

CLUB RATES.  
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Clubs of Four, \$1.

# The Yellow Jacket.

ISSUED BI-WEEKLY.  
SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS,  
30 CENTS A YEAR.

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## Editorial Notes.

The names of the gold prize winners will be announced in the Yellow Jacket as soon as the clubs are all in.

Anxious Reader: No, denatured alcohol is not a beverage. But the Standard Oil Company is afraid it would disagree with it whether it was drunk or not.

Lightning, it is said, never strikes twice in the same place—but something has struck the Democratic party about every four years and knocked it into smithereens.

It is stated that the Standard Oil Company has established a Bureau of Publicity. There is no truth, however, in the report that it has engaged Mr. Garfield to run it.

Should you behold your rural carrier bearing some heavy burden towards your box some day, don't be frightened. It, in all probability, will be a copy of Senator La Follette's rate bill speech.

A new book has recently been placed on the market entitled: "The Melancholy Bed Bug, or Does a Democrat Become an Angel." Of course these things are problematical—but we should say not.

It is said that ever since Vesuvius erupted Senator Bailey, of Texas, has been looking sad. Well, when a man tries to out-spout nature, and gets left, we don't blame him for feeling sore over it.

Now that they have a pie factory, it is hoped that the great parties will put in a plant and go to making pies to beat the band. This will cause the hungry horde to get away from the pie counter.

The mighty reverberations of Comrade Debb's stud-horse type in 'The Appeal to Treason, calling everybody to arms, might have been what upset San Francisco, but you can't get people out that way to believe it.

People who write calling on the Kentucky editor, who was going to come to North Carolina to cowhide the editor of this paper, to hurry up are requested to give the number of the padded cell from which they escaped. It will simplify matters.

Men often get stale in their ideas, and often too close study reveals weak spots. But President Roosevelt is like Shakespeare's description of the peerless woman—"age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety" of this many-sided and remarkable man.

The Democrats have done their dirty best to discredit Roosevelt—but towering above them all, even as the giant oak towers above the shrubbery of the forest, or the mastodon above the skunk, our President was there at roll call and gave them better than they sent.

Some accomplished mathematician might figure out who gets the most benefit from the free seed distribution, the voter who receives half an ounce of mixed varieties or the Congressman who has a hundred thousand of such packages to distribute.

Debbs, the beautiful, hasn't issued anything calling the people to blow up the Universe for three or four days. His last great announcement proved an over-ripe egg. It went up and it went down—and that was all there was to it. But Debbs thought he had played—well most any old thing.

Wonder why it is that most all the testimonials to these patent dopes you see advertised are signed up by Democrats. They all tell about that tired feeling and imagine they are cured. After the spell wears off they have another attack of the "miseries" and send for another bottle. They never seem to think that if they would change their politics—get out of the shadow of the great grief which Democracy always brings, that they would be as blithe and happy as a tom cat on a back fence on a dark night.

## Premiums for June

### Fifty Dollars in Gold Given Away.

EVERY CLUB SENDER TO GET A PRIZE.

The special prizes to be awarded to our club raisers, for the month of June, will consist of fifty dollars in gold, to be applied as follows:

**FIRST PRIZE.**—Twenty Dollars in Gold will constitute the Grand Prize, and will go to the person who mails us the largest list of subs., at 25 cents each, by six o'clock on June the 30th.

**SECOND PRIZE.**—Fifteen Dollars in Gold to the person securing the second largest club at the same rate and the same time as above.

**THIRD PRIZE.**—Ten Dollars in Gold to the person securing the third largest club.

**FOURTH PRIZE.**—Five Dollars in Gold to the person securing the fourth largest club.

**REGULAR PRIZE.**—The Wonderful Twentieth Century Cyclopaedia Britannica will be mailed to every person who sends us a club of six or more subs. at 25 cents each. No home, library or school is complete without this valuable work. Over Fourteen Thousand different articles of especial interest are contained in the book, all alphabetically arranged, and covering almost every known field of research; including Law, History, Geography, Biography, Business, Medicine, Chemistry, Electricity, Engineering, etc., etc. The work is printed in clear type on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. Remember, this book goes to every sender of a club of six. Even those who secure the gold prizes will get the Wonderful Twentieth Century Cyclopaedia Britannica.

Here is a chance for the worker who says, "I'm going to win the grand prize," to make some good money. Remember, a twenty dollar gold watch was secured last year by one of our workers in Alabama with less than four days canvassing. And if you don't secure the first, remember the second prize is worth many day's work. And if not the second the third, and if not the third the fourth. Even the fourth is worth almost a week's time at canvassing.

The people who secure these prizes can never begrudge the time they spent, and they are going to the ones who make up their minds that they will win, and do not let a chance slip in securing every subscriber possible from now until six o'clock Saturday, June 30th.

Remember, this is campaign year, and everybody will want to see the Yellow Jacket. Get Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Populists, and everybody to take the paper.

## CONDITIONS.

Subs. may be either new or renewals.

Club must be mailed by six o'clock p. m., June 30th.

The amount sent for each subscription, 25 cents.

You must be one who sent us a club on Yellow Jacket Day (May 24), or else you must write us a card at once saying you wish to enter the race for one of the Gold Prizes.

No gold prize will be awarded to anyone who is personally, officially or financially connected with the Yellow Jacket.

Remittance must be made by P. O. or Express Money Order, registered letter, or certified check. No stamps accepted. Address

THE YELLOW JACKET,  
Moravian Falls, N. C.

