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TOBE SPILKINS.

Boney Farks,
(which iz in the Staat uv Arkansasaw.)
Mr. Editor:—I'm a brother-in-law
to the Baptist Church—I married a
Baptist—and they always told me
that if a feller onct got religion in him
good and deep it would stay there.
Well, I haint a goin' to enter into any
religius discussen on that pint, but
what I wanted to sa wuz, that if a
man gits Democracy into him, es-
pecially if it goze under the skin,
and hid usually duz, he can't hardly
git rid uv it. It don't maik enny dif-
ferents what a demokrat believes,
or what he duz, hiz democracy hangs
to him like the pits on the face uv a
recovered small-pox pashent. Yet
I am told by demokrats, or what wuz
demokrats, whoo hav been kured uv
the disease, that they feel nearly az
good over it az ennybody duz when
they git religion at a summer camp-
meeting. I wunst heard a nigger
preach the funeral (it is one uv the
weaknesses uv a demokrat to want to
attend a nigger funeral), uv one uv
hiz kullered brethren. He sed:

"Deer brethern and susterin, we
dun cum heah tu pay our last sad
'spects tu de ballance ob what re-
mains ob our deerly blubbed brud-
der, Uncle Mose Skeeterbank. Dis
here piece ob cold clay what am a
layin' in de coffin dat am settin on
dem pece ob fence rales, haint Uncle
Mose enny moah dan dat poker am
Uncle Mose. De good Lawd sed
onst on a time, when he dun got mad
erbout sump'n dat we wuz all made
outen dirt, and dat we would all turn
tu dirt. Bredderin, dis mortal re-
manes dat we can see, and smell, and
touch, in dat ere koffin, am de durt
part uv Uncle Mose. De udder part
am dun gone tu Heb'm, whar dey hab
grate big pieces ob ham, and big
bowls uv red gravy tu put on he ham,
and de angels sing and ete and ete
and ete, and de good Lawd he pays
de bills, and ebery day iz Sunday, and
dey hab picknicks ebery Sunday.
Deer bredderin, let de ontimely takin'
off ob dis deer brudder be a 'courag-
in' lesson tu us. We can't spect enny
ob us tu be puffed. When dis deer
brudder wuz wid us in de flesh he
sumtimes had a fight, and, bress de
Lawd, he nearly alwaze licked hiz
inimy. Sumtimes he would sware,
often he would git drunk, and hit
has been sed dat he wood 'casionly
'propigate a chicken what did not
'long tu him, but, deer bredderin and
susterin, let us thank de Lawd he
nebbor lost his 'ligion."

Mr. Editor, that sermon wuz bi a
dad-gummed nigger, but thar iz moar
democracy in it than I ever heered in
enny political speech. In Kentucky
tha hav the Gobul law and can elekt
ennybody tha pleas, voats uv no
voats. Haint that democracy so long
as the demokrats git the office? In
Missippy tha wont let a nigger voat
unless he voats the democratic tick-
et. Haint that democracy with a big
D? In Alabammy tha let the nigger
voat and then tha kount hiz voat fer
the democratic ticket. Duz ennybody
pretend that that haint democratic
enough? In Georgy tha voat ded nig-
gers for democratic candidates.
Who sez that haint democratic in
the extreme? In Arkansasaw tha let
the nigger voat without fear or hen-
drance, jist as he pleases, and then
kount hiz voat whare it will do the
most good—for them. Izent that ac-
cording tu the natural order uv things
—assertin' our superiority over the
blacks—and democratic tu the kore?
Down in North Carolina they take
the short cut and the shot gun and
git thare a good deal quicker, but az
nun but demokrats do it can enny-
body rase enny doubts about it bein'
genuine, rock-ribbed democracy? If
tha do, let them speak or forever
after hold their tung. Kin enny man
dout, duz enny man dout, that what
iz dun in the name uv democracy, iz
democracy?

