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Editorial Notes.

Gout is never prevalent under a Democratic administration.

Who was running this country when the farmers of the West burned their corn?

Say Mr. Voter, politically speaking, it pays to look back, but it is poor business to go back.

Where is the Democrat who will ask for support on account of his party's national record?

A Republican exchange says parties should be judged by deeds, not words. That is very unkind to the Democratic party. It hasn't done anything lately to be judged by.

A Democrat who would advocate another "wise and patriotic revision of the tariff," like we got in the days of Grover, ought to have his legs wound around a Roman candle and be shot clear beyond the Milky Way.

Before the Democrats are to be entrusted with the affairs of the government they will have to learn how to manage their own organization without letting it drift into the hands of men who don't know the difference between a hotel and a gambling hell.

Of course the Democrats can call this an administration of monopolies, trusts and imperialists, but the people don't care a tinker's dam what it is called so long as rascals are being punished, trusts investigated and the people are better off in every sense of the word than they were "once upon a time."

John Sharp Williams has discovered a new hobgoblin, and it is about to "skeer" him to death. He has figured it out that government ownership of railroads would mean good-bye "Jim Crow" cars in the South, and then he would have to ride with the niggers. Gosh, isn't it terrible to think of? Johnny is nearly breaking his neck to find William Jennings Bryan and inform him that if he wants the support of the solid South he'd better drop government ownership "pury quick." But as Col. Bryan has more than once advocated "state ownership" it is thought that a settlement between him and John Sharp can be affected whereby Bryan can preserve his issue and John his "Jim Crow" car.

A Missouri paper tells of a farmer who came along the other day to where his neighbor was engaged in putting a new roof upon his barn. "What did the lumber for that roof cost?" asked the farmer, who happened to be a Democrat. "About \$180," replied the neighbor. "That's robbery," said the Democrat. "Why, sir, under the Cleveland administration, with the low tariff in effect, that lumber would not have cost more than \$100." "That may be true," replied the other, "but I want to call your attention to the fact that under that Cleveland administration which you refer to I could not afford any barn at all, and even had to live in an old shed covered with straw." In this conversation is found one good reason why Missouri has swung into the Republican column, and why the country is well satisfied with Republican good times.

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HOT AS BLUE BLAZES

Next Issue to be a Hummer from Hummerville.

Get It. Read It. Preserve It.

We wish to announce that next issue of the Yellow Jacket will be a compilation of such "medicine" as will make the political sinners climb tall trees or take to their holes. It will be prepared especially for those persons who relish something hot. Every line will be a live wire; every paragraph a scintillating current of double distilled cayenne pepper extract. It will contain copious slices of the most popular "roasts" we have ever administered to those afflicted with the meddlers itch. This issue will be "stings" all over. There will not be a cool place in it. If you are a Republican who believes faithfully in the doctrines of the party of Lincoln, McKinley and Roosevelt you will need it as a "thunderbolt" to hit the Democratic politicians this fall. Get it; read it and lay it away for future reference.

This particular issue will be loaded to the very muzzle with the hottest medicine that has ever appeared in this paper. It will unlock hypocrites; skin skunks; raise whelks on the backs of liars and tattlers as big as ginger cakes; it will "salivate" Democratic politicians; puncture Democratic gas bags; explode Democratic issues; put Socialists on the run and make you feel glad you are a Republican. It will abound in editorial paragraphs as rich as cream and as warm as mustard.

If you would like to attend a skinning bee where the victim is the Jackanape who says the editor of the Yellow Jacket is a "nigger" then read next issue.

If you would like to see the fellow run thru our sausage mill who declares that no decent man would edit such a paper as this, then seize on to next issue.

If you desire to possess a condensed history of Democratic meanness that would make one of those Democratic gutter-snipe politicians scuttle to the woods like a Jack rabbit, then by all means procure a copy of next issue of this paper.

If you desire to see the Rip Saw yanked up by the hind legs, its belt jerked off, its teeth scattered to the four winds of heaven, its colossal ignorance, its brazen impudence and its unparalleled profanity exposed and "Kernil" Kooter Maple dangling from our possum pole, then procure next issue of the Yellow Jacket and read it.

