

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

WEEKLY & MONTHLY.

R. DON LAWS, EDITOR.

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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. 18, 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.



Give that soup house party a black eye.

A vote for McKinley is a vote for business, Betsy and the brats.

The whole country is the "enemy's country" to Bryan this year.

There is something dreadfully wrong with any party that wants to saddle a partizan election law on any state.

Many democrats read the Yellow Jacket just to keep track of the rascality of their own party.

The Boy Orator is talking as much as he did in '96 but the hum of industry drowns his voice considerably.

Just tell Mr. Bryan that you prefer prosperity to free silver and full dinner pails to free soup houses.

Keep in mind who was in power when we had Coxe armies, financial panic, soup houses, sheriff sales, riot, rot, rags and wretchedness.

The democrats should certainly feel contented in this campaign, for they are against everything that the American people want.

The democrats blame the republicans with everything bad that happens, and for everything good give something else the credit. Did you ever notice it?

What I denounce is a Protective Tariff. It is false economy and the most vicious political principle that has ever cursed this country.—Wm. J. Bryan.

Within the past two weeks we have added over three thousand new subscriptions to the Yellow Jacket. Expansion! Well, we should smile.

Democracy out of power is always better than democracy in power. Let's keep it out then for the good of both democracy and the people.

The "had a chance" fellows will not get another while the people so distinctly remember what they did with the chance they had.

At the proper time the flag will be hauled down in China and perhaps in the Philippines, but it will be at the best of reason instead of anarchy.

The people can't be blamed for being so slow to accept democratic theories; every one that has ever been tried proved to be either a total failure or far inferior to republican policies.

A man who can't see that republicanism beats democracy all out of sight in running the government successfully, hasn't got sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole.

If things had turned out as terrible by reason of McKinley's election as the democrats predicted in 1896, it wouldn't be necessary for Bryan to make a single speech to get elected this year.

The most pitiable sight that meets the gaze of the observer of events to-day is that of the democratic party hanging on to the shirt tails of progress and yelling, woa!

Foresight is always better than "hind-sight" and next election day will be the time for the exercise of a little of the foresight which a majority of the people didn't use in 1892.

Democratic Ex-Congressman Page, of Rhode Island, comes out strongly for McKinley. Let the glorious work continue. Patriotism is going to win this time and don't you forget it.

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 democrats avow that they believe in standing up and telling the truth. All right, boys. Now, suppose you tell the people that five years ago this country was in the midst of one of the worst smashups ever known and that a democratic administration brought it about. Will you?

You just can't tell what this old democratic party is up to no way. In North Carolina it passes laws to disfranchise negroes and has red shirts to run them away from the polls, then when a negro comes over to the democratic party Bryan rises up with smiles a foot thick on his face and pats him on the back saying: "I am proud to welcome you to the democratic party!"

An exchange says: "If a boy wants to be spider legged and weak kneed; if he wants to be short winded and sunken chested; if he wants to be thin jawed and dead on his feet; if he wants to grow into a scrub that no business man wants to employ, let him be a cigarette fiend or pull away at a pipe or cigar. Otherwise let him keep the nicotine out of his windpipe."

A Tennessee editor asks the indulgence of readers for any shortcomings observed in his weekly paper on the ground that within a short time his local writer has been elected justice of the peace and his old bachelor foreman married, while he himself, after ten years of wedded life, has been presented with his first-born, "a boy with hair and eyes like his pa and a voice that may be heard all over the house." In conclusion he remarks that if any subscriber wants to kick "just let him kick."

We hear of democrats finding fault with the Yellow Jacket because it has so much to say anent the Right Honorable Colonel William Jennings Bryan. How in the mischief could we condemn democracy and do otherwise? Don't everybody with the intuition of an oyster or the instinctive cognition of a lost calf know that Mr. Bryan is as complete master of the democratic party as a dog is of his own tail? Being the whole thing and more besides we couldn't hardly hit Miss Democracy without shooting at Mr. Bryan. He carries the old lady in his vest pocket.

When a democrat comes around you with the saliva of Bryanism fairly roping from his mouth imploring you to help save the country by voting for the great prophet and oracle of Nebraska, turn the hose on the young rooster in this fashion:

Bryan's position on the Philippine rebellion is treasonable.

Democracy is hypocritical in talking about "consent of the governed" in the Philippines after taking the course it has in the South.

Four years have shown that the republicans were right on the money question. The anti-expansion argument is thinner than split wood.

That Tom Jefferson was a rank expansionist.

General Lawton said: "If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observation confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of the fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America."

Sugar-coating the Bryan pill does not make it palatable.

All loyal Americans will vote to hold every inch of ground acquired by war. Bryan represents too many political parties, all of which are lousy with anti-patriotic utterances.

Republicanism is the ism which has developed this country.

The Republican party has principles and stays by them.

The gold standard has had the opposite effect from what Bryan predicted.

America does not need 45 cent dollars, Goebel election laws nor Southern ballot trust defenders to run this government.

Bryan's election will bring another era of hard times

Referring to the full dinner-pail argument, Bryan says: "The Bible tells that there was once a man named Esau who sold his birth-right for a full dinner-pail, and he has been held in derision ever since." That's true, Billy, but Esau wasn't half so big a fool as the man who will sell his full dinner-pail for a bag of wind and the privilege to wear rags and drink free soup for the next four years.

If the average man had been born without a stomach and nature had intended him to go naked, he would doubtless be fully justified in voting for the party whose administration will go down in history to the end of time as one that produced more poverty, idleness, distress, hunger, rags and wretchedness, than was ever before produced in 4 years since Lucifer was kicked out of heaven.

