

# THE YELLOW JACKET.

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY.

R. DON LAWS, Editor & Proprietor.

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THE YELLOW JACKET,  
Moravian Falls, N. C.

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## A PERSONAL GHAT.

See here, Brother Republicans, let's have a little chat. In the first place we want to ask you to scan over this copy of the Yellow Jacket and if you think it is a good thing, then help us push it along. We want every republican and about half of the democrats to read our doctrine—which is the genuine, unadulterated article with all the flourishes and frills knocked off. We know we can make lots of democrats feel so ashamed of their devilment that they can't look an honest sheep in the face and we believe we can strengthen your republicanism by bi-weekly talks with you. At any rate, we want you on our list because you love the things we love and hate the things we hate. Because we know you are tired of hearing "wolf, wolf" when there is no wolf; tired of ballot box trickery, unfair election laws, Tillmanism, Nesbitism, Goebelism, Bryanism, and nearly every other old "ism" that the democracy usually stands for.

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, then show it to your neighbor who very likely will. If you are a republican of the true grit we know you will not object to doing this much for a paper that has been battling for your rights ever since it was founded in those dark days of free soup when the democrats had Uncle Sam by the tail trying to pull him down to the devil.

We insist on every republican sticking to his party papers, first. 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. They are as ignorant of the true conditions of political affairs as a one-eyed Mexican dog is of the glories of the New Jerusalem. Don't let your republican friends be hoodwinked in such a way. Put the Yellow Jacket or "something just as good" in their hands. It will help them to see things as they are. You know the average democrat would see you at the devil, almost, before he would subscribe for a republican paper to the exclusion of democratic sheets. If you are the republican we want you to be, you can't keep the Yellow Jacket to yourself when it falls into your hands. You will want to go straightway and tell the news to others. If there is a republican friend in your locality who shows signs of weakness in the knees and is disposed to wander off after strange gods, get after him with the Yellow Jacket.

The Yellow Jacket is one of our most cherished dream children, and we couldn't discard her if we would, and we wouldn't if we could. We once nursed her for months when the only signs of life were the whisperings that came to our ears such as "that paper will soon peter" and "the Yellow Jacket will hunt its hole at the first white frost." To-day we number our subscribers by the tens of thousands and they are in every section of this broad land. We lead all North Carolina papers in circulation and all republican papers in the entire South. In the beginning we carried every blessed copy we printed to the post office in our coat pockets.

From now on we want to make the Yellow Jacket a better paper than ever before. The low price at which we offer the paper puts it within the reach of every republican who wants a paper. So let all who have feasted with the republicans and starved with the democrats get one solid, unanimous hump on and push the circulation till we can talk to every voter in the land. From now until the close of the campaign of 1904 we intend to make the dems sing "Hail Columbia" and never miss a note.

The fact that an election is just passed and that the republican party won a signal victory over democracy is no reason why we should not be "up and doing." We will want to win again, and the best time to prepare for war is in time of peace. Let us stand by our party papers. 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.

We send the Yellow Jacket at 25 cents a year in clubs of four or more. This is the very lowest rate we can make to anyone. Now have as many of your neighbors go in with you as possible and get the paper at 25 cents. 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.

## TIMELY TOPIGS.

Baking powder has been "raising Cain" in Missouri.

The girl who has a kitchen diploma doesn't have to hunt for a job.

The democratic remedy should always be well shaken before taken.

It is proper to say "brethren," but not "sistren" for a cistern is liable to dry up once in a while.

A good name is better than great riches. Most anybody would rather be poor than to be called Czolgosz.

Democrats of the ring rule variety are afraid of honest election laws everywhere and at all times.

Job never had any experience running a gasoline engine, otherwise his reputation wouldn't be quite as good.

Senator Hannah says that Grover Cleveland would make the strongest candidate the democrats could name.

The Omaha saloons will not reopen until the strike is called off. If anything will expedite a settlement this will.

The offer by an Eastern capitalist of \$1,000,000 for a good servant girl was a safe proposition. She can not be found.

With the presidential campaign a year off, it really looks as if President Roosevelt kissed those babies in dead earnest.

It was Senator Stone who used the baking powder, but it is the indignation of the people of Missouri that has "riz."

It's true there were not quite so many trusts when the democrats were in power, but soup houses were not to hunt for.

It is almost as difficult to quit the stage for ever as it is to quit the newspaper business permanently. Both have a "glamour which ever lures."

Some people can't take a joke; a New York woman read the President's lecture on race suicide and then gave birth to triplets.

There can be no question paramount to a free and fair ballot for the citizens of the United States, but the democratic party is the enemy to such ballot.

There are just two sides to the Philippine question—the American side and the Philippine side. Brother, do you know where you are "at."

