

CLUB RATES.
Yearly Subscriptions. In
Clubs of Four, \$1.

The Yellow Jacket.

ISSUED BI-WEEKLY.
SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS,
30 CENTS A YEAR.

VOL. XV.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909.

NO. 1

Special Club Rates:

15 CENTS PER YEAR IN CLUBS OF SIX OR MORE AT A TIME.

Until July the 31 we are offering this paper one year at the rate of 15 cents per sub, provided you send as many as six subs at a time, making ninety cents in all. Now is the time to subscribe, if you ever expect to do so. Take this sample copy and go out among your neighbors and roll up a club of six or more and send them in before the last of this month. Remit by registered letter or postoffice money order. Don't send stamps. Remember after July the price will be 30 cents per year in clubs. Now altogether, everybody. Address The Yellow Jacket, Moravian Falls, N. C.

A Serious Problem.

A Democratic subscriber to The Yellow Jacket who left his farm a few years ago and moved to a cotton mill town where he could sit 'round and whittle on the corner of goods boxes at the stores and let his children make a support for the family, writes us a terrible letter in which he asks us to "explain this sort of Republican prosperity that takes all a man's family can make to buy enough bread and meat to keep them from starving."

You see while the Democrats are always ready to cuss and abuse us for the way in which we trim up their demagogic leaders, that they are willing enough to come to us for advice or assistance when they get in a tight place, and as we never like to turn anyone away empty-handed, we will proceed to answer our distressed correspondent and in doing so we hope to sound a note of warning to many thousands who may be in the same boat with this ex-farmer and active Democrat.

There is an old adage that too much of a good thing is worse than not enough, and it was Republican wages and the allurements of factory life that induced this fellow with thousands of other farmers to move to town. You never heard of farmers quitting their farms and going to the factories under Clevelandism. It was the factories that were shut up then and the farms running on full time. There was an abundance of the staff of life and the price was down to nothing. It was the Democratic extreme. But along comes the G. O. P. elephant with the keys of prosperity, unlocking the doors of mills, mines and factories, and wages went soaring like a kite. The farmers who had naturally become disgusted with the very low prices they had been receiving for their products during the Cleveland factory blithe, rushed pell-mell to the cotton mills and factories. They declared they could make more money in town than on the farm and in a certain sense they could, but the dumping process finally got things out of balance. Bread eaters soon became too numerous for the bread producers and up went everything that sustains life. What was the next result? Why in order that the farmer with his high-priced products might not absorb the whole output of mine, mill and factory, these products were bounced up to keep even with the farmer and day after day this continued between the manufacturer and the bread producer and the good Lord only knows where it will end. To-day you can hardly find hands to work on the farm. They are all away at the factories and public works. If you try to hire farm help the fellow turns up his nose as tho that sort of work was a disgrace and finally tells you that if you will pay him anywhere from one dollar to two dollars a day he may help you a little. This same fellow was glad to get thirty cents a day under Cleveland rule.

To-day there are about eighty millions of people in the United States included among the wage-earning class. By this vast army of people—an army large enough to form a double rank in marching order around the world—not one bushel of corn, barrel of flour, pound of meat, or any other farm product is produced. But instead about two million farmers are supplying this eighty million bread eaters and the farmer is receiving fabulous prices for his products. Is it any wonder, under such conditions, that it takes all a man's family can make in a factory to buy supplies to barely keep them from starving? Well, what is going to be done about it, you ask? There is just one remedy. Bryanism will not bring it. Taft cannot furnish the cure. It must come straight from the has-been farmers. There must be a getting back to original principles. The "man with the hoe" must establish recruiting stations in every town and city in the land. Instead of huddling into the factory districts and subsisting on half rations, let every man who owns land get back to it and get to work. Let those who haven't land, but know how to plant corn and dig potatoes, scuttle to the country, and rent land. There is plenty of it—millions of acres in idleness—and things will adjust themselves. Unless this is done and done pretty soon, we

are going to be face to face with one of the most serious problems that has ever confronted the people of this country. It will be the problem of seeing thousands upon thousands of people among the wage earning class starving to death in a country where there are six hundred million acres of idle land suited for cultivation.

