

## THE YELLOW-JACKET.

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY.

R. DON LAWS, Editor & Proprietor.

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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.**

### TO OUR READERS.

Well, boys, young and old, one and all, we want to ask you to read over this number of the Yellow Jacket, from a to zard, and then ask yourselves if you don't think such a paper, every two weeks, is worth 50 cents a year to every republican from Maine to Mexico who loves the teachings of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and McKinley and who believes in calling a spade a spade at all times. If you think it is worth the price asked, then we would be very grateful to you if you will take this paper with you when you go to the store, shop, or mill and show it to all your republican friends who do not take it. If you are a republican of the true faith we know you can't object to doing this much in the interest of a paper that has been faithfully battling for your rights from the time it was founded in those dark days of poverty, rags and free soup in 1895. You can do more for republicanism and the interest of the Yellow Jacket by showing the paper to all your friends than we can do by sending out a million sample copies promiscuously.

It sometimes happens that you will find men professing to be republicans who take nothing but democratic papers. Such men are on the broad road to political ruin. Don't let them go this way if you can help it. Put the Y. J. in their hands. It will help them to see things as they are. You know the average democrat would see us almost at the devil before he would take our papers to the exclusion of democratic sheets.

The fact that the election is over and that the republican party has won a signal victory over democracy is no reason why you should not want to help encourage the circulation of the Yellow Jacket. We will want to win again, and the best time to prepare for war is in time of peace. Of course the democrats are about dead for the present but they haven't found it out yet, so they will continue to kick up a great deal of sand during the next four years. Especially will the mud guns of the democratic press be very aggressive in their efforts to malign the policies of our President. Already they are at work. The Y. J. will pay its respect to these and all other fakes, frauds and humbugs in its own peculiar style.

We have adopted this bi-weekly form of the Y. J. in order to give us time in which to thoroughly prepare each article for print and with a view of making this bi-weekly the ideal of republican papers in the South land.

We hope that every reader of this article may feel interest enough in the cause of republicanism to comply with the above suggestion, by devoting a few spare moments in introducing the Y. J. to your republican friends who never saw the paper. Let us not neglect our party papers now that a great victory has been won. Truly and indeed all seems well to-day, but remember we must keep our signal lights a-burning, and look ahead for the political dangers that lurk in forgetfulness and carelessness. Let us not turn back for an instant. It is not enough to be awake; we must keep awake. It is not enough to look ahead; we must go ahead and keep ahead.

Remember the Yellow Jacket is not a local paper, nor the organ of any district or section, but circulates in every country where the stars and stripes float and is always republican and always American.

## Kentucky Version of Little Boy Blue.

(Parody.)

The republican ballots are covered in dust  
As uncounted in boxes they stay;  
The Goebblers are counting out Yerkes and Moss  
And counting in Beckham and Rhea.  
Though this Goebel law is not very new,  
There were times when elections were fair,  
But this was before our little Boy Blue  
Ever tho't of the Governor's Chair.

"Now count me in quick," to his machine men he said,  
"And be careful don't make too much noise."  
And he toddled off to his trundle bed  
To dream of his stolen joys.  
And while he is dreaming, the National Song  
Awakens our Little Boy Blue;  
But what does he care for the Nation,  
So long  
As his friends at the counting prove true?

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place;  
And they oil the wheels of this perjured band  
While a demon smile lights each face,  
And they chuckle while counting the long hours through—  
Not caring to work very fast,  
For well they know that Little Boy Blue  
Doesn't want the votes counted as cast.

But the words of bold Teddy yet thrill us with hope,  
For his deeds and his words must agree,  
And Beckham will reach the end of his rope  
Ere much more corruption we see.  
Little Boy Blue lacks courage and dash,  
Though he has quite a cute baby face,  
But the voters refuse to let trundle bed trash  
Fill Hon. John Yerkes's high place.

Now kind Jody Blackburn of oration fame,  
Go encourage your Little Boy Blue,  
Take nurse Jen McCrary, the precious old dame,  
Take South Trimble and Jack Chinn along too.  
And, Jody, pray keep your orations on tap,  
For your crowd may have trouble, you bet!  
The Eleventh District is yet on the map  
In spite of your dynamite threat.  
C. F. S.

