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Editorial Spikes

The trouble with Wall Street panics here of late is, the country will not take them seriously.

Senator Tillman says Mr. Bryan is lacking in judgment. That settles it, Billie. Your sun is set.

Democratic success nationally means hard times individually to the American people.

Mr. Rockefeller says that he has to play mule and draw the wagon, while everybody else rides. Git-up, John!

The courts can hardly pile up fines fast enough against the Standard Oil Company to even phase the profits of that concern. It's folly to try it.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, has gone and got married. He won't have so much time now to have fun with Bryan thru The Reader Magazine.

A corn crop of 2,700,000,000 bushels is a monster for 1907. It gives each man, woman and child thirty-five bushels. 'Rah for our prosperity!

We should like to know why Wall Street wants a Southern man for President. There must be some funny business in such a preference.

Mr. Bryan will sound his keynote in Indiana in November. What would the Democrats do if their champion should suddenly lose his voice?

Col. Henry Watterson is doing his best to convince William J. Bryan that he is too good a man to be butchered next year, but he can't do her.

The Empress Dowager of China is going to abdicate again. The old soul abdicates about as often as Castro of Venezuela dies.

Hair splitters about state rights ought to be herded off together and shot into with a gatling gun. There is no room in this country now for their kind of cattle.

North Dakota wants 10,000 more laborers. All right, but the only idle people in this country are the hoboes. What if they should all pull for North Dakota?

One of the Democratic harrangues is, "Let the people rule." If they are not running this country along about now, we can't see straight. Put this in your corn-cob pipe and smoke it.

Coxey's Army is said to be getting ready for another march. Its object must be to drown the noise of the farmers who are clamoring for harvest hands.

Who will run for President on the Republican ticket in 1908? It may be Hughes, or it may be Taft—you can bet your life it won't be graft.

The Democratic party is struggling hard to stay alive, but like the old Arkansas lady once said to her husband, "It jist 'pears like it was fore-ordained to die a fatal death."

One of these days the trusts will tumble to the racket that the constitution and laws of the country apply to them as well as to the common people.

Everybody jump in now and help us kick the Standard Oil Octopus. But we must be sure first that we have it started down hill. It might fool us a trip, doncherknow.

The United States is largely Republican, yet some of the states will still insist on planting goobers in the dark of the moon and harvesting votes before they get good ripe.

A prohibition speaker down in Texas by the name of "Cyclone" Davis says he is going to sweep every drop of 'laker and lager beer into the two oceans. We are just waiting to see him tackle Milwaukee.

When Secretary Taft gets to Japan and the little brown people get a good square look at this big and handsome representative American it is likely they'll not say we are a nation of dwarfs.

"Is there plenty of room in heaven?" inquires a writer in a Virginia paper. Well, we should snigger. It will be one place where the monkey will not be crowded.

"The rich are servants of the public," says Mr. Rockefeller. This will be a bit hard for the average sojourner to understand in the light of Webster's definition of a servant.

A far-seeing Democrat says the only way to get tariff reduction is to convert Congress. Look out for another Coxey army.

The Democrats are endeavoring to patch up a truce between the warring factions of their party before the coming of that great and dreadful day of the Lord in 1908.

The Democrats are getting uneasy about the "Solid South" again. Let it be a little surcease to their sorrowful apprehensions that the Republicans do not count on sweeping Mississippi and Texas.

Uncle Joe Cannon's boom for the Presidency is not worrying him much. He says just let her boom—he's got plenty to live on if he never does get to be President.

Every time a Democratic windjammer opens his leather lungs old Satan punches up his fires in Hades—he knows that something will be doing pretty soon.

That world-peace discussed so eloquently at The Hague seems to be the article that is only made sure by monster battleships and big-mouthed cannons.

On his tour of the world Secretary Taft will follow closely Mr. Bryan's route. Look out, the Nebraskan will be accusing the big secretary of stealing some of his foreign issues.

Prof. Shater Matthews says "marriage is too much like a picnic." He failed to explain in what way—but it is to be inferred that he meant that its sweets were of such short duration.

