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Special Club Rates:

TWENTY CENTS A YEAR IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT A TIME.

As per our announcement we have withdrawn our 15 cent rate. We had to do it to make both ends meet. We couldn't dress our babies on calico thru the summer on such rates to say nothing about saving up something for winter use. However we have been figuring some more and we are willing to make a rate of TWENTY CENTS per subscription when sent in clubs of five or more at a time. So that will be the hot weather rate. Five subs for one year for one little old dollar. Cash with order and satisfaction guaranteed. Now we hope each and every subscriber of the paper will show his appreciation of our efforts in battling for Republicanism and fair play by skirmishing round and rolling up a club of five or more and firing them to us at once. Thousands of subs are expiring every issue, so let them run long without light. Remit by registered letter or postoffice money order. Don't send stamps.

The Yellow Jacket, Moravian Falls, N. C.

NOT DEAD, BUT IT STINKETH.

Even since William McKinley and the Republican party knocked out the Democrats in 1896 and the Cleveland administration was dumped into the grave of its own digging it has been customary among newspapers and individuals to refer to the Democratic party as being DEAD. And altho Bryan managed to put considerable activity in the donkey in 1900 and Parker in 1904 and Bryan again last year, still a great many kept insisting that the donkey was a defunct institution and that nothing short of the trump of Old Man Gabriel would raise it from its tomb of oblivion. But The Yellow Jacket desires to correct this idea. We want to go on record as saying that the Democratic party is not dead, but it stinketh. We have always felt it our solemn duty to help keep history straight. We have always stood ready to aid in any cause that would redound to the betterment of mankind in general and the people of our dear old Southland in particular. Our deepest sympathy and profoundest interest go out to the millions who have to toil for a living; who, like ourselves, look not to some office for a livelihood, but have to work six days in the week and wear plain clothes and subsist on plain food. That's our crowd. We feel at home when among such people, and in fact we would not exchange this class for any other sort of folks. And that, beloved, is the reason why we are a Republican. Not that the Republican party is composed entirely of the working class, for it represents all sorts and classes, but because it represents policies that have redounded more to the interest of the working classes than any other party. It represents policies that have enabled the workingman to become as great as a king. It represents policies that enable the humblest citizen to rise from the very ashes of poverty and obscurity to the highest positions of trust and honor in the government. We don't endorse all the Republican party does. We don't believe all the wisdom of the ages is stored up under the hat of the G. O. P. But we do insist that mankind has got to institute a better party than the Republican party before we let up on our service in its cause. We stood off as it were a long time before we espoused the cause of any party. We studied their methods. We examined their records. We analyzed their platforms. We put each one in a kettle of common sense and boiled it down and examined the gravy. There wasn't enough of the Populist gravy to offer nourishment to a growing country. In fact it nearly all evaporated before we got it boiled down. There was plenty of the Democratic sop, such as it was, but it stunk so bad we could hardly make an examination of its qualities. However, we managed to detect the stench of secession, besides there were streaks of blood in the unsavory mixture and we could perceive the deadly residue of free labor. Besides these very objectionable qualities we discovered a considerable quantity of arrogance, hypocrisy and ingratitude. That was enough. We next tested the Republican records. As we proceeded to boil the thing down the sweet savor of human rights and personal liberty filled the air all about us and if there were any foul odors they were so insignificant that they were entirely lost in the aroma of

THE GREAT CURE-ALL.

The Socialist papers as a set of quacks have got the Democrats and the patent medicine fellows skinned so far that we don't hear much from either like we once did. Time was when anything in the affairs of the government went wrong that some Democratic quill driver was rearing up on his hind feet and declaring that under Democratic management no such thing would have happened. Or if a fellow got sick he was told that it was because he didn't keep a bottle of Dr. Hankum Spankum's Compound Bellywash on the shelf handy. But the supreme impudence and farfetched galls of the Socialist editor has compelled the medicine man and the Democratic orator to go "way back and sit down." A new and glorious and universal remedy has been found. It cures everything from plutocratic plundering to stinking feet. It straightens out the crooked and lifts up the downtrodden. It makes the rich poor and the poor well-to-do. It emancipates the slave, disarms the master, takes the ambition out of the tyrant and nerves the timid to meet any and every foe. It throttles corruption, lionizes the weak and compels the devil to take to tall timber. And that's not a beginning.

