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The Yellow Jacket.

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NO. 7.

Wanted, and Wanted at Once FIFTY THOUSAND Men and Boys to Work for Cash

Here's a Chance for Every Reader of The Yellow Jacket to Make Money Right at Home. No Clumsy Outfit Necessary. No Time Need be Spent From Regular Business.

READ THE FOLLOWING MOST LIBERAL OFFER:

Well, boys, we have started out to secure a half million new subscriptions to The Yellow Jacket. At thirty cents per sub, that means the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now, our proposition is to give away seventy-five thousand dollars of this amount to our present readers who will help secure the half-million list, and, brother, you are one of that number. We invite you to help us. We are going to make you a SPECIAL OFFER and see what you will do. You understand the regular subscription price of The Yellow Jacket is thirty cents per year. Here is what we propose to do: We will allow you to collect subs at the regular price of thirty cents each and send us one-half of the amount. We have figured it out that we can stand it to send the paper at fifteen cents per year if the list is big enough, and if the subs are sent in in clubs of six or more at a time. Remember we cannot accept subs at this very low rate unless as much as a half dozen subs are sent together.

Of course we don't expect you to drop your regular business and go wild over taking subs for The Yellow Jacket, but we do expect every one who admits this paper to do something; get one club at least. We know you can afford to spend a few hours getting up a club under this very liberal proposition. There are, undoubtedly, as many as six of your friends who will gladly give you thirty cents each for twenty-six doses of our remedy for the blues. Look at your commission. There is \$3.75 for your part; more, perhaps, than you could make at wages in the same time. And if you desire to go into the work for a regular business and only travel for the subscribers what you send us (15 cents), then you ought to get everybody in your entire neighborhood to become Yellow Jacket readers.

Now, it don't make any difference what you are, whether preacher or politician, banker or broker, lawyer or layman, farmer or fisherman, if you are guilty of reading the columns of this paper, either in the open or on the sly, then these lines are addressed to you, and the editor insists that you take at least one little whirl at the wheel and land a club of six. If we can afford to sit down here in North Carolina, from year's end to year's end, and grind out the juice that makes you want to read the paper, surely you can afford to bestir yourself enough to get every friend you have on The Yellow Jacket dough board. Remember the terms—in clubs of six or more at a time, 15 cents per sub. And this offer stands wide open till May 30. Whether it appears afterwards or not depends upon the interest you take. Don't send postage stamps. Remit by Express or P. O. Money Order, check or Registered Letter. Address:

THE YELLOW JACKET, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

SAY, HO, WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By the Delphic oracles—all of 'em coming and going, and if we haven't discovered an infringement on our name, then blue steel isn't used in guns! The Yellow Jacket presumed that it was the only thing—the only entity, may it please your worshippers, except the original insect known as the Yellow Jacket in all these peaceful states United—but, on turning thru the columns of a recent issue of the Iron Age, that National newspaper devoted to things iron, we find this article, and reproduce it in its entirety, Yellow Jacket square and all. The Age says:

Yellow Jacket Blued Steel Square.

The Southington Hardware Company, Southington, Conn., is manufacturing the Yellow Jacket blued steel square, No. 18 B, here illustrated. One of the features of this product is the 15-1/4 in. blade and 12-in. tongue, this modification in size enabling the user to carry it handily in the suit case style of tool kits or tool chests of moderate size, a square of these dimensions serving most purposes. The blade or body is 13-1/2 x 18 in., tongue 1 x 12 in., and the graduations in 1-16, 1-12, 1/8, and 1/4 in.

Yellow Jacket Blued Steel Square.

The character of the surface both protects from corrosion and greatly adds to appearance and durability. The figures and graduations in yellow stand out against the instant reading against a rich dark blue, anti-rust, oxidized gun metal finish, the handsome effect of which is shown in actual colors on a leaflet circular issued. The goods are sold exclusively by C. E. Jennings & Co., 42 Murray street, New York, Mr. Jennings also being President of the Southington Hardware Company.

Well, now, by-gattings, if that doesn't beat the tannin bark off every dog hide this side of Kalamazoo. What is the use to think you are the own and only IT when here comes a firm a-makin' steel squares and namin' 'em after this animate stinger of Moravian Falls? Can't we enjoin 'em? Can't we get out a restraining order? Can't we have the Democratic night riders of our beloved Southland send 'em warnings, and can't we stop 'em in some way?

