

CLUB RATES.

In Clubs of Four or More, Yearly
Subscriptions, 25 cts. Each.

The Yellow Jacket

ISSUED BI-WEEKLY,
30 GENTS A YEAR.

VOL. IX.

MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY. 28, 1903.

NO. 11.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Democracy pays—to let it everlasting-ly alone.

Political machines must be watched as well as greased.

Why am I a democrat, is a question that is making many a man sweat.

One can't tell by the smell whether free silver is dead or not, for it always smelt fishy.

This democratic cry of "imperialism" is merely the shadow that expansion casts across the mind of cowards.

A free silver democrat might be described as a man who doesn't know a corpse when he sees it.

"There's plenty of room at the top" and always will be while so many people want to be where the crowd is.

The history of the democratic party might be summed up in three words: organize, reorganize, disorganize.

If the democrats would make a little effort they might agree on a plank consisting of one word: "object."

Just keep on reminding the people that the democratic party redeemed its promises with soup.

Did you hear anybody say "let well enough alone" during the days of Cleveland rule, Coxe armies and free soup? Heh!

With Bryan pulling one way, Watter-son another and Hill another it's not surprising that lots of democrats don't know where they are "at."

The democrats have several presiden-tial booms on the market but not one of them would sell for enough dishwater to float it.

Free-Trade will never be a winning gun in the battle of political economy so long as it is a muzzle loader, charged with free soup.

Next time you hear a democrat say that the tariff is the mother of the trusts just ask the young rooster who was the mammy of Coxe's army and free soup houses.

"There is no gold-bugism in our make-up," rather boastfully remarks the Versailles, Mo., Leader. In other words, the Leader rejoices in number-ing itself with the dead.

Some men are so imbued with demo-cratic ideas that they would believe that Julius Caesar was born of the Virgin Mary if they were to read it in a democratic newspaper.

A great many men's idea of democra-cy is just to be "agin" anything and everything done by republicans with-out giving any consideration to the grounds of the opposition.

The republican party is still young, only about 43 years old, but she's the grandest thing on earth and is able to jerk the lint out of anything that bumps up against her.

See, here, brother, the Yellow Jacket is just fairly itching to get acquainted with all your neighbors. Can't you stir us up a club to the tune of about a dozen? This is no joke.

The democrats are as mad as a wet hen because they can't find an issue big enough to cover up the bond issue they saddled on the country a few years ago.

Old man Grover is not troubling much over the names Bryan is calling him. He evidently thinks it is better to be a "has been" than a "never was" nor a "never will be."

Bryan says the water cure should be applied to wall street. Yes, it wouldn't be a bad thing to apply it to the democ-ratic party, with a good supply of car-bolic soap added.

Tell your neighbor to subscribe for the Yellow Jacket because it don't crawl behind a tree to talk, nor bust its crupper holding back to first see what some-body else is going to say.

A western man who arrived recently in Boston inquired of a hackman what would be "a good place to stop at" and the erudite caddy replied, "Just before the 'at.'"

There is nothing like republican pros-perity unless it is more of it. The way to have more of it is to subscribe for the Yellow Jacket and keep on voting the republican ticket.

It has been a long time since the de-mocratic party had full control of na-tional affairs, but it makes the cold chills run all over a person to think about it even at this remote date.

The democratic ring, which has con-trolled Missouri for the past thirty years, is on its last legs and they are wobbling like a black snake trying to climb a lightning rod.

The fellow who placed the wagon before the horse was a Solomon com-pared with the calf-headed chump who sees a remedy for trusts by knocking the tariff in the head.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says there is no Free-Trade party in the United States. That may be so, but there is a party that acts and smells so much like a free-trade party that it answers all its purposes.

Bryan hops up in the Commoner and contends that one of the ways to con-quer the trusts is to cut off the tariff. Yes, Col., and one of the ways to cure the headache is to cut off the man's head.

One way the democrats have of get-ting "consent of the governed," is by twisting the Congressional districts in-to all kinds of conceivable shapes in order to obtain majorities for democra-tic congressmen.

They may not like to hear it, but it is a fact that many moss backed democrats who were loudest in their denunciation of what they termed the "Force bill" are ready to declare that the Nesbit and Goebel election laws are good.

Bryanite exchanges say that the democ-ratic party is opposed to the whole "colonial business." Nothing remark-able about that. The democratic party is opposed to everything including a-bout half of itself.

Miss Marion Talbot of Chicago Univer-sity has devised, by the aid of science, a scheme of living on 10 cents per day. We would like to see, weigh, and x-ray Miss Talbot before we attempt to put her scheme in practice.

Since it has been learned that the Commoner has a considerable circula-tion among the natives in the Philip-pines it is no wonder that these mis-guided people keep on sowing wild oats and raising the devil.

The democrats laugh at republicans for saying "let well enough alone," but it makes them laugh at the other side of their mouth when asked to name a time under democratic rule when they had "well enough" to "let alone."

One difference between republicans and democrats is that republicans be-lieve in surmounting difficulties when they meet them and democrats favor taking to the woods. Another difference is they are not alike at all.