Has anybody heard of the directors and managers of the Baking Powder Trust being indicted for their part in the Missouri legislature bribery cases?

Democratic editors who have labored so earnestly to prove the existence of a conflict of interests between Senator Hanna and the President will have to guess again.

Ex-Senator Jones of Arkansas is not satisfied with any of the Democratic presidential candidates. Guess he will have to be contented with another Republican.

Before the democratic party can make any progress it will have to run backwards—until it gets on the T. Jefferson main line. The trouble seems to be that the old train has a Bryan engine tugging forward at the hind end, a Cleveland engine tugging backward at the fore end, the crew divided, and the passengers confused. It's a genuine case of "Pull Dick, pull Devil." Something's got to bust before any progress is made. See that your ticket reads "Republicanism," and you are safe, brother, even tho the train flies the track and the engines go to Jerico.

## What is a Democrat.

"A democrat is one who has the impudence to assert, but lacks the facts and the courage to maintain.

"One who ignores an interrogation point, for the reason that that sign in punctuation does not always imply a negative aversion.

"One who is constantly seeking for a point of negation, and lies about it when found.

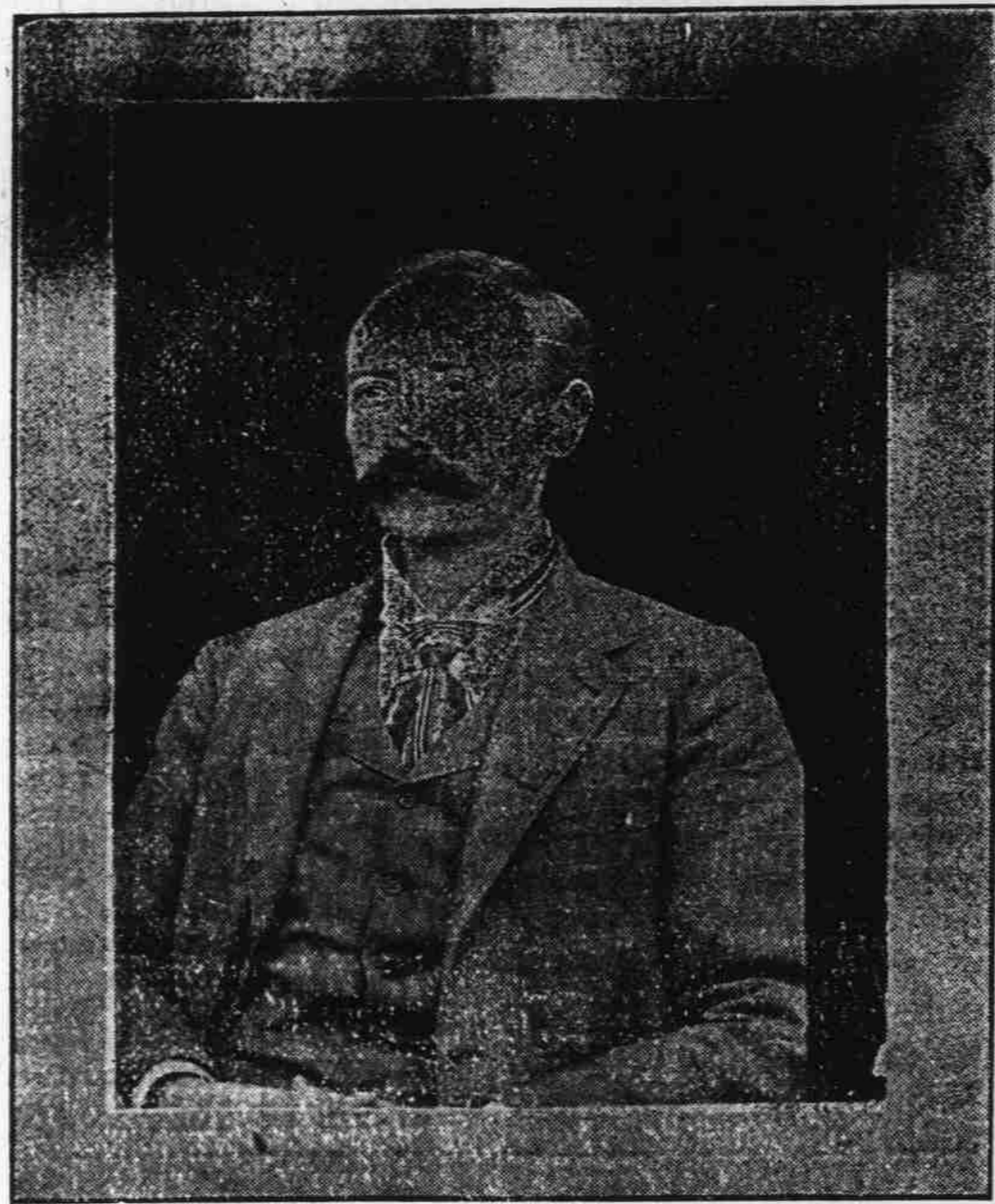
"One who mistakes the platitudinous mouthings of William Jennings Bryan for the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson.