A few more days and the people are going to re-elect McKinley as President of the United States. Politics to some extent will then cool down a little, but the carping critics will continue to heap abuse and pour out ridicule on the president just as they have been doing. Now if you would enjoy seeing the Yellow Jacket go for those who are trying to embarrass the administration just keep your eye on its business end. Get a club of all your neighbors and let them all hear what we have to say. Begin your club to-day.

John Petrified Altgeld says that there is no trust nor syndicate that can control William J. Bryan. Well, now let's see. On several occasions Billy has been asked to define his position on the shot gun, ballot box stuffing syndicate of the southern states and the old rooster invariably begins to crow about something else or remains as dumb as an oyster. Billy is either pandering to this political trust for its 171 electoral votes or he is so all-fired ignorant that he don't know it exists.

And it came to pass in the days of Cleveland that the \$600-million Silver-Mine Trust contributed toward the Bryanite campaign two to four millions, saying, give us ample evidence that there is hope of thy probable election and eighteen millions shall be forthcoming for thee and thy fellows.

Then Bryan opened his mouth and said unto the public: "If there is any one who believes that the Gold Standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country any longer than I am able to get rid of it." Lo, this was an emphatic part of Bryan's speech in Knoxville, at the Silver Trust's mandate.—Journal, Central Falls, R. I.

Billy Bryan is a lulu every way you take him: It's enough to make the horses laugh to watch his maneuverings. McKinley Prosperity is making it so hot for the young rooster that he don't more than get to crowing right freely on one assertion until he has to grab up his political play wagons and run to save himself. In 1896 he boldly asserted that it was absolutely impossible for this country to enjoy any prosperity without the free coinage of silver. A majority of the people refused to believe this assertion and voted for McKinley and to their delight a general revival of business set in. Billy refused to see this until everybody else had seen and felt it, and now he admits that we have a little prosperity but says it is only temporary and is attributable to matters of chance. He lays all the blame for everything that goes wrong to the republicans and all the good that happens to chance. Did you ever hear of a more demagogical way of dodging the truth? But this isn't all the wables in this presidential candidate. He was in for the war, red-eyed and bow-legged, now he is against its results; he loves the volunteers, but is against their achievements; he wanted peace, but repudiates the treaty of peace; he pretends to love the flag, but wants to see it pulled down; he respects the government but don't want to see it maintain its authority against rebels. He seems to love the fathers, but detests their policy of annexation. Bryan a consistent man you say? Scat. Git away from here.

A Dialogue.

Aguinaldo, chief of rebels
In the islands of the East,
Bow'd him down and spake as follows
To the rebels' Great High Priest:

Billy, if thou be the prophet
I have heard the people say,
Tell me by what freak of warfare
I can drive the Yanks away.

For they fain would take possession
Of this heathen land of mine,
And upon my blinded peoples
Let the light of Freedom shine.

In the hour that I surrender
To those wicked men in Blue
I must cease to be a leader,
And become their subject too.

Billy, oh, my worthy Prophet,
Thou whose wildest words are true,
Tell me quickly all my duty;
What thou sayest, I will do.

Then, with holy hands uplifted,
Spake the Prophet of the Platte:
I am with you, brother Aggie,
You can bet your boots on that.

Four long years, 'mid wildest jeering,
I have run for President,
Till my fund of talk is waning
And my lungs are nearly spent.

But I know that I'm a winner
From the cabin in the lane,
And I mean to keep a-running
While my duty is so plain.

Bill McKinley is a traitor
And a murderer to boot—
Going clear across the ocean
Hunting Tagalogs to shoot.

But when I get to the White House
(And you won't have long to wait)
I'll withdraw the Yankee armies,
And set all these matters straight.

I'll extend the Monroe Doctrine
To the islands of the sea;
I will guard you and protect you,
And your people shall be free.

I don't know how I'll protect you
With no armies over there,
But I've sworn that I will do it
And I'll stand up to my swear.

My advice is, brother Aggie,
Keep the old rebellion hot,
For these Yanks are too aggressive,
And I wish they all were shot.

Once I tried the soldier business
When we went to larrup Spain,
But I found it didn't suit me,
And I'll never try again.

My ambition is, at present,
For the White House rocking-chair,
And I'll use my office for you
When I'm safely seated there.

Then the chief of all the rebels
Gave a halelujah cry,
And his heathen subjects echoed,
"We no give up till we die!"

—MAC OLIN.

Says William J. Bryan, "The poor men will furnish sons for the army." Exactly so! And then you and others will encourage a few Tagals and brigands to kill them off, as though common people had no right to life, liberty or the pursuits of happiness. Put that in your corn cob pipe and smoke it.

Mr. Voter, you may be sorry you voted for Bryan after it is too late. Remember the story which is told of the small boy and the calf. It is told that a boy was driving home a cow and a calf and as they went along a steer attached himself to the cavalcade. When they came to the cross-roads, the cow, with cow-like intelligence, took the right hand road towards home. The steer took the left hand into the woods, and after him trotted the silly calf. The boy tried with all his might to head off the calf and get it to go home, but all in vain. At last he gave it up, but as he turned away, he cried out, Go it, you blamed little fool. You'll be sorry when supper time comes. If the voters of the U. S. act like the calf and run off after the Bryan steer of free trade, free silver and free soup, they like the calf, will be sorry when supper time comes. Boys, remember the time you followed the Cleveland steer off into the swamps in 1892. Will you repeat that folly by going off after the anti steer?