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Special Club Rates:

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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.

DEMOCRATIC PRAYER.

(From "Hot Stuph.")

Our most renowned and adorable William Jennings Bryan, prophet of the Platte, fearless champion of 16 to 1, discoverer of "imperialism," circumnavigator of the globe, and last but not least, editor and proprietor of The Commoner: We come tumbling down on our all-fours this evening to call upon thy Democratic Highness and to return our thanks to thee for the blessed privilege of being thy faithful followers. We thank thee for being our Moses and for the opportunity thou givest us of reading thy Commoner from year to year without costing us a red copper. We are conscious of the fact that we owe thee for almost two years' subscription, but then we are aware that thou canst make more money with thy mouth in one little lecture than we can make raising 12-cent cotton in two years. Therefore, we did not think thou needest the money and so we didn't pay up. We pray that thou wilt continue to lecture and send us The Commoner (on time). We are down here in the South raising cotton and hell, stealing votes and hanging niggers, and doing everything we can to keep the country Democratic.

O, Mighty Chief, how we do love to read the stuff thou printest in that paper. We don't know whether thou writest any of it or not, and we don't care a continental. It's got the Bryan label and that's enough for us. We are Democrats and we believe what thou tellest us. That's Democracy. We turn up our noses at everything we read in Republican papers. It don't matter whether it is true or not, we don't believe it. Thou knowest, Great Chief, that the less one knows the easier it is to be a Democrat—in the ranks. We have noticed that as soon as a man begins to read Republican papers, and to believe in them, that he goes straightaway and joins the Radicals. Give us plenty of Democratic milk through The Commoner to keep our feet in the Democratic road.

Most Adorable Colonel, we want to thank thee for other things thou hast done for us. We want to thank thee for making fools out of us in 1896, and causing us to rip our insides open yelling for free silver. We are always glad when thou givest us a chance to rip and holler. If thou hadst declared for the free coinage of iron, brass or copper, or bell metal, it would have been the same to us. We don't know a thing about coinage and we care less. All we want is to be told in The Commoner what to do and we go straightway and perform our duties like little jumping jacks. We can sign the primary pledge plan, yell for free silver, whoop for Parker and vote a dozen Democratic tickets in one day and it don't feaze our conscience.

We want to thank thee for putting a chestnut burr under our crupper, in 1904, by nominating Parker and having us yell for him. It made us prance up behind like Sam Hill for a while, but the spell soon wore off and we were better Democrats than ever. What are we for but to turn somersaults and hand-springs when we are commanded to do so? We used to be jumping jacks for Grover Cleveland, and we have not forgotten how to turn.

Most distinguished issue discoverer, we have so many things to thank thee for that we are at a loss to know where to begin.

We thank thee for telling us that free silver was the stuff in 1896.

We thank thee for telling us that "imperialism" was the stuff in 1900.

We thank thee for telling us that

Parker and the gold standard was the stuff in 1904.

We thank thee for telling us that "government ownership" was the stuff in 1906.

We thank thee for telling us that "Bank Guaranty" and "tariff reform" were the stuff in 1908.

And, Great Chief and Peerless Prophet, we are almost dying to have thee tell us what will be the stuff in 1912. We are ready to holler now. Our mouths are watering to holler if thou wilt only tell us what to holler for. We are machines. We are machines when we holler. We are machines when we vote. We are machines when we count. Drop a "battle cry" in the slot and we will do the rest.

Yes, great and glorious editor, we are anything or everything, just as thou shalt command us. We will be monkeys and board ourselves. We will be Indians and raise the war whoop. We will be political pirates and steal every ballot box in the South. We will bark like dogs, bray like jackasses, crow like roosters, hoot like owls, spew like buzzards, run like greased lightning, and lie like Beelzebub, if it is thy will.

Again thanking thee for The Commoner and thy friendly and fatherly counsel, we beseech thy continued blessings, and we will be ever ready to holler for thee, run for thee, steal for thee, drink for thee, so long as our Democratic hides hold together and there is a rag on our backs. Amen.

