

CLUB RATES.

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NO. 1.

STINGERS.

Isn't it about time we had the official report of Dave Hill's retirement from politics?

If a horse ever laughs it must be when he hears a Democrat advocating honest elections.

Any sort of a fool can ask political questions, but it requires a statesman to solve them.

Prosperity is the sharpest and most annoying cuckold burr that the Democratic donkey ever had under its tail.

During Christmas times the South had two strong Clauses on its hands—Santa Clause and the grandfather clause.

The only use which this country now has for the Democratic party is to help keep the Republican party in power.

Senator Gorman is letting other people do all the talking about 1908. But of course he expects to be mentioned as usual.

As we have often stated, one of the beauties of being a Democrat is the privilege of voting for what you don't want.

The lowest grade of Republican politics begins right where the highest pinnacle of Democratic statesmanship stops off.

A person who understands half a dozen languages and knows how to keep silent in all of them, might be considered well educated.

The American hen lays eggs enough in a year to pay the interest on the national debt for that length of time, according to the latest cackle-ation.

The Republican party is now in a position where it will have to both drive the wagon and put on the brakes. But it is fully able to do both.

The result of last November compels the Democrats to resume their hunt for an issue. The one they thought they had they haven't got.

William Jennings wants the campaign of 1908 to begin at once. All right. So far as the Yellow Jacket is concerned it has begun now.

This issue of the Yellow Jacket will be read by not less than seven hundred thousand people. Expanding! Well, we should snigger.

You can make a broad smile play across the face of the Yellow Jacket man by inducing all your friends to begin taking the paper with this issue.

A fellow who can't see that Republicanism beats Democracy all hollow in running the government hasn't got sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole.

Speaking of ex-Democratic leader Hill and his trip to "Yourope," would it not be more appropriate for him to buy a hand-press and start a paper? They all do that.

An exchange asks how many sides has Democracy? There are just two, Buddy. There is the pie side for the politicians and the soup side for the suckers. Sonny, where are you "at"?

Let us hope that Dave Hill will stay in Europe when he gets there. Let us hope that he will fall in with Dick Croker, Bill Astor and that gang, and forget to come back.

Of course the Democrats can call this an administration of monopolists, trusts, and imperialists, but the people don't care a tinker's dam what it is called so long as they are getting better and better off in every sense of the word than they were under a Democratic administration.

Have you got up that club for the Yellow Jacket under our special offer? We are looking for it every day.

If you feel like you wanted to say something about things political, write a short letter to the Yellow Jacket.

It is but natural for our Democratic friends to grumble at the cost of living, but they should stop grumbling long enough to consider that it is worth something to be alive these times.

"The best way to reform the Democratic party would be to bury it," says an exchange. That being the case, the old thing got a pretty good chunk of "reform" administered to it last November.

Judge Parker is now doing business in his new law office in Gotham, but it is hardly to be expected that he will offer any expert legal advice as to the re-organization of the Democratic party.

It was no doubt a relief to Judge Parker to be able to celebrate Christmas in a quiet, old-fashioned, way without being disturbed by the crowds of admirers who used to haunt his dwelling place.

Just for the fun of the thing ask your neighbor why he is a Democrat. If he don't get too mad to say anything, like as not he will out with the truth and tell you he was just born that way and he can't help it.

Every few weeks we notice in the papers that some enterprising citizen has invented or discovered a new fuel. But it appears that nothing yet put upon the market is able to get up any head of steam in the old Democratic locomotive.

Wouldn't it be wonderful though, if these Democratic snlogosters would have half as much respect for the Constitution here in the Southern States as they pretend to have in the Philippine Islands?

Ever since "perpetual debt" and "Democratic administration" have come to mean so near the same thing, it will be noticed that the people are not rallying around Democracy to any great extent.

It is but natural that the Democrats should vote against the proposed increase of salary for the President and Vice-President. They realize that no member of their party would ever get the benefit of the increase, and therefore they oppose it.

Mr. Democrat, if your boys display the least bit of inclination to affiliate with the Republican party, for goodness sake let him go. Don't you believe that, "my daddy was a Democrat" is disgrace enough for one family?

The Republicans propose a treatment for the trusts that will cure them; the Democrats pretend that they want to administer a drug that will kill them. The returns of the November election indicate that the people prefer the curing treatment to the killing method.