## THE DEVIL'S LETTER.

Hades, Dec 1, 1900.  
To the various wire workers and schemers of the democratic party in the United States, Dear Boys:—I want to know if you can inform me as to what it was that struck us on the 6th of last month. It just beats anything that's happened since I've been in the brimstone business. I haven't a single enterprise, foreign or domestic, that didn't receive more or less damage by the landslide. In fact I will tell you, confidentially, boys, hell's just about busted at this writing. Ever since last July I've been working day and night building new furnaces and getting ready for the big rush of victims that I expected would set in the very day that the announcement of Bryan's election was flashed over the wires in the U. S., and now here I have half a million new furnaces which are as worthless to me as a commentary on political honesty would be to a Goebel democrat. You see I know what policies would be carried out if Bryan had won, and had anticipated their results about as follows: From the result of the panic that would have followed Bryan's election I figured on getting one hundred thousand recruits, because you know patriotism and religion stand mighty little show during the prevalence of a national panic. Holy is the man who can steadfastly fix his eyes on heavenly things and march serenely on while, on every side, he sees all the cherished institution of the land sustaining more or less damage through the influence of a panic. Not only holy are such men, but they are mighty scarce. As a result of the repeal of the Dingley Tariff nearly half the mills and factories in your country would have shut down, throwing a half million hands out of employment, and forcing them to become tramps, vagrants and beggars.

Here I expected a good scoop. The most favorable condition to catch people in order to get them to sell their souls to me is to strike them when they are hungry. The hungrier the better. That's why I had such a thriving business when the democratic party was running the U. S. from 1893 to 1897. That period will go down in history as one in which the deficit in the stomachs of the people and that in the national Treasury exceeded those of any other time since governments have been established among men. And I again want to thank you for those deficits.

Boys, when I contrast those booming times I had under Cleveland with the dismal little squad of recruits I'm getting under McKinley it almost tempts me to blow out and quit. There is the Philippines, which, under Bryan's election, would have been one of the juiciest plums on the whole tree. Bryan would have turned over the entire Philippine shebang to Aguinaldo and Aggie is just the kind of a fellow that would have sent the whole archipelago to perdition. Being a traitor himself he would have always kept his people as ignorant as possible to prevent their throwing him overboard, and this would have meant superstition, idolatry and devilment in general—the very things I desire. But instead of this, McKinley favors catching Aguinaldo and spanking him till he respects the U. S. flag and then giving those Pills to understand that they've got to use soap on their dirty hides, learn their A. B. C's in English, wear some calico instead of wearing nothing but a tooth brush and a grin, and you all know these things will work to my disadvantage among those heathen. There's Japan as an example. Before she admitted electricity, railroads and other great factories of civilization, I did a thriving business with her. Now it is so seldom that I get a Jap that I've forgot how one looks.

There are two classes of people that I can always depend upon with a certainty—they are the idle class of a civilized country and everybody in a heathen land. That's why I looked upon Bryan's election with so much concern. His policies would have favored both these conditions with respect to the U. S. and the Philippines.

But, boys, we must learn to adapt ourselves to circumstances. While we can't expect much to come our way from the national government, let us keep our hooks on the destinies of the people in the Southern States. There's the niggers, who will make up for our loss of the Fills. By disfranchising the niggers like the democrats have done in North Carolina and elsewhere, they soon will lose both interest and respect for the government and this will naturally cause them to drift off into dissipation and crime and then they come to me. Can't you see how it works?

Just happened to think about it—I received an invitation the other day from Bull Pen Simmons of North Carolina to come up there and head a Red Shirt parade at the inauguration of Governor Aycock, but my sense of moral dignity and usual inclination for appearing only in respectable society compels me to decline the invitation to lead a parade of North Carolina Red Shirts. I shall go fishing on that day.

But I am getting lengthy, so I shall have to bring my letter to a close. There are several things I wanted to mention but space forbids this time. When I recover a little more from the effects of that McKinley landslide I'll tell you what I think caused it. You see we can write most any old time as there isn't going to be hardly anything else to do, except lay a few local plans and ridicule the administration. However let us profit by our defeat by searching out our weak places and getting ready to make a sweep the next opportunity that offers.

Hoping that Bryanism, Tillmanism, Altgeldism, Goebelism and Clevelandism will all get together and bury all differences and join hands and hearts for 1904, I remain, "A little disfigured, But still in the ring."

SATAN DEVIL.

## WANTED—

Several thousand more agents to take subscriptions to the Yellow Jacket. Good commission. Won't interfere with your other business. Send 2 ct. stamp for Agent's outfit. There's money in it for you, boys.

## ONE YEAR FREE.

Here is an offer that should interest each and every subscriber to the Yellow Jacket. We desire to treble our present circulation within the next few weeks, and in order to help do this we make the following very liberal offer to every person who is now, or ever has been, a subscriber to this paper. If you are now a subscriber, secure us two 12-month subscriptions at 50 cts. each and we will mark your time up one year from the date your subscription expires, or if your subscription is out send us the two subscriptions and we will send you the paper one year free. In either case you will receive the Yellow Jacket 12 months for the small trouble of getting the two subscriptions. This is the most liberal offer we ever made, and we hope every subscriber, new and old, will take advantage of it. This offer holds good till the first of Feb. 1901. Who will be the first to take advantage of it?