If our Democratic friend will bunch up his little family and come back to the country and go to work on the little red hills as he used to do, things will come around all right. The rosy tint of health will return to the cheeks of his children and life will be one grand sweet song.

TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED DIE A MONTH.

We saw the other day an item to the effect that twenty-five hundred veterans of the late war die every month. So many! It will not be long until there will be no G. A. R. men—those sturdy veterans who went forth in young manhood to preserve the Union. True the other side, the ones who wore the gray are also passing away as rapidly—in fact more rapidly it seems and within a few years there will be nothing of that Great Rebellion except the treasured memories of the children, and the bronze and granite which marks the battle fields.

Of course it has been said a thousand times a year, but it does indeed seem strange that this country could have engaged in such a conflict; that brother could have shot down brother; that sections of a common country could have allowed the black hand of rebellion to raise the sword. The North still proudly claims that it fought to preserve the Union; the great Lincoln said that was all he was trying to do—the South, imperious and haughty would not come into camp and the Union was preserved.

We, of a younger generation have watched the old soldiers on each recurring year as they would pass in review; we have seen them grow older and their eyes grow dimmer; we have seen their faltering steps and if we live our natural span we shall see them all sleeping, "under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day; under the one the blue and under the other the gray."

Twenty-five hundred of those old grim warriors passing out; going forever to the last bugle call. Happy, indeed, should we all be that the bitterness and strife engendered in those fateful years should have passed; happy indeed that the friendly hand of time has taken out the wrinkles. But when we think that they will soon have passed, we of the younger generation must not forget that we too, will soon follow. And we should so live that our lives will be remembered. There is no marble placed to the average civilian by a loving country, and yet the private in the walks of life has as much responsibility as the warrior who goes forth to battle and to die.

The Yellow Jacket is not inconsistent in talking thus. Now and then we skin a Democratic skunk who tries to get too smart; now and then we raise the curtain of the bloody and dreadful past and hold up to public view the horrors of the Southern prison hells; we tell about the hot headed traitors, guilty of treason who brought on the war, but we always drop a tear for the old soldier, the one who fought for his country, regardless of the color of his uniform. We shall always insist that had it not been for those hot headed blatherskites, Preston and Toombs and the like ilk, there would never have been a Grand Army of this republic. We shall always regret that the Anglo Saxon race was decimated as it was; that hundreds of thousands of the flower and youth of this great republic were sacrificed to the passions of a few ambitious demagogues in the South.

That is the kind of talk we indulge in; but we want it remembered now and always, that for the Confederate veteran we have respect—as much as for the veteran who wore the blue.

We are not hot headed as we have been accused of being by radical Democratic papers and weak kneed Republicans. We stand to tell the truth when the truth is wanted, and we don't give one Continental dern who likes it or who dislikes it. All glory to the old soldier—no matter under which flag he fought!

Here's Our Creed-

"We will speak out; we will be heard, Though all earth's systems crack; We will not bate a single word Nor take a letter back.

"We speak the truth and what care we For hissing and for scorn, While some faint gleanings we can see Of freedom's coming morn?"

"Let liars fear, let cowards shrink, Let traitors turn away; Whatever we have dared to think That dared we also say."

This is The Yellow Jacket, the only thing of its kind published on earth. Its temperature is 200 in the shade.

It preaches Republican gospel so straight that every issue brings many old moss-back Democrats to the mourner's bench in a trot. It "gits 'em goin' and comin'."

It retails to Democrats, Republicans and Socialists at 30 cents a year and circulates over all the United States.

If you don't like it you don't have to take it. If you do like it you are hereby invited to subscribe to-day.

The Yellow Jacket has passed the teeth-cutting stage. It is now over 13 years old and getting older every two weeks.

There are no life-insurance features connected with it. You merely pay your 30 cents and take it whether you like it or not. Then you will take it again. You always get what you pay for; then the paper stops. We treat all our subscribers this way, even the President of the United States.

