

The Yellow Jacket

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R. DON LAWS, Editor and Prop'r

The sting of this insect is the universal remedy for all known forms of political cowardness, and is good to take whether you need it or not. We send you ONE YEAR'S TREATMENT (24 doses) for THIRTY CENTS, and then the stinger stops until three more dimes are slipped in the slot.

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Editorial Spikes

Got your politics on straight?

As the weather gets colder politics will get hotter.

Republicanism is just another name for real American patriotism.

The hum of business is drowning the calamity-howler's song these days.

All that is needed to make a good Democrat is a pair of No. 40 lungs and a mouth to match.

Col. Bryan says he is waiting for a call from his party before he announces himself. Waiting for the jackass to bray eh?

As faith without works is dead, so is a political party that doesn't deliver the goods. Do you know of such a party?

Just so sure as character is the inside decoration of man, just so sure it should be the inside decoration of a political party.

Have you read about that Yellow Jacket Concert to be pulled off in your locality on November second? You'll find full particulars elsewhere.

If you desire to enter the circus for a year the ticket will cost you but thirty cents and the Yellow Jacket will furnish the stunts.

One good definition of a Democrat is this: A fellow who shuts his eyes, stops his ears, and votes just like his daddy did.

Mr. John L. Sullivan has announced for Bryan. Why, certainly—he is a down-and-out fellow, and in the Bryan camp is where all such belong.

In the future when cocktails are ordered let the name of the individual who ordered them be published. Let nothing be kept in the dark.

A party fit to govern must have grit, greenback and greatness. Take a day off and study the Republican party and see if it don't fill the bill.

If you like to see vaudeville shows, take in every Democratic blow-out that is billed. The scene is shifted at every rise of the curtain.

It may be that Oklahoma took Mr. Bryan's advice. But just wait till the possum hides are all strung next year and see what the country does about it.

Nebraska has endorsed Secretary Taft. Mr. Bryan consoles himself with the scripture that says "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The chief aim in view in the adoption of a Democratic platform is to get up a bundle of promises and declarations that will catch suckers. This is the gospel truth, brother, and you can watch it.

Gov. Folk has attacked the tariff. And yet, so far as appearance is concerned, it is the same impregnable wall that it ever was. Say, little jumping-jack, you're foolish to try to shatter the massive rock of Gibraltar with a mill-peck.

Ex-Senator Butler thinks the next Democratic platform should have only two or three planks. The fewer the better. A couple of old bed slats would suffice.

There is positively no argument against Protection when it makes the people prosperous, the nation's treasury flush, and happiness to reign supreme in nearly a hundred million hearts.

The bootleggers will be in their glory in Oklahoma. No competition and the Democrats in power. Rot-gut likker, red Indians and Democratic prohibition.

Uncle Dick Maple says the Populist lamb and the Socialist lion have lain down together. But Dick, being a jackass, and neither a lion nor a lamb, he is still a-kicking and a-braying.

A Democratic politician gets dreamy and asks, "What if the state of Maine should go Democratic?" Why, Texas would go Republican, and that would even things up. See?

From the way Judge Parker is talking these days you never would think that he once enjoyed the distinction of being called the Sphinx of Esopus.

If you want to see a Democrat's under lip flop, just whisper those Cleveland times to him. It makes his memory work like a slot machine.

When the people get tired of living high and rattling money in their pockets, then, and not till then, will the Democrats have another chance to slide into office.

The spasms of the Democrats over the danger of this country getting away from the Constitution reminds us of the little girl in Pennsylvania who held her fice dog to keep it from biting General Lee's army.

The Democrats had better put a prohibition plank in their next national platform so they'll be sure and carry Oklahoma. It might slip from their grasp in the oncoming general tussle.

The same man who hit Billy Patterson is going to hit Billy Bryan along about November of the next year. He'll find that the fool people still persist in voting contrary to their hollering.

Dr. David Starr Jordan says we would have a fine race of men in this country if two-thirds of us were killed off. Oh, say, Doc, you must think the majority of us are howling Democrats.

The devil is in a splendid good humor when he can herd a squad of Democrats, tank 'em up on red likker and hear 'em cuss the Republican party. It does his old callous heart good.

If you want to be loaded for every occasion, carry the Yellow Jacket around in your pocket and pull it on every political sinner that bobs up in your pathway. It'll fix 'em.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie keeps giving out that he wants to die poor. The world at large, however, is not contemplating the burden of having to take care of him in his old days in a public almshouse.

If you want to inflict a "tariff reform" Democrat with a genuine case of the billycap just invite his attention to a review of the amended Wilson bill.

The Democratic party can't win until a panic comes, and a panic can't come until it does win. Now, Mr. Man, go to figuring and tell us when we will have another Democratic president.