Mister Editor, it gives me the
stumak ake tu heer these fellers like
Bryan talk about Thomas Jefferson.
When Jefferson wuz a livin' he wuz
makin' uv a government, but now
we've dun got it made, and the cheef
end uv democracy iz to git the offices.
Duz ennybody pretend tu sa that it
takes the same kind uv tools tu maik
holes that it duz tu maik pins to go
into the holes? Jefferson wuz mak-
in' holes in his day. What iz the
duty uv modern democracy? Tu put
pins in these holes, of course. Jeffers-
on woodent mind fillin' one uv 'em
himself if he wuz here.
Kin republikans and dad-drat-
tiggers fill these holes? No, a thou-
sand times, no. These holes are of
demokrats, by demokrats and fer
demokrats. Then what's the use tu
rase a racket about how we got the
pins into the holes?

Mister Editor, we had jist as well
meet the situation furst as last. If
we don't git a hump on ourselves,
and sum moar Red-Shirts and Gobel
laws, our name is Dennis-in-the-mud.
One of the greatest draw-backs tu
the democratic party is, thare is a
few onest men left in it. I used tu
suffer frum that disease myself, and
I know. And I did suffer. Three
times I lost the Sheruff's offis becuz
I wuz a onest demokrat. Whenever
a demokrat maiks up his mind to be
honest the rest uv his daze, he had
jist as well go out at onct and buy
him a mule tu plow cotton and korn,
fer he kant be elected tu offis. I

once hurd the Guvner uv Arkansasaw
sa, when he started out in his cam-
paign, that he had been lying for the
democratic party for ten years, but
now he was a goin' tu tell the truth.
And the good onest fellows believed
it and thought he did, but he lied
wurse than ever. And what is moar,
he carried every country in the
State but one. Now, Mister Editor,
I'm gitting along towards sixty years
old. I tried tu be onest, and onct
cum near pinin' the Populists, but mi
innard democracy kept me from it.
At another time I thot seeriously uv
jinin' the republikans, but the smell
uv a nigger soon chased away that
iniklation. I'm a rock-ribbed dem-
ocrat. I haint got enny faith or creed
or ennything uv the kind. A dem-
ocrat don't need enny faith. He goes
bi site and smell. What he needs is
tenacity tu cling tu the maim, no
matter what it means or what you air-
saded tu do. The ultimatum iz the
offices. The demokrat whoo duzent
kno this has not reached the high
ground uv cold facts. He iz still
plowin in the bottom field uv blissful
expectashun. But he iz useful az a
voter. His happy imagination and
his cheerful throte lends enthusiasm
tu the campain. His delightful pay-
triotic willingness tu foller a brass
band and carry a torch-lite contribu-
tes tu the spectacular features uv
every great democratic occasion. He
asks for nothing and gets less. If he
gits a drink uv red licker he kon-
siders that he iz that much ahead.
If he gits a oppertunity tu shute a
nigger he ranks hisself as a hero.
If he voats moar than onct he thinks
he ort tu have another drink, but he
don't sulk in his tent if he don't git
it. He goze and voats again. But he
generally gits it—the drink. If he
iz allowed tu count the voats he
leaves his consuns at home and
does his duty like a man—a dem-
ocrat man. He is an expert in ad-
dishun, subtrackshun and multipli-
cashun, but he don't kno a lick about
divishun. He yells and hollers dur-
ing the campains, and cusses between
times. But he alwaze cums up to
the rack, fodder or no fodder, and
goes thru the moshun uv eatin'.
Thare is nuthin' in all the world that
can compare with his sweet, inno-
cent trust in the promises made him
by the democratic kandidates whoo
kno which side uv the bred the butter
is on. Shootin' niggers, stuffin' bal-
lot boxes, countin' ded men's voats
and sich like, is fun fer him when it
is called democratic. And this is
why Southern democracy wins and
Northern democracy loses. But, Mis-
ter Editor, we've got these tenets
transplanted in Northern soil and
they air thrivin' thare, and we don't
want Willium Jinnings Bryan to be
sowing tares among them before the
leven has time tu work and spread.
It may reach his town yet and elect
him; who knows? When the old
thing is loaded to the muzzle it kuts
sum mighty queer kapers, no matter
how the voats air polled.
Yours trooly,
TOBE SPILKINS.

JEFFERSON.

All the Demokrats these days are
talking about being Jeffersonian
Demokrats.

William Hearst is a Jeffersonian
Demokrat.

Billy Bryan is a Jeffersonian Dem-
ocrat.

