

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY.

B. DON LAWS, Editor & Proprietor.

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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.

EDITORIAL.

The army canteen must now take water.

Is a baby intoxicated when it is full of high bawls?

One can't tell by the scent whether free silver is dead or not, for it always smelt fishy.

Put Bryanism in a pipe and smoke it and you can see the picture of Aguinaldo in every puff.

The democratic party may continue to be called the 16 to 1 party as long as it tells 16 lies to 1 truth.

If you want to make a Bryanite mad just insist that the money question is the paramount issue.

According to the democratic theory the Tariff is the mother of trusts over in Free-Trade England.

There were not quite so many trusts when the democrats were in power, but how about the soup houses?

"Why, oh! why, should I have lost my grip just when everybody else was getting ready to get his?" — W. J. Bryan.

The assertion that salt is the true elixir of life should be taken with several grains of that useful article.

It really looks as if the Boer struggle might keep Kitchener and Kipling both busy until the end of the century.

It is said to be a poor rule that won't work both ways. This explains why democratic "rule" works only downhill.

The railroads can solve the problem of our transportation until salt water is reached, but on the ocean we are outdone by every nation.

The man who finds comfort in belonging to the so-called democratic party could dine on a basket of dry thistles and swear they taste good.

Mr. Bryan is surely crazy. It don't look like a sane man would start a paper in the midst of these ruinous gold standard times and just before the fall of the republic.

The United States as a whole, are largely republican, yet some of the states still insist on carrying the corn in one end of the sack and a rock in the other.

Bryan is trying to work out the democratic problem by the cancellation process and it looks very much like when he gets done there will be neither numerator or denominator left.

Hokeypokey Smith says free silver is dead in the South. Maybe not. Perhaps the old lady has been coaxed off to bed while White Supremacy cuts a few fantastic capers before high heaven.

I. S. Crow, of Hytop, Ala., wants to know if we will publish letters from subscribers. Certainly. But make them short; write on subjects of general interest and let us know who you are.

Abdul seems so pleased with his warship method of settling that he is trying it on all the other European powers. Its chief advantage seems to be that it enables him to pay old debts by contracting new ones.

In his speech at Chicago the other day Mr. Bryan said the unexpected increase in gold was what brought about good times. Just a few weeks ago Mr. Bryan also said we had no prosperity. Billy, for your own sake take a pill.

Regardless of the fact that the administration has notified Congress of the pressing need of men to preserve the flag in the Philippines from sinking to the level of the British banner in South Africa, the democratic senators talk, talk, talk, and refuse to permit anything to be done.

The airship age is coming. Possibly among other things it may bring us the sign "Don't fly over the grass" in our parks.

Mr. Pettigrew should be suppressed before he begins to attack the glorious record of Mr. James Creelman in taking El Caney singlehanded.

Chandler has been defeated for reelection to the Senate. Peace be to his ashes. There were few brainer men than he in the upper house—and few crankier ones.

Few people realize how much Uncle Sam benefits by the enormous transaction in Wall Street nowadays. The daily income from the stamp taxes on sales of stock averages some \$40,000.

It has often been asserted that the British had no saving sense of humor, and the enthusiasm of the reception to Lord Roberts in the existing state of affairs goes far to prove it.

Senator Tillman says that he and Bryan are the hottest sort of friends, and that the story that they are at loggerheads is a fake. Another hope gone for the regeneration of the democracy!

It is wonderful how the little ones come to absorb this new democratic doctrine. For instance it is said that some school children now insist that they should not be governed without their consent.

Bryanism and Clevelandism represent the two extremes of present-day democracy and both have wandered so far from the original doctrine that neither would recognize Jeffersonism if they were to meet it in the road.

A pretty good start at suppressing hazing at West Point would be made if the officers in charge there were stood along in a row and each had his mouth squirted full of tobacco sauce and such red hot stuff as was forced into the mouth of cadet Booz.

The papers have been printing long lists of people who claim to have seen three centuries. The fact of the matter is that many of these old folks deceive themselves. The census figures show that there are only 3,000 centenarians in the United States at present.

Democratic Farmer: "I'd like to know where the prosperity you republican promised comes in; five years ago I could get all the help I wanted for 3 cents a day, and now I can't get hand for a dollar and board. You've got this country into a devil of a fix."

