penalty against trusts, except among importers who are not organized and never have been? Don't they make the trusts tremble when they assert that only the Protective Tariff fosters them while it is known that trusts are organized and flourish in Free Trade England? Don't they land another staggering blow to the trust octopus when they threaten to bust it, when it is known that their national chairman Jas. K. Jones belongs to one of the biggest trusts in America? Didn't they hit the Ohio trusts hard when they denounced them in their platform in 1899 and then went to Washington D. C. and picked out the rankest monopolist and trust stock owner to run for governor? Don't the New York democracy present a fine spectacle as a trust fighter with a ringleader of the whole pack criminally connected with the American Ice Trust? Didn't Chairman Jones land another broadside into the octopus when he offered an amendment to the Porto Rican Tariff bill to return the duties on sugar imported from that island to the person from whom they were collected which would have put over \$600,000 back into the hands of the sugar trust?

Then and Now.

Five years ago this week we issued the first No. of the Yellow Jacket. It was a 3 col. 4 page affair and we carried it to the post office in our pockets. Every June since has found the Y. J. expanding and this week's issue will be read by over fifty thousand people scattered all over the United States. From the very outset we laid down the rule that to secure the Y. J. you had to plank down the cash in advance whether you were a millionaire or a pauper, and we have lived up to that rule. If you don't like the Y. J. you can have your money back.

QZZJX Does not spell anything, but what we started out to say was this: Do not send postage stamps on subscriptions to the Y. J.; and when you send Money Orders have them drawn on Wilkesboro, N. C. Moravian Falls is not a M. O. office.

THE DEVIL'S LETTER.

Hades, June 22, 1900.

To the various tribes of democrats that inhabit the earth, My Dear Boys:—It does my soul good to get time to sit down and write you all again. I'm feeling pretty well for one of my age and hardships. My tail has at last quit paining me and I think is as serviceable as ever.

I have just received a cablegram from democratic headquarters that the republicans have renominated McKinley for President of the U. S. and named Teddy Roosevelt for Vice. Boys, this makes it look like the case with us was about up. I'll be datswattled if I know what to advise you to do. Put Bryan on the head end of the ticket of course, but the tail is where the rub comes. It is giving me more concern than my tail did after the Goebler pulled it so near off last winter.

I don't think I ever saw the time when genuine democratic campaign thunder was so scarce as it is today. You just can't interest the people with our old lies any longer, unless it be the nigger domination lies. They seem to bear working over more times than anything I ever noticed. But we can't work this racket generally. If we just could find a nigger road overseer or a negro J. P. in each state we'd be in the swim. Imperialism and trusts might take a back seat, but we can't work the nigger racket in but a few states. I see in North Carolina that my friend Simmons is making things warm with "white supremacy" argument. Occasionally a Pop fires into our lines with a few bombs of argument that threaten to do damage to our works but we soon get even by hiring a few "irresponsible democrats" to throw a volley of stale eggs on him. This never fails to silence a fellow and make him seek shelter, and in some cases seek it in the democratic party. It has brought Marion Butler and Jim Weaver almost into our camps, at least they have both become rank fusionists, and the only difference in a fusionist and a democrat is on the outside. Boys, I know the prospects for democratic success this year look rather gloomy, but whistle and keep up your courage the best you can, and maybe something will "turn up" in time to save us. It won't do to surrender. You know that the democratic rout to hell is the shortest by ten thousand miles and that there is a saloon at every mile post. I love you fellows and I don't want you to laugh at me for saying so.

Boys, I will write you again after the 4 of July Convention at Kansas City. I would like to attend the convention personally and have a talk with Gussie Van Wyck about the troubles he met with as stock holder in the ice trust for I am experiencing some ice troubles myself.

A serious state of affairs is taking place down here in hell that I never anticipated. You remember I once promised all the democrats that would tell the most and biggest lies above a certain limit—I think the minimum was 20,000—that I would provide a tub of ice water for their tails to hang in when they came down here. I didn't think I'd get more than ten democrats under this offer, but there is no devil (that's me) if I haven't got over seven hundred here now demanding that I carry out my promise, and of course I'll do it, for I always redeem my pledges which has caused several fellows to throw it up to me that I'm not a democrat. But here is where the trouble comes in; you see this tail cooling arrangement is causing the accumulation of so much ice that its making me sweat like blazes to keep the furnaces hot enough to do justice to my cage of Goebler.

The fight is now on and we must make the best of it we can. Gird up your loins and go for the trusts and imperialism like a mad bull after a red headed book agent. Try to make the people believe that the trusts are going to swallow the country hide head and tail. Tell them that the tariff breeds trusts and that your party will destroy these trusts. I'll give any democrat in the world a certificate of exemption from the fires of hell for a hundred years if he can think up any bigger lie than that to tell the people.

Spread yourselves, boys. Make all the fuss you can, and if we have to be beat lets go down making the most devil of a racket that has ever been heard since the world began.

I will write you all a long letter as soon as I hear from the convention.

Yours Sincerely
SATAN DEVIL.