

The Yellow Jacket.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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THE YELLOW-JACKET.

WEEKLY & MONTHLY.

E. DON LAWS, EDITOR.

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INSTRUCTIONS.

Silver preferred to Postage Stamps on subscriptions.

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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, Nov. 15, 1900.

TO OUR READERS.

Well, boys, young and old, and all, we are highly grateful to you for the deep interest you have taken in helping us build up the circulation of the Yellow Jacket during the past campaign. Several thousand subscriptions expired with the close of the campaign and we now desire to see all these renewed and many thousand new ones added. Our terms for sending the Y. J. are cash in advance, and stop the paper promptly when time is out. We will have something to say each week that will interest you. The democratic party is dead but hasn't yet found it out, so it will continue to keep kicking for quite a while. If you desire to see the roasts the Y. J. will give it, you should promptly renew for the paper and also get all your neighbors to go in a club with you.

We expect to make a great improvement on the Yellow Jacket about the middle of December or soon after. Each issue will then contain about twice the reading matter that it now contains and everything will be either the product of our own pen or of "Eli Tucker's," with occasionally a letter from "Old Nick" just to show how he stands. We hope every reader of this article will skirmish 'round and get us up one or more subs by that time. It don't make any difference what your politics is, you will enjoy the Y. J. Each week from the date of the improvement on the paper we will print a surplus number of copies and all who subscribe afterward, and so desire, may have their subs begin with the date of the change. Now, boys, let's hear from you. Put your shoulder to the wheel and help to make the Y. J. buzz.

Remember the Yellow Jacket is not a local paper nor the organ of any district or section, but circulates over all the states and advocates only Republican doctrines.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS.

Yes, we were at the dyin' but it wasn't our funeral.

The democratic party ought to sue Bryan for damages.

If the democrats had grabbed for less they might have secured more.

16 Democrats snowed under to one elected is about the way the question stands.

And now the question arises: Is Mr Bryan still running for President?

As a winder, Bryan is a howling success: he has about wound up the democratic party.

Miss 16 to 1 says Croker did it. Croker says Miss 16 to 1 did it. Perhaps they are both guilty.

If the devil was as badly "stove up" as democracy is the preachers would have smooth sailing the rest of the time.

This election has proven that when the democrats say a state is doubtful that they mean it's going republican.

The democrats can now tighten up their belly-bands a notch or two and go to making faces at the republicans again.

Of course we don't know but perhaps the recent cold snap was brought by the sudden and unexpected cooling off of William J. Bryan.

Some of the Populists say they want it distinctly understood that they will never permit themselves to be tied to a skunk again.

If Bryan can keep up his old ratio of \$250 a speech, he will still be making more money than he would have made as President of the United States.

Bryan says he was defeated by prosperity. Strange isn't it? Only a little while ago Bryan said there was no prosperity.

Mr Bryan should be able to get a copy-right on his prophecies for we are confident there is nothing else like them on earth, in the heavens nor in the waters under the earth.

Lost—A pair of twin bogie dolls entitled "Imperialism" and "Trusts." Finder of these dolls will be liberally rewarded by returning same to their rightful owner, Wm. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.

Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun, but that was long before Dick Croker and Jeems Kalamity Jones advised the democrats to use base ball bats to run the election in New York.

Just as we expected, "Mark Hanna stole Nebraska from Bryan." say some of the Bryanites.

You are invited to subscribe for the Yellow Jacket. Only 50 cents a year. Help out the cause and yourself.

It was not sweet enough for McKinley so the sugar refining companies reduced the price of sugar 15 per cent.—Grayson, Ky., Eagle.

Sockless Jerry Simpson, it is said, laughed with ghoulish glee when he read that Cushman Davis had his foot poisoned from wearing silk sox.

One big trust has been disposed of all right. That is the country will not trust its affairs in the hands of Bryan, Jones, Croker and Altgeld.

It's all over now and every body should feel thankful that the contest resulted in a victory for the party that can run the government without borrowing money to do it.

Sixteen St. Louis mothers recently agreed to decide by ballot which of them had the handsomest baby and on displaying the ballots, lo and behold, each baby had received just one vote.

Wanted—Agents to sell a new book entitled "The Second Battle." Apply at once to William Jennings Bryan, Rainbow Chaser, Lincoln, Nebraska. Liberal commission. North Carolina territory very desirable.

