

A MACHINE FOR CURING LIARS.

Say here, fellows, this is rich. A machine has been invented to cure people of lying. Prof. Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard University has perfected several machines, the purpose of which is to record the emotions and reveal the secrets of the human mind. One scientist calls them "truth-compelling machines," another "machines to cure liars." It is said that one of these machines was employed by Prof. Munsterberg in his recent test of Harry Orchard, the chief witness for the prosecution in the Haywood trial. This instrument is known as the automograph. It consists merely of a wooden sling supported from the ceiling, upon which rests the arm of the person being examined. A pencil is grasped lightly in the fingers, the point of the pencil just reaching a smooth sheet of paper, which records the involuntary writings of the suspect. It has been learned that the arm muscles and finger muscles thus used constantly twitch under the stress of any passing emotion. Tests upon different persons have disclosed the fact that the same general outline is made by any person under the stress of the same emotion. Another instrument, more delicate in construction, called the pneumograph, records the normal breathing, and any variation in breathing is caused by an emotional suggestion. The recording is done electrically, and in another room far removed from the suspect. The effect of emotional stress upon the rate of breathing is a matter of common knowledge. Still another device called the sphygmograph is attached to the wrists and records the action of the heart-beats. It is said to be the surest of all, as the heart is the most sensitive and the least influenced by the will.

Hurrah for science! We are certainly living in a rapid age. Look out, Mr. Politician, the scientists are on your trail. Look out, Mr. Ballot Thief, you can no longer lie about stealing ballots without getting caught. Prof. Munsterberg is a benefactor to all mankind. He will, no doubt, put all the Ananias Clubs out of business. He will put an end to our annual crop of fabulous fish stories.

Let us hope that the professor will immediately get his machines into general use. We hope they will be cheap, so that the country can afford to lay in a goodly supply of them.

THE DONKEY IN OHIO.

The Yellow Jacket is a national paper, and endeavors to deal out to its subscribers the steaming "stuf" from a national standpoint. Occasionally it takes up a state matter and shakes it like a bull-pup tousing with an obstreperous feline enemy. In rooting around in our exchanges the other day we ran upon the following announcement heralded by the Democracy of the state of Ohio: For President—W. J. Bryan.

For Vice President—Tom L. Johnson.

For United States Senator to succeed Joseph B. Foraker—John R. McLean.

Now this mess is a morsel calculated to tickle the palate of any Democrat, living or dead. In fact, the Democratic patriots in Ohio can come out of the brush, quit drinking and straighten up. A combination like that is surely to their liking.

It is a notorious fact that McLean has no use under the sun for Bryan or Johnson. He started his Cincinnati paper primarily to oppose their brand of Democracy. He has never had any use for Bryan, and contributed largely to the defeat of the Neb-raskan in 1896 and 1900. And so far as Johnson is concerned, McLean and the Cleveland mayor are personal enemies.

The object of switching McLean into the combination is to stop the yelping of his paper. McLean has wanted to go to the Senate for years. He has large holdings in Washington, and Congress, you know, legislates for the District of Columbia. They reason that by offering him a Senatorial seat he would dry up squalling on 'em and fall into ranks. There is nothing like a political party having strong newspaper organs over the country in these days. Bryan and his toe-stringers know this, and they are seeking to get the Democratic papers in every state started to grinding out column after column of Bryan thunder.

Now, the question is, will McLean

prance up to the trough and munch fodder? Of course he will. A Democratic politician will gulp down a camel in order to get a chance at a goat. There is not a Democratic politician between the two oceans that will not answer when the donkey brays. It is born in 'em to amble in the direction of the pie-counter when the hope of the juicy article is held out to 'em.

We mention this Ohio hotch-potch just to make the rest of the country laugh. It is a side-splitter. It is Democracy, straight up one side and down the other.

CAESARISM.

The Democratic press is cackling considerably about the future of Theodore Roosevelt here of late. They had hopes that he would break his word and run again for the Presidency, so they'd have an issue upon which to straddle Bryan. But these hopes are all feeling like foul night-frights at the approach of day.

Now they say that Rooseveltism means Caesarism.

Who, pray, is going to play the title role of Brutus?

Where is long, keen, hungry Cas-sius?

Who must strike down the tyrant,

OUT OUT THE COCKTAILS.

It is very likely that the good church people of Indiana have cut a considerable orifice in Charlie Fairbanks' presidential boom. Their refusal to send him as a lay delegate to a quadrennial conference cannot be construed in any other light than that his own church is arrayed against him. This, as he admits himself, throws a damper over his presidential aspirations.

What did it? Cocktails. He does not deny serving the fiery liquid on the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to Indianapolis. It is not claimed that he drank one too many, but he is censured for serving them.