If you don't need the twenty dollar gold piece, then you should make the fight for it for the good of Republicanism.

With Vesuvius, San Francisco and Ben Tillman all in eruption at once, it seems like it would almost put accident companies out of business.

This Southern-man-for-President proposition might be worthy of a good deal more notice if the Southern people did not so notoriously put their money on the wrong horse.

The last word uttered by Mr. Bailey, of Texas, when he leaves this world of sin and shame will doubtless be to the effect that somebody is a "malicious and deliberate liar." That good old Anglo-Saxon word, Liar, has been used many times—but never before as often as Mr. Bailey has used it. The fact of the business is, if he keeps on, he, himself, will be known as the "heavenly lyre."

We are sending out this week several sample copies of the Yellow Jacket, and should this one happen to be the first copy you ever saw it may cause you to wonder if this issue is the result of some kind of a spasm, or does the paper keep up a similar racket all the time? To such an inquiry we will say that this is the kind of a caper we have been cutting before high heaven for the past ten years, and if you haven't been a subscriber then you have missed ten years of more political "skinning bees" than ever came ambling down the pike before. If you haven't time to get up a club now, then send us 30 cents and get this paper bi-weekly for a whole year, and at the end of that time if you don't agree that you have got over the worth of your money then we will agree to pay you your quarter back. Isn't that fair?

The only resemblance between Senator Bailey and David, the sweet singer of old, is that both finally concluded, in their haste, that all men were liars.

The bulk of the talk about limiting private fortunes seems to come from those who would not be affected by any sort of reduction.

Amid all the other doubts we hear but little of the Panama Canal. It seems that subject is only alluded to when all other things have flunked. The canal itself may flunk—but the theme, never.

Uncle Hiram sent us word the other day that "all the fools wasn't made at onst and if they had been and all died at onst thar wouldn't be any Democratic party to make the Republicans feel proud of themselves."

The Yellow Jacket continues to be proud of the fact that it will not accept advertisements, and it is the only secular newspaper in the world that won't. And if it would, it could turn in thousands of dollars a year—and yet there are suckers who are mad because we do not print invitations for them to part with their money in the cheap skin games advertised by fakirs in Socialistic papers.

Boys blow soap bubbles and think it great sport—and men with whiskers blow the same kind of bubbles and call it business. Finally Father Time backs the hearse up and carts you off and the paper of the village says you were a success because you left steen dollars for someone to quarrel over. Success should not be measured by dollars—but by what one accomplishes. But that kind of talk does no good. Dollars are the stuff all the way through, and no matter how little brains one may have—if he has the dough, which is dollars, he is all right.

Read our fifty dollar gold premium offer, and then hit the pike for subscribers.

And the paper trust has surrendered to the "big stick." Score another victory to Roosevelt.

If the Democrats are really in dead earnest in wanting to see the trusts "salivated" let them clear the track for Roosevelt.

Verily, politics is a great game, and the man who pushes himself far into the conflict will get the stuffing knocked out of him once in a while.

The Democratic spell-binder who buys a red neck-tie in order that it may harmonize with his breath has a grand conception of the thing called art.

The fellow who sees nothing in store for the people in this country but to become the helpless victims of greed and graft needs to take a course of treatment for worms.

Lest your Democratic neighbor might not think of it, you should remind him that it was under a Republican administration that the paper trust surrendered and agreed to dissolve.

So long as Speaker Cannon persists in "soaping the track" of the tariff revisionists train the people may feel assured that with all its puffing and sputtering the little old bullgine will not get far up the grade at Capitol Hill.

The trick of dividing the Republican party to make a chance for the Democratic donkey to come in has been worked successfully before, but the time has past for such small politics to win any more battles.

Nobody but a crank wants to see the tariff revised until the benefits to be derived from revision will compensate for the losses and inconveniences which will inevitably result from revision. This may hit some Democrat below the belt, but we can't help it. The truth must be told if it yanks all the hide off the Democratic party.

The cigar-makers union threatens another strike and the prime stink-a-dories will advance about a cent each. The union could do mankind a favor by running up the scale so high that a five-cent cigar would not be in it. Shakespeare's mackerel, that shines and stinks in the moonlight, is glad perfume compared to the modern five cent stink.

As a consequence of a strike and the refusal of the funeral drivers to work or to allow non-union drivers to take their places, about 150 bodies remained unburied in New York on the 11th inst. When non-union drivers were employed they were attacked in the streets by the union, and police protection had to be employed. The English language isn't adequate to express our views on the subject. To hell with such unionism is the mildest way we can put it.

There are still a few curious people who are wondering if the planet Mars is really inhabited. The question arises suppose it was inhabited. Suppose it had steenty-steen million people in it and each man would take a bundle of Appeals to Treason—what good would it do? This earth is inhabited, but there are some folk on it who still vote the Democratic ticket. What science should do is to reach forth her lily-white hand with a maul in it and try to reach the deluded of the planet Earth, and then after that chore has been finished look "upards" to the skies and try to sell the people of Mars a patent dope to drive away the "miseries."

And so Bylliam, the peerless, says he will hitch his wagon to a star another time, provided no one else is available. Bylliam is always available—but he never makes good on the home run. But it seems that Fate has decreed that he must be the victim. The Democracy laughed long and loud when it got him out of the way and brought up the Esopus horse—but the man from Esopus was worse than Bylliam. And now that Bylliam sends word that he will trot another race—well, the Republicans will again make it unanimous—for their man—and it may be Teddy. Why not?