

The Yellow Jacket.

Published Bi-Weekly.

R. DON LAWS, Edtr. and Pub.

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THE YELLOW JACKET,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Entered at the P. O. at Moravian Falls, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH ONLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR \$0.30
TEN YEARS \$1.50
Clubs of 4 or more One Year 25 Cents per subscription.



R. DON LAWS,
The Man Who Cut The Yellow Jacket
and Made It Fit.

Stingers

"Within the breast of nature throbs the heart of God."

There is nothing cheaper than a cheap show unless it is a Democratic platform.

It is a safe plan to believe only one-half you hear politicians say and then forget most of that.

Remember it is necessary to let us know who you are when you write a squib for this paper.

Cotton keeps bounding up and the King of the South is feeling very fine and hearty these days.

They have postponed the date of the world coming to end twenty-four hours longer. Thanks, gentlemen.

Has anybody seen anything lately of a little spotted jackass running around answering to the name of Bank Guaranty?

That Harvard professor who advocated flirting in schools need not worry about North Carolina. We're on all right.

If the Democratic party is not petered, as some Democrats claim, then give it a little more rope and the job will be done.

Every now and then Governor Haskell pokes his head up and yells "fraud," but the mark is upon him and his name is mud.

It sometimes looks to The Yellow Jacket as if the fad of salvation by legislation had completely taken the place of the Gospel plan and the end is not in sight.

If somebody don't hurry up and answer that question "What is a Democrat?" there will be no answer to be made—they will all be gone over to the Reds.

If you don't hear what a Democrat says when talking about the eighteen Dems. who voted for Protection, don't ask him to repeat it. It may have been that he was saying "damn 'em."

A Western divine wants to know where liars go. Well, we used to be told by the preachers that they went straight to hell, but we don't hear much about it now.

If Mr. Roosevelt doesn't tame a wild rhinoceros some day and ride the critter triumphantly into camp, then The Yellow Jacket will feel disappointed.

If that Ella Gingles case in Chicago don't put Tom Eggart on the front seat for the Presidential nomination in 1912 then Tom's cake is a dab of dough.

We got a Democrat to admit the other day that just about as fast as the Dems became manufacturers that fast they became Republicans, but he didn't like to acknowledge the corn.

The Washington food experts who asked the question "What is whiskey?" are finding about as hard a time to get the truth as the fellow who asked "What is a Democrat?"

The new cents bearing the portrait of Lincoln will be sought for as curiosities. American coins bearing the portrait of some real person will be as agreeable as novel and the experiment should be limited on silver coins.

The editor of The Yellow Jacket came so near being overcome by the exceedingly hot weather during the first two weeks of July that he was

hardly able to grind any copy for this issue.

According to Mr. Bryan, a man's services in this world may be worth \$500,000,000. The services of Mr. Bryan in falling three times to be elected President, have been worth more than that to this country.

Hundreds of Democrats would be found affiliating in the Republican party to-day if it were not that they are ashamed to do so from the measly mean things they have said about the G. O. P.

One of the best signs of the times that we are entering a new and glorious era is the fact that Democrats have gone to riding in automobiles and voting for Protection Tariffs. Verily, the world do move.

It's making the Democratic newspapers over the country sweat like blue blazes in their efforts to try to prove that the Democratic congressmen who voted with the Republicans on the tariff are not Republicans.

Read our ad about "Hot Stuph" in this issue. And order a copy for your own use. It will afford you more past time and instruction than any book of recent years. It's a get-ter, and every reader of The Yellow Jacket should own a copy.

Since North Carolina went Prohibition they have thrown upon the market a produce called "Monkey Beer" and it is said that the stuff will make a Prohibition Democrat act like a monkey by taking a couple of drinks.

"Hot Stuph" stirs 'em as nothing else can do. The medicine is hot and it hits the spot. And they all want to see what it says. We caught a wild and wooly Democrat the other day sitting away off to himself reading the book and cussing.

Dr. Elliott has been having something to say about a five-foot book shelf and has named the works to fill it and he never signally failed to include Hot Stuph, the Bible or Shakespeare, showing how little he knows about current literature.

Automobiles are getting so thick in this part of the country that you can hardly walk the road in safety. The old Democratic idea of riding in an ox cart is rapidly passing away with 16 to 1, anti-imperialism and other delusions of the past century.

A North Carolina Democratic farmer has a hen that has laid an egg with the figure six plainly outlined in "water colors" in the shell. We'll bet, by jinks, that the Democrats will take this as an omen that Bryan will win the sixth time.