Judge Parker, of Esopus, wanted to
be a Jeffersonian Demokrat.

Tattooed Bailey, of Texas, is a Jef-
fersonian Demokrat.

Ben Tillman is a Jeffersonian Dem-
ocrat.

And drat our hide if all the Dem-
ocrats are not talking about being like
Jefferson and all of them are differ-
ent.

Did you ever see a Demokrat who
wasn't a Jeffersonian Demokrat?

If you did, and you recall his post
office address, wish you would send
it to us.

We never print pictures but we'd
get one of him and we'd have it
framed in pure gold and give it to
all readers of the paper.

And yet no one of these bellow-
ers and belly-achers whom we have
mentioned resemble Jefferson in any
way. Jefferson was a statesman, and
these little dinkie Ikes are make be-
lieves.

An old lady appeared in church one
Sunday with an ear trumpet. Her
presence seemed to worry one of the
ushers who had never seen one of
these instruments before. Being a
Scotchman he apparently came to the
conclusion, at last, that something
might happen unbecoming to the
sanctuary, so he tip-toed up to the
old lady and in a loud voice an-
nounced, "one toot and you're out."

It is related by the Salina (Kan.)
Journal, that two ragged specimens
shivered complainingly under the
water-tank at Fort Scott, waiting for
the south-bound freight. "I wasn't
always this way" grumbled one; "I
used to be a proofreader." "The hell
you did," replied the other. "I used
to be a linotype operator." And the
policeman who separated them said
it was the wickedest scrap he ever
saw.

The only thing that Bryan stands
for in the Democratic party is the
nomination in 1912.

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 Demokrats to the
mourner's bench in a trot. It "gits
'em goin' and comin'."

It retails to Demokrats, Republi-
cans 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 fea-
tures 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 be-
hind 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 be-
cause it is helping to fight their po-
litical battles.

Every Demokrat should take it to
keep track of the rascality and devil-
ment of his party.

Every Populist should take it be-
cause 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 delu-
sions.

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
bulf 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 stuf-
stuf 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 "Demo-
cratic prayers" which will be a spe-
cial feature of The Yellow Jacket.

It takes great strings of words and
some money to run The Yellow Jack-
et. 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 pa-
per. 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, So- cialists, White Men, Black Men and Indians--

Listen!

The Club Price of The Yellow Jack- et 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 advan-
tages 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 neigh-
borhood. Go into the highways and hedges, and don't forget those deluded
Demokrats. Round 'em up. Remember the rates—75 cents for a club of 5.
So let 'em roll. Altogether for a Million.

DEMOCRATIC PRAYER.

Mighty Heap Wonderful William
Jennings Bryan—Great Issue Hatch-
er and Paramout Maker:—Listen to
us a minute. Listen to the salty sup-
plications of a batch of thy bandy-
legged legions. Honorable Master,
we are in a most terrible fix. We are
all mixed up and still a mixing.
Come get us.

O, most mighty runner, stretch out
thy fatherly hand and haul us in
out of the wet and sleet of political
despair. Our hands and feet are cold.
Our backs are almost naked, and our
bellies are in a measure empty, all
from standing out here in the mud
and sleet of Democratic discord.

Blessed Billy, we candidly confess
that we have been running after too
many political advisers. We have
hearkened to so many calls and run
in so many directions that our feet
are sore and our legs are wobbly.
We come now asking thee to teach
us the way to run. We humbly be-
seach thee to mark out the road.
Thou knowest we have been wander-
ers. Our policy was to get in. The
thing that appealed strongest to us
was the issue that would enable us
to stir up the greatest excitement and
cause the most noise to be made.
But we learned to our sorrow that
noise would not always win. We
learned to our hurt that excitement
would not always last. We discovered
that folks demand something be-
sides hot air. We used to have
everything our way in the South
when we hollered "nigger." We
could elect members to the legisla-
ture with that battle cry. We could
put a Demokrat in the governor's
chair with that slogan. With it we
could send members to Congress.
But the voters won't rally at this cry
any more. We have got to talk sense
or our name is Dennis.

