

THE YELLOW-JACKET:

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY.

R. 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.

EDITORIAL.

Bryanism means expanding backwards.

Buying up bonds beats tinkering with the tariff 16 to 1.

Keep it in mind that the democratic party redeemed its promises with soup.

Coxey says he is too busy to read the Commoner. And there are others.

Killing the trusts with Free-Trade is like eating onions to sweeten the breath.

Bryanitis is a terrible disease, but it is not as catching as it is used to be.

The only ill wind that blows us no good is the Free-Trade wind.

General prosperity and democratic rule never prevailed in this country at the same time.

About the only road left for the calamity howler to take is the road to the woods.

We want no "tariff reform." That which the democrats fixed up in 1893 has not quit smelling bad yet.

Democracy is in a quandary. It can't live without expanding and it can't expand without busting.

If you see a man who yells "nigger domination" at the advocate of fair elections, put him down as a democrat.

The more imperialism this country has like President McKinley is giving, the better it will be for the people.

A Fourth of July Oration by Tobe Spilkins will appear in the next issue of the Yellow Jacket. Subscribe to-day.

The days of deficits are over and a republican administration is paying off the democratic indebtedness as it always has done.

President McKinley says, positively, that he would not accept a third nomination. Now what is Col. Bryan going to do about it?

We want an agent for the Yellow Jacket at every post office in the United States. Good commission. Send stamp for outfit.

The best place to test the merits of a party is from the standpoint of the man who gets his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Eli Tucker is writing a letter to William Jennings Bryan which will appear in the next issue of the Yellow Jacket. Don't miss it.

The longer we study democracy the more it reminds us of a Mother Hubbard dress, as it covers up everything and touches no place.

Repealing the tariff to get rid of trusts is about as sensible a move as a man's blowing off his head to get rid of paying poll tax.

It is expected that the next issues of the Yellow Jacket will put at least five thousand moss-backs on the mourners' bench.

We believe that there are many democrats who would rather hold on to the tail end of progress and squall whoa than to own a mile square in heaven.

It's making the democratic party sweat like blazes to keep the more enlightened and progressive element thereof from breaking into the republican camp.

It is believed that enough planks can be re-used from the Chicago and Kansas City platforms to make a good stout coffin for the democratic jackass in 1904.

Instead of going to South Carolina to take a hand in the Tillman McLaurin mix-up, William Jennings should take something for the meddler's itch.

It is to be hoped that the sweet girl graduates will now take hold and relieve their mothers of some of the hard work they have been doing for so long.

Two rivers in Alaska bear the names of Bryan and McKinley, respectively. The former is said to be a noisy stream with a big mouth, while the latter is quiet and peaceful.

The glorious achievements of McKinley will live in the hearts of the people long after the grasshoppers of democracy have held high carnival over the neglected grave of Bryanism.

A Yankee has discovered a new process of making butter by forcing wind into the milk. Perhaps this was brought about by holding a democratic convention in a creamery.

It beats seven kinds of devils how Bryan is afraid of things. He is now afraid that the Supreme Court will change "our form of government." In 1896 he was afraid of 10-cent corn.

Here's an appropriate plank for the next national democratic platform: Resolved, that we are stuck up in the blue mud of political pollution and we don't give a darn who knows it."

Indeed this is an age of progress. Doctors now take out men's stomachs without hurting them. Let us hope that science will go on till she learns how to painlessly extract the voices of some of our leather-lunged calamityites.

William Jennings says he wants the man to be more important than the dollar. Since Col. has been able to do so little with the man, perhaps the only chance he sees of his keeping the man superior to the dollar is to cut the dollar in two.

Get up, shake yourself and look all about you and contrast the conditions under the Dingley and McKinley bills with that under the Mills and Wilson bills, and think what a chump it is that desires to go to "tinkering with the tariff" along the Babcock line.

Dowie, the jointer legged jumping jack of Chicago, who claims to be the prophet Elijah come back to earth the third time, declares he can make the cows give milk. If he desires to score a big hit, let him make the dairymen sell it unwatered.

The democratic party it seems, is preparing to make its next campaign on the same lines it swept the country with in 1892. Now let the republicans take for their defense a review of the results of the '92 victory and the voters will do the rest.

Six hundred school teachers are on their way to the Philippines and the volunteers are all coming home. Thus the work of "benevolent assimilation" goes

When a democrat gets to crowing around you about the odious principles of a Protective tariff, and priding himself on belonging to a party that has always contended that protection is eternally wrong, just remind the innocent little thing that if he wants to find an ultra protectionist he will have to go back to his Political daddy, Thomas Jefferson, who wished that the Atlantic might be a lake of fire to keep out foreign goods.

A. L. Hardman, post master of Burnt House, W. Va., asks the Yellow Jacket to give him some figures on the sheep industry. He says some of his democratic neighbors are giving him "gosh" about prices. Just tell the boys that the sheep industry has increased 71.44 per cent from 1896 to 1900 and 121.59 per cent in value. That is the difference between Free-Trade and Protective times. If this don't satisfy these fellows, go for them with a stuffed club.

Since the democratic party is not willing to have the moss scratched off its back, we suppose an issue on "tariff reform" would fit its case about as well as anything. They have got to have some old thing for an issue. You see free silver is dead; anti-expansion is dead; smash the trusts is worn out; anti-imperialism was still-born; nigger domination is too short a blanket to cover up the sins and devilment of the democratic party with, without allowing one or both ends to "stick out." Bryan's appeals to class prejudice don't seem to strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of those whom he is trying to keep in line; Altgeld's anarchism has demonstrated its inability to get enough people together to hold a political prayer meeting at a cross roads speaking. Let them trot out the "tariff reform" if they feel like it, but the republican elephant promises them it will go thru it like the grace of God thru a Methodist campmeeting, when the proper time comes.

