

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

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E. DON LAWS, Editor & Proprietor.

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THE YELLOW-JACKET,
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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 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.

The only thing the antis can do now is to declare the Supreme Court unconstitutional.

The courts have valued a man's leg at \$10,000. It wasn't Andrew Carnegie's, either.

Aggie is really coming to visit us. Boston will now make ready to receive him.

This time it wasn't Tillman's pitchfork, but his tongue, that got him into hot water and out of the Senate.

Both Tillman and McLaurin claim to be democrats, which raises the question, what is a democrat, nohow?

If Pennsylvania really wants to get rid of tramps it might try the Kansas plan of offering them work.

Spring came to an end officially on June 1. We offer a prize to any person who can guess when it began.

As an agitator Senator McLaurin is a success, and agitation is likely to open the eyes of many southern voters.

The U. S. Supreme Court is always harshly criticized when it makes an important decision, but that does not affect the legality of the decision.

Senator Tillman is disposed to regard Gov. McSweeney's advice as an attempt to put rubber balls on the points of his pitchfork.

In the ten years ending with 1900 our trade with Denmark, Sweden and Norway grew from \$9,000,000 a year to \$29,000,000.

The first hope for McLaurin's success has just dawned. Mr. Bryan is going to start to South Carolina to make speeches for Tillman.

Everybody is down on the octopus these days. Even Funston and his men dined off him while after Aguinaldo.

The New York reformers can go on for a little longer, and then Mr. Croker will come home and "uureform" the city.

Don't bother about Cuba, everything will come right in time. Let the crowd down there talk itself out, just as our politicians do.

The average man lives seven years longer than he used to do—this in spite of Christian Science and the increase of doctors.

According to a recent story, the moon is filled with huge caverns populated by glorified ant-like beings. The idea is at least novel.

Ohio democrats will probably find that Gov. Nash's health will be all right before the work of the gubernatorial campaign begins.

An investigation would probably show that there is an alarming increase in insanity among the readers of the yellow journals of this country.

It is suspected that Billy Bryan persuaded J. Ham, Lewis to boom Dave Hill for the democratic Presidential nomination.

It may be after all that Chas. Towne has not quit politics by going into Texas oil speculation, but is merely oiling up for next campaign.

Thirteen soldiers have deserted from the Chicago army post and sold their uniforms for liquor. Another score to be charged up to the anti-canteen law.

Col. Bryan has had a relapse and his "imperialistic" fever is worse than ever. Poor fellow! His suffering is acute, but Dr. Time will bring him around all right.

Chairman Hopkins, of the Illinois democratic state central committee, says "silver is deadlier than a smelt." We thought it smelt dead, and now we have a right to believe it.

Col. Watterson suggests a new leader and a new platform for the democratic party, and he might have added: a new party to go with the platform and the leader.

The democratic wrangles in Virginia would give the republicans a good fighting chance to carry the state if it had an election law that was even passably fair.

Bryan thinks Tillman should win because he represents the man while McLaurin represents the dollar. Wrong again Col. The pitchfork politician represents only 45 cents. No man in that.

One Year Free!

So many of our subscribers accepted he offer to send three copies of the Yellow Jacket one year for one dollar that we have decide 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.

Joe Baily says the decision of the Supreme Court will be a source of "endless mischief and confusion." His assertion might be correct if he had added "to the democratic party."

The democratic party isn't divided on anything but the money question, the expansion question and the tariff question. The party is solid on the opinion that public office is a private snap.

Ohio democrats promise that their platform this year will contain only "old-fashioned principles," but that will not save them from getting the same old-fashioned Ohio whipping.

Uncle Sam may find it a losing game to ship school-ma'ams to the Philippines. Two-thirds of them are sure to get married and resign within the year. Manila is an Eveless Eden so far as white women are concerned nowadays.

What has Gen. Joe Wheeler done to the Alabama Constitution convention, that it should deny him the privilege of the floor? We presume Gen. Joe will be allowed to sit in the gallery and see the monkey-business, if he wishes to.

According to Mr. William Russell, a wealthy Englishman now in this country, the English are quite as much republicans as we are, but having inherited royalty, and being a conservative people, are content to let well enough alone.

A Wilkes county democratic organ calls Tillman a tyrant and Bryan calls McLaurin a plutocrat. "Plutocrats" and "Tyrants" Aint the democratic party a honey? These men represent the two leading democratic elements.