This brings before us one of the curious, fascinating features of American politics. A man may be a lion to-day, but no one can just tell what he'll be to-morrow. When those cocktails were placed on the table, no doubt they were placed there more thru custom than anything else. And yet when the rabble got hold of the incident, it made something terrible out of it. Mr. Fairbanks paid no attention to it at first, thinking that it amounted to nothing, but he sees now what public opinion and the ladies of his own church think about it.

It seems, from looking at the con-

The necessities of life in England cost just as much as they do in this blooming country, so says our consul at Liverpool, and yet the foggy kingdom has ever been the rendezvous of the free-traders of the whole blessed world: The cost of living in France, Germany, Mexico, and everywhere else is high at this time. It is all bosh to charge the high price of living in the United States up to Protection.

But here is what Protection does do: it enables the man who lives by the sweat of his brow to pay for what he wants and not mouth about it. It is not the laboring man who is raising hades about the high prices prevailing at this time—1 is the hanger-on, the idler. The individual who is at work is not registering any kick. He is glorying over these piping, prosperous times. He is faring sumptuously every day.

The people of this country have been told over and over again how it is that protection helps the toiler. It shuts out foreign cheap goods and creates a thriving home market. It enables the American manufacturer to pay more for raw material and to give the laborer who works it up a better wage. This fact is well known among the laboring masses. Ask the working people you meet what shut down the furnaces and machine shops during Cleveland's second administration, and they'll tell you it was Democratic tariff tinkering. Yet in the face of that saturnalia of soup, starvation, and hard times, the Democrats have the superlative gall to come before the people again with their free-trade whine.

The grub ghost is the hobgoblin that is now disturbing the equanimity of the ever-howling contingent of the Democratic party. Democratic leaders are straining their leather lungs trying to get the masses to stop and listen to them. Industrial commotion is what Democracy thrives on. If it can get the people who are at work to stop and give ear to its fallacious sophistry, it is in hog-heaven. It delights to lead them on a wild goose chase and land them in the Slough of Despond.

Say, you fellows who have families to support, listen a minute. You know you were never in a better condition than you are right now. You know who rescued you from the wreck and wrath of those awful Cleveland times. You know what the Republican party has done for the country. You know what it has done for you. You know that it has fulfilled every promise it ever made. You know that it has never dodged a single question or straddled a single issue. You know its principles. You don't have to guess at them. Now in the light of the past and in the glories of the present, are you a friend of Republicanism? We think we hear your answers coming in one mighty chorus from every state, "We will never desert the old ship that carries as a cargo our liberties, protection for our homes, and plenty for every man, woman and child beneath Freedom's flag!" To purgatory with your grub ghost, Mr. Free-Trader.

Personal.

We want to say a word here about the "critter" before you. Don't rely upon what somebody tells you about the Yellow Jacket. Just drop thirty cents in the slot and read it a year.

To properly appreciate the paper you must see it. You want to pass up your subscriptions at once and get on the list for the next year. Not only will the paper hereafter be the friskiest thing ever seen ambling down the pike, but it will be double its former size—will contain eight pages of truck that will make your eyes water and your sides ache with laughter. Yes, eight pages of tonic for the Democratic "yaller janders," eight pages of pellets for the Bryan "belly ache," eight pages of hot shot against political rascality and devilment that will make the pusillanimous Democratic politicians climb tall trees and howl for mercy. There will be a "Democratic Prayer" in every issue that will curl your hair. There will be "Political Proverbs" to beat the band. There will be a "Letter from the Devil to the Democrats" as often as our reporter can break into Democratic headquarters and procure the copy. Another thing. There will be a "People's Column" department in every issue. It often happens, dear reader, that you become pregnant with a political idea, a rare gem it may be, something that would make the Democratic donkey grunt like he was hit with a battering ram; something that would enthuse the Reds of your neck of the woods. Give it to us

Look Here, Mister Man!

WE have a message in this little paper for you; in fact there are several things in its columns we want you to read. You will note that the Yellow Jacket is a warm baby; that its temperature is about 200 in the shade. For twelve years we have been lading out the hot stuf to the enemies of this government, and we've got great sluices of juice on tap yet. You can't help but like the Yellow Jacket whether you believe in it or not. It is the plainest spoken paper published in the Western Hemisphere. Its editor was born in a log hut, was brought up on corn dodgers and fat meat and got to attend school about 18 months all told. He is the working man's friend, for he has always been one of them. We know what hardships mean, so we want you to hear our Insect hum for the rights of the people for one year. We will deliver you this paper bi-weekly for 12 months for 30 cents. Now why not come across with the coin? Or if you will fly around and get us a club of 4 subs at 25 cents each, we'll send you the paper one year free. Be sure to read our offer on fifth page. Don't fail to send along your subscription to-day. In next issue we're going to give you something that will curl your hair. We are just now beginning to warm up for the 1903 campaign. So while the band plays "Republicanism" let us hear from you.

