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"GIVE UP THE PHILIPPINES."

The fool-killer having neglected his work, we are confronted once more with a new slogan from the Democratic camp. "Give up the Philippines." Don't that smack of as much demagoguery as anything you have heard from Democratic headquarters in many a long day? Is it any wonder the Democratic party has run out of soap? Is it any wonder that the once proud party of Jefferson, one of the patron saints of expansion, should now be reduced to the humiliating spectacle of a collar button and a wart? Is it any wonder that the party under whose administration the great Southwest became a part of this country, be now completely confused and disorganized, when it goes back on the very policies that gave it a lease on life and declare for a "give up" policy? Lord have mercy on such a set. What in the name of common sense does Democracy want to GIVE up the Philippines for? Did we come into possession of these islands at such a small cost as to justify our giving them away? Why didn't they declare that we should give up New Mexico or Alaska? Or why not say Texas? It looked to a sensible man like Bryan rode the Philippine hobby to death. He couldn't enthuse the people on this subject worth a cent. It will be remembered that he was the instigator of the "give up" doctrine after he had used his influence at the Paris treaty to bring the Philippines into our possession.

Now, there is just one reason for the Democrats digging up this old mummy and parading it before the eyes of the people once more. The party is out of an issue. It has ridden every home hobby to death and has to go half around the world to find something to talk about. Of course, if the Democrats are expecting to come into power soon, then we don't much blame them for wanting to "give up" the Philippines, for their miserable incapacity to even govern themselves makes it a sure thing that they would never be able to manage the Philippines. A party that can't do anything but split into hostile camps and war and wrangle over what it wants to do certainly is in no fit condition to tackle ten million of semi-enlightened orientals.

The Philippines may be a bad bargain on our hands, but one thing is certain, it would be an act of cowardice without a parallel in the history of the world for the United States to give them up—completely turn them over to the mercy of the greedy nations of the earth. Uncle Sam giving up the Philippines would be just about as silly and cowardly as a caper as for a farmer to give up his potato patch to the bugs or his corn field to the pesky crows. It would be about the same as a father "giving up" his children to some orphan asylum on the ground that they were out of their clothes and got dirty and cost him more than they were worth. "Give up" is a coward of the first water. He never did anything to advance the cause of humanity. "Give up" has no dwelling place in a prosperous country. He dwells in bat caves and swamps and subsists on the carcasses of the dead. He has moss ten feet long on his back. He has wind-galls on his legs, cockle burrs in his tail and water on his brain and his only companion seems to be the reorganizers of the Democratic party.

DID YOU KNOW—

That all odd fellows do not belong to a lodge?
That a widow who wouldn't flirt is unknown?
That many girls would rather die than be an old maid?
That you can't meet a girl who will refuse an ice cream?
That a faint heart is considered an easy mark for the modern girl?
That even a blind man can find trouble without much difficulty?
That we sometimes write love-letters we wish we had never posted?
That the girl who cannot sing and will sing ought to be muzzled?
That nothing costs more than the things we try to get for nothing?
That it's only the pretty women at a show who will remove their hats?
That courtship is a vessel in which few single ladies object to embark?
That smiles cost less than electric lights and they make the home brighter?
That it's easier for some men to make love than it is to make a living?
That woman never weeps more bitterly than when she weeps for spite?
That when a man angles for a pretty girl he baits his hook with flattery?
That truth is better than falsehood, but false teeth are better than no teeth at all?
That about the second time you meet a woman she begins to tell you her troubles?
That a woman enjoys ripping up something useful to make something ornamental?
That no matter what a girl's political creed may be, she always wants protection?
That no matter how good a church man may be, there is not one in a million who would not get the best in a deal if he could?

TALK ABOUT IGNORANCE!

It is customary when speaking of the superlative of ignorance to refer to the dense intellectual darkness of benighted Africa. But that is going too far away from home. If you desire to hit the bed rock of ignorance; if you would fetch your intellectual sounding rod plunk up against a human pumice stone; if you really wish to meet a creature answering to the name of man who evidently never heard that the world is round or that Christ was crucified, then all you need to do is to bounce a back-woods Illinois Democrat.