Of course, there will be wars in the future, but it is a consolation to know that the strength of the U. S., both in material resources and fighting men, make it a station that no other will willingly attack.

There is a difference. When Gen. Chaffee left Pekin, a petition signed by prominent Chinese asking him to remain was presented to him; when Count Walderssee left, everybody was glad to see him go.

Between Bryan and Gorman the chances seem about equally divided for the nomination for the Presidency in 1904. Should either one of these men be the nominee the republicans will still have a right to think that Providence is on our side.

A Paris newspaper which has sent a man to girdle the globe has printed a horriifying forecast of the dangers that he will undergo from Indians while crossing the United States. The paper evidently doesn't know that the Populists are the most dangerous creatures at large there.

Chicago is finding great difficulty in punishing a man who let his wife and child die in childbirth while he prayed and refused to allow her to receive any help, medical or otherwise. If the law won't reach him, why not give him a necktie party. According to his own belief, it wouldn't hurt.

Bishop Potter's judgement is sadly "wabbling on the spindle" if he thinks New York newspapers a fair sample of the press of this country. Why, the most cymbaling-headed editor in the nation knows that New York news always has to be expurgated before it is transmitted or published elsewhere. Better have your thinker half-soled, old man.

If any of your democratic neighbors begin to show signs of weakness in the knees and complain of a bad taste in their mouths, don't hesitate to offer them a remedy. Remind them that the republican lathstring is always out and that penitents are always welcome.

The democratic party reminds one of a double-headed devilish. One head represents the Bryanites or "disorganizers" and the other the Clevelandites or reorganizers. Don't make any difference which head gets you, you are gone into the same devil's "waist basket."

The Yellow Jacket asks a little favor of every one of its present subscribers. It wants each subscriber to secure one new subscription each within the next two weeks. We believe nearly every one can do this much, and we kindly ask you to try it. Get them in for the next issue, which will be a "scorching" if the court knows herself and we think she do.

A great falling off is noted in the British tin-plate trade. At the end of March 293 mills were running, as against 418 a year ago and the number of workman was 44,600 instead of 21,000 in March, 1900. American tin-plate mills are all right, but it is those British mills that would be in the "swim" if the democratic doctrine of tariff was to take the place of our present Protective system.

Br'er Bryan's hold on the democratic party gets weaker every day. Proof of this may be in the steadily increasing number of more or less prominent men who are publicly declaring against Bryanism. Hon. P. T. O'Farrall, ex-Governor and ex-Congressman, of Virginia, is among the latest. May the good work go on till there is nothing left of Bryanism but a pair of broken suspenders and a wart.

One day Billy Bryan goes into a connoption fit troubling over the vast enhancement of corporation stocks as an evidence of monopolistic tendencies and the influence of trusts. The next day he points at the shrinkage of these stocks to the sum of about seven hundred million dollars as an evidence of the disastrous effect of speculation on "the people." Billy should collect himself up a little.

One of the significant signs of the times is the presence in this country of many European manufacturing experts, who are here to study our methods, with a view to making improvements in their own, in order to better meet our trade rivalry. They will doubtless carry back valuable pointers, but they cannot carry back the greatest single factor in the success of American manufactures—the intelligent American workman, who knows how to use his brain as well as his hands.

President McKinley said at the launching of the Battleship Ohio at San Francisco: "I have a great deal of pride in the name, but proud as I am of my native state, I am a thousand times more proud of the nation that is over all the states, supreme and sovereign and glorious in its mission of good will and liberty to all mankind." This sentence will live in history when the most prominent paragraph of Bryan's editorial growlings will be everlastingly forgotten.

There is more or less silly talk on the tariff question now being presented. To take for granted because President McKinley favors the extension of our foreign trade by reciprocity treaties wherever possible, that he is any less a believer in a protective tariff than he ever was is to ignore facts. Reciprocity is the child of protection. It is because we have a protective tariff that we have something to offer nations for commercial reciprocity.

Circumstances alter cases. Well, we should snigger. Only a few months ago Chas. Towne stood up in the United States Senate and delivered his great "anti-imperialist" speech to the delectation of the Philippine followers in America and the utter disgust of all American patriots. No sooner was the monster delivered than Bryan caught it in his editorial arms and very nearly ruptured his slobber tank eulogizing that speech. But the worm turned. Towne left off building "anti-imperialism" air castles and went to Texas and began planning, combining and scheming to get rich and help develop a great industry and what is the Commoner now saying about his efforts? Slobbering never a slobber.