"The country needs more Governor Comers," says The Commoner. A number of people, however, are glad that Mr. Bryan cannot force upon the country a free-coinage-of-governors lunacy.

It is announced that the coffin trust will not be prosecuted until all the others are laid low. Very sensible idea—coffins will be needed, you know, in which to inter the remains of the busted trusts.

Seventy-five thousand is the price the king of Siam paid for a thimble for his wife. Such a man would probably expend several million dollars for a sewing-machine for his wife if he could find one that expensive.

A Democrat out in Missouri figures it this way: The Democrats lost out in 1896 by 600,000 votes; in 1900 by 800,000; in 1904 by 2,000,000, and in 1908 by 3,000,000. Pretty fair calculator, brother.

"Meanwhile," screams the Democratic papers, "the big surplus keeps rolling up." Nobody is caring but the pie-hungry Democrats. Just let her roll. Uncle Sam's pockets are large and deep.

So far, we haven't noticed or heard of a single kick being registered against the defeat of Gov. Vardeman over in Mississippi. Apparently the whole blessed country is rejoicing that he got it in the neck.

A former mayor of Louisville, deposed along with 2,000 other officeholders on account of election frauds, has committed suicide. The Goebel law fraud tragedies appear to have no end to them.

The Republicans of Kentucky never had a better show in their lives. They ought to elect their entire state ticket from constable to governor. It would be the opening bomb of the campaign of 1908.

The Democratic bickerings at the Republican party is like a fice dog sitting on his tail and barking at the moon. You've noticed that the moon sails on serenely thru stellar space, haven't you?

Democrats are trying to get funny about tariff revision. Just keep your socks on and your hair combed. The Republicans have the matter in hand and will manage the tariff. Let this scak into your think-traps.

A Texas Congressman recently delivered an encomium on the ties between the states. Evidently he has taken time to look up on the matter since his railroad passes were taken away from him.

Judge Landis got his idea of trust-busting from Col. Bryan—or, at least, this will be the claim of the Democrats at no far distant day. Bryan, himself, will blurt it out in one of his speeches one of these days.

Senator Foraker declares that he will never ride on the Taft bandwagon. Maybe not. He can be carried gracefully in a mammoth go-cart drawn by those ebony friends of his right up to the circus-door. Nobody wants to keep him from seeing the whole show.

New Club Offer

With this issue of the Yellow Jacket we announce a new subscription offer—that is a proposition to send the paper for a period of ten years for \$1.50. The advantage of this offer is three-fold; you get the paper at the lowest price ever offered, you dispense with the bother of renewing at the end of each year and by having your name placed upon the mailing list for ten years instead of one you stand a better chance to get all the copies of the paper.

Now, if you would like to take advantage of this ten-year proposition without it costing you any money, all you need to do is this: Send us a club of ten subs at 25 cents per sub., and we'll enter your name upon our subscription list for ten years. It need not take you two hours to get on for ten years. Let's see how many will take advantage of this offer. We would be willing to put you on indefinitely, but the Post Office Department rules that "Indefinite Subscribers" are not bona fide and hence we are not allowed to mail the paper to such persons as second-class mail matter, but that we must pay four cents per pound. We want to see how many will send us a club of ten by September 1st. Also let us see how many will renew for ten years by sending us \$1.50. We want to make the Yellow Jacket hum now as it has never hummed before. See all your neighbors. Get every mother's son of the boys to join in with you. Take a few hours off to-day or tomorrow and help canvass the neighborhood.

HERE IT IS!

Send us the names of twenty-five people of your community who don't take the Yellow Jacket, but whom you think might subscribe, and if you are not a subscriber we will send you the paper one year for your trouble; or, if you are a subscriber, we will extend your time twelve months. This is an easy way to get the Y. J., and also to help along the cause. Now, won't you do this much at once? Let's hear from everybody down the line.

Mr. Bryan has been in four railroad wrecks during the past year or so. But just wait until November, 1908, and he will get into a smash-up that will cause his other narrow escapes to fade into insignificance.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, including those adults who imagine that this country could not get along without the restraining influence of the Democratic party.