"One who stands upon a political platform containing only two words, 'Time honored' and 'Ferneest.'

"One who endeavors to make the other fellow believe that the magic words, 'Be it enacted' makes 42 to 1, no more on less, than 16 to 1 in all commercial transactions.

"One who puts a candidate in the field and then indorses him, 'Without resource on me.'

"One who mistakes his own vindictive manoeuvre for public virtue.



R. DON LAWS.

The above half-tone cut suggests a faint idea of what the editor of the Yellow Jacket looks like. We were born in Wilkes county, North Carolina, in 1868, lived on a poor farm, ate corn bread and fat meat and plowed a steer until we were 21 years old. We happened to the good luck of getting to attend school 15 months, all told. At the age of thirteen we made the first printing press we ever saw. With a wooden press and type carved from bits of maple and ivy, ink made from the roots of white walnut, we took the first impression we ever saw made with type on paper. This rude outfit only stimulated our ambition for the acquirement of better facilities for printing. Along about this time we got the idea into our "noggin" that some time we wanted to be a "one-hoss" editor, so in June, 1895 we managed to get up a little old press and some type, all worth about \$25, and we "founded" the Yellow Jacket—beginning it as a three column, four paged monthly sheet and made up somewhat on the style of its matter today. For a long time it looked as if the game would not be worth the candle, but we worked the harder, hoping that a brighter day would come by and by. After awhile things began to come our way, but they seemed very slow. Yet we knew that Republicanism was right and we firmly believed that even our rough way of promulgating its policies would bring success in the end. As to the wisdom of these conclusions we will let the growth of the paper speak, by saying that it has reached the largest circulation of any paper in North Carolina and the largest of any republican paper in the entire south and that the little old ricketty-racketty outfit has been succeeded by an up-to-date plant and that it is paid for. But the growth of the paper is so enormous that we are compelled to soon put in larger and more rapid presses than ever.

We lay no claim to literary culture nor journalistic genius. We did not model the Yellow Jacket after anything in the newspaper world. We never consulted any living soul about what to say on any subject. We have never received a dollar in "boodle" from any source. There are not men enough this side of Hesperidam to stamper us from our position on political questions. If we believe a thing is right we propose to say so and stick to it if the whole world calls us a liar. That's the way we were built and we can't help it and we don't want to. What we say is from the standpoint of a fellow who has had to grapple with the "cornucops of reality" from childhood.

We hope every republican who reads this and feels interested in the work the Yellow Jacket is engaged in will do the cause and the paper the kindness to take this copy and go out in the hedges and highways and make up a club to the tune of about one dozen. That's all we have to say in this respect.

## THE YELLOW JACKET MAN.

BY JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

It is doubtful if there has ever been a more remarkable instance of success in journalism than that of R. Don Laws and his "Yellow Jacket." To attempt a history of this remarkable achievement would mean to transgress the appropriate limits of this article. I shall only undertake to give a few important facts concerning the man, his everyday life and his method of work, which cannot fail to be of great interest to his many thousands of eager readers.

R. Don Laws is only 34 years of age, but into his 34 years he has crowded more work than the average man puts into a long lifetime. In his early years, before he entered the newspaper profession, he was employed as a farmer, house carpenter and school teacher. He also sold books and worked on the railroad. He filled all these positions ably and honorably, but it was not until he started the Yellow Jacket in 1895 that he stepped into his particular "forte." From the first issue, the Yellow Jacket was a "great hit." It was designed to make republicans laugh and democrats howl, and it did its work so well that it began to grow famous at once. From the little three column sheet with only a small local circulation it has steadily grown both in size and circulation until it is read and laughed over in every nook and corner of this great nation. Since 1895 Mr. Laws has made politics his main study. He has watched the politicians as the hawk watches the chicken, and the fellow he don't know something about has not figured very prominently in politics. He does not try to conceal the fact that he is a republican, as any reader of the Yellow Jacket can testify. The weapons with which he fights the democrats are wit, sarcasm, and ridicule, backed up by an underlying reason, and woe unto the democrats who happen to be the target when he shoots.