We are in receipt of a letter from a subscriber in that state who says he had a Democratic neighbor to gravely inform him the other day that William McKinley was a life-long Democrat until just before he ran for the Presidency; that he became involved in debt to Mark Hanna to the amount of some \$80,000 and that Hanna told Mr. McKinley to turn Republican and run for the Presidency and if elected he could pay him back. Now, talk about your benighted Africa! Talk about sending missionaries to teach heathens the story of creation and the crucifixion of Christ. Talk about idolatry and ignorance and superstition and cannibalism in a foreign land, and right here in enlightened America and in an enlightened state, we find a member of a great political party, a party that boasts and shouts about being the party of culture and enlightenment—yes, find a Democrat who seems to know no more about the history of one of the foremost men of the world than a wooden Indian at a cigar store.

It is a wonder that this Democratic voter didn't go on and explain that Abraham Lincoln was a Democrat up to a few years before he was elected, that his father was a large slave-owner and that Abe developed his resources as a joker and a wit while acting as auctioneer of picaninny on his father's plantation, and finally seeing that slavery was doomed, induced his father to sell his niggers and join the Abolition party. William McKinley a Democrat and a Free Trader! Upon what books has this Illinois Democrat been feeding that he has grown so wise and smart? We thought every Democrat in Illinois knew that William McKinley was elected to Congress as a Republican in his 34th year and that he grew stronger and stronger in Republican policies as he advanced in years. James G. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," wrote thus of McKinley: "William McKinley entered from the Canton district. He enlisted in an Ohio regiment when only 18 years old, and won the rank of major by meritorious services. The interests of his constituents and his own bent of mind led him to the study of industrial questions, and he was soon recognized in the House as one of the most thorough statisticians, and one of the ablest defenders of the doctrine of Protection."

It was in 1877 when McKinley was first elected to Congress and the Plumed Knight tells us he was "soon recognized as one of the ablest defenders of the doctrine of Protection." Now, in as much as The Yellow Jacket likes to preserve freaks and curiosities we would respectfully invite our Illinois subscriber to contrive some way to get a lock of hair from his Democratic neighbor and mail it to us and we will hang it up in our office as a gentle reminder of Democratic intelligence. And in the meantime we would suggest that the poor deluded fellow be induced to subscribe for this paper for one year and that he prayerfully and carefully read the same till the moss of ignorance and selfishness completely slips from his back and head and every other part of his anatomy where the scales of ignorance have formed. We further suggest that he should manage some way to get a ticket to Chicago and go there and ride on the electric cars, go up on the tower at Montgomery & Ward's, visit the Union Stock Yards, Libby's Co., take a ride on the under-ground railroad and lastly go out to the lake front and proceed to take a first-class bath—get right down in the shinning water and soak till the barnacles of ignorance slip off and then go back home realizing that this country is a great thundering big place and that there is really no room in it for such scabs as presume to think that William McKinley was a Democrat and turned Republican in order to pay his debts easily. May the Good Lord pity such a poor fool.

The onward march of fanaticism was well illustrated at the Conference of the Southwest Missouri Methodist Church, held at Kansas City, last Monday. The committee on memorials submitted a report suggesting that a law be passed prohibiting the use of tobacco by any prospective member of the Conference unless he volunteered to discontinue the habit. The report was adopted by a standing vote. Thus it goes. Liquor first, then tobacco, then coffee and tea and then—the Lord knows what!—Ex.

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.

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.

WHENCE CAME YOU?

Mr. Socialist, did you ever stop in your wanderings and study five minutes about where the modern masters of Socialism got their idea for a Socialistic form of government? Did you ever try to learn where Robert Owen borrowed the idea which induced him to declare: "In the new Moral World the irrational names of husband, wife, parent, child, will be heard no more. Children will undoubtedly be the property of the whole community?" We'll tell you. His mind was running back to Greece, if it ever got away from Greece, and became absorbed in the history of Sparta. His ideals of a new Moral World came nearer fitting the social ethics of Sparta than any country on earth or in any time in the annals of history. The moment a Spartan was born the state began to take cognizance of him. The infant was carried before the elders who decided on his fate. At the age of seven boys were removed from the homes of their parents and placed in the public training houses, where they began to undergo the series of toils that were to make up their lives. Certainly it was in Sparta that husband, wife, parent and child were irrational names. Everybody fared alike in Sparta. When a young Spartan left the training school he was drafted off into a public mess which formed a part of Spartan life. Messes were composed of fifteen men each. These messes were held in public and consisted of fixed rations. No citizen under the age of sixty was allowed to take his meals at home. Each member was responsible for sending in his share of food month by month. And everybody got plenty of "black broth." And Spartan girls received similar training. They got Socialism in their blood. While they were not taken from their mothers they were formed into classes by the state and set to compete in running, wrestling and other gymnastics. They stripped stark naked for their running contests, their sports were freely witnessed by the men. And naturally this sort of training bred a race of buxom, coarse-minded viragoes. And that calls to mind the New York Socialist who only a year or so ago was arranging for the establishment of a colony of Socialists in Mexico and a part of the program was to consist in the members going naked.

