

CLUB RATES.
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The Yellow Jacket.

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NO. 2.

A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

Fellow Republicans, and readers of the Yellow Jacket, one and all. Suppose we take time this morning for a little business talk. It does a fellow good, once in a while, to get out of his old groove long enough to take a fresh breath and see what he feels like. We've been at this business of salting and peppering Democrats for about twelve years. It's been roast Democrat for breakfast, boiled Democrat for dinner and Democratic hash for supper until we have gotten quite used to the bill of fare, but just now we desire to talk about some matters other than politics.

We have worked at this business until it has assumed the features of a life profession. We are in it to stay. The experimental stage has long since been passed and we have no other plans than to go right on with the Yellow Jacket for a life-time job. How to make the Yellow Jacket a better paper and a greater success than it has ever been is our greatest ambition. To do this several things are necessary. And one of the most important steps towards this end is a safe and substantial house for the Yellow Jacket—a nest, if you please—a building in which the danger from fire will be reduced to a minimum. At present we are housed in a wooden building, heated by stoves, and it has been spliced onto as our business expanded until it is neither safe nor convenient. Jammed into this house we have a printing plant that cost something like twenty thousand dollars, or in other words, the profits on about two hundred thousand subscriptions.

Think of a paper plant of this magnitude, with all its files, books, records, etc., embracing the work of the best years of a man's life, being stored in a veritable fire trap. What reader of the Yellow Jacket could blame us for making an effort to provide a safer building? Often have we drawn the curtain of our bed-room window at the dead hours of night and looked towards the Yellow Jacket office a hundred and fifty yards away to see if there were any signs of fire.

To construct a fire-proof building, large enough to accommodate our business, will cost us not less than six to seven thousand dollars, and perhaps more than this. That will require the profits on not less than seventy-five thousand subscriptions. Now the question arises, are there enough readers of the Yellow Jacket who are interested in this sort of a proposition to raise sufficient clubs to do the work. But it should be no trouble. Suppose twenty-five hundred persons were to send clubs of ten subscribers each. That would do the trick, besides putting everyone sending these clubs on the Permanent List. It looks like that out of our large list of subscribers there ought to be at least twice twenty-five hundred people who are willing to hustle up a club of ten subscribers each in order to get to be a subscriber for life and know that their few hours' work was the means of providing the Yellow Jacket with a substantial home. This is no begging scheme. Every one who gets up the club receives more than he gives.

Now, we have extended our Permanent List proposition so as to give every reader of the Yellow Jacket ample time to get up the club of ten, and we are now ready to see how many will accept same, or if enough will do so to make the new nest a certainty. We will keep you posted as to how many are going on the Permanent List. Let us hear from you, boys.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Many of the Democrats are ashamed of Tillman but they are ashamed to admit it.

Tillman is splitting the Democratic party and it was already busted from preface to conclusion.

The negroes' worst enemy could not ask them to play into their hands any better than they have been doing lately.

If Thomas Jefferson were alive today he'd be a first-class modern Republican and he'd tell such rangers as Tillman to go way back and sit down.

Bryan's hired editor has written a little book entitled "Of such is the Kingdom." It will, no doubt, furnish amusement in 1908 to the Democrats on their Salt River voyage.

Yes, Mr. Democrat, T. Roosevelt who discharged a battalion of negro troops for rioting in Brownsville, Texas, is the same man that abolished the Indianola postoffice when the white people would not permit a negro to be postmistress any longer. He is also the man who appointed Crum collector at Charleston and wrote the famous "door of hope" letter.

Israel Zangwill calls attention to the fact that the two greatest periods in the History of England as far as literature, drama and exploration were concerned were those of the times of Elizabeth and Victoria. In each case the royal influence can be traced. Both women had the power of initiative. "If a woman can be Queen why should she not have a vote?" concludes the novelist.

Now and then we see where some fellow predicts a panic not far in the distance. And the wish in most cases is father to the thought. We are in no immediate danger of a panic if the people don't fall into hysterics over the predictions of fools. If the people were to decide in their minds that we were going to have a panic, we'd have one in a month. But nobody but a few office hungry Democrats wants to see a panic. The masses of the people think more of good times than they do of seeing the Democrats get in power again.

THIS WAY--EVERYBODY

Here's the Most Remarkable Offer We have Ever Made. It's a Regular "Knock-'Em-Off-the-Track" Proposition. Read It.

THIS OFFER IS EXTENDED THIRTY DAYS.

