

VOL. VII.

MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1901.

NO. 11.

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY.

E. DON LAWS, Editor & Proprietor.

ONE YEAR..... 50¢
SIX MONTHS..... 25¢

CASH ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

NOTICE THIS:

Postage Stamps are not wanted on subscriptions.

Make remittances by draft, check, Express Order, registered letter or Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

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.Entered at Moravian Falls, N. C., as
Second Class Mail Matter.

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 Southland.

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.

COMMENTS.

Now, will Wall Street be good, for awhile?

The Beaumont gusher seems to be oil right.

If Missouri, too, succeeds in striking oil it will be oil right.

Some "White mens' burden" wouldn't be so heavy if it were not in liquid form.

Because a man is a lion in society he should not possess beastly manners.

There is still some opposition to the government, in the Philippines—and Missouri.

The Standard Oil octopus should adopt for its motto, "Oils Well that Ends Well."

Clothes do not make the man, but they have a great deal to do with the making of a woman.

Wonder if Admiral Dewey did not take that mortgage on the Omaha bakery just to give to his wife?

The "bulls" are tossing everything sky high now, but the "bears" will have their inning later on.

The biggest thing in the first decade of the twentieth century will be the World's Fair, at St. Louis, in 1903.

Dr. Funston's prescription seems to have had a more beneficial effect on Aguinaldo than that of Dr. Bryan.

That wild scene of commercial cannibalism in Wall Street had no effect whatever on our potato patch.

The President is gaining notoriety by demonstrating his ability to make a short speech fit a long occasion.

There is no record of Aguinaldo expressing a desire for "Dr. Bryan" to continue his prescriptions.

Perhaps the reason a cat is said to have nine lives is because most cats live nine times as long as they ought to.

Mr. Bryan manages to keep one foot on the Kansas City platform, although the other seems to be in his political grave.

Usually when Wall Street goes crazy the country has to foot the bills, but this time the fellows that danced have to pay the fiddler.

If Trans-continental railroad stock gets too frisky it ought to be belted over the head with the Nicaragua Canal.

It is reported that Dakota has had a "rain of black ink." Can it be possible that Pettigrew's gall has exploded? God forbid.

If J. Pierrepont Morgan wants to move Great Britain over here to be used as a sort of a summer garden we have no objection.

Mr. Phillips should be warned by the experience of Joe Leiter, and gather his corn crop before it reaches the roasting ear stage.

"The Powers" of this "old world of ours" are in debt to the extent of thirty billion dollars, and it looks like they want China to pay the most of it.

William Jawsmith Bryan might learn a lesson from the fact that President McKinley never found any "enemy's country" on his southern tour.

Quite a number of distinguished Democratic leaders seem to think that the best way to down the octopus is to go into partnership with it.

Uncle Russell gave Wall Street some Sage advice but it wouldn't heed it, so your Uncle Russell proceeded to scoop in a million or two while it was handy.

Canada announces that one-third of her area is still unexplored and unknown. Can it be possible that this is a bid for bank cashiers to emigrate there?

Rhode Island has discovered a gold mine within her borders and the next thing in order is for her people to move out of the state to make room for the dump pile.

Some curious crank has reared up on his hind feet and asked, "What does the Democratic party stand for?" We suppose because it is tired of running for nothing.

A democratic paper says Bryan has again declined the Presidency. We would simply like to know when Mr. Bryan ever got a chance to decline the Presidency?

Senator Vest, of Missouri, says his choice for President in 1904 is Gorman, of Maryland. Missouri had better pull down her Vest before any more such fool talk as this is indulged in.

The Commoner claims not to be worried by the crowds that have welcomed the President. "Why," thinks the peerless, "even larger crowds welcomed me. And see the result."

A French journalist says he will die with his pen in his hand. Probably he is right. You can bet your bottom dollar that he will not die with a duelling sword in his hand.