If John Smith runs away with Bill Johnson's wife, Socialism is proposed as the remedy.

If some fool like Harry Thaw shoots a White or a Brown or a Green, Socialism is the remedy.

If the daughter of a McCormick goes crazy studying about religion, Socialism is the remedy.

If the president of a bank turns rascal and slides out with the funds leaving the creditors in a hole, Socialism is the remedy.

If the son of a Vanderbilt commits suicide thru fear of poverty, Socialism is the remedy.

If Olea Rotski carries his wife into a room, locks the door and shoots her brains out thru jealousy, Socialism is the remedy.

If a woman sells her soul, Socialism is the remedy.

If the wife of some man up among the four hundred thinks more of a poodle dog than she does of her husband, Socialism is the remedy.

If God Almighty created one man with intellectual power and ambition and genius to achieve great things and made another who is content to be a mud-sillier and makes no effort to get up the ladder or achieve distinction, Socialism is the remedy; it would yoke up the genius and the fool and make 'em equal.

If men take their families and move to the factories and leave their farms to grow up because they can have more time to loaf round while their wives and children work in the factories and as a result the factory is overrun and the farms are neglected to the extent that grave troubles arise, Socialism is the remedy.

And we could go on and on narrating what a great cure-all Socialism proposes to be. It simply surpasses belief to think that intelligent people who have had opportunity to study the principles of government will be led off into such a gang of dreamers as compose the "thinking" part of the Socialist party.

Dr. Osler passed his sixtieth mile post the other day and not a smell of chloroform has been detected about his clothes yet.

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 bullf 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 cribbed 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.

Eli Tucker's Letter

Huckleberry Knob, N. C.,
August 11, 1909.

Editor Yellow Jacket,

My Dear Sir:—The editor of The Snagtown Chronicle in an article in this week's issue makes the remarkable statement that "since the Republicans have made such a miserable botch and failure of the new tariff law that a bigger part of the Republican party will deliberately walk out next year and vote for the party that stands for low tariff and economy."

Now, such a statement as that is what I call a whopper. It is a statement which seems to have nothing but hot air and Democratic froth to rest upon. In the first place where do we get the information that the tariff law is a "botch and a failure?" Who is testifying in this case, anyhow? Who is heralding to the world that the Republicans have fixed up a tariff law to skin the American consumer worse than ever? Nobody but the wise, truthful, patriotic, tried and busted old Democratic party. The party that has a record as varied as the colors of the rainbow. The party that told you if you didn't vote for free silver you were an enemy to every interest of the working man and then in eight years turned round and voted itself for a gold standard man for President. The party that told you if you put Roosevelt in the big arm-chair that he would plunge this country into a bloody war. The party that was so strongly in favor of tariff reform that it gave the people a tariff law that blasted industry like a plague, shut down factories and busted the U. S. Treasury at both ends, besides compelled the president to sell two hundred and sixty million dollars' worth of bonds to meet the current expenses of the government. Now isn't such a source of information a dandy? Wouldn't it be better to wait and see how the thing works before pronouncing the law a failure.

One thing you can mark down as a fixed certainty. That is when you catch the Democratic press of the land suddenly jumping up and vehemently favoring or opposing a certain action, you can safely take the other end of the subject as the sounder side, for I'll be dad-gummed if I haven't watched their capers till I know that this statement is true. If the Democratic party was ever right, it got wrong before the war and has never been right since. It was wrong in opposing the Union. It was wrong in favoring Free Trade. It was wrong in opposing expansion. It was wrong in denouncing McKinley as an "emperor." It was wrong when it worked the country into a frenzy of excitement over free silver. It was wrong when it tried to unload its own mistakes and shortcomings upon the back of Grover Cleveland. It was wrong last year when it attempted to fool the labor vote into the belief that Democracy was a greater friend to the laboring class than the Republican party. It has been wrong on tariff, on finance, on everything; so when you hear a Democrat "harping" about Republican shortcomings just remember that he is looking with his telescope little end foremost. He sees things in the opposite, just like he did when he was tearing round and flouting everybody who wouldn't subscribe to his free silver foolishness.