Why shouldn't those hilly-billies who have been fairly busting their bladders bawling for Bryan face about and sing Grover's praises if they feel like it? The time "used to was" when they were all Cleveland democrats. Don't yer know?

"This republic can do more good by setting a wise example than by trying to revolutionize the world by force," remarks the Yukon, O. T., Sun. Revolu-tionized nothing. We are not trying to revolutionize the world—just "saliva-ting" the revolutionists.

Some one has remarked that civilizing the Philippines will prove to "be a hun-dred year job." Perhaps it will but that is all the more reason why we should be at it early and late. Whoso putteth his hand to the plow and look-eth back is not worthy of his time.

Club Rates.

We will send the Yellow Jacket in clubs of four or more at a time at 25 cents a year. We can't give free copies for clubs at this rate. Wish we could. We kindly ask every reader of this copy to take a spin out among your friends and talk and work the Yellow Jacket up a little. Read our per-sonal chat on second page and let us hear from you with a club a dozen strong. Now while the band plays "Republicanism" let every mother's son of you get a hump on that would make a camel look like a clothes line.

We don't claim that the republican party is responsible for the abundant crops that have prevailed pretty generally for the past four or five years, but it is responsible for the 100-cent dollars that pay for said crops. You can't rub that out, Buddy.

The Sycamore, Ill., Broadside says you can't down the trusts by voting as the "Captains of industry" do. We don't know so well about that but we're blamed certain that you can't keep down Coxe armies and soup houses if you all vote as the democrats do.

Altho the Yellow Jacket is not stock journal, it must deal with such questions. A farmer asks us; "D' hogs pay?" Our suggestion is they don't. They usually borrow the pig from their neighbors or beat the butcher out of it in some way.

Look here, good brother, if you are struck on the kind of a "racket" that the Yellow Jacket is making, then send us a batch of subscriptions. We can't make the paper hum right without help. You help scare up the "chinks" and we will furnish the "chat."

A democratic exchange says that the silver plank was not put in the Kansas City platform on account of its bright-ness. You are everlastingly right about that mister. It was put there to catch suckers, just like the income tax was left out to catch plutocrats.

An Iowa congressman says it is ridicu-lous to talk of the Iowa idea or any other political question in his state. The people are so busy making hay while the sun of prosperity shines that all they ask is that the Government shall do nothing to interfere with the good times.

The Buffalo, Mo., Record says slav-ery in the Philippines ought to be abol-ished; that it is certainly inconsistent with christian civilization. You are everlastingly right about that, Mr. Asbury, but what a pity all you democratic editors and politicians didn't talk like that in 1860.

If the Bryanites don't quit trying to twist and distort the sayings of Abra-ham Lincoln to sustain their anti-imper-ialism nonsense, they may except nothing better when they die than to be transformed into a gang of howling hyenas, compelled to go groping about in despair thru all succeeding ages.

Here's a good plank for the democ-ratic platform; "Resolved that our belly bands have got so slack that we can't keep things from going to smash, therefore we want some pie." Resolved, second, that any democrat who objects to this should be took out and shot with a basket of lather.

In a recent marine disaster a passen-ger was picked up as he floated feet up-ermost with a life preserver carefully strapped around his knees. When re-trieved and asked why he had not put it on around his chest he explained that he wanted to keep a new suit of clothes dry.

Every time Congress starts to enquire into methods of elections in those South-ern States where ballot-box stuffing and disfranchisement have been resorted to so much by the democratic party right then the democratic press rises upon it hind legs and begins to have spasms a-bout "force bills."

Say, brother, if you love the Yellow Jacket we want you to get us a club of four for one dollar. Now, we want every mother's son of you to do this much for us. Won't take you but a few minutes to get the subs and you will be doing us a favor. While the band plays "Republicanism" let us hear from you. Don't be a clam.

If those farmers who advocate democ-racy had to sell their products at democ-ratic prices—wheat, 58 cents; pota-toes, no price; corn, 19 cents; and every-thing else in proportion—it might put a very different phase on their political should get your neighbors to reading the Yellow Jacket. The voice of the polit-ician is soon to be heard in the land and you want to jolt or jolly him as the case may be, with republican gospel. To be plain about it we would like to have you send us a great big club.

The tariff tinker would have Uncle Samuel halt the train of progress while he takes out a felly and a couple of spokes to see if the car won't run smoother. Verily, the tariff doctor is a wonderful fellow in his own conceit, but business men dread him worse than the devil does holy water.

A democratic exchange remarks that the elephant is being wiped out in Asia, and goes on to say that if the American voter does his duty it will be wiped out in the United States. Well, hardly! The American voter has but precious few elephants.

"The old cow, she crossed the road" is largely rubbish. We do not ask the consent of paupers, criminals and im-beciles—but that is beside the question. How about the democrats who have disfranchised the negroes in some southern states without the consent of the governed?

"A gold democrat," says the Sidney, Iowa, Democrat, "is a democrat with the democracy left out." That being the case, Mr. Democrat, there are no such things as any true democrats extant, be-cause an anti-gold democrat is a Bryan-ite with the democracy left out. Next time you want to say something, just sing "the old cow, she crossed the road."