Astonishing as the figures of heights and circumferences of the big trees of California may seem, one is still more surprised at the age of some of the trees, which can not be less than 2,500 to 3,000 years old, says an English magazine. Think of it! When Saul was anointed king of Israel these vast columns began to break their way through the soil. Yet they have endured while Israel fell before Babylon. Babylon before Persia, Persia before Alexander the Great; Greece and Rome rose and fell and the building up of Britain's empire, century by century. It would seem that the California redwood trees are also imperishable except through the ax of the woodman, and we think Congress should take steps to prevent these giant monarchs from falling victims to the woodman's ax.

The future in commerce or in politics belongs to the man who thinks with his head and to the party that refuses to let moss grow on its back. The democratic party to-day is playing buzzard—living on dead things. It takes the name of Jefferson in vain and calls itself the Jackson party, when, in truth, it bears about as much resemblance to Jackson principles as a cross-eyed kitten does to a statue of Jupiter. It boasts of its devotion to the South, and yet it is the greatest obstacle to-day to southern progress. No better proof of this assertion is needed than the abuse, ridicule and slander that is being heaped upon Senator McLaurin by the democratic press of the South.

Many incidents touching upon the devotion of dogs to their masters have come before our notice, but the case of the Philadelphia lady (God save the mark) exceeds anything we have noticed relating to the devotion of the master to the dog. It is stated that one Mrs. Birdsall has stolen \$15,000 to keep her 18 pet dogs in luxury. Talk about devotion! Ye gods, did you ever! This dogblessed woman allowed these canines to sit up at the table and eat with her, feeding them on squalls that cost \$1.25 apiece. She provided each dog with a rain coat and rubber boots, also a miniature bedstead each, with fine pillows and satin quilts. We are told that each day every one of the 18 pets was adorned with a new bow of pink satin ribbon. When a dog died he was wrapped in costly shrouds and buried in a fine silver casket. Any woman who would tie a pink satin ribbon around the neck of a bow-legged, cross-eyed, hang-lipped bulldog, let alone stealing \$15,000 to foot such bills, ought to be in—well we'll not go any further.

Who'd a thought it? Tail-ender Towne turned topsy-turvy and now a pouncing plutocrat. The Commoner should invert its column rules and put black crape on the office door. In the light of Bryan's dish-water doctrine, any one who associates himself with monopoly, at once becomes a plutocrat. So it is not the Hon. Charles Annetta Towne, of Minnesota, Populist hero, Sioux Falls philosopher, uncompromising enemy of trusts and selfishness and magnanimous advocate of social reconstruction with a view to the more equal distribution of goods among the sons of Adam. It's Towne the greasy plutocrat, oil-gusher gobbler, trust speculator and such other opprobrious epithets as the Bryanite party usually applies to those who take advantage of the gifts that heaven gave them for all self-advancement and the advancement of civilization. Pettigrew gone into the railroad monopoly, and Towne speculating in oil, it need not surprise us to learn of the "Peerless" slipping a cog and going off down to Texas and Gobbling up a Gusher. Should such happen, it would no doubt bring great joy to the now sorrowing and discomfuddled democratic party.

We notice that some smart scientist has made the very important discovery of snow on the moon. It certainly is a source of immeasurable satisfaction to us to know that the inhabitants of our satellite can enjoy the opportunity of a 4th of July snowball game, isn't it? We observe a disposition on the part of our scientific men of too everlasting much prowling around among the stars for the amount of attention they are giving "this old world of ours." We wouldn't exchange a convenient potato bug exterminator for all the information on the moon that every scientist this side of hepsidam could adduce. Instead of trying to figure out where some runaway comet is liable to turn up next, or whether the soil of the moon is adapted to the cultivation of devil-shewstring or millet, whether the minerals of the planets are similar to ours or not, let these men turn their searching eyes on this globe; let them show the people how two bushels of corn may be grown where but one now grows, find a preventative for potato rot, wheat rust, apple blight, hollow horn in cattle, gapes in chickens, and a thousand other things that need attention. Scientific research as well as charity should begin at home. We feel sure that the moon will continue to wax and wane, the stars to twinkle and the sun to shine, all without the attention or supervision of the scientific investigator, but if there isn't something more done to counteract the ravages of disease and blight in both the animal and vegetable kingdom and to protect our soil from floods and our forests from destruction, the jig is going to be up one of these old days. What are you going to do about it?