

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

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E. DON LAWS, Editor & Proprietor.

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A PERSONAL CHAT.

See here, Brother Republican, let us talk to you a little. We first want to ask you to scan this copy of the Yellow Jacket over carefully and if you think it is a good thing, then couldn't you help push it along by dropping 30 cts. in the slot and let us send the paper to you every two weeks for a whole year? Send us the 30 cts. and we will endeavor to do the rest. We have been begging you all along to stay with the Yellow Jacket for the sake of the love you bore McKinley, our fallen leader, whose teachings we have been trying to follow. We also want you on our list because you hate anarchy, unfair election laws, Bryanism, Goebelism, and all the rest of the "isms" and unfair policies that the democrats glory in endorsing. The Yellow Jacket has long ago left the cradle of its infancy, and now, if you will listen, it desires to talk to you with the wisdom of years. If you don't want to subscribe for the paper show the sample copy we are sending you to your neighbor who dares. If you are a republican of the true faith we know you can't object to doing this much for a paper that has been battling for your rights from the time it was founded in those dark days of Free-Trade and free soup in 1895-'97.

We insist on every republican sticking to his party papers. It sometimes happens that you find men professing to be republicans who take nothing but democratic papers. Such men are on the broad highway to political ruin. Don't let them go that way. Put the Yellow Jacket in their hands. It will help them to see things as they are. You know the average democrat would see us at the devil almost before he would subscribe for a republican paper to the exclusion of democratic sheets. It is always the truth that stings and the Yellow Jacket lets its chips fall where they will—it is no respecter of persons. If you are such a republican as we want you to be, you can't keep the paper to yourself when it falls into your hands. You'll want to go straightway and tell the good news to others.

We want to make the Yellow Jacket the "warmest baby" that ever happened, and we desire to begin now. The Y. J. is one of our most cherished dream children and we couldn't discard her if we would. We nursed her when for weeks the only signs of life about her were the few whisperings that came to us. "That paper will soon peter," and many other like words of encouragement from our loving neighbors. But now, a few things have changed. We number our subscribers by the thousands to-day. The Yellow Jacket leads all papers in North Carolina in circulation and all republican papers in the entire South. In the beginning we carried every blessed copy we printed to the postoffice in our coat pockets. Once we kept soul and body together on the strength of our misfortunes. Now we trot our new baby on our knee with no thought of the durs that may come pouring into us tomorrow. When one of our subscribers pronounces us too tough and sends our little sheet back ornamented with "refused" marked on the outside cover, we simply say "you go to" and the thought of his going doesn't disturb us for weeks as it used to do.

Now in conclusion of this chat let us urge all our friends to help us get this thing in the hands of all the republicans that we can. Let all who have feasted with the republicans and starved with the democrats get a regular 30ct hump on and let's push this paper.

We propose to offer the Yellow Jacket at 25cts a year in clubs of four. So get as many of your neighbors to go in with you as possible and get the paper at 25cts. We make this offer indefinitely. It is our desire to place the price of the paper so low that all may be enabled to take it, but we must have as much as 25cts out of each 12-month subscription in order to get a living out of the paper.

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 COMMENTS.

It seems about time that the democratic party was assuming control of its own affairs.

The democratic party can continue to be called a 16 to 1 party so long as it tells 16 lies to 1 truth.

Put democracy in a pipe and smoke it and you can see the picture of a soup house in every puff.

We will have to teach the democrats again that they can't make something out of nothing.

"Work wields the weapons of power, wins the laurels of success and wears the palm of victory."

If you want to make a democrat rise up on his hind feet and spit fire just insist that the money question is the paramount issue.

What strange things do come to pass. The President's name was cheered at the Missouri state democratic convention.

Unswerving loyalty to the republican principle of a Protective Tariff is the thing to keep the democrats hanging on the nail of 'has beens.'

Democracy will always find it an up-hill business trying to capture a live country with dead issues. The people are not buzzards, yet.

The man who finds comfort in belonging to the so-called democratic party could dine on a basket of dry thistles and swear they tasted good.

One difference between Bryanism and Clevelandism is that the people dropped one before they tried it and tried the other before they dropped it.

The democrats of North Carolina, in state convention, bid Billy Bryan and his Chicago and Kansas City platforms good by. Bryanism seems to be growing like a cow's tail.

The democratic remedy for monopolies would be to make the country so poor that there would be nothing to monopolize. Mr. Voter, do you want to try that experiment again?

The wisdom and statesmanship of the republican party keep knocking democratic "paramount" issues to the rear faster than Billy Goat Bryan can butt them to the front.

The Franklin, Tenn., News says that to desert the Kansas City platform would be a confession of weakness and dishonor. Well, it looks like there is lots of "weakness and dishonor" bobbing up in your party, Mr. News.

Democratic voter: If I follow Bryan I'm doomed to become a long-haired, wild-eyed populist. If I follow Cleveland I'm called a traitor. If I follow Hill I'll have a h-l of a time knowing where I am at. Oh, for little more light and less noise.