If Croker will hereafter devote himself exclusively to horse racing and Bryan will give his time to the Presbyterian ministry there may be some chance for the democratic party to get on its feet again during the first quarter of the 20th century.

"I shall take an active interest in politics as long as I live."—Wm. J. Bryan. That means that the democratic party might just as well crawl in a hole and pull the hole in after it during Bryan's mundane pilgrimage.

Experience is a dear school, but parties will learn in no other—New York World. We would remind the World that there is a party that is so destitute of observation and moral gumption that it won't even learn in that. The first letter of its name is democratic.

How it Happened.

Bryan chose "pull down the flag." Mack said "keep it there". And with this each one set out To win the big Arm Chair. Billy bounced the iron horse And sailed over hill and plain Mack, he took no horse at all. But he got there just the same.

Show your appreciation of the victory by sending us 50 cents for the Yellow Jacket 12 months.

If the democrats are not now satisfied on the 16 to 1 question just let them trot out the old lady again.

I observe that majorities rise with prosperity and that the American people never fail to support the flag.—President McKinley.

The Governor of Colorado says democratic victory will be possible four years hence, with Bryan to lead. All right, governor, the jury is willing.

These words will be engraved on the political tombstone of William Jennings Bryan: "Great is Tammany, and Croker Is Its Prophet."—Chicago Tribune.

Who says the country is not prosperous when democratic dinners were only \$1 per plate four years ago and \$12 per plate this year, wine not included?—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Speaking about hoodoos," remarks the New York World, "what's the matter with Croker." Nothing at all, and we'd just like to have the World tell what is the matter with Bryan as a first class hoodoo.

Democratic newspapers will probably make a loud outcry over the advance of 10 cents a gallon in the price of linseed oil. They will preserve a discreet silence as to the parallel advance of 35 cents a bushel in the price of flaxseed. The latter goes to the farmers. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Once I was young, but now I am old, and I have never yet seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large and awful in the miserable lives of many misfit homes. I'm speaking for the boys this time. If one of you chaps ever come across a girl that, with a face full of roses says to you as she comes to the door, "I can't go for thirty minutes yet, for the dishes are not washed," you wait for that girl. You sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel. Wait for that girl and stick to her like a burr to a mule's tail.—Bill Arp.

"A man with an opinion and the courage to express it is a man who is valuable in the community. It does not matter where he stands—whether behind the counter, or in the editorial room or behind the pulpit. If he thinks and has the courage to back up his thoughts and the intelligence to express them—he is worth a thousand times more, than the truculent boot-lick, the go-between; the tale bearer or the hypocrite who is all things to all men. The day for honest opinion is to day and tomorrow."—Ex.

This is the form in which a young woman advertises in a Japanese paper for a husband: "I the undersigned, am a pretty girl, with abundant hair, flowerlike face, perfect eyebrows and a good figure. I have money enough to take life easy and to enable me to spend my years with some beloved man who will ever be my companion and who can admire the flower with me by day and the moon by night. If any clever, accomplished, handsome and fastidious gentleman is disposed to accept this offer I can assure him that I will be true to him for life, and that after life is over I will be ready to be buried with him in one grave."

"Coin" Harvey says McKinley's reelection threatens civilization and in order to escape the storm center he has fled from Chicago and settled in Arkansas, where he says the people are to be congratulated for having no large city and no extremely rich people. We congratulate Chicago on getting rid of such a blatant calamity howler as "Coin," but it is too bad for a state with the push and vigor of Arkansas to have a man take refuge within her borders who delights in the fact that the state has made no more progress than she has and who will, on first opportunity, sieze the young elephant of progress in Ark. by the tail and go to squalling woa.

The flag is not to be pulled down in the Philippines. The power of this republic is not to be prostrated before a Tagal brigand.

The sun is not to set on American soil. The work that Dewey did is not to be in vain.

The laborer is to have his honest hire. The employer is to keep his honest profit.

Vested rights are still safe under the constitution of the United States. The nightmare of lawless confiscation has been banished from the face of politics.

The honor, the prestige, the prosperity, and the contentment that have been our possessions for four years are to remain with us.

And the flag is still there—the flag is still there.—Inter Ocean.