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# The Yellow Jacket.

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

VOL. XV.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1909.

NO. 19.

## Eli Tucker's Letter

Huckleberry Knob, N. C.,  
Sept. 10, 1909.

Editor Yellow Jacket,

My Dear Sir:—I was glad you served notice on the readers of The Yellow Jacket that my farming duties were such that it was impossible to prepare a letter for last issue. Every up-to-date farmer knows what it means to make hay while the sun shines. I was busy. I worked hard and I now enjoy the satisfaction of having my barn full of bright fodder, and this morning finds me ready to report the Huckleberry Knob debate if the thing hadn't slipped its trolley pole. But there was a slight hitch in the proceedings with the result that that debate is like the history of snakes in old Ireland. It is one of the things that isn't, and if Steve Piker can have his way it won't be.

Ever since the announcement went out that there was going to be a debate on Socialism, excitement ran high. Several of the neighbors declared that it was the beginning of a bad state of affairs around the Knob. It was claimed that Socialism was the present state of society what Mormonism was to the Christian church and from that things heated to a boiling point and from boiling to a sizzle and from a sizzle to an explosion on last Tuesday night.

But no definite steps were taken to prevent the meeting and a large crowd turned out at the school house. Men who had not been to a public gathering in two years were there before sundown. The house was literally packed. An organization was perfected by electing Jack Thunderberry president and Oliver Crabtree secretary. The chair announced the purpose of the meeting, saying that it had been agreed between certain of the neighbors that they would hold a discussion on Socialism at that time and as it was a new question and one that was not very well understood by many people in that community he hoped that the crowd would preserve good order and try to learn something from the arguments of the speakers on the subject. He asked the secretary to confer with the speakers and arrange the manner of the speeches and get ready to open the argument.

Just at this juncture Steve Piker, one of the trustees of the school property, arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the Huckleberry Knob Debating Society, I have been hearing it noised around for the past two weeks that Skidmore Blankenship was going to present the glories of Socialism at this place to-night. I have been thinking a good deal about this matter and about the best way and manner in which to meet this question as a citizen and as one of the trustees of this school. We have here a house built by the good people of this community for public school purposes. It has been used as a place to teach our dear boys and girls those priceless lessons of learning that make them brighter and better. It has been used each morning in which to read a lesson from the great Book of Books admonishing our little ones to godliness and virtue. Now, I consider it a reflection on the integrity of those who built this house as well as those who now have control of it to convert it into a place to have a defence made of as rotten and poisonous a doctrine as Socialism. I consider it an act of disrespect to the good men and women who have taught our boys and girls here to permit as pernicious a doctrine as Socialism to be proclaimed within these old walls. Gentlemen, I have taken the trouble to make some investigation of this rottenism. I have among the books in my library a dozen or more works written by the founders of Socialism and I pronounce them about the vilest things I have ever read. I have here with me to-night a few passages from these books that I wish to read to show you that we can not afford to lower our morals by suffering them to be defended in this house. Here is a paragraph from the works of Grant Allen. I will read it. (He reads the following):

"No man, indeed, is truly civilized till he can say in all sincerity to every woman of all the women he loves, to every woman of all the women who loved him; Give me what you can of your love and yourself; but never strive for my sake to deny any love, to strangle any impulse that pants for breath within you. Give me what you can, while you can, without grudging, but the moment you feel you love me no more, don't do injustice to your own prospective children by giving them a father whom you no longer respect, or admire, or yearn for. When men and women can both alike say this, the world will be civilized. Until they can say it truly, the world will be as now, a jarring battle-field of monopolist instincts."

This from Karl Pearson:  
"In a socialistic form of government the sex relation would vary according to the feelings and wants of individuals."

This from William Morris:  
"Marriage under existing conditions is absurd. The family, about which so much twaddle is talked, is hateful. A new development of the family will take place, as the basis not of a predetermined lifelong business arrangement to be formally held to irrespective of conditions, but on mutual inclination and affection, an association terminable at the will of either party."

This from Robert Owen:  
"In the new Moral World the irrational names of husband, wife, parent and child will be heard no more. Children will undoubtedly be the property of the whole community."