I would like to inform the editor of The Snagtown Chronicle that if he thinks that the people are going to make any concerted movement as a result of advice or information gathered from the Democratic press of the country, that he will have another think coming. The American people have long since learned that it doesn't pay to run wild over newisms, nor drop a good thing just because some other fellow wants to pick it up. Republicans have been called "niggers" and "robbers" and "ignoramuses" by the Democrats too many times to soon forget it, and one thing is mighty certain they are not going to walk over into the ranks of such a party and cast their votes for any "reform" that it has in store. Of course we don't expect the new tariff law to please the Democrats.

They couldn't make one themselves that would satisfy their notion of tariff. They have simply reached that stage in their career that nothing under the blue dome of Heaven is going to satisfy them. They are like the man under conviction at a campmeeting who has been a terrible sinner. Their past life is bearing on their mind. Their dark and dastardly crimés loom up before them like a ghost and no wonder they're agitated.

But the country hasn't time to stop and argue about tariff now. We prefer to test out the law. Next year the Republicans are going to return a majority to Congress and their business will be to stand as sentinels over the Payne law and see that the Democrats don't meddle with it.

All indications point to a period of several years' prosperity. Two years from next summer President Taft will be renominated for the Presidency and of course will be overwhelmingly elected over Wm. J. Bryan or whoever Bryan runs. That, I think, will be the last race Democracy will ever make. Thereafter it will unite with some new element of disorder and try a few times for supremacy and then pass out to be remembered only as a dream of a thing that was.

By that time the editor of the Snagtown Chronicle will be perched up on the top of the Socialist band wagon howling for that new delusion to beat the Jews. And his subscribers, who don't come over to us, will be clamoring as wildly for Socialism as the most of them are doing to-day for Democracy.

You can't keep a fanatic down. He's simply got to be showing his heels or his teeth one or the other all the time. It is my opinion that if Wm. J. Bryan was to come out with some sort of a Socialistic whang to his voice that he would get most of the Democrats that are of the Bryan persuasion to set up a worse howl for Socialism under the Bryan banner than they did for free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Mr. Editor, the Huckleberry Knob Debating Society was organized last week and it proposes to give three or four entertainments this fall for the benefit of the public. With your permission I will furnish the readers of The Yellow Jacket with a report of each meeting. There will be three subjects that promise to be interesting. The first one will be discussed next week. It is, Resolved, That the Democratic party is more capable of running the Government than the Republican. Pete Whetstone and your humble correspondent will lead off on this subject. The next subject is to be handled between myself and the Honorable Skidmore Blankenship. It is Resolved, That Socialism is the only hope of the poor man, the common man and the laborer. I will oppose the Hon. Skidmore on this question. The other question is Resolved that Prohibition is a drawback to the Temperance Cause. I have not yet decided which side I will take on this question, but any way there is going to be some startling propositions made on this subject. Look out for showers of Democratic pelt and Republican campaign buttons, Socialistic tracks, hair and hide.

Well, the weather is so hot that I will have to close and get out for a little fresh air.

Yours for prosperity and political purity,

ELI TUCKER.

There are of course many statesmen and politicians who question the loyalty of the President to the protective policy, but we venture to believe that such men are short sighted. Those who are committed to the policy of protection have a dual responsibility. They must provide sufficient duty to protect American industries and to maintain the present high wage scale of the American workingman. But on the other hand, they must accomplish this without rendering the protective policy obnoxious. If they do the latter they will precipitate a change of heart in the people and thus jeopardize the entire system. Diplomacy is an incumbent on the advocate of protection as is the maintenance of the tariff.

(Continued on page 2 col. 5.)