Prosperity's watchword in the future should be: "Kill everything with a club that tries to undermine these piping good times." But, say, who would bury all the dead Democrats, Populists and Socialists?

That system of book-keeping employed by the Standard Oil Company and the other big trusts which prevents outsiders from understanding their fraudulent entries, is the latest. It seems that these concerns set in to hoodoo the public, and they've done it to a chocolate brown.

Old man Henry Cassaway Davis is boomed by the Democrats for governor of West Virginia. His barrel and not his success three years ago is the chief argument for his nomination. Hop 'long home, Sister Mary.

That machine just invented that will sign one hundred checks at a time is all right. But what is needed most is a contrivance that will cash those same checks without asking embarrassing questions.

That man down in Texas who is erecting a bronze monument to John D. Rockefeller is making a mistake. He ought to make it out of brass and then it would fit the man's life for whom it is intended.

What's that? Some hope for Democracy? Shucks! That's the song that pie-hungry Democratic leaders have been singing ever since G. Cleveland left them in the proverbial Slough of Despond.

The tariff tinkers ought to be compelled to live on shadow soup for about a month, and they would quit monkeying with a policy that makes it possible for them to eat three square, sumptuous meals every day.

The Yellow Jacket will convince the convincible. Of course, if you're a moss-back with scales on your eyes like a bat's wings, it may not reach the spot, but it will make you scratch your back like Sam Hill.

Judge Alton B. Parker, in his Jamestown address, warned the people that the Republican party was bent on over-riding the constitution. But if you'll tap your forehead and think a moment, you'll not get startled clear out of the country.

Recent primary elections in New York were attended with rioting, fighting, shooting and clubbing. Hearst and Tammany are in cahoot, and such a hotchpotch of political cussedness is calculated to put the devil on a high-lonesome.

These are times to try the souls of political prophets. The crowd who can stand up in the face of this era of prosperity and offer something still better is a dandy. It were like preaching a better heaven to angels, or giving the Lord pointers on how to improve paradise.

That New York couple who have been married sixty-three years without a single quarrel, do not know the sweets of fussing and then kissing away their troubles. But first let us have an affidavit that such a couple live in New York.

It might be even worse than it is for Mr. Rockefeller. Suppose that Miss Ida Tarbell was a man and that she should make her actions speak louder than her words—why, there wouldn't be a greasy spot of the oil magnate left.

The Democratic party needs a doctor. It has a broken spine, a dislocated leg, a watery brain, cancer of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, an enlarged liver, appendicitis, and an awful spell of the bellyache. The only well organ about it is its lungs.

Get your partners! We've our fiddle in tune—on with the dance of the 1908 campaign! We expect to have a glorious time swnging corners and cutting the pigeon's wing around the matchless record of the Republican party.

The butler of a U. S. Senator in Washington, who has since gone over the big divide, was asked about his employer's politics. "Scuse me, sah, but de Sen'tah done miss his lunch an' I won't know what his politios am afo' dinnah. At breakfas', sah, he was a Democrat."

The man who is willing to vote the Democratic ticket next year, and thus strike a blow at this nation's onward march of greatness, ought to go on about a six-weeks' fast and feel of the girth of his belly-band. He would then be reminded of what such a vote would mean to the laboring masses.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says that "money is so plentiful throughout the west that people would rather pay railroad fare than to ride on passes." Now if that isn't the limit of our unprecedented prosperity, we'd just like to see it prance out on the boulevard and cut the pigeon's wing.

Henry Watterson says the Democratic party is getting tired of munching the same old bone of defeat. Oh well, Colonel, if you'll listen to Mr. Bryan, he will give you a new bone to gnaw every time the moon changes.

Gen. Dangerfield Parker says that Spain does not cherish any ill will toward us for loking her in the Spanish American war. We should say not! Instead of injuring her, we rescued her from the throes of four hundred years of trouble.

Mr. Free Trader, stop your howling and read this: For eight months ending August 31 the exports of the United States exceeded the imports \$194,000,000. Now hop up and say that Protection kills our foreign trade, will you.

That old gas-bag called Vardaman, down in Mississippi, seems to have been keeping sorter mum for the last few days. Maybe he has accidentally discovered that this country is not depending for its motive power upon the wiggle of his nether jaw.

"Principles" to a Democrat is what flees are to a dog—to give annoyance and trouble. Just observe how the Democratic leaders are scratching and pawing to get rid of the few rotten principles they had in their last national platform.

If the Almighty had anything to do with the making of the Democratic party, it was after He got thru making everything else and he threw the scraps and tailings together and called it Democracy, meaning thereby that it was the garbage-heap of creation.

Look here, Mister! No doubt you have a Democratic neighbor whom you would like to convert to Republicanism. If he is honest and capable of reasoning, hand him a copy of the Yellow Jacket and give him a little private talk, and nine times out of ten you've got him.

