

The Yellow Jacket.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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THE YELLOW-JACKET.

WEEKLY & MONTHLY.

E. DON LAWS, EDITOR.

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INSTRUCTIONS.

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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 our 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, Oct. 4, 1900.

GIT 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 year's 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."

OUR TICKET.



By the way, what is Adlai doing for Bryanism? Is he only to play a thinking part?

The Bryanite yowling shows that Senator Hanna has been landing his blows on sore spots.

Wanted: Another paramount issue. In haste. Apply to W. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Nebraska

If Lieutenant Hobson has a true friend he should send him a two word telegram—Don't talk.

By the way, where did Croker get the \$20,000 he bet on Bryan? Was it from the ice trust?

Well, anyhow, one knows always where Mr. Bryan is to be found on every question. He is always opposed to "things."

Aguinaldo has been sufficiently bamboozled by Mr. Bryan's promises to come out of hiding and again personally direct the insurgents.

It seems that Col. Bryan didn't make more money from his oat crop than he paid for the land. He only made half as much.

Democratic oratory at present zigzags amongst the issues to such an extent that it can only be described as rag-time eloquence.

Senator Wellington says that he is a Bryan republican. We have heard of Popocrats and other parlous beasts but Bryan republicans are new ones to us.

Practical prosperity is shown by the fact that all the colleges, universities, and technical schools of the country have the largest attendance in their history.

Of course the Philippines are remote, but they are not more so than was San Francisco or even St. Louis, fifty years ago. Steam has annihilated distance.

Probably, as Mr. Bryan only wants one term as President, he believes that he can wipe out the octopuses and the gold standard together in four short years.

The Kansas bank which went out of business because there were not enough borrowers to make it profitable furnished an extraordinary object lesson on prosperity.

Congressman Fowler, of N. J. says McKinley and Roosevelt will carry the State by from 40,000 to 50,000 majority. Yet that is one of the States the Bryanites are claiming.

If the claim of the democratic National Committee, that it has no money, is true, it is buncoeing a lot of men into furnishing it large quantities of campaign literature for nothing.

Congressman Hitt, of Ill., Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, made a bull's eye when he said: "The flag of the U. S. fertilizes every foot of land over which it waves."

The fact that there are plenty of men willing to run for Governor of Kentucky shows that the bravery of that commonwealth has not declined, whatever may have happened to its civilization.

Colonel Bryan says that he will not ask for a second term in the white House. If the voters of the country do their duty, he will never be in a position to ask for a second one.

Mr. O. F. Williams, who was U. S. Consul-General at Manila when the Philippines belonged to Spain, is doing effective stumping for McKinley and Roosevelt. He calls Mr. Bryan "the only begotten son of pessimism."

Instead of putting forth a lot of epigrams and glittering generalities in order to bewilder the reader, the President, in his letter of acceptance, states all the facts at issue clearly and distinctly. It is a case of solid sense against sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The democrats are now rejoicing over their recent victory in Luzon. Oom Paul probably feels hurt because he got too much sympathy from the United States to permit time for advice when to drop out of the game.

There is little doubt that Croker has been promised control of New York federal patronage if Bryan shall win. This, of itself, is enough to damn the Colonel. No candidate heretofore has ever gone so far as to make such a bargain with such a man.

The President has practically given a specific pledge that the stamp taxes shall be reduced at the next session of Congress. Heretofore, it would have been decidedly risky to cut these down, for no one could tell what might happen in the disturbed state of affairs abroad.

Talk about Imperialism! What is Croker's control of Tammany from his country seat in Great Britain except Imperialism? No absentee emperor could have exercised a more despotic sway than did the great boss during his two and a half years of absence from the United States.

Judge Powers, of Utah, is to be congratulated if it be true that he has refused to accept the tricky appointment of the acting governor to the Senate. In any event, his credentials will stand on the same basis as those of Mr. Quay, whose claim was rejected in accordance with a long line of precedents.

The feelings of the democrats towards Grover Cleveland are mixed, nowadays. They don't like him a little bit, but then if he is coming back to Bryan, why, things will be different. Meanwhile, the average democrat is waiting to make up his mind whether to whoop for or at Mr. Cleveland.

Now Webster Davis is circumstantially charged with having received fees from the Transvaal government not only since but before he left the government service and even before he went to South Africa. In fact, the latest revelations put Mr. Davis in a rather ugly light, and explanations from him are certainly in order.

Why didn't the administration put its corp of hypnotists to work during the past summer to make people think that they were cool? The democrats say that these have made the country think itself prosperous when it is not, and surely it would be a little thing to alter a mere detail of thermometer by the same means.

It is a curious incident of the two or three most important flops to the democrats that all of the floppers feel called upon to apologize for their flopping. They do not triumph in their act; in fact, they are evidently distinctly ashamed of it. On the other hand, the democrats who have flopped to republicanism are all happy in their acts. This fairly represents the difference between the two parties.

The democrats charge that the report of the Taft Commission is a republican campaign document. It is the misfortune of the democrats that all news of prosperity, of American triumphs at home and abroad, and of the return of peace and the growth of commerce, are republican campaign documents. It is most singular that the Bryanites will not only admit this, but attempt to base a charge against the republicans on it.

WHO IS MARK HANNA?

Who is this Marcus Hanna, pa,
That people call him great?
Is he the man who holds the helm
Which guides the ship of state?

Is he like old Goliath tall—
Like some steeple in the sky,
Or, is he that awful wicked man
Who winks the other eye?

Tut, tut, my son, he's just a man
Like good old Ruben Blue,
Who has his way of doing things,
And "knows a thing or two!"

But why does Bryan hate him so,
And Popocrats berate?
Is it because he's old and slow,
And isn't up to date?

Oh, no, my son, you bet your life
He's not so very slow,
For when his shoulder's to the wheel
The cart is bound to go.

The reason why the Popocrats
Now tremble at his name,
Is 'cause he did it to 'em once
An's goin' to do the same

Again this fall, and bury deep
Bill Bryan and his host
In some dark place where Tagal clans
Forever more will roast,

Where boiling oil, bolos and spears
And Aguinaldos dwell—
A place, my son, so hot and bad,
Its name I must not tell.—S. L. G.

Col. Bryan has had the nerve to state that there would have been no rebellion if the Bacon resolution promising the same terms to the Filipinos that the United States had promised to the Cubans, had been adopted. Surely Mr. Bryan knows that the rebellion began before the treaty was ratified and before the Bacon resolution was even voted on.

Men whose earning capacity has been largely increased are not likely to kick because their needs cost more; they know that the price of labor cannot be increased without a corresponding increase in the products of labor. Many things were cheap four years ago, but labor was the cheapest of all, and even at the low prices paid work was hard to find. Now work is hunting for labor everywhere.

To prove that a portion of the democratic party is retrograding into a gang of buzzards, polecats and serpents one only has to read the report of the manner in which a herd of rowdy scoundrels treated Governor Roosevelt at Victor, Col., last Wednesday. The Governor attempted to make a speech there on the great issue of the day, but was forced to leave the platform by a shower of rotten eggs stones and sticks from those cursed wretches who were yelling Bryan, Bryan like some escaped fiends from hades. It seems that there is no rank of republicans that is exempt from these dirty damnable assaults. We hope to see the time when such rowdism will get just what it deserves. We have always contended for the principle of fair play. Give every man and all parties a fair hearing. Men who don't favor fair play, don't deserve to live among jackals, much less civilized men.