The statement made by a Chicago University professor that "there are too many people in the world" may lead some one to make a rejoinder that there are decidedly too many Chicago University professors for the world's good.

John Temple Graves is too generous. He now announces that any man who can establish the fact beyond the peradventure of a doubt that he is a citizen of this great country will suit him for President.

Wall Street is agonizing over Mr. Roosevelt's firm stand touching the prosecution of thieving corporations—yet the President goes on sawing wood and dispensing justice to all alike. Great is that man we call "Teddy."

Tom Lawson advises the public to buy stocks when they are at the bottom and hold on like a sick kitten to a hot rock. But, pray, how are the people to know when the mud-sill is reached? Get Tom to tell 'em, of course.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Watterson are having it hilt to hilt, and yet what will it amount to if one of them should happen to win the controversy? They are both Democrats and will be equal in the gloom of defeat in November, 1908.

Sherman succeeded magnificently in flanking Kenesaw Mountain, but the Standard Oil Company must remember that he was not pitched against Uncle Sam. When your Uncle Samuel is on the turnpike there's nothing doing in the flanking line.

The government has been asked to take up "the laundry woman's trust." Say, boys, don't lost your heads and run this trust-busting business in the ground. You know there is such a thing as the pendulum swinging too far the other way.

Mr. Solomon Guggenheim, of Colorado, thinks Mr. Roosevelt wants to be a king. As has been fully demonstrated in the past, what U. S. Senators from Colorado think does not press down so very heavily on the brains of the rest of the country.

That revolution that the papers are having so much to say about over in the barbarous country of Morocco may be a good thing. It would be a blessing if that reservation of barbarians could be shot full of civilization.

Sir Thomas Lipton announces that he will make a fourth trial for the American cup. Sir Thomas ought to come over and join the Democratic party and get his fill of trials. The fun would be a little longer drawn out than an hour's cup race.

"For sale—Full-blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, chickens and several stoves." It is said that this ad appeared in the Ohio Sun. Evidently the ad writer got his articles of merchandise somewhat mixed, or did not know the utility of punctuation marks.

Mr. Swift Tarbell declares that he will never be so foolish as to ride in another automobile. The gentleman is to be congratulated for making such a decision before there was nothing left but a hearse for him to ride in.

Any fool ought to know that our people both North and South are in favor of law enforcement. Uncle Sam is not your huckleberry to be paying any attention to the little political warts who propose to stir up all the fuss they can to get their names in the papers.

A Kansas editor recently sold a town lot for \$150 which was given him ten years ago in payment for one year's subscription. All things come to those who wait, except to Democratic politicians in a Republican state.

John Sharp Williams charges that Gov. Vardeman is a Populist, not a real Democrat. You are too complimentary, Mr. Williams. A Populist would hardly steal dead "nigger" votes in his endeavor to reach the U. S. Senate.

The statement that it costs \$25,000 to raise a boy to the age of twenty-one recalls a few stories that we have read from American history. For instance, such as the boyhood of Lincoln, Garfield and a number of others that we could name.

Have you heard any Democrat mention Booker T. Washington's name lately? Not upon your life! Since the Brownsville incident all opposition to the colored Moses has died out. Verily, whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

There is no use to get out single-handed and steer yourself against a full grown cyclone. The overwhelming sentiment of this country is to keep the Republican party in power, and there is no side-tracking the almost unanimous will of the people.

A new breakfast food is just put upon the market that is said to be largely composed of ground corn-cobs. We also notice that bread is being made of stones and cloth of the air we breathe. Doggone if that millennium we have been looking for so long isn't nearly here.

"Mr. Foraker does not stand for the Republican party," says an observant contemporary. Oh, yes he does, only he took the wrong sow by the ear in that already settled Brownsville affair. He'll support the ticket in 1908 with every foot up. Now see.

The Birmingham Age-Herald speaks of "a great day in prospect." It must be the millennium it has reference to, for it is a Democratic paper, and there is nothing in sight for the Democrats this side of that blessed era in which there'll be no more politics.

If Count Tolstoi's prediction that America is bound to fall is regarded as truth, then what is the use of Democratic leaders holding out any further that Democratic principles will finally triumph, unless the triumph alluded to means the nation's downfall?