"On the square," and is it a square deal? True, the description reads something like this paper might be described. We certainly carry an eighteen inch blade, and our tongue is long enough to make us heard in every state of this glorious union of states, and if the hel-roarin' Dimmycrats will just read it we'll sure keep 'em from corrosion. And it is a sure thing that we're anti-rust, and anti-trust for that matter. Blued steels—have it that way if you want to, but we don't care. We're going to give the Southington Hardware Co., and Mr. Jennings the benefit of our half million circulation to let it be known that The Yellow Jacket has a square named after it, and as it is on the square, believes in a "square deal" to every man, and as it was first to adopt the name, thinking it was a good one for a paper as frisky as this, we are satisfied to wave all objections and let the Yellow Jacket Square come in for its part of the glory that must attach to it.

But on the level—why the devil did a man want to name a cold, inanimate thing like a square, the Yellow Jacket? Let us have some informa-

tion, Brother Jennings—we really want to know.

If you ask us why we named our paper The Yellow Jacket years ago, we would answer by saying that a Yellow Jacket is a cleanly insect; it isn't afraid of the very Old Nick himself, and it can sting like a dozen hornets at one sitting. The Yellow Jacket newspaper is not a misnomer, but, where, in blued steel or blue blazes, the name fits a square is more than we can guess till we can hear from headquarters.

HISTORY.

Judge Parker's harp forever hangs on the willow tree in New York State.

As an also-ran he chalks the board, but the people marked him off the slate.

THE CHANCE FOR BULLY BILLY.

Nebraska, after a great deal of pawing and scraping and some scrapping, finally passed a law similar to the one obtained in Oregon, which makes the primary plan of electing a Senator go. It will be recalled that Senator Charley Fulton was beaten at the polls; that a Republican legislature in order to keep faith with the people, voted for a Democrat and elected him. This was something new, but as the Republicans were pledged to it, like they always do, they carried out their pledge.

In Nebraska the scheme is to get the people in line and vote for Bryan. But that may prove a boomerang. The last legislature was Democratic. But suppose the next legislature is also Democratic, and suppose it happens that the primaries, by a little politics, get a Republican named as the favorite? Then wouldn't the Democrats cuss themselves. You bet. And the question irresistibly arises in the mind of the man who has watched the base betrayals of Democracy, would the Democrats vote for a Republican if their beloved William was to be forever shelved by the procedure? We are not saying—but if we were in the business of betting, we would take a flyer to the effect that they would disregard all law to land him.

The history of the Democratic party, ever since it became guilty of playing the Samson act, runs to the effect that with it nothing is sacred except States' Rights and free whiskey.

If Nebraska happens to go Democratic, then you can bet your last smooth nickel that it will vote Democratic in its legislature. If it happens, as it is liable to happen, that an anti-Bryan feeling comes up in the Democratic party, then there will be a family row, and it looks like Nebraska Democracy followed in the foot-steps of one Mr. Hamen who builded a gallows and hanged himself on it.

Yet we shall look towards the wide, wild West two years hence, with some little interest, just to see what does happen. The Oregon novelty in the mean time will not be considered binding.

SURE, MIKE.

It seems to be felt in the air, That Big Bill Taft will run some more; And he will make the run for fair And slaughter Billy B. galore!

PRETTY SOON.

When Billy Bryan runs again, 'Twill be but three short years from date—
The bellyaching and its pain Will be felt in every state.

A BAD DREAM.

Once in a while we dream a little after a hard day's work of skunk skinning. The other night we had one on that alarmed us, but when we awoke we rejoiced to know that what we saw was, indeed, nothing but the baseless fabric of a dream.

It was this way: We dreamed that we had long since passed to glory. We were in Heaven and having a good time, surrounded by Republicans—not a solitary dinged Democrat was inside. But we were approached by a very good looking angel who said that inasmuch as we had helped swell the population of Heaven by reforming Democrats before they were eternally damned, it was ordered that we be given a little attention, and that we could descend, our spirit, to the earth and look over things terrestrial all afternoon, just so we got back by bedtime. A guide would accompany us, and with joy we accepted the invitation.

After a dip in the clouds of a few minutes—we were like greased lightning, we struck the United States.

And we were appalled. It seemed that the Democratic party had gotten into power during our absence and reigned four years. In every city we saw great monuments to men, and we inspected them and saw they were statues of Democrats. We saw all the Democrats you ever heard tell of. In fact it seemed that parks and streets were literally lined with 'em—looked like an old pine forest at a distance.

We investigated and saw Ben Tillman with a pitchfork in his hand in seven thousand different parks.