During the next month, or until further notice, we offer each reader of the Yellow Jacket a chance to become a permanent subscriber of this paper without costing you one cent of cash. That is we will put your name on a permanent list so that you will receive the paper right on and on without ever being required to pay another penny. All we ask of you in return is this:

Secure us a club of ten subscribers at 25 cents each, making \$2.50 in all, and send to us at once with your own name and address written in the blank below and we will then put you on the Permanent Subscription List which will entitle you to the Yellow Jacket indefinitely. This offer is the most liberal one we have ever made, but our purpose for making it is this: We want to secure for the Yellow Jacket a million subscribers. To secure such a list is a task of enormous magnitude, and can't be done except through the co-operation of our present readers. Every person who feels enough interested in the cause of Republicanism to help increase the circulation of the Yellow Jacket ten-fold certainly deserves honor and reward and to show our appreciation of every such person we propose to put you on a permanent list of subscribers. We will also publish your name on an "Honor Roll" in the Yellow Jacket, as soon as your club is received, showing that you are one who has done distinguished service for the paper and that you have received the highest compliment that we can pay you.

Now let's see how many will take advantage of this remarkable offer right away. It won't take but a few hours to get up a club. Nearly every person you meet will take the Yellow Jacket. Go to work. Get on the Permanent Subscription List and on the "Honor Roll" and let the people see who has helped to make the Yellow Jacket the largest subscription list of any paper in the world.

We will count renewals the same as new subscriptions.

You will cut out the form below and fill in your name and address and return to us:

Editor Yellow Jacket:—Find enclosed the required amount for which you are to place my name on the Permanent Subscription List, and oblige.

Name Post Office

State

It will be noticed that where negroes commit the most brutal crimes is where their rights are least respected.

If you want to see some artistic "cussing" read what the Democratic papers of Oklahoma are saying about their Constitutional convention.

Because Secretary Root discusses the patent fact that there is a strong trend toward centralization along certain lines, Scary William Jennings Bryan sees a design to destroy the states.

The discharge of the battalion of colored troops and the suspension of the Indianola postoffice are about on a par, but our Democratic friends don't discuss the two incidents in the same tones.

It is probable that the first story in the world was a ghost story.—London Telegraph. Yes, and if the Democratic party had been there it would have seized it with all the avidity of a hungry dog napping a bone and would have used it for a campaign issue.

Senator Foraker's suggestion that the son of an anti-war Democrat is unworthy of belief is as inexcusable a piece of partisan bitterness as any Democrat has ever flung at us here in the South. The Senator should realize that the war is over and that many years of honorable service in the United States army by the man he referred to, ought to in some measure, offset his mistakes in the choice of a father.

There are several things that we are anxious to know how the Democrats are going to settle when they get in power. They are going to compel manufacturers to sell goods at home as cheap as they sell them abroad, or in other words they are going to repeal the tariff. Well there is another thing. What are you going to do with the Democratic merchant or any other merchant for that matter, who has a different price for his different customers. The man who sells coffee to Smith for one price and to Jones for another and to Brown "being it is him" for still another and lower price. The same as to meat, flour, sugar, lard, calico, leather and so on. And as apt as not this same merchant has cussed in seventeen different languages about the wickedness of the tariff that allows manufacturers to discriminate against American buyers. Of course we would like to know how the Democrats are going to handle this question, because it is a "real live" issue all over the country.

The difference between a Republican and a Democrat is that they are not alike at all.

Did you ever see a Democratic paper that didn't carry one or more advertisements of "boozee"?

There may be a more popular man than Roosevelt for President in 1908, but up to this writing he has not stood out where the people could see him.

A Democratic exchange manifests astonishment on learning that a paper has been started in New York called the Scandalizer. We see nothing to be surprised about as the Democrats have been running that sort of papers for all these years.

Northern and Western Democrats are in no wise pleased with the vaporings of Pitchfork Tillman, about the only fellows who will dare to applaud the blood and thunder vaporings of Tillman are the Red Shirt brigade of the South and most of them prefer to talk about the price of cotton.

A subscriber takes us to task, as he says, "for using such bad English." Look here, Subby, our English may not sound well to a person who has had his auditory nerves addled by the unearthly yells of Democratic rattletraps or his sense of justice stupefied by the ridiculous wanderings of the same party, but if he is a Republican with a big R, loves fair play and justice, he can't help but understand the meaning of the Yellow Jacket in every instance. Sheep raising is "bad English" to a wolf.