Is there a man in this house who will attempt to defend that sort of doctrine? Will skidmore Blankenship do it? Will anybody dare do it? I answer, they will not while I've enough strength in my right arm to wield this water elm club which I brought along to use if necessity demanded. We can't afford to debase our standard of morals to such a level as that. We might as well say to our wives and daughters that the marriage vow was a farce and that it was foolishness to tie up for life, but that we could all have as many women and men as the case may be as we could manage. Of course I don't apprehend that any socialistic speaker would advocate such doctrines as this, but that is the pattern that Socialism is cut by and that is just as certain to be the ultimate result of the doctrine as anything could be. I regard a genuine full-fledged Socialist as about the biggest fool that I ever ran across. He is so carried away with the glories that he thinks he sees in his dreamy delusions that he forgets to investigate the dire consequences that his policies will entail on the country.

Now to be perfectly plain and positive about the matter I here and now refuse to give my consent to having an argument on Socialism carried on in this house. To convert that rostrum to a platform for the defence of Socialism would be just like one of our own daughters getting upon a public platform with a wanton to discuss virtue.

Now if nothing else but an argument on Socialism will satisfy Skid and he wants to derend its policies then I suggest that we adjourn this meeting till next Wednesday night, let's get it just as far away from the Sabbath day as possible, and that the debate be held in the lower end of Skid's jack pasture, just as far from any body's house as possible and that no body under 19 years be allowed on the ground. I further suggest that in the interest of the jack's morals that Skid should put him in the darkest and strongest stable while the discussion is going on.

Mr. Editor, at the conclusion of Steve's remarks the chairman asked if anybody else had a word to say, when Skidmore Blankenship arose and said that he was perfectly willing to postpone the debate and that he would as soon debate Socialism in the horse pasture as anywhere. He declared that the Socialists were being worse persecuted than the Mormons anyhow and that somebody would have to answer for the injustice that was being heaped upon his party. He declared that he had never read very many books on Socialism but he was sure that he had as much respect for his wife and the marriage vow as anybody, but that he was willing to leave all such questions as that to the opinions of the different leaders of the party. He then made a motion to adjourn sine die, which on being seconded, carried without a dissenting vote.

And that is the way the question rests to-day. I don't know what steps will be taken, but as Steve is a Democrat who usually carries his point, I rather think there will be no debate on the subject of Socialism. I don't quite agree with Steve's plans in regard to the debate for I had prepared a line of argument that I thought would put the Socialists in this part of the country to having the blue stagers, and finally cure some of their jaundiced symptoms, but I missed a chance to apply the turpentine. I will, however, submit some of my line of argument to the Yellow Jacket at another time and give it to the world. I wanted to give Joe Med Peaterson a little airing in the debate. I have just read his "Little Brother of the Rich" and I pronounce it about the worst thing I ever read. It deals in a species of Socialist morals that are in line with Grant Allen. It so completely evades morality and duty that you see nothing but the unbridled passions of a genuine Socialist. And instead of retribution overtaking the perpetrators of the crowning acts of liberalism the last lesson to be left upon the mind of the reader is the instability of feminine affection. The marriage vows are discounted. Love is cheapened and degraded. Virtue is trailed in the dust and hellishness in general is made so common as to be regarded as a matter of course.

But I see I'm getting too lengthy, so I'll close till next issue.

ELI TUCKER.

### 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 gleamings 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-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 stupefying 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.