We don't care one continental darn for the statements of the Socialist agitators as to the purity of purpose in the movement as now organized. They may meah well. They may be sincere in contending that Socialists are as dear lovers of the home as any people, and we have no doubt many of them are, but it is the ultimate result of the movement that should alarm every thinking man. Socialism is the return to the animal herd, and as Dixon says it takes the temper out of the steel fiber of character. It makes a man flabby. It is the earmark of racial degeneracy. The man of letters who is poisoned by it never writes another line worth reading, the philanthropist bitten by it, from just a plain fool, develops into a madman. Honesty, sincerity, purity or zeal amount to nothing when yoked up with impossibility. The Crusaders were honest, the Millerites who a few decades ago prepared for the end of the world, were sincere, the Christian Scientists are well-meaning in their doctrine, but what does it all amount to?

SOMETHING WRONG, BOYS.

The Yellow Jacket has mildly hinted all along that there is something wrong up the creek when Democratic papers begin to intimate that laws enacted by Democrats are corrupt or ineffective. Republicans may denounce Democratic laws as much as they please and the Democrats answer the charges by saying that it's all because the Reps are out and the Dems are in. But when the "ins" begin to yell "corruption" you may rest assured that there is something rotten in Denmark. When an "in" yells "graft" or "fraud" you had better look out. We are led to make these remarks by way of prelude to a little spell we find in the "News and Courier" of Charleston, S. C. The N. & C. is a dyed-in-the-wool Democratic paper and of course will be accepted by most Democrats as good Democratic authority. The article in question was in reference to the enforcement of the Democratic prohibition laws of Oklahoma. It bears out the contention of the Yellow Jacket that prohibition is a cross-eyed farce; that the Democrats who enacted the law know it is a farce and that they are knowingly upholding a farce. Says the News and Courier:

"Oklahoma is a 'dry' state. Sapulpa is a town in Oklahoma. During the nine and a half months ending the first of last July the 'Frisco' railroad shipped to the twenty-six men holding Federal licenses in Sapulpa, in their own names, 187 barrels, 1,674 cases and 217 boxes of whiskey; 57 boxes, 608 cases and 245 barrels of 'liquor,' not otherwise classified; and 2,376 cases or 28 carloads of beer. It has been figured out by The Kansas City Monthly Journal, that at the prices obtaining in Sapulpa 'this would have given the sellers a net profit of \$33,433 on the whiskey, \$14,994 on the liquor, and \$47,520 on the beer.' It was claimed that the prosecuting attorney of the county had been negligent of his duty and a motion was made to have him removed from office. We do not know what became of him. In support of his argument that prohibition was violated in Sapulpa the lawyer who appeared against the prosecuting attorney called as a witness the keeper of one of the resorts in Sapulpa, who admitted that he had sold at his place \$100,000 worth of 'wet' goods since Oklahoma became a prohibition state, and that he usually had from three to six hundred customers a day. This is interesting but we do not see that it proves anything except that prohibition does not prohibit, and that a well regulated traffic would be better than free whiskey."

An exchange says: "Here is a little pointer which might well be tried by farmers. Set a post in your hog lot and every hog will rub against it. This gives the cue for a cheap and effective louse killer. Wrap the post tightly from the ground up with quarter inch rope saturated with kerosene. The kerosene will kill lice and the hogs keep on scratching against the post."

A man who was demonstrating to a crowd that there was no such thing as hydrophobia was the first to climb up a lamp post when a small yellow dog came running down the street?