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Editorial Notes

There would be no soap if Socialism had its way.

Time is money, but it's not much money unless you cash it.

The Supreme Court has been "chewing" on the tobacco trust.

Water will not rise above its source—unless you use a force pump.

And now we have the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la la!

The man who carries a gun or a bottle in his hip pocket is always a Democrat.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"—but not any more uneasy than a bald headed man in fly time.

The Senate is now busily engaged in showing the House the virtue in having the 1st whack at the bill.

Toad stools, lamb's frolics, mushrooms and other signs of spring are on the way.

What you want to do this fall is to shell the woods and put every Democrat on the run.

Character is always worth one hundred cents on the market—provided it is the right kind of character.

The Chinese do not want to make the slightest trouble for any foreigners who stay out of China.

Prohibitionists drink dope and Democrats drink whiskey and between 'em they keep the devil busy.

When a man's nose begins to get purple it is a pretty good sign that he is a good judge of likker.

The chief difference between grand larceny and high finance is that the latter includes enough to pay the lawyers.

They say you can't have the cake and eat it too—but that isn't any reason why you shouldn't lend a friend a quarter if he's broke.

Dr. Osler wanted to chloroform everybody over forty years of age—and that would put the Democratic party in its grave. It has been paralyzed for years.

The Secretary of State explained to a caller the other-day that a "modus vivendi" was the sort of a treaty that did not have to get killed in the Senate.

There is no prospect that the Senate messenger who carries back the rate bill will be lugging enough to make him round shouldered.

If railroad passes, franking privileges and free seed distribution are all cut off, what will be the use in being a Congressman anyway?

A great many people are wondering whether free alcohol for use in the arts will include the brand utilized in painting the town.

Just as like as not Gen. Wood was trying to get even with the lot of Moros who conferred the title of datto on the Hon. William Jennings Bryan.

Mr. Bryan sees that Mr. Hearst feels that Mr. Bryan thinks that Mr. Hearst knows that Mr. Bryan is going to give Mr. Hearst some trouble.

When you think about the fact that the Republican party prosecuted to a successful issue the great civil war; lived through it and to-day lives grander than ever, you are thinking of a proposition well worth while. Age makes it grander and greater—and this fall is the time to see that even increased majorities belong to it.

If Gen. Grosvenor of Ohio, is going to drop out of Congress, it seems that his fame as a prognosticator ought to secure him a place in the Weather Bureau.

When they talk about the Democratic party—just ask them the broad question: What has the Democratic party ever done to commend it to the intelligent voter? And there is no answer.

Strange that none of the grafters has yet organized a company to go after the pot of gold which is said to be at the end of the rainbow. Looks like the suckers would nibble at that proposition.

Imagine Joe Medill Patterson before an audience of ten thousand vagabonds preaching the gospel of Socialism. The devil rebuking sin would not be a circumstance.

"Fresh air is the best of medicines," says an eminent medical authority. Very true, Doc, but in a campaign year like this we generally have to take our air "hot."

If it is true that every word spoken on earth is recorded in heaven, then it's dollars to gingersakes that the Recording Angel will be glad when Congress adjourns.

If Pilgrim Bryan only wanted to treat the American Public to a series of interesting letters from the Orient, it would have paid him better to have sent his hired man, Mr. Metcalf.

The eye doctors who are advising all people to put on glasses when kids, are going to make a nation of people as blind as bats. But there is graft in it, and the Socialistic papers sell advertising cheap.

Many of the cities of the country are just now fighting what they term the social evil. In a little while if the things keep on they will be fighting the Socialistic evil.

Most all the multi-millionaires are having trouble with their wives. No one has explained just why it is—but it is—and there is something in it worth thinking about.

Every time the clock ticks you are that much nearer the grave. And yet men knowing this will persist in remaining in the Democratic party. What of their immortal souls?

In the old days if a man had fifty thousand dollars he was considered wealthy. Now he isn't in it unless he has fifty millions. What will it be a thousand years from now. The world is just commencing to cash its riches.

They are now about introducing the phonetic style of spelling. Some of our Democratic friends already have a bad spell, judged from the letters we get from 'em when the Yellow Jacket stings them on their funny bone.

A quarrel over a mule resulted in two Georgia men killing each other in a pistol duel. The mule in the case did not lose its temper.—Washington Post. It must have been Swinnerton's famous hybrid known as "Maud."

The Republican party in North Carolina is like a seidlitz powder. One faction is in the blue paper and the other in the white. And when they mix they sizzle and frizzle—and what we need, and need badly, is a new Moses to set the way.

The sad ending of Jack and Gill who went up the hill to get a pail of water was not a more frightful calamity than that which befell Judge Parker who was the recent candidate for President on the Democratic ticket. And yet Parker has the nerve to come into the South and throw a harpoon into Billy Bryan—the idol of the "dimmycrats" South, who want to see wild cat money; sub-treasury notes and porcelain eggs under confiding old hens.

They say that three strokes of paralysis a man—but it isn't so with the Democratic party—if you take their word for it. It was killed, however, at the first stroke, and doesn't yet know that it is dead.

The wives and mothers who are petitioning Congress to suppress the Mormons because of the practice of polygamy should ask the government to suppress polygamy among the rich in New York who are not Mormons. That would seem to be better business.