What are we to do? It seems that
the G. O. P. elephant has the Demo-
cratic donkey by the tail and a down
hill pull. We are the worst con-
fused set of sand lizards that you
ever saw. Some of us have been
trying to follow Bailey. We thought
he was coming it. But, lo, and be-
hold, we heard from thee and all was
wrong. We discovered, to our sur-
prise, that Bailey was preaching Re-
publican gospel. As soon as thou
saidest that Bailey was wrong, we
turned a somersault. We lit on our
feet running toward thee. We are
now at thy feet. We ask thee to
kick us for presuming to think that
Joe Bailey had any sense. We
couldn't afford to go after Bailey, no
way, because we expect to be ready
to fall down and worship thee as
our candidate for President in 1912.

Master Bryan, we want to get
right down on our all fours and have
thee kick us good for daring to lis-
ten to Bailey's foolishness and Re-
publicanism. We know it is wrong
to get our minds poisoned up with
Protection doctrine. We know it is
such stuff as that that leads many of
our boys off into the Republican
camp.

Now, Worshipful Master, tell us
what thou wilt have us do. Stick
out thy little toe that we may kiss it
in token of our great love for thee.
We are ready to do thy bidding. Hew
out a tariff platform and watch us
crawl on it. Don't ask us what we
want. Just block out what suits thy
pleasure and it will be all right with
us. If we grumble, thump us on the
conclusions for daring to have any
discretion.

Worthy Boss, we confess that we
have been a wicked and perverse

party. We have done all sorts of
dark and dirty deeds. We have called
the Republikans all sorts of ugly
names. We have howled down their
speakers and pelted them with stale
eggs. We are willing to do these
things again if it will land us on the
pie wagon.

We are willing to be anything or
do any way for pie. We'll fuse with
the Pops, swallow the Socialists,
steal the vote from the Republikans,
or allow the nigger to vote again if
it will but assure us of a place at the
Federal pie counter.

Most excellent Chief, thou knowest
nothing about how it is to live on
hope. Thou hast always been tak-
ing in the shackles from gate receipts
and hast been waxing fatter and fat-
ter, while we poor devils have been
growing poor as Job's turkey. It
made no difference to thee if thy
hopes were blasted, thy purse swell-
ed bigger and bigger. So we con-
cluded to make one more plea. We
concluded to stand by thy magic
name one more time and give thee
one chance more to lead us out of
this pickle. Name thy platform:

"Paramout," the plank that thou
wilt have as a whip-cracker and
we'll try to do the rest. We'll stand
by thee another time. We'll yell our
fool selves hoarse just once more for
thy sake, and most matchless oracle,
if thy efforts and popularity fails to
land us onto the pie wagon this time,
then so far as we are concerned, thou
canst go to the Devil, for we'll swear
by all that is dear to a Demokrat,
that we'll never follow after thee
again. Amen.

Old John D. Rockefeller says: "I
regard it as a good thing to keep
liquor away from the negroes and
the lower class of whites." John
also believes in watering the oil he
sells to both blacks and whites till it
smokes like a tar kiln and smells
like a fish store. But when the devil
gets his dues and old John lifts up
his eyes in the dazzling flames of hell,
he will learn after it is everlastingly
too late, that the million dollars he
gave to the prohibition cause won't
extenuate for the water in the oil.

Those who oppose good roads, good
schools and everything else that is
progressive, are direct descendants
of those men who told George Steph-
enson, the inventor of the locomotive,
that "life will be ruined if passage
over the earth is made at a greater
than eight miles an hour."

An intoxicated husband came into
his house one night as the clock was
striking three. His wife, waiting for
him, asked the cause of his staying
out so late. He said: "It isn't late,"
and looking at his watch told her it
was only a quarter of twelve. In a
harsh tone she replied, "It's three
o'clock." His reply was: "Well,
isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

"Why do women marry?" inquires
the Baltimore American. "Usually
because men ask them. Give us a
harder one," says the New York Her-
ald. "All right! Why do men ask
them?"—Washington Herald. Possi-
bly because of man's wonderful
self-assurance.—Agusta Chronicle.
Who ever heard of a newly married
couple living on self-assurance?

An old Quaker not careful of the
teachings of his faith, was discovered
by his wife kissing the cook behind
the door. But the Quaker was not
disturbed. "Wife," said he gently,
"If thee doesn't quit thy peeping thee
will make trouble in the family."