If Mr. Bryan succeeds in lassoing "Teddy" Roosevelt, he would better look well to his saddle, for the political force of the "Rough Rider" is equal to the impact of a dozen Texas steers.

The democratic party with Bryanism eliminated would very much resemble a rattle snake with its rattles pulled off, it would still be able to inflict a dangerous wound but couldn't make much fuss about it.

Bryan says the sunny south is showing strong inclinations to break away from democracy and expresses the belief that it will result disastrously. Indeed it will for Bryanism. That is what it was intended to do.

What the democratic party is really suffering with is a form of appendicitis. It may be fatal to excise the vermiform appendix of Bryanism, but it will also be fatal not to do it. So there you are.

An exchange asks: What's the matter with the strawberries? Well, sir, we will just be razzeled if we know, but the opinion of some of the democrats is that strawberries and negroes have been ruined by cultivation.

It is said that Bryan wants to be governor and then senator from Nebraska, but having wanted greater things and missed them, it is not likely that the inclinations will cause him any serious trouble even if he fails to realize them.

Up in Buffalo, near the Pan-American Exposition grounds, they have a hotel that has nine acres of floor space, with a dining room that will seat 5000 persons. Last week they had one guest and at last accounts were looking for another.

Senators Harris, of Kansas, calls Dave Hill and other Eastern advisers of the democratic party international mischief makers. Poor old democratic party. What a disorganized and demoralized lump of discumfuddled nonentity it is. Such is life. Selah.

In England the government owns the telegraph lines, and its losses since assuming that ownership amount to \$55,000,000; the present annual loss being \$3,000,000. This fact is not expected to warm the cockles of Bryan's heart.

The republican party has always believed and still believes that the first duty of a government is to protect its own citizens from foreign competition. The Cubans, in asking to share in the benefits of that protection, forget that they are not citizens of Uncle Sam. If the Cubans desire a good thing, they should make haste to get their heads under Uncle Sam's wing.

We hope him success in the undertaking, but Senator McLaurin is going to raise merry hades in attempting to revolutionize the politics of the south. The southern democrat is usually all bourbon, doubled and twisted, tied and turned, tangled and tacked.

The center of this country's population has been definitely fixed to be some where near Columbus, Indiana, but the governor of Kentucky is evidently trying to change it, by issuing requisitions for some of the erstwhile extinguished citizens of the Blue Grass State.

The concurrent opinion among many leading democrats is, that the Kansas City platform of last year is too frazzled at the edges to be of much use in the future. The hope is expressed, however, that enough planks can be got together to serve as a "laying out board" for Mr. Bryan.

The capture of Aguinaldo having thrown him out of a job, Edward Atkinson has shifted his mighty intellect from Aggie to the tariff and of course is making almost as ridiculous blunders with the latter as he did with the former. The trouble with Atkinson is that he does not know what he wants and he will never get it.

We notice there is a complaint in the lumber regions of a shortage of laboring men, and the farmers, too, are complaining of a scarcity of hands. It is strictly in order for some free silver democrat to explain what has become of that great army of unemployed. Cough 'er up, boys, and don't make such blamed ugly faces about it.

Out of one tree, over in Tennessee, a man got four cords of firewood, three gallons of honey and five raccoons. That's all right about the honey and raccoons, but a man must be crazy to cut a tree that bears such fruit as that, and work it up in firewood. A ten acre grove of such trees would be a small fortune.

Some man claims to have discovered the fact that all the coffee consumed in the United States can be produced in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. With Illinois to produce corn, Kentucky whiskey, and Kansas hell, we seem to be well established on a solid foundation for future prosperity—unless we miss Carrie.

Give the democrats an inch of advantage and they will take a mile. In Missouri they have 51 per cent. of the votes, but they have so arranged the Congressional apportionment that they get 94 per cent. of the State's Congressional representation. Verily, democracy means government of a ring, by a ring, for a ring. What are you doing to help break the ring?