In this day we hear much said about swollen wealth, and many of our honest rich men are being abused. But, if you will notice, most of the abuse is coming from the down-and-out Democratic politicians who couldn't raise a hundred dollars to keep from being hung.

Judge Alton B. Parker is now writing about the mistakes of Congress. It would be nice in him to give us a pen picture of his trip up Salt River, of the variegated scenery along its banks and other little interesting details that he might add, after he finishes his present treatise.

Dr. Nicholas Butler Says "Emperor William is a Democrat." If he is, he believes in applying the principles of Democracy to magnify himself. But, come to think about it, this is the Democratic spirit manifested by most of our blooming Democrats.

Mr. Bryan's friends say he will declare his intentions December 7. Declare nothing—if there's a man living between Cape Cod and the Golden Gate who does not know what the Nebraskan has up his sleeve, he ought to be hustled off to a lunatic asylum immediately, if not sooner.

Every time the Democrats have succeeded in getting hold of the governmental base-ball bat they have made a mighty hit—they have hit our ball of prosperity and knocked it clear over the fence and lost it in the tall grass of a bankrupt nation and a gutted treasury.

A Southern newspaper argues that what this country needs is a Democratic Congress, but it will be a bit difficult to ram this down the throats of some few people, for those who were living a little over ten years ago, when the Democrats had the country by the tail and a downhill pull on it, are not all dead.

You hear the Democrats tearing their shirts about trusts and tariff reform, but when have you heard one say a blessed word about reforming politics in the South? A thorough political reform in the Southern states would mean the everlasting death of the Democratic party. Let that thought roost for awhile on the ridgepole of your massive dome of thought.

It has been intimated that President Roosevelt's message to the next Congress will be an extremely lengthy instrument. Well, we should imagine, if he attempts to touch upon everything from nature-faking to tariff monkeying.

Baileysism in Texas, Goebelism in Kentucky, and Bryanism sprinkled over the entire country constitute a trio to make an honest Republican pat himself on the shoulder and thank God that he is not as some other people are.

The value of this year's crop will reach seven billion dollars. Try to screw your imagination up to understanding what this means to the American people. Yet you will hear the croakers say that there's something radically wrong with our running-gear. The fool-killer ought to get a swamp-elm club and get busy.

The Democrats keep up such an uproar about swollen wealth and big surpluses that the children with such unfortunate parents are almost afraid to save up money for Christmas. Get out, you fellows who so delight to rob people of their pleasure that you will stoop to rob children of their joy.

From the latest dispatches, Tom Johnson, the bluffing mayor of Cleveland, is up against it. Burton, it seems, has him on the jump. We have been observing this spectacular, big-mouthed blusterer for some years, and sincerely hope that his opponent will succeed beautifully in walloping him to a chockolate-brown finish.

It takes two classes of people to make the Yellow Jacket get a hump on—those who "cuss" it and those who speak a word for the paper. Which crowd are you in, Jeems Henry? Get on one side or the other and let us hear from you immediately, if not sooner.

The return of Mr. Wu Ting Fang as China's minister to Washington opens up the diplomatic circus once again. Those who remember Mr. Wu's capers a few years ago when he was minister will expect some thing to emanate from the Chinese embassy that will make Americans laugh.

A lot of editorial prodders are speculating as to what would possibly happen should Mr. Roosevelt become an editor after he retires from the Presidency. Well, boys, you can bet your out-of-date railroad passes that he will make it lively for those who like to read the unadulterated hot mustard.

The Democrats are harping about the cost of living being more now than it was under Democratic rule. Cert. But a fellow now has twenty-five dollars to where he had one then, so he can stand a little advance, don't you see? Might as well argue that a brick-mill could cut down its expenses by not using any clay.

What do you think of the merchant who endeavors to do an honest business and make money, and yet every four years goes to the ballot-box and votes the Democratic ticket, and thus votes against his best interests? He evidently needs some enlightenment or a little common sense—or maybe both.

A fresh indictment has been found against Caleb Powers, who has been lying in a Kentucky jail for seven years awaiting trial. Caleb can figure that the Democrats will keep him chained in a prison cell seven years longer, if by so doing they can make an issue out of him. Such is Democracy, don't you know?

That Fairbanks cocktail story caused the ladies to turn against Mr. Fairbanks and defeat him for delegate to the Methodist conference. Say, ladies, you take politics too seriously. Are you right sure that some of the Vice President's political enemies didn't start that story on him?

Do you reckon the cattlemen and wool-growers of the West, the farmers all over the country, the laboring people in the North and East, and the business interests from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, are going to listen to the Democratic howl about tariff revision? Not upon your sweet life.