

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY.

E. DON LAWS, Editor & Proprietor.

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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.

Editor Bryan has gone into effect.

We wonder whether the Commoner can live up to its press notices?

The Commoner is two weeks old and we have had no earthquake yet.

The Goebel election law of Kentucky is a sample of Bryanism in full bloom.

The democratic watchword seems to be "give the rank and file a chance."

Is it an anti-Vice crusade that is going on in the mountains of Colorado?

Now the W. C. T. U. wants men taught to knit in order to break them of smoking. Nit!

That couple that was married by telephone may certainly be expected to have a hello of a time.

In one respect this will be a better year than 1900. Bryan will not be nominated at Kansas City this year.

The democratic party seems to need leaders in both branches of Congress as badly as it does everywhere else.

The next battle will be fought between Bryan and the democrats. The battle is now on. Watch the fur fly.

Our exports are forty times as great as they were one hundred years ago while our imports are only ten times greater.

Kidnaping has been made a capital crime in Missouri, but how about a law in that state to punish men for stealing votes?

A western man has named his pet bear William Jennings Bryan because he says it is so hard to let go of him when he gets you in his hug.

The gist of Mr. Bryan's speech at the Lincoln Club banquet was: "My principles—may they always be right; but right or wrong, my principles."

It is strange that the democrats will spend so much time chasing ghosts and hobgoblins when the woods are full of game worth following.

Even the worst of us have some friends who are not frightened away by protests. Pettigrew got 13 votes in the South Dakota legislature.

A news dispatch from Washington says that Admiral Dewey now takes long walks by himself. Has love's young dream faded so soon?

"Mrs. Nation has been doing a smashing business, out west and has actually turned away business on several occasions." Theatrical note.

There are three sorts of people in the world nowadays; those that have the grip, those that have had it, and those that expect to have it.

Why doesn't Oom Paul come over and secure the services of Mrs. Nation. At least, they could not be less valuable than those of Webster Davis.

Oom Paul has had his eyes operated on and Lord Salisbury is now hoping that the old man will be able to see the error of his ways.

Jim Weaver of Iowa who is wet nurse for every new populist monster that comes into the world, will no doubt be a contributor to Bryan's Commoner.

One of the wonders of the 20th century is the fact that Bryan got out the first issue of the Commoner without mentioning the heaven-born ratio, 16 to 1.

If Jefferson and Jackson had as many kinds of births as the democrats have ways of celebrating these events, they must have had, as the Texas fellow would say, "a devil of a time a-bornin'."

ONE YEAR FREE.

So many of our subscribers accepted the offer to send three copies of the Yellow Jacket one year for one dollar that we have decided to extend the offer for a few weeks. So if you are now a subscriber, send us two new subs. at 50 cts. each and we will mark your time up one year from the date your present subscription expires. This is an easy way to pay for the Yellow Jacket. We hope every person who is now a subscriber will take advantage of this offer. Go out among your friends and hustle up the two subs. and send them in at once. The more subscriptions you send us, the better we will be enabled to improve the Y. J. Now is the best time of the year to get the subs. Put your shoulder to the wheel, boys and let's cover the entire field and several acres of the ocean with Yellow Jackets.

Dispatches in regard to the Vice President's prowess in Colorado bears a suspicious resemblance to some that came from Shanghai during the late unpleasantness.

We really wonder in what direction the spirit of feminine unrest will break out next. Mrs. Nation's escapades are merely part of this general feeling for revolt.

A Chicago woman wants to rent a haunted house. Anyone having a line of that sort of goods on hand, can dispose of same by applying to her. No triflers.

Bryan contends that reorganizing is an internal remedy. Now if he can't manage those stubborn democrats any other way he might make a hit by trying tobasco sauce on them.

Talk about harmony in the democratic party! Senator Tillman has just been boasting of how he tore up the Clevelandites at the Nebraska banquet. These harmonizing proceedings suggest a buzzsaw.

The republican party made this country the most prosperous on earth and it is perfectly willing to accept the responsibility of Congressional appropriation in keeping with the general progress of the country.

Without being personal it may be remarked that there seems to be something about aspiration to the United States Senate that develops dog-in-the-manger qualities in men never previously suspected of them.

As the country has endorsed the republican idea that a growing country needs growing appropriations, the wailing in some quarters about the amount of money appropriated by this Congress will not cut much ice.

Uncle Sam started business for the new century with an available cash balance of more than \$143,000,000, exclusive of the 150,000,000 gold reserve. That does pretty well for the "empire" doesn't it?

The Commoner says that victory has made the republican party so arrogant that its intolerance is likely to swell the ranks of the opposition. Certainly, Col. did not you notice how the democratic ranks were "swelled" last November?

Mr. Bryan has a good deal to say about the terrible time we will have "when the gold standard is complete." He sees the devil just ahead. The evils Mr. Bryan sees in republican laws are like the good things promised by the democratic party, they are away off in the future.

Col. Bryan declares the democratic party is in splendid fighting trim. Is the man dishonest or is he just insane? The democratic party was buried last November and Mr. Bryan was chief mourner. There are some democrats however who insist that the party was only crippled, and that it was Bryan's funeral we all witnessed.

If Hon. Grover Cleveland would take something to aid his digestion, perhaps the national outlook would not appear quite so gloomy to him.

Venezuela seems disposed to court the humiliation that several of her neighbors have met within the past for getting too cocky with Uncle Sam.

The election of Joe Bailey to the United States Senate from Texas went off so smoothly that it has been hinted that the oil trust down there had everything greased for the occasion.