We saw Billy Bryan done in all kinds of stone, declaring that you couldn't "crucify mankind on a cross of gold," in twelve thousand places. We saw Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, riding in a gold-plated automobile, done in stone and brass and bronze. We saw Jerry Simpson, sockless and forlorn. We saw Willie Hearst labelled "He finally came into camp and died a bad Democrat," sprinkled from New York to San Francisco. We saw all the old brigadier generals, including Early and Buregard of lottery fame; we saw the original Jeff Davis and Bob Tombs and Preston and the whole outfit of rebels who conspired to destroy the Union, in brass and bronze and gold. We saw Eugene Debbs and all his Socialistic friends who had also joined the Democratic party before death, and we inquired of our guide what it meant. We were told that when the party happened to slip into power it voted away all the money of the Nation on tombstones and monuments, and thus wanted to perpetuate the great foglemen who had tried so long to ruin the country. We were told that they knew they would never be in power again, and while they had their hands in the Nation's pocketbook it was business to get all possible. It was at first proposed to build a thousand bronze monuments to Bryan's crucifixion speech and then each congressman and representative demanded that his constituents wanted a monument and after the gates were opened they busted the whole bedraggled country in building them. It may be that our guide didn't use exactly this language, but this was the import of it.

About this time we awoke and went out and looked around and fervently thanked God, the Creator of all things (but those Democratic monuments), that we had been dreaming.

DON'T THIS JAB YOUR SLATS?

We note where a professional lion tamer, a lady or a woman, it doesn't matter, has sued her husband for a divorce. She sets up a claim that for eleven years she has been a professional lion tamer and supported herself and husband, and that he abuses her and struck her. Think of that. Imagine a woman lion tamer who can't tame her own husband, and he doubtless a Democrat. Strikes us that if a woman who wasn't afraid of a lion would take a common man by the slack of the pants and churn the livin' lights out of him. We would just as soon think of going into a matrimonial alliance with a female wild-cat as to think of talking baby talk to a lion tameress. Why, bless your soul, John, d'ye think we'd get within thirty feet of a female lion tamer? Not on your looking glass, we wouldn't, and here comes one up the pike, coy and demure, and sets up under oath that her husband has abused her. We can't believe it. To Halifax with romance and history if a female lion tamer can't take the wadding out of a common man.

The Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy have decided to erect the Werz monument at Andersonville. Unfortunate Andersonville. To think the very ground that was hallowed with the blood of those Union soldiers that Werz starved, must support a monument to such a tyrant!

Our Letter to "Bill."

BUCKIE REFERS TO THE JACKASS PROPOSITION IN A WAY THAT IS CALCULATED TO RESTORE THE BLUSH TO BILLY'S CHEEKS.—OTHER MATTERS.

(From Port Huron, Mich., Sunday News.)

Wm. Jennings Bryan, The Paramount issue, that was, Lincoln, Nebr.

Dear Old Counterfeit Bill:

The Commoner, volume 9 No. 9, reached me this morning. And I see the question, Bill, is up again, who wins the mule? And the Commoner thinks that Esmeralda County, Nev. gets the mule. And last week, the Commoner thought that the mule went to Ohio. But, as Tom Johnson is going to run again for the fifth time, we don't think it will be necessary to send any more jack-asses to Ohio, although Tom is only one run ahead of you now—and he's fooling them as bad as you have been, with roast pig on the side.

But referring back to the jackass proposition (Willie) we've about made up our mind that every state that sent a delegation to Denver, crazy with the idea that you were the peerless one, are all entitled to a prize jackass. And E. O. Wood, national committeeman, and John T. Winship, state chairman, are entitled to a whole bunch of jackasses. And I notice by the daily papers, Bill, that you are sore upon the cabinet selected by President Taft. We don't blame you a darned bit. After you had selected as fine a bunch of nonentities as ever went up against a chop suey lunch, for the same positions and then have the common people throw you down cold is too much. And right here we have to pause and weep. Now wait a minute, Bill, until we wipe our eyes. There now, we are composed again.

And I view with pleasure, not with alarm, dear Bill, that you have a few more bargain counter paramounds marked down from \$1.98 to 37 1-2c and you get stuck if you get one. And I have often wondered, Bill, how you could get so many paramount issues in your system—and this week I see that you let the following ooze out of your system:

STRIKING AT THE TRUSTS; THE OREGON PLAN IN NEBRASKA; THE SOFT PEDAL TRIPLET; REPUBLICAN EXTRAVAGANCE; and several others.

And it has often bothered me, dear Bill, how you could store up so many isms in your cocoon, without busting your boiler. And you must be a regular old circus calloper, and pump them out of you, as you run.

Now Bill, listen. You oughtn't to get chasty because the President selected MacVey and Dickinson, two good Democrats, not of your kind, Bill—because we said Democrats, to represent a great people in running this government. You know, Bill, there is some class to those kind of Democrats—and as those men left the Grand old Democratic party in days gone by, their places were not filled by men equally as large—but lightweights crawled in and rattled around in the hole made vacant by the Gold Democrats leaving the party in droves, when you became its great leader.