They do things quickly in Oklahoma. A bachelor from that land of swift people started for Joplin, Mo. With a load of peanuts. On the way he met a widow with seven children, fell in love with her, married her the next day and hauled back a wagon load of family.

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.

and of the desperate case, and is governed by the Noun Bill Goebel and W. J. Bryan. According to the Puritan rule one ignoramus governs another."

The Mt. Olive Advertiser has discovered a reason for "our hard times" in the South as it calls them, without laying the blame on old man Hanna. Some of its reasons are as follows: We let our timber rot and buy fencing. We throw our ashes and grease away and buy soap. We raise yellow dogs and buy hogs. We let our manure go to waste and buy commercial fertilizer on tick. We send our boys out with a \$40 gun and a \$10 dog to hunt five-cent birds. We oppose every plan to up-build our town and then wonder why we do not prosper.

Wages of rail road workers are now \$2.50 a day and board, thruout the west—double what this form of labor has commanded in past years. On top of this employment agencies are having to send to the eastern States to secure men to work on the tracks in Wyoming, Nebraska and Utah. In the midst of such conditions it seems like Bryan would be tempted to drop the Commoner and take to the woods.

The New England Free-Trade League desires to furnish Republican papers a series of articles which it says will demonstrate that Protection is responsible for the formation of trusts in the United States. To hades with your "demonstrations." If you want to "demonstrate" something real bad suppose you demonstrate how the Standard Oil trust, or rubber trust or American ice trust were benefitted by Protection with coal oil, rubber and ice on the free list. Show up or shut up.

For December, 1900, the total receipts of the United States were \$46,846,508, an increase as compared with December, 1899, of \$87,404. The expenditures for the month were \$40,204,622, which leaves a surplus for the month of \$6,641,886. During the last six months the receipts amounted to \$291,841,861, as against \$284,793,494 for the corresponding period last year. The expenditures during the last six months aggregated \$273,094,155, as against \$263,766,560 for the corresponding period in 1899.

Ever and anon we receive letters from subscribers in certain localities complaining that they don't receive every issue of the Yellow Jacket and asking us to look after the matter. This trouble undoubtedly rests with some P. M. or postal clerk in or near the locality from whence these complaints come. We know the fault is not in our office. Every issue is out on time and mailed promptly. The wrappers for each issue are made out from our subscription books by a clerk whose business it is to attend to that matter, and then the papers are made up by states in separate bags. We want every one who pays for the Yellow Jacket to get it. It is to our interest to help see to it that he does. Uncle Sam recognizes the Y. J. and admits it into his mails at pound rates and if there be in his employ any P. M. or postal clerk who is throwing it out he should be kicked out in short order and punished besides. We ask that each one of our subscribers, who is continually missing his paper, make out a statement of the same and forward it to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, Division of Post Office Inspector and Mail Depredation, Washington, D. C. By so doing we believe the source of the trouble can be located and consequently removed.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Here it is at last. If you would have old things made new, would see the gray hairs and wrinkles of age obliterated, the traces of sorrow removed, the dark places of life made radiant with light, and would see the drug stores of creation converted into dry goods emporiums and the whole medical fraternity transformed into a tottering monument of a lost and useless science, then go to laughing. Laugh all over. Get everybody else to laughing. Tickle the baby. Laugh when you get up in the morning. Laugh when you go to bed. Laugh by day, laugh by night. If you don't feel benefitted by the experiment charge the cost of the remedy to the account of Rev. Frank Crane, who recently set forth the following epigrams at a wholesale druggists' association in Chicago:

Man is the only animal that was made to laugh, and as science teaches that a laugh is a sure boon to health, it is a sin for us to substitute excessive drug-taking for laughter.

Laughter increases the blood circulation.

It enlarges the heart.

It expands the lungs.

It jiggers the diaphragm.

It promises the dioculation of the spleen.

I once knew a man who laughed so much that when he died they had to cut his liver out and kill it with a club.

Beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth—they are not altogether humane.

Keep your chin up.

Don't take your troubles to bed with you—hang them on a chair with your trousers or drop them in a glass of water with your teeth.