

The Yellow Jacket.

Published Bi-Weekly.

R. DON LAWS, EDITOR and PROPRIETOR.

The sting of this insect is the universal remedy for all known forms of political cussedness, and is good to take whether you need it or not. We send you ONE YEAR'S TREATMENT (26 doses) for THIRTY CENTS, and then the stinger stops until three more dimes are slipped in the slot.

NOTE THIS.

Please don't send stamps on subscriptions. We can't use 'em in our business.

Remit by draft, check, registered letter, express or P. O. money order.

Always write your name and address plainly and direct your letters to

THE YELLOW JACKET,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Entered at Moravian Falls, North Carolina as second class mail matter, though first class in all other respects.

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About the Yellow Jacket.

This is the Yellow Jacket, the only thing of its kind published on earth. Its temperature is 200 in the shade.

It preaches Republican gospel so straight that every issue brings many old members back.

If you don't like it, you don't have to take it. If you do like it you are hereby invited to subscribe to-day or to-morrow.

Suppose you take a day off pretty soon—for instance, call it Yellow Jacket Day—and call upon every one of your neighbors to try this paper a year.

We are after getting 50,000 new subscriptions to this paper within the next three months. That's what we want to do. Now will you help us to get them?

The Yellow Jacket has passed the teeth-cutting stage. It is now over ten years old and is getting older every two weeks.

There are no life insurance features connected with it. You merely pay your thirty cents and take it whether you like it or not. Then you will take it again. You always get what you pay for, then the paper stops. We treat all our subscribers this way, even the President of the United States.

The Yellow Jacket don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to first see what somebody else is going to say. It has no "ax" to grind.

Everybody in the United States ought to take the Yellow Jacket.

All Republicans ought to take it because it is helping to fight their political battles.

Every Democrat should take it to keep track of the rascality and devilment of his own party.

Every Populist should take it because it points out the only way to his political salvation. And everybody else ought to take it because every issue will be filled to the brim with Originality, Fun, Sarcasm and Logical Reasoning.

When you read this copy pass it along to your neighbor, if you love one another, and if you don't make a bluff anyway and try it.

If you can use a few sample copies, drop us a card.

The politics of the Yellow Jacket in the future, as in the past, will be Republican. However, we belong to no man, and shall reserve the right to be as independent as a hog on ice on all matters that come up for public consideration.

Eli Tucker will continue to be correspondent. Some of his letters will be worth the price of the paper for a year.

If you receive a copy of the Yellow Jacket, it is an invitation to subscribe. You will get more fun and derive more information for 30 cents than in any other way you could spend it.

Now, we want you to send us a 30-cent subscription to this paper. Send us a club if you can. See offer elsewhere. And we also want to ask you to send along a list of your neighbors whom you think might subscribe.

This is asking a good deal of you, isn't it? Well ask something of us.

Haven't you often heard the Democrats say, after elections when the Republican majorities loomed up like mountains, that money was the cause of it—that the Republicans had bought their votes like cattle—of course meaning the Democrats had been bought? Come now, Honest Ing'un, what do you think of putting a party in power that would permit itself to be "bought up like cattle?"

A Modern Fable—The Crazy Engineer.

The Democrats are laying a great deal of stress upon the alleged fact that after spending fifteen or twenty years in the insane asylum, their party has again become "safe and sane" and for that reason they think the country ought to elect a majority of Democrats to Congress this fall, and thus get ready to put the whole shebang in the hands of the Democratic party in 1908. Now let us suppose a case. Let us say, for instance, that here is a great railroad. On this road runs a heavy passenger train, carrying thousands of human beings. Several years ago a man was employed as engineer on this train. He made a few runs in safety, and then all at once he became crazy as a loon and dashed the train down an embankment, killing or crippling all on board. The necessary repairs were made and the train was put back on the track. The crazy fellow was sent to an asylum and a new engineer employed—a man of steady nerve and cool calculating brain. The new engineer ran the train on perfect schedule time year in and year out without any mishap whatever. The passengers felt that their lives were perfectly safe when his hands were on the throttle. But look! Here comes the crazy fellow. He appears to have gotten a little better and they have turned him out of the asylum. He comes up and says: "I admit I went crazy and wrecked the train. But I am not crazy now. I have again become 'sane and safe.' I want my job back. It will be to the interest of all concerned if the managers of the road will kick out the man who has been such a good and faithful engineer and put me back in the job. I will not cause any more trouble. I know that fellow now at the throttle has been faithful and trustworthy and has done lots better than I did, but he is able to crash into something any minute and kill all hands and the cook if he isn't kicked out pretty soon. I am the man for engineer now. I am 'safe and sane.'"

