

THOSE WHO "CUSS" US.

You might as well try to shoot off the horns of the moon with a pop-gun as to make a newspaper that would escape the fierce criticism of certain people. No sooner had the first issue of The Yellow Jacket made its appearance in public, 'way back in 1895, when the Democrats had this country by the caudal appendage and were rushing it headlong towards the Devil by the "tariff reform" route, than we began to receive tidings of what Mr. So and So had to say about us in the way of criticism. Some made fun of us because of our small size. Democrats would laugh about "Don Laws' little radical thumb-paper." Others of the ultra-pious came near having a fit because we insisted in plain speech—insisted on calling a spade a spade, instead of "an implement of husbandry with elongated protuberances designed primarily to assemble loose particles," and then some of those who had been white-washed in college derided our audacity for daring to start a newspaper with no literary training save one year and a half in school and not a dollar of capital in the world. You bet your life they cussed us. And the faster we grew the more they cussed. Some were moved by envy at our success. Some by political hatred. Some by reason of personal narrowness and many by nothing but pure, unadulterated cussedness. They said we were of no consequence, but we moved right along. Some tried to injure us by saying that we were running a Democratic paper in another part of the country, and that didn't check us a particle. Others declared that we were a nigger and that had no effect but to make the paper grow faster as people knew that was a political lie. And still others sought to damage The Yellow Jacket by fabricating the statement that we were so low down and depraved at home that no white man would associate with us, and while every mother's son of these maligners knew they were lying like h—, they hated us with such a keen, bitter, snake-hearted hate that they didn't hesitate to stoop to cowardly, dirty methods to fight The Yellow Jacket, and that didn't retard our march. Because we employed language in fighting erring Democrats as vigorous as Sam Jones handed from the pulpit in trying to reclaim dirty sinners, some of the so-called pious ones saw fit to declare that we were too vulgar to be allowed to pass thru the mails. They declared that The Yellow Jacket ought to be suppressed.

One case we have in mind was where a so-called minister of the gospel admonished his hearers from the pulpit not to take The Yellow Jacket, because, said he, "its editor is beastly ignorant and his language is perfectly shocking to the taste of good society." He declared before God he wouldn't be caught reading such a paper and assured his hearers that he deliberately slipped every copy of the paper that was sent him into the stove and burned it into ashes. That looked like a scorcher for The Yellow Jacket, didn't it? That looked like we would have to crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after us, sure. But permit us to pull back the curtain for a moment and let you have a glimpse of the inner life of this "preacher" who didn't like the way we "cut the mustard." The next information we had from this caustic critic was that he had kissed his wife and babies good bye and galavanted over into an adjoining state to conduct a revival meeting, and while the revival was on, while he was engaged in admonishing men to repent of their sins and flee from the wrath to come, he incidentally forgot The Yellow Jacket, he forgot his wife and babies back at home, forgot the solemn vows he had made to God at the marriage altar and we now behold the fraud who burnt The Yellow Jacket, making love to another woman and laying plans as fast as possible to lead a second victim to the marriage altar to be betrayed. But just at this juncture a traveler from Mr. Preacher's old home happened along and passed the night in the home where sweet-heart No. Two resided and that's

what played havoc with the courtship. The traveler learned that the evangelist was preaching right along and courting to beat the band, and he did not hesitate to tell all. News soon hurried back to the preacher's home church and a church trial was next in order. And so the fellow who burnt The Yellow Jacket without reading it had his license revoked and he was branded as a would-be bigamist, and we suppose he is still denouncing this paper as dangerous and is perhaps burning every copy that comes his way.

No wonder this "preacher" didn't like The Yellow Jacket. Probably at the very time he declared that we were dangerous to "society", the very magots of immorality and unfaithfulness were gnawing at his heart. No doubt we were hurting his brand of "society," and he squealed. It was his dirty conscience finching under the anticipated application of the probe we apply to such carbuncles of society as this "preacher" or the sort of people who tolerate his dirty doings. Trumble hit the nail square on the head when he assured us that "No man ever felt the halter draw With good opinion of the law."

Whenever you hear some fellow going around declaring that The Yellow Jacket is hurtful to the morals of the country, just scratch that chap and you will find a grand rascal. Ask a decent Democrat what he thinks about The Yellow Jacket and he will tell you at once that it is a strong partisan paper, a hard fighter, but that it never strikes below the belt. Ask the pious-looking, sanctimonious hypocrite, who would have two wives at a time if he could have his way, what he thinks about The Yellow Jacket, and, rolling his eyes back in their sockets like a dying calf, he will solemnly inform you between guttural groans, "that it ought to be suppressed."

Honest Republicans, honest Democrats or honest preachers of the gospel are not galavanting around over the country denouncing The Yellow Jacket as an enemy to society, because all know that it is not. Understand we have no word of censure for honest criticism—for the man who sees things different to us, who takes the other end of the string and pulls his way. No editor on this old earth could please everybody if he tried. If the Lord of Hosts were to go into the newspaper business and drop a daily at every man's door each morning still damp with the dew of Heaven there are a lot of bigoted upstarts and self-conceited fools who would poke the Heavenly Herald in the stove and burn it into ashes or trample it upon the ground and spit upon it as they spat upon the face of the Saviour when he fell into the hands of the cut-throats of Pontias, Pilate.

BETTER LOOK OUT.