Democratic Farmer: "I'd just like to know where the prosperity you republicans talk about comes in; Six years ago I could get all the help I wanted for 25 cents a day, and now I can't get hands for a dollar and board. You've got this country into a devil of a fix."

A number of congressmen have been visiting Alabama recently to study the conditions of the negro. They visited Tuskegee, and there was wisdom as well as wit in Booker Washington's remark to them that the students of Tuskegee were learning industry and thrift, and that none of them had yet broken into jail or congress.

The democrats tell us we are at the "tender mercies of the trusts." But how do these "tender mercies" compare with the "tender mercies" of that infernal soup house shebang we were under a few years ago? Cough her up Mr. Democrat, you know which side of your bread is buttered, if it does make you have an ugly face.

Club Rates.

The regular price of the Yellow Jacket is 30 cents a year. But in clubs of 4 or more we will send the paper at 25 cents a year.

Now we earnestly ask every one of our subscribers to do the Yellow Jacket a favor by getting up a club of four or more at this special offer. It won't take you but a few hours to get up such a club. Can't you afford to devote a few hours to the cause we all love and for which the Yellow Jacket has been battling unceasingly for the last seven years. Let us hear from you, brother. Say, we are going to look for a club from you.

We are behind with this issue of the Y. J. Couldn't help it. Just as we began running the sheets through the press for the inside of this number, our engine broke down. Here we were. No power in reach and the manufacturers of our motor in New York. We hired three men and put them to turning the press, but the work progressed so slowly that we fell behind three days.

The republican-populistic administration went out of power in North Carolina with \$100,000 in the treasury. Two years of democratic rule has created a deficit to the tune of \$200,000 and the end is not yet. It seems as impossible for the democrats to run a government without plunging it in debt as it would be for a pig to dig goobers without getting his nose dirty.

The North Carolina state democratic convention was a regular harmony producer. For instance, when one democrat in discussing the minority report on the proposed platform, denounced Cleveland as "an arch traitor to democracy" another democrat rose up on his hind feet and called the speaker a d-d liar. Then an immense cry rose up from the assemblage till the speaker was no longer heard. Hurrah for more democratic harmony.

Stillwater, Okla., has a curiosity. It's a newspaper called the Advance, and it is so destitute of common observation that it says it is hard to distinguish the Cleveland brand of democracy from republicanism, pure and simple. Somebody ought to bore the Advance for the simples. The idea of a fellow being so whee-whawed in his vision and so rattled in his brain that these piping good times look like the soup house times seven years ago. If the Lord would grow that fellow a tail he'd put first class monkeys at a discount.

We kindly invite every reader of the Yellow Jacket to make a little effort to push up the subscription list of this paper during the next few weeks. We are arranging to give you a better paper than ever, but the cost of the machinery to make the improvement will be upwards of three thousand dollars, so if you want to see the thing hump get up clubs and push them in. It will be an easy matter to raise this three thousand dollars if every subscriber will make just a little effort. Come, boys, now all together! Everybody!

Look here boys, we are fairly busting our home strings trying to raise cash enough to purchase a perfecting press that we may enlarge the Yellow Jacket and print it oftener. It will take some three or four thousand dollars. We haven't got the money. We are not going to borrow it, and we don't propose to beg. Here is our plan: Let every one of our subscribers get out and hustle us up a club and the job is done that quick. Now if you wish to see the Yellow Jacket the biggest and best paper in the land, let in and help us by getting up that club. Will you do it?

The free trade newspapers have had so much to say about the growth of "anti-protection sentiment" in the middle West, that the tariff plank in the Indiana republican platform is a disagreeable surprise to them. It reads as follows: "We adhere to the policy of protection and favor the extension of our markets through carefully guarded reciprocity arrangements with other countries wherever it can be done without interrupting

our home production.' While we favor such modifications of tariff schedules as, from time to time, are required by changing conditions, we insist that such changes shall be made in line with the fundamental principle of protection."

AMMUNITION FOR VOTERS

Editor Yellow Jacket: When voters are brought face to face with democratic vote seekers, let them say with Macbeth: "Henceforth be juggling fiends no more believed Who palter with us in a double sense, Holding the word of promise to our ear, To break it to our hope."

Remember 1893-1897 and note the contrast. The following railroads, those sure barometers of the value of trade policies, are ahead of last year's increased earnings by the amounts named:

Northern Pacific.....	\$7,000,000
Great Northern.....	5,000,000
St. Paul.....	2,500,000
Northwestern.....	3,250,000

Well may we say to our Free Trade democratic opponents, as did the Irishman when he led off with the ace of trumps: "Have ye anything to bate that?"

"By building our own ships we keep our shipbuilding plants going, employ hundreds of thousands of wage earners directly and indirectly, and help to bring greater prosperity to business men and bread winners."—American Economist.

During one month France built 50,000 tons in ocean steamships. England built 1,360,000 tons and Germany 144,000 tons. In the whole year we only built 246,000 tons. Why?