Yes, there are lots of good men who would be willing to co-operate with the democratic party as it formerly existed. But right there lays the straw that broke the elephant's back. The old bow-leg-ged, wind-broken, democratic mule has degenerated into such an indifinable mixture of political inconsistencies that the majority of good men would blush to be found a-straddle of the beast.

The Record, of Covington, Tenn., says those men who voted for Palmer and Buckner should wait awhile before ask-ing democrats to nominate them. Yes, just wait a few years and combined in-fluences of Bryanism, Tillmanism and Pop-windism will have all true democ-rats disgusted and driven into the Pal-mer democratic party. Then nominations will be an easy matter.

The Greencastle, Ind., Star-Press makes a clear bust in trying to tell what a democrat is. A democrat, brother, is simply a negative quantity, a neces-sary evil, like the racket that a wagon makes in going down a rocky hill. He is a man who kicks at every step in the march of progress and howls at every sign of national advancement. In short, a democrat is a man who has got the pupils of his political eyeballs turned toward the back of his head.

A woman will yank up the guy ropes of her corset until she almost squeezes her immortal soul out of place, put a dead bird on her hat and go strutting around over town selling tickets for an entertainment to raise money to help send missionaries to some foreign clime for the purpose of teaching civilization to the poor heathens who have never known what it is to wear a corset and have been struggling on in the ignorant belief that birds were created to sing instead of being worn on the hat.

The Commoner suggests this; "Resolve to support the papers that protect your rights and defend your interest." It was the democratic papers that told you it was to your interest to elect a democratic administration once upon a time. If you think that your rights were defended and your interests were promoted by heeding their advice and voting for Cleveland, then don't waste any more time before subscribing for the Commoner and all those democratic papers that told you to "vote 'er straight."

Prosperity has struck the South and the price of cotton has soared until there is danger that American women will all have to wear silk.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie calls attention to a point in connection with the re-election of Mr. Charles Schwab to the presidency of the American Steel Com-pany which is worthy of note. Mr. Carnegie says Mr. Schwab's election was due to the fact that he had thorough-ly familiarized himself with every pro-cess of steel manufacture from the mining of the ore to the sale of the fin-ished product.

We are glad to see so many democ-rats subscribing for the Yellow Jacket. It will do you good, boys. Get your minds out of that old democratic groove every two weeks and you will feel bet-ter, look better and actually be better. The Yellow Jacket is neither a dictator nor an underling. It is ashamed of nothing it does, and does not owe its existence to, or care a continental for the criticism of these growlers and snarlers who imagine they possess about nine-tenths of the refinement and in-telligence of the country, and yet do nothing but strut around and cuss men who say what they think without bust-ing their cruppers holding back to see what somebody else will say first.

HELP WANTED.

In order that we may be the better enabled to reach all those republicans who are not yet subscribers to the Yellow Jacket we want to kindly ask each and every present subscriber to write the names of 6 or more of their republicans neighbors on a postal card and mail it to us. When all our subscribers shall have done this much we will have a list of nearly all the republicans in the United States, and then we will be ready to make a proposition to the republicans of this nation, which if carried out, will mean one of the longest and most im-portant steps ever taken by any political party. Now, what are you going to do about it? We believe you will send the names.

The Daphne, Ala., Standard takes the responsibility upon itself to declare to the public that the "Filipinos are capa-ble of self government." Wonder who told the Standard that? It is a deuce of a strange thing to us how it is that a man can find out so much about things on the other side of the earth and be in total ignorance about matters at his own door. If the Standard is so much inter-ested in seeing folks given the right to enjoy political freedom why don't it look at things in its own state where a large element of the people have no more chance in the exercise of their political rights than a one-legged man at a foot race? Now listen at the Stand-ard squall "nigger."

The Dunshore, Pennsylvania, Ga-zette says there is a perceptible weaken-ing all along the lines of republican opinion touching on high tariff. Trot out your men, Mr. Gazette. We would like to see the color of their hair. We know you can name a few republicans who are for tariff reduction, but for ev-ery prominent republican you can name who favors cutting down tariff rates, there are two democrats who have come to their senses and advocate letting the tariff alone. We know lots of free trade democrats try to twist McKinley's Buffa-lo speech into a free trade channel, but they belie his words and their meaning when they do so. President McKinley died as unshaken in the doctrines of protection as he did in the belief of the christian religion.

The following conversation is said to have occurred between two democrats, and is typical of the feeling of the best element in that party: "Well," said Mr. A., "we don't want any more traitors like Cleveland. That's one thing certain." "Cleveland," retorted Mr. B., "was the best president since Jeff-erson, and is the brainiest man in the party today." One word led to another and things got pretty warm, when the first gentlemen, Mr. A., said: "I have about come to the conclusion that the democratic party is not capable of running this government anyway." Mr. B. got angry, then, indeed, and up-brading him for making such remarks in a public place, exclaimed: "For God's sake, that's what we all think, but don't let anybody else know we think it."