The Yellow Jacket don't crawl behind a tree to talk. It don't bust its crupper holding back to first see what somebody else is going to say.

It has no "ax" to grind. Everybody in the United States ought to take The Yellow Jacket.

All Republicans ought to take it because it is helping to fight their political battles.

Every Democrat should take it to keep track of the rascality and devilment of his party.

Every Populist should take it because it points out the only way to his political salvation.

Every howling Socialist should take it because it will point out to him the absurdity of his wild-eyed, wind-broken, womper-jawed, stringy-tailed, seed-ticky, diabolical dreamy delusions.

And everybody else ought to take it because each issue will be chuck full and sloshing over with Originality, Fun, Sarcasm and Logical Reasoning.

When you read this copy pass it along to your neighbor, if you love one another; and if you don't make a bulf anyway, and try it.

The politics of The Yellow Jacket in the future, as in the past, will be Republican. However, we belong to no man and shall reserve the right to be as independent as a hog on ice on all matters that come up for public consideration.

The editor may not be making The Yellow Jacket quite "rip-snorting" enough to please you owing to our having so much other work on hand, but, beloved, bear with us till corn is laid by and we'll then try to warm up to our subject and give you some of the pure stupefying with the stinger in it. Tell all your neighbors about us and get 'em in line for the fun.

EH Tucker will continue to be a correspondent. Some of his letters will be worth the price of the paper for a year.

And you can't afford to miss those "Letters from the Devil" and "Democratic prayers" which will be a special feature of The Yellow Jacket.

It takes great strings of words and some money to run The Yellow Jacket. You help scare up the "chink" and we will endeavor to furnish the "chat."

If you receive a copy of The Yellow Jacket it is an invitation to subscribe. You will get more fun and derive more information for 30 cents than in any other way you could spend it.

If you can use a few sample copies drop us a card.

The more Y. J.'s you circulate the more votes you make for the G. O. P.

Now, we want to ask you to send us a 30-cent subscription to this paper. Send us a club if you can.

We want to also ask you to send along a list of your neighbors whom you think might subscribe.

This is asking a good deal of you, isn't it? Well, ask something of us.

Examine the Goods.

My Brother:—If you are not a subscriber to The Yellow Jacket, then this paper is sent to you as a sample copy. We invite you to walk right in and examine the goods. Note its independence. Observe the dexterity with which it applies its stinger to erring Democracy. Note the pungent paragraphs on subjects numerous. Feel its pulse on old-fashioned Abe Lincoln Republicanism. Examine its eyes of political foresight. Twist its tail and behold its stinger as it plows into the moss of a moss-back. Go all over it. Take in the Midway and the Pike. After scrutinizing it, port, starboard, fore and aft and testing it fully on all the gates and grades, then ask yourself patriotically if you don't think it the proper thing to do to drop thirty cents in the slot and receive this paper bi-weekly for a whole year, or better still, make up a club of six at fifteen cents per sub and all get the critter one year each for fifteen cents apiece. Hurry up or you will miss something good. We have been running this mustard mill for fourteen years and we know how to please you.

Our Query Department.

Maria: If you want to straighten your hair, as you fear it looks something like a "darkeys," our advice would be to use a lawn mower. Shave your head every morning before breakfast and get a wig made of ostrich plumes. You will look a trifle fantastic, but if you are "on the carpet" you certainly don't want to look like a nigger. If in doubt—use perfume.

Young Husband: You say every few days your wife pouts and threatens to go back to her mother. You want us to tell you what to do. Well, if we had a wife young or old who pouted and threatened to go back to her mother we would let her go. There is no way to keep her if she feels that way about it. If married life isn't what she painted it let her go. After she has been with her Mother awhile she will want to come back, and then you write her a short note and tell her to go—well, say her father's people. Keep away from her. A pouting wife is like a dog that sucks eggs. Good for nothing. The little woman who sees that she has missed it; who girds up her loins and says no matter I'll stick it out; who wears a smile and is always cheerful—she is the kind of a woman you want, but if you didn't get her and the one you did get wants to skidoo let her go.