The death of a good woman, wether she wore the crown of royalty or the crown of love, touches all mankind. The world weeps with England in memory of Victoria, the good queen.

In other empires they hang statesmen who pass resolutions of sympathy with rebels in arms. In this empire of ours there is an unwritten law which forbids the hanging of fools and idiots, therefore they are permitted to "resoloot" at will.—Ark. State Republican.

The Senate tax reduction bill differs so widely from the House bill that comparison is practically impossible. It may be said, however, that the Senate diffuses lesser reductions among a larger number of measures than the House does. Neither bill is altogether satisfactory.

The appropriations for this Congress will amount to nearly if not quite a billion and a half. Well, what of it? We have the money; we need it to maintain our position in the world, and we propose to spend it for that and other purposes. This is a billion and a half country nowadays.

Editor Bryan says the Krag-Jorgensen and Lee-Metford attachments of civilization seem to be running hot in their bearings. It's no wonder, Billy. The friction you and Altgeld, Tillman, Pettigrew & Co. are furnishing is enough to make the bearings of these attachments hotter than the hinges of hades.

It is now believed that the President has made up his mind to an extra session. Certainly it does seem that one will be a necessity, if for nothing else, in order to take action in regard to the Philippines as soon as the Supreme Court shall have affirmed their status with respect to the rest of the country.

It is said that men never forgive those whom they injure but hate them and hound them through life if possible. The truth of the observation is demonstrated by the malevolent malice displayed by Governor Beckham toward Governor Taylor whose stolen office with its honors and emoluments Beckham appropriated.

The report of the Taft commission, transmitted to Congress by the President, announces that the rebellion in the Philippines is practically at an end. Ever since the defeat of Bryan became known over there, the rebellion has been disintegrating and the Commission now thinks that it is time for civil government to be definitely established by act of Congress.

"It may be that they call them 'infant industries' because the people never seem to grow old enough to take notice of how nicely they are being plucked,"—Commoner. However slow the people are to learn things, there is one thing certain, Billy. They will not forget during the next 25 years of how they were "plucked" by the tariff law the dems gave the people the last time they had a chance. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

"Well, I never knew that before," exclaimed 5 year-old Elsie, who was studying her Sunday school lesson.

"Never knew what, dear?" queried her mother.

"That David was a republican," answered the little student.

"What put that idea into your head?" asked the mother.

"Why, replied Elsie, 'It says here, David pleaded for protection, so he must have been a republican. I wonder if there is any thing about democrats in the bible, mamma?'"

Dave Hill may well consider himself "between the devil and the deep sea," with fool-friends telling him he ought to be President and the Chinese Minister telling him he ought to be married.

There are several other men who feel quite as badly over this poor country as Mr. Cleveland does, but they will not mingle their tears with his. He always does his weeping on a pedestal too high to be reached by other men.

Sixty-three years as queen and never guilty of an unpopular public act or an unwomanly private act, is the proud record of Victoria. It stands alone and will stand alone in the royal annals of the world. Victoria's are not born in every century.

The River and Harbor bill, as it passed the House, provides for a survey of Salt River from its mouth to Shepherdsville, Ky. Is this an effort to locate the political party that went up that river last November?

Postmaster General Smith is a strong advocate of the Ship subsidy bill, because his official duties have shown him that foreign governments are far more liberal than ours in making their postal service contributory to the upbuilding of a merchant marine.

The usual lot of twaddle about the River and Harbor bill is being printed in the usual papers. There has probably never been a River and Harbor bill that did not appropriate some money for something that did not really deserve a public appropriation, but on the whole no public money spent does more good to the whole country.

The Commoner says that the time will come when the causes set forth in the Kansas City platform will be vindicated by a majority of the people. That prophecy is about as par with the one Mr. Bryan made in '95 to the effect that if McKinley was elected the country was ruined, that wheat and corn and all other farm products would depreciate in value. Just reverse his prophecies and Bryan is a first class prognosticator.

Voluntary reform is always better than compulsory reform. We are glad that the West Point cadets unanimously adopted an antihazing resolution before the Congressional committee made its report. Perhaps many of these young men never realized the brutality of their practices until they saw them described in cold type. By the way, cold type is about the most powerful agent of reform we have.

The change in our commerce with the world in the short period of ten years is the most remarkable ever experienced by any country. According to official figures, our imports increased less than 1 per cent during that period, having been \$823,397,726 in 1890, and \$829,052,116 in 1900, while during the same period our exports increased 72.4 per cent, having been \$857,502,548 in 1890 and \$1,478,050,854 in 1900.

We have always been compelled to believe that the plain plug of a man is the happiest man in the world after all. His pants may bag at the knees and he may not be acquainted with the latest style of chin whiskers; he may not hold down a throne or the presidency of a railroad; he may not know the thrilling joy of having a brand of socks named in his honor; but as he potters along through life he gets about as much satisfaction and calm out of it as his more distinguished friend. He knows that there is no crank hanging around the corner to shoot a hole through his anatomy or bury a cheese knife up to hilt in his person. He knows when he sits down to his frugal meal that he can eat his pie with his knife with perfect impunity, for there is no danger of its having been spiked with rough on rats. No doubt it is lots of fun to be hailed whenever you step out on your porch and to have yourself continually misquoted in the newspapers, and to know as you hang your crown for the night and crawl into your luxurious couch, that the police force is standing out in your back yard to keep the admiring public from throwing bricks through your window, but notwithstanding all these ardent joys, the common everyday chap who wears a hickory shirt and a hat that is eight years old, gets the most pleasure out of life in the long run.