We don't hear so much of Tom Dixon's Clansman these days. The box office receipts are nothing like they were and the actor-preacher will soon be writing something new to inflame the Southern heart. A grafter, whether in the pulpit or on the curb, is always out for coin.

The Pope of Rome wants to send sixty millions of dollars to this country for an investment, and Morgan and Ryan are fighting to see who gets the dough. The chances are that no matter which one gets it, the Pope will conclude that commissions come high.

Because J. B. Foraker stood up in the Senate and gave the world his views, he was accused of representing the railroads. In other words whenever a man is honest, if he is not on the side of the grand stand bellows there is always some one to cry out that he has been bought.

Richmond P. Hobson says that he can "see" that Japan is going to arm China for the purpose of fighting the United States. We thought Hobson resigned from the navy on account of eye troubles. If he can see what he claims to see, his eyes must be improving.

A slab-sided and yellow belled shad in West Virginia sends us word that our paper is making Democrat votes in that state. Yes, we are aware of that fact—and Old John Brown made a few of the same kind when he scared the liver out of the whole push.

Congress again voted many million for the pensioners—and money spent that way is money spent well. The boys who rallied 'round the flag in the dark days did a good job and the Nation not only owes them money but all its gratitude.

They tell of a resort in North Carolina known as the Land of the Sky. But the place where sky is sold to the suckers is in the North. All a grafter up there needs do is to get a blue print of the blue sky and a half million suckers rush in and lay down their money. The blue sky artist is doing more business right now than ever before.

Job had lots of trouble, no doubt, of that—but he didn't have to contend with patent medicines or listen to a Socialistic spell-binder. Had such afflictions been piled upon his other woes we suspect he would finally have denied God. Even Bildad, the Shuhite couldn't have saved his bacon.

Inspired, perhaps, by the Chicago Record-Herald's wild escapade in search of the North Pole, the Memphis News-Scimitar has started out an adventurous young reporter to search for the lost continent of Atlantis. Now who will daddy an expedition for the purpose of finding out where the Democratic party is "at?"

The different degrees of wealth which have always existed, and which, evidently, always will exist, are just as necessary—just as essential to the public good—as are the different elevations of land on the surface of the earth. The man who advocates this "leveling up" or "leveling down" theory for the cure of social ills is twin brother to the fool who would suggest digging down all the mountains and filling up all the valleys of the earth. In either case the result would be a dull uninteresting "flatness."

One of the national committeemen, of North Carolina, was called to Washington recently and while there made a deliverance to the effect that Mr. Bryan would lead the united Democracy in 1898. Lead them where? Again to the slaughter house? But Mr. Daniel, like Balaam's ass, is perhaps guilty of seeing visions.

Think of a government that can vote three hundred million dollars to build a canal and think nothing of the appropriation. And yet this country was saved by the Republican party. It may be too late in the day to talk about anything that had treason in it—but it is a significant fact that the party that saved the Union continues in power and was put in power the last time by a bigger majority than ever.

Those who are contending that Democracy is on the upward tendency will no doubt be pained to learn of the sudden suspension of the Indianapolis Sentinel, for fifty years the leading Democratic paper of Indiana. The Sentinel had preached Democratic doctrine for a long time, but each year its list of supporters grew less and less until there were so few that the paper had to go out of business and shut up shop. It is a rather sad story, but then it must not be expected that people are always going to believe that the Democracy is something worth conjuring with. The time is coming when it will be compelled to take its place along with those who once contended that "the Earth am flat and the Sun do move."

And finally they found Old John Rockefeller hiding on his estate. When a man is weighed down with a billion of dollars that he gained dishonestly—some folks say stole—and he must needs hide from officers of the law, the question is, was the game worth the candle? It would seem that old Ragmuffin was happier than this modern Monte Cristo—this bald headed old jackersnipes who has been proven to be guilty of arson and murder. They talk of blood money and when Old John Rockefeller's case is considered humane lives have been sacrificed to give him the billion that he thinks he owns. The asylums and poor houses are also filled with victims of his terrible greed, and pretty soon the old fraud will die and then—well then what about his billion. Some day a bob-tailed hog will root and grunt over his grave—but what about the dough-faced old rascal when he goes trembling before the bar of God? A man must answer—aye, vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord!

A very smart Alec, who signs his name Stoneville Democrat, writes us from Stoneville, North Carolina, and declares that the Yellow Jacket is no good. S. D. says he has heard the Stoneville people speaking about the Y. J., and that he has never heard one say anything good about it yet. There's an old saying that birds of a feather flock together and Stoneville Democrat has evidently been talking with his own class of folks. A man is judged by the company he keeps and a man's company may be judged by the way the man talks. We don't expect a Democrat to like the Yellow Jacket any more than we expect the Devil to love holy water. If S. D. will quit trotting around among Democrats so much and will associate a little with Republican folks who know a good thing when they see it he may soon be able to sing a new song. In concluding his little warble S. D. says: "If you don't like what I have said about your paper, it will take the less of it to do you." Well, Bud, to tell you the truth, we like to hear you warble a little. It would be a dull old time if we didn't raise a howl now and then from such fellows as you. We'd feel mighty bad if we found that the Democrats didn't talk about us. They always talk about the things that do the country the most good and go into spasms yelling for something or other that could send us all to the bow-wows. S. D., we'd advise you to take some worm candy post haste.