Bryan is said to be making money out of his defeat by explaining it—at space rates.

Republicanism has come to stay. It is endorsed to-day by more people than ever before.

Those republican policies continue to pile the revenues up high and let the democratic editors down hard.

Not being able to detect any serious flaw in the President's message the critics are harping because of its length.

Senator Pettigrew is not altogether satisfied with the obvious determination of both parties to let him flock by himself.

Here is the history of the democratic party in six words: "Founded by Jefferson, founded by Bryan."

Some men are still such rabid Bryanites that they wouldn't accept prosperity if you were to dump a car load at their door free gratis.

Connecticut was too haughty to accept one of the powerful new coast defense monitors as a namesake, but Nevada took it thankfully. It is just about Nevada's size, you know.

You are missing a regular political campmeeting every issue if you are not a reader of the Yellow Jacket. It makes the fur fly in every direction 26 times in a year for 50 cents.

If it should happen that there was to be too many democratic babies to name them all Bryan their daddies might supply the deficiency by naming a few Aguinaldo.

"Our dead are buried along the sands of Luzon, and on its soil no foreign flag shall ever salute the dawn. Our way is new, but it is not dark. We seek only to lift up men to better things: to bless and not to destroy."

It's enough to induce outbursts of laughter from a blind horse to hear such papers as the New York World insinuating that the republicans are about to create a deficit in the National Treasury by excessive appropriations.

The governor of West Virginia put three verses of poetry in his Thanksgiving proclamation and got them printed in the state papers. Here is a chance for poets to get their efforts published. Let them just become governors.

There are about three kinds of republicans in the party. For instance there is the republican who neither says nor does much: the one who does but little and says much about it and the one who does much and says but little about it. Reader, where do you stand?

You can't tell what a woman will do. A Wyoming candidate for Congress declared that the woman vote was easy to get, easy to keep and easy to manipulate. The women turned out on election day and now the much discomfited ex-candidate is wondering what struck him.

Seven and a half million letters went to the dead letter office last year, an increase of over ten per cent over the preceding year. Americans must be getting very absent minded in their correspondence or else all the fools in the whole country have turned loose to writing letters.

The Chicago Tribune has figured out that Bryan ran behind the party's candidates for governor in Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Kansas, Michigan, New York and nearly all of the Southern States. Perhaps this was caused by old man Adlai's being on the ticket. He is said to be afflicted with a chronic case of "running behind."

"Expand and expend," says a democratic paper, "is the policy of our government." We'd like to know what is inconsistent about that. A business that don't expand isn't worth a tinker's dam, and one that expends without expanding is going down hill and a thing that expands without expending is nothing but a stump-sucker.

The outlook is not so favorable to man being the ascendant animal. According to the Denver Post, a learned German professor claims to have made the discovery that man existed on earth before the monkey appeared. It may yet be discovered that the monkey is the connecting link between the original man and the present day dude.

If any of our readers contemplate buying an organ we advise them to write to Cash Buyer's Union for their catalog. We have one of their Kenwood Parlor Organs and pronounce it a dandy. They sell pianos, organs, violins, banjos, cameras, graphophones, etc., etc. See their ad, elsewhere. This is no paid puff.

"The young woman," says the New York Press, "who pays an election bet by riding a wild bull has appeared. This is the strenuous feminine life with a vengeance. In all the comment there seems to be no note of pity or sympathy for the unfortunate animal. In these days of progress such inhumanity is disheartening."

The assurance of a 30 million dollar reduction in war taxes at an early date punches another big hole in the democratic schooner below the water line. During the campaign Bryan, Altgeld, Tillman, Pettigrew, Croker & Co. pointed to the war tax as one of the twin brothers of "imperialism" that was to remain indefinitely.

Mary Ellen Lease, the erstwhile petticoat populist politician of Kansas has carried politics so far that she has now applied for a divorce from her husband, on the grounds of non support. Old man Lease, it is said, will not contest. We don't blame him. A woman that will forsake home and all its pleasures and sweetness and go tearing over the country making political speeches to crowds of wild-eyed calamity howlers has no more business with a husband than a pole cat has with a bottle of Hoyt's cologne.

You might as well expect to fatten a fan mill by running oats thru it, or choke a hungry hound on fresh butter as to expect the democrats to approve anything the republicans may do in Congress. The New York World is about to yank off its gallus buttons kicking up because it regards the proposed reduction of taxation unjust on the grounds that it will not reduce duties on "wool, tin plate, iron, steel, etc." The past two elections have demonstrated that the people have no more use for the "free wool" doctrine than a one-eyed herring has for a map of the New Jerusalem, however one would achieve as much success in trying to melt the moon by shooting firecrackers at her as in trying to divorce a free trader from his idols.