I notice by the daily press, that you refuse to gulp down the idea, that you are a descendent from the monkey. And we don't know as we blame you for the stand you have taken, and we would rather think that you were an ascendant instead of a descendent. We are prompted in this opinion and this conclusion, by the magnificent monkey you have made of the Democratic party, and the progeny that you have scattered over this mundane sphere, with the brand of Bryanism stamped in their intellect has made Darwinism something to talk about. And while, the seed of Bryanism has about run out you have all ancient history beaten to a "frazzle"

GETTING CLOSE TO GEORGE.

With all his many millions old J. P. Morgan seems to want something and it really looks as though he didn't know just what it is. He has gone to the Old World a score and more of times and bought, at prices that would shock the nervous system of Midas, old prints and old manuscripts, and most any old thing that really had the moss of ages clustering to it.

But the latest venture was when he purchased, for spot cash, at a price of course fabulous, the sword once owned by George Washington. Just what old Jupiter Pluvius Morgan—and he must be Pluvius because of the great amount of water he gets into his stocks, wants with a sword owned by a man who never told a lie we can not imagine. We somehow can't get it through our storage house of thought. Morgan certainly does not envy a man who never told a lie, because if he did he could come in as an Eleventh Hour man and repent and stand some chance of being saved. In this world, if a man expects to be an angel in the next, he must get ready for wings. There will be no plain clothes angels, you can put that

on making a monkey of the common people.

And I also notice, Bill, in the daily papers that in your speech before three thousand people in Chicago, you stated that you did not care how much money a man made, as long as he made it honestly, which causes us to rise and remark, dear Bill, "where does honesty end and larceny commence." By your smooth tongue and oily words, you have been unable to notice that you have been hit with a brick three times, and each time the swat was a little harder, but you declared a dividend each time just the same. Now Bill, do you think it is honest to work the people by your chatter? Do you think it is square Bill, for you to be a continuous candidate for president? Do you think it is square, Bill, to use the Democratic party for advertising purposes, to further your lecture engagements? Do you think it is fair to work the common people with the Commoner, and stuff into their noodles balloon juice, like a ratio of 16 to 1 and other dope that the unsophisticated like to eat? No, Bill, we never thought you would rob a bank, because your tools of trade puts you next to lots of the "long green" that's a less hazardous occupation than a jimmy and a dark-lantern on a dark night. We know that you'd like to be Senator, Bill, from Nebraska. We know that you'd like to be President. But you never will, Bill. And it will never be necessary for you to take any stimulants for your modesty, as you have made great, big, strong, healthy Democrats blush with shame at your arrogance and egotism. You have driven the intelligent, sober thinking Democrats of the past, either into silence or the Republican party, and you are still unsatisfied with the havoc you have wrought, in the once grand old party, that is now a physical and mental wreck. And in the comprehensive hence, ages ahead, they will refer back to the Bryan era and deny that any of their descendants were created in the Bryan age—as you repudiate the beginning of the race from the monkeys.

And when I think, dear Bill, of that crowd yelling for over an hour in Denver for you, I am constrained to believe that you are not a descendant but "de real monk" that can draw the robes.

Now, I notice in the Commoner, that Chas. Donahue, mayor of New Richmond, Wis., wants the Commoner placed in every household to educate the common people. Bill, that's a mistake. The people know too d-d much about you now—but as long as you can sting them Bill, as a professional candidate, as a business proposition, we don't blame you a bit.

And I don't see any grounds that you have got for a divorce from the Democratic party—that is now, not that that was, for non-support—as you have lived high by using the poor old remnants of Democracy for spending money. But I'd think that the party has good grounds for separation from you, on the grounds of infidelity—as you have trifled with the affections of Miss Democracy for twelve years, and now refuse to marry the girl, or give her a chance to get another affinity.

And, Bill, as I write these few lines, tears again come to my eyes over the slaughter you have made, as a perpetual candidate of disorganized and disgusted Democracy.

With kind and loving regards to Brother Charley and the dog, I am as ever,

Your true, loving friend,

BUCKIE.

down as a true bill. The Democrats who have died and gone to the bad place have found that out, and that's why we want to try to save the living. But J. P. is in a bad way. He has made so much money that he is miserable. He wants something that no other man has. That's why he wears his nose decollette and why it looks like a night blooming "serious." He spends millions for Bobby Burns manuscripts he reaches out for original paintings by the masters, and now he becomes decidedly military and buys the sword used by George Washington at Trenton and Valley Forge and other places.

But these heavy pursed fellows who got their money by skinning the public must do something with it. They must let loose and if it does a man any good to have an old rusty sword hanging around that cost a few thousand let 'em have 'em. And if anybody wants some old manuscript, written by Bobby Burns, and is willing to pay fabulous prices, why, that's up to them, but our waste basket often is filled with as good "stuf" as Bobby Burns wrote when he was drunk and the "stuf" he turned out when sober has been printed in all kinds of editions, so what's the use to rave over the original.