Chicago and New York had better look out. It seems that ex-Governor Bob Glenn of North Carolina, has been sniffing and prying about these towns and he's discovered something just awfully awful. He declares that Sodom and Gomorrah which were destroyed by fire direct from Heaven on account of their wickedness, were places of sweetness and light compared to these cities, and that if they do not amend their ways they would merit destruction. He says these great cities are snapping their finger in the face of the Almighty, that New York is a blot upon the face of the map. Notoriety, that's what Glenn wants. A regular wet and dry powder sensationalist. Less than a year ago he was quoted in all the papers as saying that between Baltimore and Birmingham there were five million people almost in heathenism—that many of the preachers and teachers of this section were as ignorant as children, and hundreds of the other people never heard of a God. If the country don't know there is a God and the cities are snapping their fingers in God's face isn't it about time for God to translate Bob Glenn and set fire to the whole wreaking mass?

How times do change! Governor Johnson spoke an hour at Seattle a few days ago and didn't say a blessed word about free silver.

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 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-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 stup—stup 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.

This Beats All!

Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, White Men, Black Men and Indians--

Listen!

The Club Price of The Yellow Jacket is Now Reduced to 15 Cents a Year in Clubs of Five or More.

Renewals received the same as New Subscribers. No stamps taken.

This offer stands till Christmas. Improved machinery, and the advantages of a growing subscription list enable us to make this low price.

Now we want to see, not some, but every blessed subscriber to this paper, waltz up a club of five anyway and do it now. We want a million on our list and we want 'em bad. You know it will be no trouble to get up five subs for 75 cents. Try it. Begin to-day. Clean up your neighborhood. Go into the highways and hedges, and don't forget those deluded Democrats. Round 'em up. Remember the rates—75 cents for a club of 5. So let 'em roll. Altogether for a Million.

A REBEL FOR FAIR.

About ever so often, as The Yellow Jacket proceeds to rip off a slice of Donkey hide and expose a dark blotch, past or present, that has been made by the Democratic party, some slant-eyed, slang-sliling son-of-a-gun hops up on his hind pedals and says we are a South hater and delight in waving the bloody shirt and 'all such rot. But as we have said before, we are out to tell the truth, when the truth is wanted, and we don't give one continental red cent who likes it or who dislikes it. But our readers all know how we stand on matters pertaining to secession. 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 heads that 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 the hot-headed blatherskites in the South there would never have been any rebellion. We shall always regret that the Anglo Saxon race was declimated as it was; that hundreds of thousand of the flower and youth of this great republic were sacrificed to the passions of a few ambitious demagogues in the South. But somebody will say why don't you cease to refer to the past and let these things rest in the tomb of forgetfulness? Forgetfulness, the devil! How are we to forget the past when men delight to stand up to-day and insult the flag under which they live? Now can we forget the past when the same rebellious spirit is just as rampant in certain men in the South now as it was when the Stars and Stripes were fired upon as they waved over Fort Sumpter? To show you that secession and rebellion are not dead, that hatred for the Government and the flag is as rife as in '61, allow us to reproduce here the sort of rebel fire and thunder that is being belched out of a Southern city. The paper is sent out from Memphis as the "National Confederate Bulletin No. Four." It starts out under this very "patriotic" heading and reads in part, as follows:

"WAKE UP, SOUTHERN PEOPLE, WAKE UP."

"Forty-four long years have passed since the American liberties were overthrown by Abe Lincoln and his imperial army of 3,300,000 in whose veins run the blood of more than 50 nationalities, 2,041,000 Yankees, 500,000 foreigners, 200,000 negroes, 559,000 of our own Southern men, who cast their lot and joined the imperial army of Abe Lincoln to help invade and overthrow the liberties of the Revolutionary fathers who had sac-

rificed their all for us. It was the King against the President, and Imperialism against the Republic. The King prevailed and the President went down. Imperialism was set up and the sovereignty of the people went down. Before all this 600,000 of the most patriotic men that perhaps will ever live met this motley and mingled host of the world in 2,263 battles all told 1,481 days; 750,000 of that imperial host of the world as it were bit the dust for the crime of invasion and putting under bondage the freest, most humane, learned, and most generous, the most high-minded, honest, and honorable, and lastly but not least, the bravest people that the world will ever know.

"Analyze this history, you Southern people, and learn of us that it is useless for you to live in bondage of the Yankee any longer unless you have learned to love it. God Almighty has raised up sons of the old Confederate veterans to the number of 5,000,000. What if you were united like your fathers were in '61-'65? The very latest mode of warfare is now understood throughout the South. The combined world could not down you. What say you? You must stand ready to offer your lives in battle either for liberty or bondage. If you were to speak as one man to the Imperial Government at Washington to take the yoke of bondage and place themselves subservient to the will of the people like that great democracy of fifty years ago, why, it would be done and done at once, otherwise you must still give all the profits of your labor to the Yankee, more than a billion of dollars every year. If you should be prest to act of course you must enter, or would have to meet only as a guerrilla power; no mercy or prisoner would be taken, this mode would be a war of extermination."

Now, what have you got to say about somebody rubbing it in? What are you cussing The Yellow Jacket about? Don't justice and honor and fairness demand that somebody give such donkeys as bray like the above, a punch in the short ribs? Any way we propose to punch 'em just the same and if you or any other one, gentle reader, don't like it don't monkey with the business end of The Yellow Jacket.

Remember we give away absolutely free one copy of "Hot Stuph" by mail post paid for a club of ten subs to The Yellow Jacket at thirty cents per sub. This offer places the hottest and richest lot of reading matter that ever came down the pike right within the reach of every subscriber of The Yellow Jacket without costing you any money to procure it. See the boys and land this book at once. It will attract more attention in a crowd than a bushel of monkeys.