If you think you can use a bundle of samples such as next issue is promised to be, write for them and hand them out or mail them out among your friends and watch us grow. We're ready to set in for the fall campaign and we want everybody on our list. Yes we want EVERYBODY—we know we can't convert all the Democrats but we'll make thousands of them look so one-sided and ridiculous that they'll be ashamed to go to the election. Come on, boys; we want a million of you on our list and we'll stand by your interests if we have to "transmortify" the Democratic party into three gills of pig's foot jelly and let the cats eat it. Remember the Yellow Jacket has put in a new hame string and belly band and that we are still doing business at the same old stand.

The Democrats have abolished the "past tense" from their grammar.

Oh, yes, the Democrats who ran for Congress twelve years ago promised you "good things" and what did you get?

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

Democracy declared that "Protection was robbery," then there was a crash and a whirl. Now they are at their old game again.

Why Late.

The editor of the Yellow Jacket happened to the misfortune of having his right foot pierced by an iron spike on Saturday, July 21, totally disabling him for any sort of duty for several days. We are just now getting so we can think in a straight line, but it is impossible, in the little time till we must go to press, to get such matter prepared as we desire to give our readers in this issue. However we trust our readers will excuse us this time and we'll make up for this by working harder on the next number.

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The ratio of Democrats who want office to those who don't is about 16 to 1.

You can't always judge a man's political strength by the size of his appetite for office.

Ask a Democrat which kind he is and then watch him pull at his coat collar and stutter.

If you wish to see the Democratic donkey "take to the woods" fire some Yellow Jackets at him.

Laying down politics for a moment we want to say that it is a pity the cigarette fiends can't smell themselves as others smell them.

Republicanism gives every fellow an equal pull at the leg of prosperity—provided he isn't too blamed lazy to take hold and pull.

A Democrat asks us how many sides we think Democracy has? Only two, Buddy. There is the pie side for the politicians and the soup side for the suckers. Where are you "at?"

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Wonder if the Democrats are standing "pat" on Thomas Taggart!

Any sort of a tariff "let alone" is preferable to a tariff "reformed" by Free-Traders.

We arise to ask what has become of the "crime of '73" and the "crown of thorns?"

Col. Bryan stands where he stood in 1896 on the money question. Mr. Democrat where are you "at?"

Democratic "reform" means free soup and that is what the self-respecting wage earner of this country doesn't want.

D. S. Chamberlain says no well wisher of America can go around the world and come home a Free-Trader. What's he going to do with Bryan?

They are having a regular 27-sorts-of-Democracy of a time over in Russia these days. And we might add, with a sort of Socialist pow-wow on the side.

The Republicans of the first Congressional District of West Virginia may not be what some of the wise acres would call "progressive," however they voice the sentiment of old fashioned Republicans.

The first and greatest object of a Protective tariff is to build up American industries and make American wages the best in the world. Say, Mr. Democrat, if you love your country that issue alone ought to make you want to vote the Republican ticket.

"Repeal the tariff and bust the trusts" cries the Democrat. "Bust the trusts and let the tariff alone," replies the Republican. The paper trust has been busted by the President and the tariff on paper continues, yet paper is cheap enough for anybody. Another Democratic theory exploded.

If it was a Presidential year even North Carolina would go for Roosevelt if the majority would only vote as it feels. We note that a staff correspondent of the leading Democratic paper in North Carolina declares that Roosevelt is all right and we couldn't improve on him. Think of a Democrat talking thus!

With Williams fighting Bryan with his "Jim Crow" car slogan it don't look as if Southern Democracy would go into such raptures over the Nebraska statement in 1908 as it did in 1896. If there is anything that will scare a Southern Democrat into conviction fits it is the thought of having "nigger domination." It runs him crazy.

The Caucasian of Raleigh, North Carolina, says that one of the candidates for county commissioner for Wake county, nominated by the Democrats last week, can't even read or write. Perhaps these Wake Democrats are trying to utilize this year those ignoramuses who will be stood aside in 1908 on account of the educational test for citizenship.

The Durham North Carolina Herald, a Democratic paper from snout to tail, is responsible for this statement: "Times are certainly good and we doubt the ability of any political party to make them better." Yet the Herald will almost bust its bellyband whooping up the election of men composing a party that has never been known to make anything but hard times. And we are told that the world is growing wiser.

We invite you to turn to "A Sermon from the Tripod" which appears in this issue and read it carefully. If you don't agree that it is worthy of a place in any library then it must be because your mental boiler is so corroded with the canker of nicotine that you can't see, feel, smell nor taste a good thing if you were to meet it in the road. After you have read it one time it would pay you to turn back and read it again. Try it.

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