AN ALASKA EDITOR'S CONFES-SION.

Our wife is gone. Gone to visit our mother-in-law. Gone back to the old home and the real cream. Back to the old oaken bucket and the mud pies of memory. We are not saying this to make other men envious whose wives are not gone. But it is a sort of whistle to keep our courage up. For a long time the opportunity to hang out all night and make a monkey of ourselves has looked good. Now, with no restraint on our conduct, no tearful wife waiting to throw her hooks into our hair, no one to lie to, nobody to pacify with artful inventions, no person to care a whoop whether we go to the bug-house or not, now that the very hour and moment is pregnant with witchery and our horoscope is psychologically correct for a riotous period of debauchery, we get sleepy at 8:30 and mope off to bed like a mollusk.

It's enough to drive an ostentatious drunkard to the Keely institute. Solo has lost its charm and highballs are a mockery. We do not want to play poker or lick up suds or do any of the hundred disreputable things that a few days ago seemed so entrancing. If things had panned out as anticipated we would be an actor in the jollification drama instead of its playwright.—Ketchikan Daily Miner.

The Port Huron Michigan News says that every man in that town who wants work can get it. And down here in North Carolina you can't find men to do the work that is to do. Terrible times these.

The fact that Mrs. Gould hid her face and wept when witnesses testified of her behavior when drunk, brings a thought to light that may help the temperance cause. What is the reason the phonograph and the moving picture could not be brought into operation and in this way show to the drunkard what an ass he makes of himself when intoxicated. Let us hope that it will be tried. If he could see himself as others see him, maybe he'd quit for certain.

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 slogging 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 bluff 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-snooting" 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 stuph—stuph with the stinger in it. Tell all your neighbors about us and get 'em in line for the fun.

Eli 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.

BETRAYED.

The Democratic national platform

last year contained these sentences:

"We welcome the belated promise of tariff reform now affected by the Republican party, * * * but the people cannot safely trust the execution of this important work to a party which is so deeply obligated to the highly protected interests. * * * We favor immediate revision of the tariff by the reduction of important duties. Articles entering into competition with trusts controlled products should be placed upon the free list. * * * We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs."

In the House of Representatives a month ago forty Democrats voted against free lumber. In the Senate this week seventeen Democrats did the same. Thus a specific demand of the Democratic platform was defeated by Democratic votes. Democratic votes also defeated free hides and free iron. For the first time in fifty years Democrats this spring have had an opportunity, with the aid of progressive Republicans, to give effect to their pretense of principles. This shameful record shows how basely they have acquitted themselves.

In their platform the Democrats say that Republicans cannot be trusted; who now will trust the Democrats? They say they favor immediate reduction of taxation; within the last sixty days 102 of the 171 Democrats in the House have voted repeatedly against reducing taxes and seventeen of thirty-two Democrats in the Senate have done likewise. They say they favor the free list for articles entering into competition with trust-controlled products; lumber, hides and iron are all controlled by trusts. They specifically demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on lumber, and they make haste only to fasten that odious steel upon the country for another decade.

These are political signs for which punishment is certain. They affront decency and good faith. They reveal a degradation in our political life which almost passes belief. They put the Democratic party on trial not for its principles but for its honesty. Errors of judgment may be defended and excused, but perfidy finds no apologist anywhere. A political party that is false to itself is false also to the people, and he judgements which they inflict are final.—The New York World.

FIVE-FEET OF BOOKS.

A Westerner by the name of Antwine, presents the following works for the 5-foot book shelf:

Dr. Munyon's almanac.
Webster's book of words.
Dabbs' "your Own Blacksmith."
The speeches of Champ Clark.

Complete reports of the State bee-keeper.

Coburn's "How to Make the Farm Pay."

The Poems of James Whitcomb Riley.

Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."

Marx & Dunwintzschmetzski's mail order catalogue.