## 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.

### ANOTHER HOT BOX.

Whenever a copy of The Yellow Jacket happens to fall into the hands of some oblong and oblique ass and he runs across something in its columns that hits him square on the snout it naturally brings a howl, and in most cases the snide proceeds to cuss the editor instead of trying to refute what he says. The latest to raise the "hit dog howl" is the editor of the Wagoner, Oklahoma, Daily Sayings, and mighty blamed poor sayings at that. In his boiler-plated, ink-bespattered excuse of a paper he recently puked a half column of putridity at us because we have been peeling the pelt off the Donkey in Oklahoma. He calls us all sorts of things, and so far is he from the truth that he tells on an average two lies for every word he wrote. He declares that we belong to that class who live in the mountain fastnesses of North Carolina and spend their time making moonshine whiskey, stealing, cutting throats and voting the Republican ticket. That's his idea of a section of country that is as far ahead of the Democratic governed, blind tiger corrupted carpet-bagger bossed Haskellized Oklahoma administration as the smile of a pretty girl is ahead of the snarl of a pug dog. But suppose we made a run of moonshine every other day, and suppose we stole a water mill once a week and hauled the dam in on Sunday, and suppose we cut a few throats along about election for pasture, and that we had voted the Republican ticket ever since the party was organized and a long time before, what has that got to do with a truth? Right is right and truth is truth, it matters not where you meet it, whether in the still house, in the fastness of a mountain or in the holy sanctuary. Why didn't the Wagoner snipe take up a statement of The Yellow Jacket and apply the cudgel of argument to it? Why didn't he tell his readers what it was that we had said that made him so devilish hot under the collar? Why didn't he act like a gentleman and show a decent fight? Simply because he is an Oklahoma Democrat and it is not in him. He has lived on filth and upheld filth and defended filth till he is as rotten as the administration of the Democratic prohibition laws of Oklahoma and that smells to heaven. We'd like to draw you into an argument concerning the affairs of your own state. Let us know what you think of the school land steal of Oklahoma. Give us a tip on your estimate of the defendant of the Muskogee town lot frauds. Quit making faces at us long enough to convince your readers that you are not a four-cylindered fool. Tell us about your notorious Haskell who was elected as an independent to the constitutional convention by the negro votes of Muskogee, then deserted his nigger friends, "jined" the great unwashed Democracy and trimmed them to suit his taste. Do this or we shall serve notice on your little subsidized, flea-bitten, moth-chewed, Democratic daily that we really can't notice you any more. It may be, however, that occasionally we shall have to pounce upon your neck and land a few stingers in your back if you get to wiggling too all-fired much.

THE EDITOR OF THE YELLOW JACKET

### SPEAKING OF DOGS AND DEMOCRATS.

By Joseph C. Manning.

Speaking of dogs—and Democrats—while the dog frequently lies down;

the Democratic orator always lies standing up.

... The common old raw dog is generally covered with fleas, which irritate, while the old moss-back Democrat is mostly covered with collar-rubbed promises which ulcerate.

... With the same constancy as the faithful dog, trotting at the heels of its master, has the "hill billy" Democrat followed on behind the lead of the bourbon Democracy. The dog does get a bone, but the poor deluded, prejudice-blinded, fool proud, old Democratic traitor gets nothing except the hollow belled consolation of being called "dimmycrat."

... The dog follows his master, makes no difference how scallawag he may be, because he got started out that way. The poor dog don't know any better. Ditto poor "dimmycrat." The dog pup is born a dog. Ditto, I. e.—the poor "dimmycrat" is born a "dimmycrat."

... The dog wags his tail whenever he is fed, but the poor old "dimmycrat" has a tale of woe that is too long to wag whenever the head of the national Democracy gets its hungry mouth in the meat box of Uncle Sam's smoke house.

... It would be hard on the dog if the line of similarity was not broken on some points.

... And some fire eating red shirt and issue Democrats, like some dogs are good at coon hunting—on some occasions.

... At a recent mass meeting of dogs in Dogville, the leading cur of all the dogs took the stand and, amid great applause, said: "I am proud that I am a dog, while we have differed on some occasions, although some of us are white dogs and some of us are brindle dogs and some of us are spotted dogs, yet we are all dogs." (Vociferous applause). My grandfather was a dog, my father was a dog and I expect to die a dog." (Great cheering). That dog had plagiarized a political speech.

### WEIGHING THE WORLD.

In discussing the value of the discovery of the North Pole a certain professor makes this observation: The only use to which the discovery could be put would be of a scientific nature. If the exact location of the Pole has been found it will be possible to send a party of scientists there and by erecting a pendulum and measuring its movement, and later removing the same pendulum to the equator for same measurement there, the exact weight of the earth could be computed. The attraction of the earth to Heavenly bodies, and vice versa, would also be thereby determined.

Now, isn't that refreshing news? Why don't somebody holler? To think we may calculate the weight of the Earth! After all the untold suffering and loss of life; after the expenditure of a King's ransom, it may be possible to compute the avoirdupois of the globe and on an average price of three-quarters of a cent a pound be able to tell just how long it would require William J. Bryan in the White House running the mints coining silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 to buy the whole blamed layout. Hur-r-a-h-