

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 lizard, and then ask yourselves if you don't think such a paper, every two weeks, is worth 25 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.

The fact that the election is past 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 few years.

EDITORIAL

Everybody's hind sight is in running order now.

There's an overproduction of false election predictions.

Some people mistake noise for argument.

The ballot talks louder than anything else.

Imperialism is the democratic flag of distress.

Hold fast to that which is good—your best girl.

The silver issue has turned out to be pewter.

The new democracy has never scraped the moss off its back.

The last thing the democrats gave the people was Cleveland.

Bigotry and wisdom never occupy the same head.

An ounce of diplomacy is worth a pound of blunder.

Speech is silver, silence is golden—and cheek is brass.

A wise man never questions the private age of a woman.

If you are willing to live on promises vote the democratic ticket.

The silver question seems to have a bad case of the Yellow Jaundice.

A bad egg is a strong argument that seldom convinces the one that it hits.

The trouble with the new democracy is that it sticks to its old ways.

Be sure you are right—then sit down and enjoy the fruit of your judgement.

The devil usually takes out license to make his business look respectable.

Doctor Bryan's Anti-imperialism Restorative failed to "kiver the occasion."

The Yellow Jacket offers you the "Life of McKinley" for one dollar, post-paid.

The only place where Bryanism seems very active is over in the Philippines.

Some men call women angels—but then you can't believe what some men say.

The race is not always to the swift. The fastest colors are those that won't run.

The democratic party has never been worth trusting since Cleveland carried it in his pocket.

The history of the democratic party can be written in three words—booze, boodle and blunders.

The rooster is a fit emblem for the democratic party. It represents something tough.

The farther away we get from an honest ballot the nearer we get to the dead-bullet.

That landslide towards the democratic party must have got twisted and changed its course.

The democratic party is the mirage of a dead theory on a back ground of innocuous desuetude.

A man who could endorse democratic rule in Alamance could eat a pole cat and nearer make a crooked face.

What the democratic party needs most is a new party: it can't patch up the old one.

Every four years the democratic party tightens its belly band and discovers a new paramount issue.

If you favor tariff tinkering then your proper place is to retire to the back row and keep quiet.

The man who would steal for his party would steal from his party when it suited his purpose to do so.

Only republican administrations afford democratic editors a chance to discuss means for disposing of a surplus.

The greatest obstacle to democratic success is the lack of opportunities to make the election laws in the Northern States.

We have not seen any democrats who are particularly anxious to propound the inquiry: "What is the matter with Hanna?"

The few crumbs of comfort which the democrats got out of the recent election returns will not make a "full dinner pail."

If the democrats have found out what hit them they ought to put it out where the public can see it. It might do for a "paramount issue."

Read that Democratic Prayer on inside page, then drop your quarter in the slot and you will get them for a whole year.

There is no greater crime than that of stealing votes, and the democratic party in the South stands convicted of that crime.

Bryan talks about a standard of government. The last "standard" the democratic party gave us makes our hind foot ache to think about it.

The difference between the money question and that of imperialism is that money is the creation of law, while imperialism is the creation of law.

An Iowa exchange says a democrat is a man who votes the democratic ticket. Hardly. A democrat is a man—no he aint either.

There is no one who would make a more appropriate colleague for Senator Wellington in the coming session of Congress than Aguinaldo.

It cost Edward M. Shepperd \$3,309.06 to be beaten as Tammany candidate for the mayoralty of New York. That's paying well for experience.

A Chicago Congressman complains that he can't live in Washington on \$5,000 a year, yet when he goes to the poor house in Chicago he lives on 18 cents a day.

The democratic party is a 16 to 1 party in the sense that there are sixteen reasons why it should go off and die to where there is one that it should continue to live.

All the "consent" the democrats in the South ask of the negroes is the consent to count his vote. And this they obtain although sometimes they have to kill the "nigger."

Now that the Populists have disappared from Congress the inquiry is raised as to where the democrats are going to go for an ally and principles. Come to think about it, there are the Fills and the Chinese.

President Roosevelt may yet regret his hearty, wholesale espousal of President McKinley's policy, as it appears now that everybody that wants an office claims to have been head over heels for that policy all the while.