A Missouri man wants \$1,000 damages because another man called him a fool. Should he happen to conjure the courts and get the money, would there be a drove in this country who would like to have somebody slap the truth into their teeth?

A Southern State Republican organization has endorsed Senator Foraker as "a second Abraham Lincoln." It wouldn't be very much trouble to guess the complexion of the organization.

It could be seen that Mr. Taft purposely ignored Senator Foraker in his Ohio speech, but on the night following Mr. Foraker did not ignore Secretary Taft. The "hit dog" always howls, don't you know?

Texas' mud-god, Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey, is now at home devoting his energies to punishing his pestiferous enemies. From all accounts his task is a mammoth one, that is, if he sails in to put all his opposers on the frittering gridiron.

Secretary Root is said to have harbored the fear that the states were "sleeping over their rights." Had he gone one better and made it nightmares, he would have better described the delirium that not a few peanut politicians are now having anent state rights.

An irate Georgia Senator complains bitterly that his colleagues were "button-holed and toe-trodden by Hoke Smith into voting for the anti-saloon bill." Hurrah for Hokus Pokus! He is a rare daisy of a far Southern clime when it comes to chasing old John Barleycorn around the stump with a black-snake whip.

A little fourteen-year-old boy in Connecticut drowned himself because his little sweetheart scorned him. A little more of the application of King Solomon's theory with plenty of the rod thrown in, is needed to take the sentimental nonsense out of those love-sick youngsters before their gosling ideas turn to tragedies.

Col. Watterson declares that "unless the Democratic party can put its past behind it" there is no earthly chance for it to ever elect another president. Suppose, Colonel, you have the donkey to face about and go into the fight next time tail end foremost. This might enable the beast to kick its way to some notice, if not to success.

"And what," said Wandering Willie to his friend, Meandering Pete, "is our frield, Plundering Mike, doing now?" "I'm not sure," replied Meandering Pete, "but I think he is hunting up Tommy Taggart to hit him for a job in the Democratic campaign next year as a spell-binder."

Mr. Henry Watterson declares that he has never spoken hard of Mr. Bryan. It appears that the "Colonel" is about to get into a peck of trouble because of his habit of going off half-cocked in his paper. The next thing we hear he will be on his knees before Mr. Bryan praying him to let a poor erring sinner back into the Democratic party.

The government is now doing just what the masses have been demanding all these years—prosecuting the trusts without fear or favor. Show us the jellyfish of a Republican who will not stand up to the rack and support his party in the combat and we'll show you an arch-traitor in the camp.

The Democrats have always claimed that the Republican party was a stall-fed child of the big corporations, and yet the pages of our political history will show that it is the only party that has ever fought the trusts. Anybody with brains enough to examine with a microscope knows this to be true.

A young lady out in Kansas refused for a time to marry a young man because he belonged to the Republican party and all her people belonged to the Democratic party. She finally consented, and explained by saying the Democratic party was already dead and that all her people might be dead before she found another man she loved as well as the man she wanted to marry.

Stolen—two jugs of Democratic thunder. A reward of a big, fat office is offered to anyone who will slip up on the blind side of the bold thief and retake the jugs. Wire W. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Nebr., in the event that the stolen goods are recovered. One jug is labelled "Trust Likker" and the other "Railroad Booze."

The Democrats of Massachusetts held a reunion recently which ended in a general free-for-all fight. The trouble arose over the much-mooted question, "What is a Democrat?" A definition was acted and not given in words. Evidently the bean-eating contingent is entitled to the prize offered by the New York World for a satisfactory answer.

Owing to circumstances over which it had no control, the Republican party regrets to report that it is not responsible for the Democratic troubles over in Nebraska. It is not running the Populist party over there any more than the Democratic party is running things in and around Washington.

With Mr. Bryan on the jump like a scared rabbit, Henry Watterson predicting a year in advance that the Democrats are sure to lose, Democratic thunder all in the hands of the Republicans, hope fled, and the party to pieces—Mr. Democrat, we feel sorry for you.