Kind and gentle reader, what would you think of the managers of that road if they should turn off this good engineer and employ that crack-brained lunatic? You would certainly think they had done a mighty strange and foolish trick. Well, that is exactly what the Democrats are asking the voters of the United States to do. They want us to turn out the party that has been successfully running the government and put in the fellows who busted the thing from preface to conclusion and are now bragging of their capability of managing things. Do you want the crazy engineer? If so begin by helping to elect a Democratic Congress.

Say, Comrades!

We are all ploding on for some great purpose in the claim of destiny—but you and I have little side schemes, and we work them out. All our earthly affairs are houses of sand we know that, but once in awhile we take pride in seeing that they stand as long as we remain.

You have taken the Yellow Jacket or you have heard of the Yellow Jacket, and you know what idea it has in its bonnet. It is trying to make some music for the boys who believe in Republican principles. It is trying, in an original way, to entertain, amuse and instruct, and, at the same time, keep all the boys in line.

Our publication is peculiar in several ways; but the most peculiar is the fact that it carries no advertising. It depends alone on its subscription list for success, and at the very low price at which it is printed all the people who want to see it make a big success must not only subscribe themselves, but they must ask their friends to send along a yearly subscription.

We send sample copies to all who want them. We are always glad to receive names of people who might be interested. If you get a sample copy, if not already a subscriber, it is an invitation for you to send us the stuff so that you may help to swell our list.

It is our intention this year to add at least one hundred thousand names. We want you to take time to-day to send us the names of those who might subscribe. We want you if you are not a subscriber, to subscribe. We want you, if you are a subscriber, to send a copy for a year to some friend who will be interested in this unique newspaper.

"Ask and ye shall receive," says the Good Book, and that's what we are doing, and we are talking to you. Come across. Get on the band wagon and hear us pipe our tuneful lays of melody, mush and mirth.

Not many years ago we heard much about the Democratic party being presided-over by a chairman who was way up in the councils of the Round Bale Cotton trust. And by the way, do you know of any improvement they've made since along that line? Now don't all speak at once.

CLUB RATES—FOUR SUBS \$1.00.

AN ORATION.

By Uncle Sam.

My Dear Nephews and Nieces:—I am prouder of you to-day than ever before. As I hang my star-spangled beaver on the flag-pole and walk out under the folds of the Star Spangled Banner to address you my heart swells with joy and gladness at the thought of having so many nice kinfolks who are willing to brave the dangers of a Fourth-o-July celebration in my honor. I am now one hundred and thirty years old, but I feel as nimble as a boy. Age only adds to my activity. Most men of my age begin to grow lean and crooked and to walk with an uncertain wobble, but I am just coming into my strength. My weigh in avoirdupois, is greater than ever before, and the weight of my finger laid on international affairs will tip the scales in my favor every time. I have recently acquired several million more nephews and nieces by adoption. They were out in the rain with no umbrella, and some of them looked hungry. I got sorry for them and took them in. Some of them don't know good manners yet, but they will know by and by. They have never had a chance before. I just want to show the world what effect a little kindness will have on a down-trodden people. You, my own dear nephews and nieces, must treat them kindly.

I said I was proud of you. That is so, but it don't mean every one of you. There are a few Judases in the crowd. Satan always had his drummers at the show, and he's got a big delegation in the United States at present—men who are trying to bemireh my name and drag me down into the valley of dishonor and shame. When I went over and began to dust the old world superstitions out of the Filipinos' jackets and to teach them some modern ideas of government, behold there arose the voices of Bryan and Bailey and Tillman and Carmack shouting "Imperialism!" and at their heels came a small army of seedy-looking sinners, with a sort of Polly-wants-a-craeker lingo in their voices, yelling "Imperialism! Imperialism! Them's our sentiments too."

Now you will please understand that I don't claim kin with that crowd. The smell of them is a stench to my nostrils. Not a drop of my blood flows in the veins of these modern Judases; they are the result of evolution—the missing link between the tadpole and the monkey. I thank heaven that these "anti-imperialistic" monstrosities are in the minority, and that my people are trustworthy and patriotic, full of that spirit which bears witness with my spirit that we are engaged in a good work.