In his office or in his home Mr. Laws is the same jolly good fellow he was before Dame Fortune smiled so benignly upon him. He is the possessor of a broad and magnanimous nature and even those who hate the Yellow Jacket cannot help admiring its editor for his straightforward, George Washington way of

doing things. He has the happy faculty of picking up knowledge everywhere and of turning it to good account. He is a tireless worker and a great hand to observe the "little things" that sometimes mean so much. His remarkable success has been due in large measure to his capacity for hard work, coupled with his more than ordinary skill in determining at a glance the relative value of men and measures.

## EDITORIAL GHATS.

Within the past six months there have been incorporated in the United States 120 companies with an aggregate capital stock of \$1,200,000,000.

Democratic editors are hard put these days in finding evidences of dissection in the republican ranks. Their own ranks, shows there is a little evidence of harmony as ever.

We make a great to-do when a Chinese barbarian kills a missionary in China. But what have we to say when a mob of cowboys in Western Texas murders a bible agent because he wears a silk hat?

The futility of all attempts to defeat President Roosevelt's nomination and election is emphasized by the report from Nebraska that, should Grover Cleveland or any other "reorganization democrat" be nominated, the Bryanites will support Mr. Roosevelt.

United Consuls report that an excellent quality of wheat can be purchased in Manchuria at 30 cents per bushel. This is raised entirely by hand. What will be the result when modern machinery is introduced into that section? Oh nothing much, the bulk of the celestials will continue to plant wheat and rice, a stalk at a time, as we plant cabbage, because their ancestors did so and because their labor is cheap.

The farmers of Iowa do not eat steel rails for breakfast nor feed pig iron to their hogs. They get rich feeding the people of this country, who are just now able to buy enormously, since they have big wages or incomes from one source or another. It is regrettable that Mr. Cummins should insist on a campaign which can be of no service to the party; can only give aid and comfort to the democracy. We wonder if Mr. Cummins remembers the situation in Iowa from 1893 to 1897? Does he want to live those weary years over again? Of course not. He sets aside experience for the alurements of sentimental philosophy.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Certain New York newspaper have lately been printing the personal views of business "Napoleons" with a view of teaching the young American idea how to shoot a million. One 'successful' magnate, who had acquired fortune that takes seven figures to indicate, says he turned the trick by devoting himself wholly to business—nothing but business. "I dropped all my old friends and made no new ones," he says. "I cut out all social functions and never entertained myself. I didn't have time." This successful young man—he is only 30—then goes on to tell in detail how, step by step, he dried up all the founts of human kindness in his heart and at each arid crater planted a new foundation stone for his great fortune.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## MAN.

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of microbes. Sorrow and headache follow him all the days of his life.

He hoppeth from his bed in the morning and his foot is pierced by the tack of disappointment.

He sitteth himself down to rest at noonday, and is lacerated in his nether anatomy by the pin of disaster.

He walketh throu the streets of the city in the pride and glory of his manhood, and slippeth on the banana peel of misfortune and unjointeth his neck.

He is stung by the mosquitoes of annoyance by day and his frame is gnawed by the bed bugs of affliction at night.

What is man but the blind worm of fate?—seeing that his days are numbered by circles of plain and his years by seasons of mourning.

In his infancy he runneth over with worms and colic, and in his old age he groaneth with rheumatism and ingrowing toe nails.

He marryeth a cross-eyed woman because her father had a bank account and findeth she is ridden with hysteria and believeth in witches.

He exalteth himself among the people and swelleth with pride, but when the votes are counted he findeth that he was not in it.

He trusteth in a man who claimeth to be filled with righteousness and standeth high in the synagogue, and gets done up.

For behold his pious friend is full of guile and runneth over with deception.

From the cradle to the grave man giveth his alms to him that smilleth him.

His seed multiplieth around him and crieth for bread, and if his sons come to honor he knoweth it not.

What is man but a painful wart on the heel of time.—Selected.

## Out This Out.

Don't inquire into a hungry man's history. Give him something to eat.

Use the top of your head more and your tongue less.

Try to-day to live a simple, sincere, serene life, and to-morrow will have more sunshine in it.

Keep the fire of your tongue from the gunpowder of your lips.

Ask yourself to-night if you are ashamed of anything you did to-day.

Cultivate self-control and habit of silence. Be at peace with yourself and everybody else.

The Creator gave you two ears and only one tongue, so that you could hear twice as much as you talk.

A man can store an awful temper within himself, but it won't break loose if he ties his tongue down.

Don't overdo things. Keep some of the pleasures for tomorrow and the next day.

For goodness sake don't worry. Do the best you can and be content.

## GORN MILLS.

The finest table corn meal is made on the Meadows White Flint Granite Mills. Runs with less power and does more and better work than any other mill on the market. Write today for catalog and prices. We will surprise you as to prices and quality of work. Samples of meal free. Agents wanted. W. C. Meadows and Son, Ploors Knob, N. C.

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