With cotton selling at 13 cents, corn at \$1.25 and wheat at \$1.50 under these Republican times, the old days of Democratic smash and ruin with sixty cent wheat, fourteen cent corn and four cent cotton are brought sharply into contrast.

Our quotation from the Jefferson Bible in last issue of The Yellow Jacket seems to have aroused some of the Democrats and they are now writing us where the book can be had. We will supply any one desiring the book at one dollar per copy.

Some of the North Carolina wine producers are advertising for ten thousand bushels of blackberries this year. You see it is going to take worlds of blackberry wine to supply those thirsty prohibitionists the coming season.

We are still waiting to hear some Democrat returning thanks to the

Republican party for busting the turpentine trust. It looks to us like cheaper turpentine ought to appeal to a Democrat, especially one who has the billy-ca-flip so much.

The issue of The Yellow Jacket for July 8th seems to have been a well-read paper from the letters we are receiving from our friends who are expressing their appreciation of the number.

If any of our subscribers are publishing a paper carrying the name of "Breeze" we would thank them to favor us with an occasional copy along these days. It's so "ontolerable" hot in our sanctum this July weather that it is impossible to write stuph for The Yellow Jacket.

It is stated that investigators in St. Louis contend that nine-tenths of the criminals in that city are victims of the opium habit. How does this contention make room for the assertion of those who contend that nine-tenths of the criminals are the victims of king alcohol?

A Democratic exchange is exulting over the apparent row in the Republican party over the tariff question. But never mind, Buddy. The Republicans may be having their disagreements on tariff rates, but that don't dispel the fact that the Democrats are split worse than ever, and William Jawbone among them is no longer even a false prophet.

Now that Congress has raised the duty fifty per cent higher on diamonds where is that Democrat who used to be standing round with his face twisted all out of skew mouthing about the Republicans putting high tariff on things the poor need and letting in free the things used by the rich? We want to see what that fellow looks like.

South Carolina, it is said, will institute a state-wide campaign for education during August, in which mass-meetings will be held in every county. It certainly needs it and we hope the Easley Progress will take full advantage of the opportunity. It is a long lane that has no turning and the Democrats have misruled poor old South Carolina about long enough. Welcome Education.

It is asserted that the Standard Oil Company contemplates making a food product out of petroleum and calling it butter. Lord save us. If the stuff gives no better satisfaction as butter than the gasoline we are using to run our linotype metal pot does for heating purposes, then we will guarantee that the very devil couldn't eat it.

According to the Montgomery Journal people in the Sand Mountain regions of Alabama are netting \$50 an acre this year on Irish potatoes. That's going some, especially under this Republican administration that the Democrats last year said was going to bring on such hard times that the farmers couldn't make a living at all.

A Democratic Daily of Raleigh, N. C., boasts of the fact that it is the only paper in the United States that has more subscribers than there are men, women and children in the town in which it is published. Thunderation. The Yellow Jacket has this Democratic sheet skinned a thousand miles. We have more subscribers a hundred thousand times over than there are men, women and children in Moravian Falls, N. C. You will have to come again, some more.

The records of the city of Atlanta have been published and they show that the arrests for drunkenness for the year that prohibition went into effect were 1,123 and the arrests for the year just closed are 1,875. We ask some one who is capable of doing so to explain the meaning of this business. If prohibition don't lessen drunkenness what is it good for anyhow?

An Alabama Democratic exchange comes out terribly strong against compulsory education. But there is nothing strange about that. It knows perhaps that Education means the downfall of Democracy in Alabama, and it prefers Democratic ignorance to Republicanism and Education. That's natural with those fellers. On with the dance.

In the month of June 384 deaths occurred in the State of Indiana from tuberculosis causing two hundred children to be left orphans. Yet we have the astounding spectacle of many people scoffing at the efforts

of the Tuberculosis Congress in urging all possible means to be used in the suppression or extermination of this terrible plague.

If you hear a peculiar noise coming up from the central portion of North Carolina don't be alarmed. Peradventure it is nothing more than the horses down that way laughing at the idea of the Democrats talking of starting a newspaper at Raleigh founded upon the doctrine of local self government. The spectacle of a Democrat preaching local self government is enough to make a mule's daddy laugh.

It has been reported that the fellow who had invented the germ weaner an account of which we gave in these columns a few weeks ago has sold his device to a doctor who will have the device destroyed in the interest of medical science. The doctors claim if the germs were all muzzled that medical science would starve to death. Poor old medical science.

The theory of the New York Sun that the only way to get economy or the show of it, for a season, "is to out with the ins and in with the outs," may be blundering towards the truth, but the trouble of accomplishing this change is getting OUT of the minds of the people the sad recollection of what the OUTS did when they were IN a few years ago.