Bryan's "From the Farm to Within Sight of the White House—and Back."

The reports of the State Board of Agriculture.

Simkins' "Hogs, and How to Raise Them."

The stories of Abraham Lincoln.

Publications of the State Horticultural Society.

Watson's "Farmers, Awake!"

Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

Roosevelt's "Benton."

The "Life and Adventures of Carrie Nation."

Ade's "The Summer Boarder Proposition."

Smith's "Winter Nights on the Farm."

Nye's "History of the United States."

Sneed's "Why Call a Horse Doctor?"

Howard's "The Romance of the Ben Davis Apple."

Payne's "Explanation of the Duty on Corn."

Who's Nobody in America?

WHAT IS A DEMOCRAT?

The New York World is still pressing the question, What is a Democrat? A Virginia newspaper answers succinctly, A man who votes the Democratic ticket on election day; but this would exclude Mr. Bryan, for he voted for the Populist candidate in the presidential election of 1892. The query should rather be, which of the seven hundred and seventy-seven brands of Democracy is the Simon Pure article? A Texas journal recently essayed a list of the variants claiming to be true and loyal followers of Jefferson, but it enumerated scarcely half of them. There are pro-Democrats, anti Democrats, strict constitutionalist, latitudinarians, protection Democrats, low-tariff Democrats, Democrats for office and revenue only (a large class), Imperialistic Democrats, aristocratic Democrats, Socialistic Democrats, anti-corporation Democrats, Trust Democrats, Bryan and Roosevelt Democrats, hard-sense Democrats, donkey Democrats, traditional Democrats, Democrats by inheritances, Democrats by conviction, silk stocking Democrats, cotton-sock and barefooted Democrats, smoking jacket Democrats, strait jacket Democrats, stay-away from the polls Democrats, vote early and often Democrats. Then there are the night-rider Democrats, the cotton-tail Democrats, the red-shirt Democrats, the ballot box stuffing Democrats, the "nigger" Democrats and the convict Democrats. And last, but not least, are those prohibition fellows, known as the dog fennel Democrats, so named because they ate up all the dog fennel in Georgia after a little lick had been sprinkled on it. As the Galveston Post remarks, there are more kinds of Democrats than Vanderbilt's son-in-law was a fool. And that's what's the matter with Democracy. A gutta percha creed and every man his own political gospel. If the party would stand on one issue long enough to be counted, it would make a very respectable showing. But a party composed of shifters and kickers has no chance against one made of stickers to a flag and program.

HELIOGRAMS.

The affinity is the Captain Kidd of the matrimonial sea.

No, Percy, the songbirds of our local choir are not graduates of Sing Sing.

The Budget, a magazine published in Duluth, is an intellectual cocktail with a fine head on it.

I would just as soon be a wart on the red nose of inebriety as to be a dimple on the chin of Carrie Nation.

When a man is arrested for a crime and put in the sweatbox, he generally gets cold feet, but his confession is not always cold facts.

The man who had charge of the Gould winecellar had no sinecure if Katherine lapped up all the brandy highballs the servants say she did.

When you were a small boy did you ever have two older sisters hold you while mother cut your hair? If you never experienced a haircut of that kind you do not know what humiliation is.

Other employes are poking all kinds of fun at the kid foreman in the shoe shop on account of his embryo Chauncey Depew whiskers, but, hush little sidewinds, don't you cry, you will be soupstrainers bye and bye.

After being led to the mourner's bench at a revival in Des Moines, Iowa, a fellow confessed to having committed sixteen burglaries. I wish the hardened sinner who stole my corn cob pipe would get religion and cough up.

General Frederick Funston who swam the Bag Bag with the Astor battery strapped to his back and towed a string of barges with the whole Kansas regiment aboard, was recently the victim of a sneak thief who got away with all the General had—which was nothing.—Minnesota Prison Mirror.

The state that has a good crop of politicians generally has a hard time.—The Dalton (Ga.) Citizen.