Remit by check, M. O., or Registered Letter.

not because he loves Caesar less, but because he loves Rome more?

Not a few Demmy organs are terribly uneasy about Teddy becoming a dictator. They intimate that he will handle his successor, if he happen to be a member of the Republican party, like the small boy handles a painted jumping-jack.

Everybody who knows straight up knows that this is all moonshine. Just because the President is popular and has a tact of doing things, it hurts the Democrats.

They don't like his progressiveness.

In his firmness and fearlessness they see the ghost of another Caesar.

Then there is another set of howlers who contend that Roosevelt's friends want to Mexicanize this Republic. That is, set up the custom of making a man president for life. This is another flip-flap piece of moonshine.

We would give the Democrats to understand right here that the Republican party is not short on Presidential timber. We've got men in every Republican state who are capable of taking up Mr. Roosevelt's reforms and carrying them to success. The party is not a one-man party like the Democratic party.

Let it go down in history that Mr. Roosevelt has made an ideal President—not a partizan president, but a President of the whole people. When he steps down and out he will carry with him the acclaim of his countrymen, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

See here, Bud! You who howl for Bryan, Haywood or Watson. Can you point out a single promise that the Republican party ever made that it did not fulfill? You couldn't bring a single honest criticism against the party of Lincoln, McKinley and Roosevelt to save your life, although you were on the gallows ready to be jerked into kingdom come. And still you are going to keep on howling, hey?

demnation of the incident, that the American people have made up their minds that the standard for our presidents must be total abstinence. The temperance wave that is sweeping the country appears to be a cyclone of reform. Members of Congress had better begin to look a little out. A reform is mighty in its sweep when it gets once started. It brushes down all barriers. It is a juggernaut that crushes opposition underneath its ponderous wheels.

The time may come, and that not so very far distant, that when a man offers for a public office he must prove to his constituency that he does not drink cocktails.

Cut out the cocktails! This is the order that has been passed down the line.

THE GRUB GHOST.

Our tribe of vociferous free-traders are having about a spasm a minute over the high price of grub. They lay high grub to the high tariff. But why notice them? More for the fun of the thing than anything else. We like to hold their little argument between us and the sun and watch the feeble larvae work in it.

Any man who knows his a b c's ought to know that high labor means high prices for the necessities of life, while starvation wages means low-priced grub. But hold right there, Mister, and let us pump this idea into you: A laborer getting two dollars a day can better afford to pay ten cents per pound for bacon than another laborer who is getting fifty cents can afford to pay a nickle a pound. The farmer who is getting 12 cents for his cotton don't care for digging up a high price for his necessities, whereas it used to nearly kill him to pay a low price for what he had to have when he got only 4 cents for his fleecy staple. Can you see the point in this kind of argument? If not, you ought to have the eyes that you now use dug out and have a pair of glass eyes inserted in their stead.

please. Write us a letter. Make it to the point. Cut it off at both ends and set it on fire in the middle. We'll print it in the "Peoples' Column" and thank you for it.

And this is not all. Our old friend, Eli Tucker, will be on deck with his political wisdom told in a way to make your heart leap with joy. And also Willie Winkle with his essay mill is going to be with us. So we are going to have a regular stem-winding, double-action, quick-trained, double-riveted political picnic for you every two weeks, and we ask you to see all the boys and get them to try the remedy for the blues. Only thirty cents is all we shall ask you for this eight-page double-charged Yellow Jacket for one whole year. Cheap as dirt. Cheaper than you could steal your reading matter. But as a special inducement on price, we desire to make a better offer still. Here it is: During the next 60 days we will accept subs. in clubs of five or more at a time for 20 cents per sub. That is five for one dollar. Don't miss this rare chance. The time of year is here now to roll in the clubs. You want something to keep your steam up for the winter. Now let us hear from every mother's son of you, boys. Help us put the "Stinger's" gospel right under the nose of every blessed political sinner on the whole American continent. Kinder move around to-day and see what you can do. Remit by checks, drafts, P. O. or Express money orders, or by Registered Letters. Don't send stamps. Address:

THE YELLOW JACKET,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Oh, Jehosaphat! Don't you remember how the Democrats used to paw the earth and tear great holes in the atmosphere about Roosevelt being a dangerous man? They predicted that he would precipitate this country in war before he was in the Presidency six months; that he would carry the nation to hades under full sail with colors flying. Now they are patting him on the back and telling him that he is IT. The devil is a long time about moving some of his property from among us to where it belongs. Don't you think so?

The Democratic party's future is behind it.

Reciprocate. If the Yellow Jacket tickles you, you tickle it with a nice club.

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