In another column of The Yellow Jacket we present an editorial from the New York World under the head "Betrayed." It gives our readers a fair insight into the workings of the Democratic party on tariff matters. And if any of our readers had been led to believe the Democratic party honest they might as well dismiss the belief and leave the old wreck to its certain fate of disgrace and repudiation. Turn and read the article and then read it again, and then compare the statement with what The Yellow Jacket has been saying all the time about the Democratic party.

Ohio has produced many financiers, but none equal to the minister-financier of Cleveland, the Rev. Caspar Streich, of the United Brethren Church who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding. He and his wife, on an income that never exceeded \$700 a year, and was for most of their married life only between \$500 and \$600, have brought up and educated a family of ten children. One of the six sons went through college, three were graduated from a school of pharmacy and two from a business college, while the four daughters were trained in crafts that will enable them to gain their own livelihood.

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture and recently returned to Washington from the West, made the statement that throughout the West the farmers are seeking in vain for laborers to cultivate their farms, and that there was not one of the great agricultural states but could furnish employment to thousands of laborers on the farms. If labor leaders seeking work for the 2,000,000 unemployed members of their organizations could induce an exodus from the cities, they could not only supply the demand in the agricultural sections, but would accomplish an incalculable good by relieving the congestion in the cities, but they'd rather stay in the cities and have something to howl about.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the glorious ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "what is all this worth?"—nor those other words of delusion and fully "Liberty first and union afterward;" but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—"Liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable."

THAT KANSAS FELLER.

In another column will be found an article from B. F. Morland, of Kansas, in which he asks us to explain where we stand on the "tearoff" question, as he terms it. We wish to be frank with all our readers and answer their questions directly, but before proceeding in this case we must know something about what party our correspondent is "ganging" with. It is a well known fact to Neurologists and Hypnotists that a person can so completely concentrate his thoughts upon his liability to sickness that the least suggestion will produce in him all the discomforts of actual disease and not unfrequently the disease itself, and this same condition has in some degree manifested itself in people adhering to the dogmas of certain creeds or parties. We desire to know that Mr. Morland is in a receptive mood before consuming any of our valuable time explaining to him a question which most of our readers have seen us explain heretofore.

There exists in nature two distinct laws—one the law of constructiveness the other that of disintegration or obstruction. Aligned with these elements of nature are found all the political parties. On the side of obstruction are found nearly all the Democrats, all the fanatics, a few Republicans and all the Socialists. On the side of construction are found a few Democrats, nearly all the Republicans, but not a single Socialist. First, we desire to get you located and we trust you will not object to the following interrogatives: Are you a subscriber to Jackass Wayland's Appeal to Treason or Dick Maple's Ripped Sock? Do you wear a celluloid collar and harrangue the discontented from a goods box on the street corner? Are you related by blood or marriage to Fred Warren, Adam God or Carrie Nation? In short, do you make a habit of riding the Socialistic flying jenny? Should your answer to any two of the above questions be in the affirmative then any attempt on our part to explain to you how we stand on any subject would be as sweet perfume wasted on the desert air. In such an event it would require the use of a horse trough and a good supply of carbolic soap to sufficiently disinfect you of the Socialistic microbes as to render you susceptible of receiving a lucid explanation. You may consider these questions we have handed you a little personal, but we must have an answer to some of them before proceeding, for we have an invariable rule to let every hot air artist pop off thru his respective party organ. If you are a Republican in good standing we will allow you to criticize the Republican party till the cows come home if you feel like it. We are not so hide-bound and blind as to believe that that party is perfect. We reserve the right to say what we blame please about our own party if we think it deserves rebuke as a party.

But these darned fool Socialists. Why, they remind us of the fellow whose hogs got in his corn and were ruining it and instead of chasing them out, went searching round over the country for a kind of corn that grew so high that hogs couldn't tear it down and that man finally died in the poor house. The Socialists spend all their time talking about a kind of government that wouldn't let any hogs exist at all and in the meantime neglect all the good that our present system of government offers them. We hope to hear from you soon.

President Taft's expressed wish for economy in the administration of the government is being carried out in the most practical manner by his Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. MacVeagh has just announced that there will be no increase of salaries in the customs service until the deficit in the federal revenues is made up. As the last Congress added considerably to the appropriation for the customs services and authorized increases in the salaries of a number of inspectors in the Customs House at New York, it was thought that a number of salaries would be raised on July 1st, the beginning of the fiscal year, but Mr. MacVeagh decided that these increases will not be made until the Treasury Department is able to make a better financial showing. He has announced his intention, however, to reward efficient employes in the customs service as soon as the Treasury receipts warrant it.