And now comes Kansas with an injunction against Colorado for stealing the water from the Arkansas river. Since the Carrie Nation crusade set in Kansas is evidently becoming thirsty. The next thing we may expect to hear is Missouri suing Kansas for damage done by the cyclones she sends over there. Ever "bleeding Kansas." She has a hard time but she gets there just the same.

The democratic editor is a nimble animal. He formerly told us that "if you have a Protective Tariff, you could not sell to foreign countries." He now comes whining around and says: "The fact that we are selling so many manufactured goods abroad proves that we do not need a Protective Tariff." We don't see why some circus don't get hold of these contortionists and exhibit them for their wonderful feats.

A Missouri paper tells a good one about two married ladies who were comparing the smart tricks of their offsprings the other day. One said her little girl talked when she was a year old; another said her little boy could say "Papa and mamma" when he was only three months old. An old bachelor who was in the next room trying to read, then "chirped in" and said that wasn't anything wonderful. He read in the Bible that Job cursed the day he was born. That settled it, and the ladies adjourned.

Mr. Bryan is finding his right to boss the whole democratic shooting match questioned from every direction.

Everybody condemns the wild scramble for money and everybody scrambles for all the money he can get. That's human nature, as it was, as it is, and as it ever will be.

President McKinley is doubtless perfectly willing to accept Mrs. McKinley's recovery as a "miracle in answer to prayer," but he will not fail to give due credit to the physicians.

There is no law against Arthur Puke Gorman trying to get back into the United States Senate as well as trying to get the democratic Presidential nomination, but there is a formidable obstacle ahead of him—the will of the voters of Maryland.

We don't believe Bryan will ask for much in the next democratic convention—only ask to name the candidate and write the platform. We hope he will be able to make good these demands, for neither Bryan nor a Bryan-named candidate can by any possibility ever carry this country.

Now is the time for the Virginia republicans to buckle on their armor and begin their gubernatorial campaign with a determination to win. With a full vote and a fair count there is a good chance to make Virginia a republican state, but neither can be had without fighting for them.

Having had eight years trial and made two failures, it would seem to be up to Grover Cleveland to stop trying to tell how the country ought to be run. In his last attempt he found it necessary to issue 262 million dollars in bonds to keep the machinery going. The people are not caring to have any of Grover's ideas on government; they prefer present methods, under which bonds are redeemed and the public debt reduced, and a surplus kept in the Treasury.

The shirt waist man and the net waist girl go hand in hand to-day, and the people year after year keep on throwing their clothes away. The coat and vest we laid to rest and where is the fleecy shawl? And clothes get thinner and fewer—what will be the end of it all? Oh, what will the shirt waist man take next from things he has to wear? And what will the net waist girl throw off the shoulders now so bare? The shirt waist man and the net waist girl go rolicking down the way. Have we started a tread that is going to end in the old fig leaf some day?—Ex.

What is needed in this country is backbone. For papers to have the backbone to tell the truth and publish the news as it is. For the officers to have the backbone to enforce the laws. For young ladies to have the backbone to cut the acquaintance of those free and easy fellows who are not worth killing if some one were to furnish the club. For the preachers to have the backbone to preach the Gospel without the fear of treading on some rich contributor's toes. For the churches to have the backbone to open the doors of the church for some people to get out when they are taking others in, so as to avoid dry rot. For every man and woman to have backbone to be just what they pretend to be. For people to be honest and have the backbone to stay honest.

A writer comparing the local newspaper with the city papers, defending them against the ill-natured attacks of the latter, says: "Well! you may poke fun at the country weekly as you will, but I fail to see why the fact that a resident of Pumpkinville has bought the place of another resident of Pumpkinville and intends to move into it, may not be as well worth chronicling in the local paper of Pumpkinville as the fact that the dog of a famous actress died on the steamer is worth a two column picture and a half column description in the city dailies. Blamed if I can see much difference between a poodle dog editorial in a city paper and one about a big cabbage just laid on the desk of ye editor of a country weekly."