Since the introduction of the South American ant seems to have been a failure in spreading desolation among the boll Weevil, we suggest as a sure method of rendering them ineffective, that some genius induces the little pests to adopt the cigarette habit, or join the Democratic party.

Science has lately made the discovery that a warm climate breeds craftiness and brutality in man, and that the warmer the climate the more desperately wicked the people become. Thar now, we can begin to see why so many of the Southern people are Democrats. It is simply a disease caused by the condition of the atmosphere, and the poor victims can't help it. Say, let's get up a summer excursion party and let all our Democratic friends spend next summer at the North Pole. Maybe that would cure them.

This Beats Anything Yet.

Cash in it for You.

Here is a Tail Holt and a Down-Hill Pull

This offer is made to every reader of the Yellow Jacket throughout the land, or at least, to every one who has any interest in the expansion and success of the paper. If you are anxious to see the Yellow Jacket shed more red-hot political light than ever, and become a greater dust raiser in the political world, then you are the very one we are after, and we are going to ask you to spread yourself for us a little bit; then we are going to pay you for it. It is our desire to make the Yellow Jacket bigger and better. The paper is not hot enough to suit us, nor half big enough to hold what we want to say. We could fill eight pages brim full of political gospel every issue, and then be popping full of stings and things to hurl at our political enemy. So if EVERY REPUBLICAN ON OUR LIST, not a part of them, will accept the following offer and carry it out within the next thirty days, we promise to then enlarge the Yellow Jacket and improve it in many ways, and fill it brimming full thereafter with the very best reading matter that he editor, Eli Tucker, Willie Winkle and Tobe Spilkins can grind out of their shops. Here is the offer. Take a spin out among your neighbors and friends and see if you can secure six subscribers to the Yellow Jacket, at 25 cents each, making \$1.50 in all. Then send us one dollar of this amount by M. O., check or in currency (stamps not taken), and put the remainder in your pocket to pay you for your trouble.

Understand that one dollar pays for the club of six for a whole year. This is the lowest offer we have ever made for the Yellow Jacket. Think of it. The chance of an eight-page, red-hot political skinning machine every other week for a whole year for only sixteen and two-third cents. Remember this rate of sixteen and two-third cents will not apply on a club smaller than six. If you want to make it larger you can do so at the rate of sixteen and two-third cents per subscription.

We make this offer only for a limited time. But it will hold good long enough to give every reader of this paper a chance to get up a club of six or more, and we are asking everyone to do so.

We want to see a club or two come from every post office in the United States where we have a subscriber. Let everybody take off a couple of hours for a club hunt and watch the Yellow Jacket's wings grow as a consequence. Friends, go to work, and you will hear from this end of the line at once. Address

THE YELLOW JACKET, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Not until the new Congress meets next winter will the country realize quite fully the magnitude of the recent victory. Speaker Cannon will then have the honor of holding the lines over the largest team of Republican legislators that ever traveled that old road, while Leader Williams will be standing over in an opposite corner with the empty bridle hanging on his arm and no team at all.

"Leaking gas," says the Commoner, "has caused a terrible explosion in Cleveland, Ohio," and then it goes on to say that "experience has doubtless taught the people of Washington, D. C., to be very careful when Congress is in session." Wrong again, B! Since the Democratic politicians have been leaking so much gas all over the country, during the past eight or ten years, the people don't pay any attention to a little leak like that at Washington.

If Mr. Nikola Tesla, the electrical expert, accomplishes the half of what he has promised, it won't be five years before the old backwood's farmers will be stacking their fodder and digging their potatoes by an electric current sent from Niagara Falls without a wire. And the strangest part of it all is that Tesla has come pretty near living up to his promises in the past, and he may do it again. There is no use to say what may not be done in these days of electricity and William J. Bryan.

The Republican party has been in power in this country almost continuously for nigh onto fifty years. During that time it may have made a few little mistakes. Not to have done so would have argued it a power greater than the power of mortal men. On two occasions since the Civil War the people have fancied themselves dissatisfied with the Republican party, and have given it a black eye. But they were willing enough to give it the glad hand of welcome "once more pretty soon again," as the Dutchman would say. Taking it all in all, the majority has been with us, is with us still, and is likely to remain with us for an indefinite period to come.

We believe that every subscriber of the Yellow Jacket has one or more Republican neighbors who don't take this paper. Now, if you want to see the Yellow Jacket cover the country like a blanket then get out and enroll these friends on a club list.