The Yellow Jacket is in receipt of a letter from the Agricultural Department at Raleigh asking us whether Wilkes county has anything to show up with at the Charleston exposition this winter. Well, we should snigger, she has. We've got a freak up here that we challenge the world, from Dan to Bersheba, and from the Rivers to the end of the earth, to produce like. It's a democratic paper published at Wilkesboro, N. C., which is so violently afflicted with the democratic scratches that it is even attributing the frosts and floods, the small pox and the cholera morbus to the republican administration. Replying to an editorial in the Yellow Jacket as to what the republicans have done, it says they have (these are its very words) "sent floods and fires and epidemics and then plastered what little bit was left, with tax levies, mortgages, executions and stamp taxes, with never a cent to pay them." If the authorities consider this freak worth placing on exhibition, and will write us, we will send them the copy containing this outrage on reason and insult to common sense, by return mail.

A story is told of an old lady who never spoke ill of any one. "Why, she would have a good word for the devil himself," said an acquaintance. When this remark was repeated to the old lady referred to, she said: "Well, we might imitate him with profit in his persistence." We can say the same for the advocates of Free-Trade and tariff reform. Nothing daunts them. Unfulfilled prophecies do not dampen their zeal. Facts, though they contradict their carefully wrought theories, mean nothing to them. "Four years more of Grover" and Free-Trade they told us would make the land flow with milk and honey and we would all be in clover. Well, you remember the "clover." This did not daunt these fellows. They went right on and told us that had as things were, they would be worse if the country returned to Protection. They failed in prophecies again. But they are still prophesying. Their persistence is most admirable, but there is exhibited a woeful lack of good, every day common horse sense.

CLUB RATES.

The regular price of the Yellow Jacket is 50 cents per year, but we want to add 50,000 new subscriptions on our books immediately, and for that reason have reduced the subscription price when sent in clubs of three or more. We ask you to assist us in getting the 50,000 new subs. If you think the Yellow Jacket is a good thing, help push it along. Instead of sending us 50 cents for your own subscription, it will pay you, as well as us, to go in with your neighbors and form a club and all get the paper at a reduced figure. The more subscribers we have the less, proportionately, it costs us to get out each paper. After July 31st, the Yellow Jacket will wholesale at the same old price, but till then we will accept subscriptions as follows:

A club of THREE, one year, for \$1.00
In club of FOUR or more, one year, 30 cents for each sub.

Make remittance by check, Money Order or Registered Letter. Stamps not wanted.

If what the Clevelandites and the Bryanites are saying about each other is true, there is no democratic party these days, but the old thing has gone to seed and the seed have rotted. And it almost looks like it.

If a man who has been twice elected, refuses to run again, what should be done with the man who has been twice defeated? asks an exchange. We suggest that he should be well spanked and put to bed.

The way the democratic papers are slobbering over representative Babcock ought to make the republicans afraid of him. Find out what the democrats want in the tariff line and then oppose it, and you can always feel safe.

Now that the democratic newspapers have discovered that President McKinley is a Free-Trader, the next thing they may reveal to the public that the President holds a secret commission as admiral in the Spanish navy.

Kansas farmers are advertising for laborers at two dollars a day. Why don't they apply to William Jennings for the whereabouts of that "army of idlers" that he said would be tramping about demanding work if McKinley was elected?

A Kansas soldier boy, just returned from the Philippines, has a dog named William Jennings Bryan. "When I found the dog in the brambles of Luzon," says the boy, "he was barking like h—1, and had chased 16 monkeys up one tree."

Jaykayjone's cotton bale trust has been declared by the courts to be an illegal combination. Jim Kay is high-muck-a-muck of the whole democratic fandango and string puller for Willie Jumpup. Commoner please print with comments on this fact.

merrily on. No wonder an occasional Atkinsonite can be heard to passionately exclaim: "D—the luck."

A St. Louis repeater has been sentenced to the penitentiary for two years, but the man who hired him to repeat runs free. This is not right. Vote thievery is just like any other thievery, and the man who accepts a leg of mutton, knowing it to be stolen, is as mean as the man who stole the sheep.

It's not a campaign year, but nevertheless, take a spin around your neighborhood and see how many subscribers you can secure for the Yellow Jacket. Everybody can afford to take such a paper in an "off year" in order to be "cocked and primed" when the political pot gets to boilin'.

Republicanism and democracy are both levellers, but they work differently. The democratic party levels things down and the republican party levels things up, or in other words it fills the treasury and reduces debt while democracy empties the treasury and increases debt.

In some sections of the South farm hands are offered two dollars a day to hoe corn and cotton and can't be got for that figure. The man who yells calamity these days is in a poor business and ought to be dipped in a tank of tar, loaded into a sewer pipe and shot thru a feather bed as a reward for cursedness.

We heard a little snide of a democrat remark the other day that educational suffrage was the thing. That's democratic logic, but it won't do. Manhood suffrage is the thing. There are plenty of men who are illiterate yet good citizens, and there are lots of fellows who can speak a half dozen languages who are scoundrels and ought to be in the penitentiary making gimlet handles.