Last year our sales to Canada were \$110,000,000, while those of Great Britain, notwithstanding the 33-1-3 per cent. differential tariff in her favor, were only \$43,000,000. Mexico increased her purchases of us last year by \$4,000,000 or 11.8 per cent., while the German increase was only \$411,000, or 5.8 per cent.

Our expansion is not in territory alone. For the first eight months of 1894 (democratic) fiscal year our exports of manufactured goods amounted to \$123,000,000, but for the same period of 1901 fiscal year the figures were \$357,000,000, nearly three times as much. Five years of republican policies worked this miracle.

Cuba, redeemed and freed, Porto Rico well started on the road to prosperity, the Philippines put in order, as a forerunner of greater things, Hawaii taken care of, idle factories opened, new factories started, work for all who want to work, is part of what five years of republican rule has accomplished.

Of the world's thirty-seven steamship lines that possess over 100,000 tons each only two are American. The cheaply manned, cheaply built, heavily subsidized foreign steamers have driven American ships from the foreign carrying trade.

"If we start our lines of ships, if we girdle the West Indies, South America and the Pacific with our telegraph lines and our ships, we shall revolutionize the trade of those countries, furnish outlets for our manufactures and hold for many years the prosperity of to-day."—M. E. Ingalls.

"The passage of the ship subsidy bill would have but one effect so far as the new enterprise is concerned. It would enable us to sail ships now building and hereafter built under the American flag on an equal footing with the ships of other countries. The published statements that the ship subsidy bill would enable us to sail our foreign vessels under the Stars and Stripes are incorrect, as the bill specifically states that only American-built ships can benefit by its provisions, and, furthermore, such a course, if possible, is contrary to the whole scheme."—C. H. Griscom of the steamship combine.

Vote and work for the party of "Protection, Progress and Prosperity."

Walter J. Ballard.

Building a Platform.

Democracy—"Say, Builder, I want to hire you to do a piece of work for me. I've got my head set to make another run for the political pie counter this fall, and I want you to build me a good strong platform to run on. I've been trying to draw up the plans and specifications for the work, but the more I straighten it out the worse I get it tangled. So I thought it best to call on you for advice."

Builder—"All right, Democracy, if I can be any help to you I am at your service. Let me see what sort of drawings you've got fixed up."

Democracy—"Oh, the dickens! I tore 'em into jiblets. I'd be ashamed to let anybody see what a mess I did make. I ain't got the least idea what sort of a platform I want, but I do know that it must render good service; it mustn't break down before the race is half over like all my other platforms have been doing."

Builder—"Well, we first want to decide on what to make the frame out of. Now would that imperialism scantling do?"

Democracy—"I did think of using that, but now the republicans have cut the Cuban end of it off, it's too short, and besides that they have got some big notches sawed in it over toward the Philippine end. I don't think it would be safe to risk that."

Builder—"Then what do you say to making the frame out of the tariff and cross-bracing it with trusts? Seems to me that's about the soundest piece of timber you've got, and just between you and me I'll admit that it's awfully worm-eaten and rotten."

Democracy—"Yes, that's so. You see that piece of timber has been soaking in the waters of Salt River ever since 1896, and no doubt it will be rather nasty to handle, but, as you say, it's probably the best we can do and so we'll count that settled. Now concerning the planks to put on top of it. I don't know what in the thunder we're going to do about that. Of course we all agree that it won't do to put in that old free silver slab. In 1896 and again in 1900 I tried to dance to the tintinabulation of Billy's under jaw on that old slick slab, and both times the earth flew up and struck me in the face, and it took me a long time to rub the Seven Stars and other big planets out of my eyes."

Builder—"How do you think the nigger domination plank would do?"

Democracy—"Not at all! No sir! You see my own crowd used that all up for kindling wood in trying to start up a little hell down South. Now the negro, in all the states where he amounts to anything, is disfranchised and so it wouldn't be good politics to straddle that hobby any more."

Builder—"Yes, and I just happened to think. That trust scantling we used for braces is mighty weak stuff. Don't you remember how Roosevelt yanked it all out of shape when he got the beef trust by the tail? We ought by all means to brace with something stronger than that."

Democracy—"I know that's a fact, but it's the best we can do, and I've been told that angels can't do any more. Let's see what else we can do about the planks. There was the Porto Rico tariff plank I wanted to use, but the rads have taken it away from me. And the bloody Boers have gone and surrendered, thus depriving me of the Boers sympathy plank. I could have raised a most thundering racket about the government's pledges to Cuba—only now I can't, you see. If the everlasting republicans hadn't gone and kept every promise they made to the people, I'd have given them fits on that score, but now there is not a peg on which to hang my claims of unfulfilled republican promises. Just think about it! One issue after another has gone a-glimmering until I'll just be hanged if I believe I can build any platform at all. Guess I'll just have to climb a tree and straddle a limb and sneeze and fall off and be gathered unto my fathers."

Builder—"Well, I'd like to do your work, but if you're out of building material it's no trade. Good bye.—Moravian Falls Patriot.