We would like to see all our old subscribers follow the example of W. E. Johnson of Caddo Mills, Texas. If there were enough such Republicans our papers would never lack for patrons. Mr. Johnson has been living in Texas thirty years and has been a Republican all his life. About six years ago Mr. Johnson became a subscriber to the Yellow Jacket and he has never slipped a cog. Many subscriptions have been received from him from time to time and now he lands ten more in a batch and goes on the Permanent List. We have extended our Permanent List offer so as to give all the rest a chance to get on this winter and we urge every one who is interested in seeing the Yellow Jacket cover the country to get a club of ten and thus go on the Permanent List. It's no trouble to do this. Won't take you a day at the longest and many are getting the ten subscribers in less than three hours. Now make a dash while the offer stands open and let's see how many more will come across.

Club Rates.

The Price of The Yellow Jacket is Twenty-five Cents per Year in Clubs of Four or more at a Time. Single Subscription Thirty Cents. Stamps not Accepted. Address THE YELLOW JACKET, Moravian Falls, N. C.

We are waiting for that club of ten—are you getting it?

Five women were chosen as county treasurers in Idaho at the recent election and 17 women as county superintendents of schools.

A Boston minister declares that he can bring the dead to life. He should at once be employed by the Democrats to work on 16 to 1.

It is said that Oklahoma's going Democratic was a rebuke to Hitchcockism, Democracy and honest administration are usually antagonistic.

The W. C. T. U. has compiled statistics to show that there are 78 different sorts of cock-tails and adds as a warning that they all lead to the same place. We won't be certain of that, but they all go to the same place anyhow.

Many honest men have been angered perhaps at the restrictions upon their trading with the Indians. But if Hitchcock hadn't made those restrictions to prevent rascals from robbing the Indians the honest men would have had no opportunity to deal with them.

The Oklahoma Constitutional convention took thirty days to recognize God and the United States Constitution. If they don't get a move on them it will take a whole lot longer than that to recognize the delegates after their constituents get a whack at them.

To Rosa L. Segur, of Toledo, who died the day after Christmas, married woman of Ohio owe, almost entirely the property rights which they enjoy. It was due to her efforts too that the laws providing for police matrons in cities and women physicians in State institutions were enacted.

The Bailey Democrats and the anti-Bailey Democrats are getting warmed up almost to the temperature of 16 to 1 in 1896. Speakers are pulled off the platform and pelted by the opposite faction down in Texas and taken all in all it looks as if things were leveling down to a regular Democratic harmony machine.

The Democrats of Lexington, Ky., have not learned their lesson well or they'd manage those fifteen-hundred negroes to better advantage than having to buy them up at two dollars per head. Down here in North Carolina the Democrats can beat that game a thousand miles. They can take a ballot box, a set of Democratic election judges and five or six hundred Republican votes, and when the counting is over they will have a Democratic majority ranging anywhere from one thousand to one thousand five hundred. When the negroes used to vote, their votes were often counted as Democratic votes and the number thus counted has often been known to exceed the entire registered voting population. It beats seven devils what counters these Democrats are. But we suppose those Kentucky Democrats think it more honorable to buy votes than to steal them but, honestly, we don't see much difference.

DEMOCRACY'S HOPE.

The recollection of the hard times and starvation that came upon the people several years ago as the result of Democratic mismanagement is one of the greatest obstacles that that party has to overcome. People naturally abhor starvation, and this keeps the Democrats out of power. But it seems that science is going to come to the aid of Democracy by making it possible for people to enjoy the very best of table delicacies without procuring them in the usual way. For instance the more old greasy rags and overshoes can be had the greater the variety of table luxuries may be produced. Here is what we clipped from a magazine concerning this remarkable discovery. It's enough to make the Democrats go into spasms of rapture:

"The reader may stare, but science smiles supreme and asserts very emphatically that a toothsome delicacy can be made from a dilapidated foot covering. Some time ago a New York doctor regaled some friends not merely with boot jelly, but with shirt coffee, and the repast was pronounced by all partakers excellent. The doctor tells us that he made the jelly by first cleaning the boot, and subsequently boiling it with soda, under a pressure of about two atmospheres. The tannic acid in the leather, combined with salt made tannate of soda, and the gelatine rose to the top, whence it was removed and dried. From this last, with suitable flavoring material, the jelly was readily concocted. The shirt coffee, incidentally mentioned above, was sweetened with cuff and collar sugar, both coffee and sugar being produced in the same way. The linen (after, of course, washing) was treated with nitric acid, which, acting on the lignite contained in the fiber, produced glucose, or grape sugar. This roasted made an excellent imitation coffee, which an addition of unroasted glucose readily sweetened."