I don't know what to think of these folks who call themselves Democrats. They keep insisting that they are my kinfolks and that they love me, but I will just be blamed if they don't have a mighty strange way of showing their love. They always have plenty of advice to give me, but they never yet have helped me to accomplish anything of importance. The minute I put my hand to the plow of progress and begin to move forward they grab me by the coat tail and begin to yell "Whoa, Sam!" They swarm all over the field and get in the way of the Republican elephant which is pulling the plow of progress, and they try to make him turn backward by throwing jeers and ugly names in his face. Now, good people, let me tell you something. You have all read about the chambered Nautilus. You remember how he grew from year to year and how he continued to build himself a new home every year, "each one nobler than the last." Now in some respects I am like the chambered Nautilus. I am so constituted that I am bound to grow. It is the natural course of nature working in and through me toward the perfecting of an ideal free government for the inhabitants of the world. I consider that I've got a perfect legal and moral right to expand, and it should be nobody's business if I should take a notion after awhile to stretch myself to the full length of the Western Hemisphere, until the icebergs would form in my whiskers in Alaska and the mosquitos roost on my big toe at Cape Horn. I am not concerning myself very much with the mouthings of my Democratic advisers. They don't know what is best for me nor what is best for themselves. The Republican party has proven itself to be my good angel—the representatives of my best interests—and I am going to stand by it through thick and thin and give it my warmest endorsement.

Friends, I am glad to be able, on this occasion, to tell you that I am not sorry for any step I have taken. My honor is unimpaired and my credit is good the world over. And it is my purpose to keep them so. While the stars of heaven shine the stars in my old coat will shine also. As long as the wind fans the forest trees it will fan my old coat also, and wherever the shadow of that flag falls, there is free ground—there is liberty for one and for all. Gentlemen, I am the expanding sort.

It will take a greater power than that of these "anties" to keep me from expanding. Held up by the prayers of my good nephews and nieces I will go on expanding; and if, in the providence of God, I am able to plant my flag on the shores of every sea and float it above the capital of every land, it will be a sign to all the world, a tongue speaking in every language, proclaiming that heavenly message, "Peace on earth; good will to men."

The Good Old Way.

The Republicans of the First Congressional district of West Virginia cling to old fashioned ideas regarding Protection. They are in that regard what Governor Cummins would call enemies of progress, obstructionists; they are, in the parlance of Mr. Foss, of Massachusetts, obsolete. But they seem to be wholly of one mind regarding the political good sense of holding fast to the thing which has proved itself right and true and good. Accordingly in their convention last week they resolved unanimously that—

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This unparalleled prosperity is due to the Republican policy of Protection, the bulwark of American Industrial Independence and the foundation of American Development and prosperity, and to the maintenance of an honest, substantial, sound money system, insuring to wage earner and capitalists alike a stable return for toil and for investment by making every American dollar a gold dollar or its assured equivalent.

"We call attention to the fact that the Democratic party, always the avowed enemy of the Protective Tariff, has, through its leaders in Congress, renewed onslaught on this beneficent system and has announced its intention to continue its effort towards its overthrow.

"We renew our faith in the policy of Protection to American labor, which has, in protecting the home market, stimulated competition, cheapened production, given opportunity to the inventive genius of the people and maintained a high standard of wages.

"We denounce the attempt to destroy this mainstay of American prosperity as fraught with grave dangers to our district, the State and the nation."

Say, Do You Hear?

Somebody has had a copy of the Yellow Jacket sent to his desk. It seems to burst on the Herald editor like a clap of thunder from a clear sky to learn that such a paper as the Yellow Jacket is published. This shows the asinine stupidity and woeful lack of information on the part of the Herald's editor. All intelligent, well-informed editors have known of the Yellow Jacket for years, and some of the biggest Democratic editors in the United States read every word of every issue. But this Oklahoma nit-fly don't appear to have sense enough to know a good thing when he sees it, so he widens out his wings to a double column article, half a page long, in which he fizzes and sputters about what a weak, vulgar, contemptible thing the Yellow Jacket is. He declares that our language is too utterly ut. He don't seem to understand that we choose language just according to the subject that we are going to handle. He should remember that we have nasty subjects to deal with when we tackle the devilment of the Democratic party. Say, Mister Herald, would you put on your best clothes to go out to kill a skunk? Or, if you had sense enough to do so, would you think of lecturing a gang of ballot-box stuffers in belleslettres English? Indeed, it may not fall as a heavenly benediction on the Herald editor when the Yellow Jacket lands its lance into some mean trick of the Democratic party, neither does it fall as a heavenly bequest on the head of an honest Republican to be cheated out of the right to cast an honest vote and have it fairly counted. Say, Mr. Herald, do you hear?

CLUB RATES—FOUR SUBS \$1.00.