Young Housewife: As you say this is the season for putting up fruit and you want to know how to can raspberries and peaches and figs. Danged if we know. It seems to us, however that we would put them on and when they came to the boiling point we'd try to get 'em off without burning our fingers. If we burned 'em we'd

cuss a little but we don't know whether a woman should do that or not. We'd take the jars and fill 'em up and put on the top and let that end it. That seems to be very simple, but the chances are that they would be no good. We have tied tin cans to dogs' tails when a kid, but we never did much preserving. Fact is, when you ask us questions don't bring in any cooking business. Ask us about Life; about Love; about War; about Politics; about the grand things of the world, for we'll be everlastingly dad dratted if we want to monkey in the kitchen.

Anxious Mother: You say your baby darling has swallowed a spoon and want advice. Let it go. We don't see what you can do now. When the kid grows up big and some lover bold and gay comes a courting of her tell him that if she acts a little spooney she can't help it. It was born in her.

Doctor: You want to know how to cure hams. We would refer you to a slaughter house. A doctor who doesn't know enough to cure a ham isn't the kind of a doctor we are going to employ to go after our vermiform appendix—bet your life on that.

Distracted Lover: You have written us before. You say this is the fourth time you have been disappointed in love and that "you are getting tired of it." We don't blame you our angelic cuss. Seems that you were born in the wrong time of the moon, or in the wrong month or something that way. We would not stay any longer in the game. Get a bull dog and tie him loose in the front yard. The first male pelican that strolls up your garden walk with love in his eyes, yell "Sic 'im Tige" and then see the transformation scene as the bull dog comes back with a sofa cushion cover in his mouth.

RIDICULES DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

A few days ago Senator Bailey voted against free lumber and intimated that those who put such a plank in the Denver platform did not know what they were about.

"As I was not willing to follow the platform in respect to free lumber," said the Texas Demigod, "neither will I follow it in respect to wood pulp and print paper." Repeating his strictures against the platform committee of the National Democratic Convention at Denver, Mr. Bailey said: "I am not willing to be bound by a convention of delegates who assembled in a room without any knowledge of this question." Think of that, ye Democratic disciples and howl. "Not willing to be bound by a convention of delegates who assembled in a room without any knowledge of this question." Who ever heard before of a set of Democratic delegates who did not know all about the subject under consideration? Is it any wonder that 17 Democratic congressmen repudiated the Denver platform by voting for protection on lumber when the delegates who made the Democratic plank on lumber "didn't know anything about the subject?" No wonder the Democrats are rent asunder. No wonder they are split into hostile camps and are cussing one another and calling each other Republicans.

Stand by your colors, Republicans, the Dems are coming to us in flocks and in a few more years there won't be a blessed thing in the way of national prosperity and peace but the bowl weevil and the pesky Socialists. We've got the brainest ones grabbed now, and those "who don't know anything about the subject" we don't want

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

It has only been a few fleeting months and the Bank Guaranty was the Paramount. It paramounted all over the country and even the Republican party was almost frightened into adopting it. Some states did declare for it.

But now, with everybody predicting good times and now and then a defaulting cashier going to the pen, we hear no more about it.

Same way with the divine ratio of sixteen to one; the same way with the initiative and referendum; the same way with a whole raft of wooly things that Mr. Bryan wore in his belt.

Americans, especially the Democratic Americans, are given to sensationalism and when Bully Billy yells bloody murder about most any old thing it at once becomes paramount and he runs a few for president and then all the humbuggery dies.

Great, indeed, is the Democratic party, but greater, in the way of being visionary is William J. who, by the way is not much in the lime light just now.

We wonder while on the subject what has become of all those canned speeches he put on was last year? Imagine yourself being caught dead with a phonograph in your possession loaded with plates of tariff speeches by Willie, the departed Shada. But next time they will be of no use for by that time some new visions will have been cited and of course there must always be a new Paramount or Willie will not run.