Now, people, keep your best ear to the ground. Things are likely to happen with great rapidity before many days. Col. Henry Watterson is in Europe and Col. Dave Hill is going over there right straight away, and it is expected that they will call a meeting of two leading Democrats in Paris one of these days and decide the future of Miss Democracy.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has pulled off its crupper and doesn't propose to be a holding-back force for Democracy any longer. In its new declaration of principles it says: "No more Bryan leadership, no more dilution of Democracy with Populism, repudiation and heresy; no more restraint on the flight of the American Eagle, and no more tugging at the holding-back strap." It is plain as anything, that, unless the Democracy returns to its senses and goes to work as a building, expanding, progressive factor in the affairs of the country, the Cincinnati Enquirer will be in the Republican party by 1908 if not sooner.

The Commoner says that Folk was elected Governor of Missouri because a Folk victory meant something. It might have added with equal truth that Parker was defeated because a Parker victory meant something—because it meant hard times, idleness, hunger, rags and general wretchedness throughout the country. And the people seem to have made up their minds that they can manage to struggle along without any more Cleveland times just yet.

Even a great victory has its disadvantages. The Republican party now finds itself confronted with the problem of what to do with all the Congressmen it has elected. As it is well known, the Hall of Representatives in the Capitol at Washington is equally divided into two parts, one for the Re-

publicans and the other for the Democrats. Heretofore the membership has been reasonably well divided, so that there was no trouble in finding a seat for each member on his own side of the house. But when the next Congress meets it will be quite a one-sided looking affair. On the Republican side they will be packed as close as oysters in a can, while on the Democratic side there won't be enough to keep each other company. The Republicans will either have to enlarge their side of the Hall or go over and sit among the Democrats. Really, it looks like we almost over-did the thing this time.

HI, THERE, YOU!

You like to hear the Yellow Jacket buzz, don't you? You like to see us "rip 'em up the back?" Well, this is just what we're going to do, but we don't want you to lose sight of the fact that this is a sort of partnership arrangement. It is like a machine—it needs grease. The most suitable grease for this machine is a brand familiarly known as "spondulix," but sometimes called "chink." The more grease you pour on the faster it hums. Now, how often do you grease it? Once a year? Is that all? Well, of course we are not going to complain about that. One greasing a year makes us love you, but if you will grease us oftener we will love you more. Get all your neighbors to join in and help you grease us. We want you all to put on your "big Injun" war paint and help us to roll up a million subscribers. The Yellow Jacket's circulation has doubled every year since we started the paper, and if it will continue to do that well for the next three years we will have a million subscribers. We could make out very well with a million subscribers, but we can't feel satisfied to stop at less than that number, so we are urging every one of our present subscribers to help us get that million. This is a very modest request. It will be as easy as tumbling off a log if you will each do your part.

Now don't wait for an international agreement or for the next national convention, but skin out of your coats, roll up your sleeves and go to work now. Read our wonderful proposition to club getters printed elsewhere, and then pitch in and do your best. Let's make the thing hum as never before. Help us to rattle the dry bones of Democracy.

What You Have Missed.

We are sending out his week several sample copies of the Yellow Jacket, and should this one happen to be the first copy you ever saw it may be that you will wonder if such an issue as this is the result of some kind of a Christmas spree, or does the paper keep up such a broadside all the time. To such we will say that this is the kind of a caper that the Yellow Jacket has been cutting before high heaven for the last ten years, and if you haven't been a subscriber, then you have missed ten years of more political "skinning bees," and administrations of "hot stuf" than ever came ambling down the pike before. If you haven't time to get up a club now, then send twenty-five cents and get the Yellow Jacket bi-weekly for a whole year, and if you don't agree before the time is half out that you have got over the worth of your money then we will agree to pay your quarter back and eat the balance of your subscription.

Eli Tucker Revised.

Look here, boys! Now is the time to subscribe, or renew your subscription, to the Yellow Jacket if you desire to get the masterpieces of "Eli Tucker's" pen. For the past ten years Eli has been contributing regular letters to the Yellow Jacket. Some of these letters have set Democrats to having Jeeminy fits in all parts of the country. We had so many calls for issues of the Y. J., in which certain of these letters appeared, that we have exhausted all the back numbers. So arrangements have been made to revise and republish, in the Yellow Jacket, all the best things of Eli's pen. This feature will begin in next issue.