The white counties in Alabama voted against the new constitution, but in the negro counties the returns make it appear that the negroes voted to disfranchise themselves. Such is the history of democratic rascality in the South.

Croker's philosophic acceptance of the triumph of good government suggests the position of the Texan's dog. "I never saw a dog love a man so," it was said to the Texan. Dealing a vicious kick at the beast, the Texan replied "B' gosh! he has no choice."

We are sending a good many copies of the Yellow Jacket to post masters. We ask every one who receives a copy to not only subscribe but get two or three of his neighbors to subscribe with him at our special offer of 25ct for one year. If you are a republican, lend your help to a paper that hews to the line, letting chips fall where they may.

Just think of getting a bi-weekly republican paper with 16 columns of spicy reading matter, every issue for a whole year for only 25ct! A man who would ask for more than this for less money ought to be tied onto the tail end of a Kansas cyclone and blown head-first into the outstreched arms of the sweet by and by.

A republican gain this year in Nebraska of 25,000 over two years ago leads one to believe that Bryanism is drying up at the fountain head.

Some are wondering what the split in the democratic party in Alabama will result in. From present indications it looks as if one wing would come over to the republican party and the other go to the devil.

As postmasters have special opportunities to obtain subscriptions to the Yellow Jacket, we appeal to them to do their utmost to help us increase its circulation. Get a big club of the names of your neighbors and send them in before our 25 cent offer expires. You tickle our back and we will tickle your back.

Next issue of the Yellow Jacket will contain a "Letter from the Devil" which will be worth a whole year's subscription to the paper. Eli Tucker will have something good, and beside that, we will publish a life sketch of Mac Olin, the famous lecturer. Get all your neighbors to try Yellow Jackets for a year. They will do them good.

The Chicago Chronicle remarks that it appears to be forgotten that Grover Cleveland invited Fred Douglas to be his guest at the White house. Yes, and it appears that the democrats have forgotten that Negroes were in evidence at the Bryan Dollar Dinner in New York two years ago, and that one big burley negro got up on the dinner table and hollered, "Horrah for William Jennings Bryan, our next President." In fact it appears that the democrats have an excellent capacity for forgetting things that they should remember.

A good sized "dead nigger" has been found in the democratic woodpile in Missouri. A recent investigation discloses the fact that the state administration has been dealing with a New York concern to the amount of \$2,989,328.08 and no account of the transaction is found on the state books. As Col. Bryan always has something to say about Missouri democracy, it is in order now for him to turn his horn to that state and blow a blast of soft soap over this beautiful piece of democratic jugglery.

The Commoner says in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey where the conventions failed to reaffirm the Kansas City platform, the republicans won. In Massachusetts, Iowa and Nebraska, where the conventions did reaffirm the Kansas City platform, the republicans also won. Billy has so far failed to find any comfort in the result of the elections. He has been laboring hard to prove that the way to win was to stick to the follies of the Kansas City platform. But now he confesses that his party is "damned when it does and damned when it don't."

A Dakota editor worked his type-writer overtime and produced the following dirge, which hits most of us hard worked and poorly paid pencil pushers below the belt. He sings thusly: "The melancholy days are here, the saddest of our time; the chilly blasts begin to blow from far off northern clime. The woodsaw sings, the coal bin groans, the tree doth moan and sorrow; the sun shines bright and though warm to-day—might snow like—to-morrow. We gladly think of times to come, when we can swiftly soar, though mince pie skies and nightmare drives, and stomach aches galore. Subscribers who are one year back should to the sanctum stroll, and soften these times which sorely try the editorial soul." The last seen of the poor, dear man after the appearance of this prose poem he was being carried to the hospital on a shutter.

It is generally understood that North Carolina is being run by the "White Man's Party," the party of pure government, wisdom, honor and decency—in other words it is known that the democrats have got the offices. Besides this we are being taxed like the very deuce to maintain this white supremacy, law and order government, and it seems nothing more than fair that we should get what we are paying for. But what are the facts? Here is a sample: The grand jury of Alamance county, where all the county officers are democrats, swear that the white inmates of the home of the aged and infirm are compelled to live together, to occupy the same room with negroes; that practices of the most degrading and immoral nature are allowed to be carried on in that home. What are the democratic editors saying about this disgraceful state of affairs? They very nearly raptured their gall bladders howling over the Booker Washington incident, but [right] here at home, under their own notorious dispensation, Negro equality of the most immoral and disgraceful nature is allowed by their own "choeen disciples" and never a howl do they send up. This was not a republican report, but a non-partisan report made by the best citizens of Alamance county, a majority of them being democrats. Men who will jump on Roosevelt for giving a distinguished negro his dinner and remain as silent as the tomb about such incidents as the above, are no fit to edit hand bills for the hounds of hepsidam.



SPECIAL Offer.

Our special offer to send the Yellow Jacket 12 months for 25 cents ran out the 25th of this month, but the number who have already took advantage of this offer has so far exceeded all expectations that we have decided to extend the 25-cent offer till December the 25, and let everybody in on it if they so desire. Of course, the more subscribers we have the cheaper we can afford to make the paper.

Now if you like the tone and temperature of the Yellow Jacket, we ask you to help it along by taking advantage of this low price. And don't be selfish about the Yellow Jacket, either. Get all your neighbors who will to join in with you and make a good big club. Remember you will get more red-hot republican reading for 25 cents than you ever did before.

Don't send stamps. Read first column for how to make remittances.

This is the Yellow jacket. Read it over and if you like the hum of its music then send along a quarter and enjoy it a whole year. Send quick and don't miss a number.

If there is a democrat in your locality who has something the matter with himself and can't tell what it is, kindly ask him to subscribe for the Yellow Jacket. It will be good for his system.

Of course William Jennings has no reference to Jeems K. Jones and Charley Towne when he speaks of the men who organize trusts as "a gang of highway-men, out to plunder the people."

The republican tariff system is as compact and complete a system of highway robbery as it is possible to conceive.—Democratic organs. Lord, pity the poor devils, they know not what they say.

The man or party that make an election law that leaves the opportunities open for fraud do it with the express intention of committing fraud, and, two-thirds of the Southern States have such laws.

President Roosevelt is now being referred to as a man of destiny. All arms of destiny. The difference is, some men work strenuously with destiny and others buck against it and get swatted of the gob.

The Republican who assails protection to American industries and American wages should be carried out to the backyard and given a good spanking and then take a fresh look at the republican platform.

Bryan says the result of the election in Kentucky was not only gratifying but confidentially expected. Thus the infamous Goebel law has the renewed indorsement of the "head end of the democratic party."

Col. Bryan sees terrible times ahead "when the banks issue all the money and the trusts out the attorney general." But it does seem to us if we had made such a fizzle at forecasting the coming evils as Billy has done we would not worry much over the things that might come to pass.

We again call attention to the fact that we can't give any commission to subscribers for the Yellow Jacket at our special offer of 25ct for one year. We must have 25 cents for each yearly sub. or we can't live at the business. Surely you don't want us to work hard, sleep on the floor, eat dirt and go naked.

The latest advice from the Commoner is for its followers to organize debating societies, non-partizan in membership and educational in purpose, in which the republicans are to be lured and then converted. Does Billy take the people of this country to be blooming idiots or what? If he thinks the people are anxious to hear Bryanism preached he is miserably in the dark.

The Caruthersville, Mo., Democrat says, "Anybody can be a republican, but it takes a man of spirit and action to be a good democrat. Perhaps it alludes to the spirit of corn liquor and the action of a crawfish. Anybody can't be a republican. It takes a backbone like a crowbar and the industry of a beaver to make a good republican, but everybody knows that any darned fool can be a "good democrat."

Every issue of the Yellow Jacket will be chock full of republican gospel red-hot from the gun. See that every republican in your neighborhood gets it under the new 25ct offer. It's a vote maker. Now don't wait till the reduced rate runs out. Get a twentyfive cent hump on you self: n! then listen at us buzz. We will create hallelujah in the hearts of republicans, but hail columbia in the britches legs of democracy.