

The Yellow Jacket.

Published Bi-Weekly.

R. DON LAWS, Edtr. and Pub.

NOTE THIS.

Please don't send stamps on subscriptions. We can't use 'em in our business. Remit by draft, check, registered letter, express or P. O. money order.

Always write your name and address plainly and direct your letters to

THE YELLOW JACKET,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Entered at the P. O. at Moravian Falls, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH ONLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR \$3.00
TEN YEARS \$1.50
Clubs of 4 or more One Year 25 Cents per subscription.



R. DON LAWS,
The Man Who Cut The Yellow Jacket
and Made It Fit.

Stingers

How lucky it is that the man in the moon is blind.

Look out for some warm mustard in next issue.

It is nice to be handsome but it is a good deal handsomer to be nice.

Take your joy with you or you'll not find it even in heaven.

The best way to manage a wife is to keep yourself always her lover.

The best biography—the life that writes charity in the largest letters.

There never was a woman but was just aching to tell some other woman how to do up her hair.

It is worth a thousand dollars a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

They now call the inhabitant of a sheath gown "a living sausage."

If you can't tree your Democratic neighbor with "Hot Stuph" then there is no use in trying.

While cotton is 13 cents a pound it is a good time to get up that club of subs to The Yellow Jacket.

And Bryan was afraid to meet Bailey—afraid it would hurt the party. Rats.

What is the matter with "finance" as a Democratic issue? Democrats, don't all speak at once.

This can be said to the credit of liars: Anybody had rather be a live liar than a dead truth teller.

The man who could run a newspaper to suit everybody, went to heaven long ago.

We don't see why Chancellor Day don't break out with a new spell. He's been quit a long time.

Some of the Democrats have named Harmon of Ohio, and Dr. Cook, of North Pole prestige, as the Democratic team for 1912. Poor old Bryan.

It is enough to make a horse laugh to note what the Democratic press is saying about the danger of the Republican party splitting open.

With the passing of Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, about the last real Jefferson Democrat has disappeared from the public stage.

When you see a banana peel resting on the sidewalk and a fat man unconsciously approaching it, the indications point to an early fall.

There are always a good many people who keep the balance of the community busy wondering how they live so well.

The Democrats, propose, they say, to go into next campaign with the tariff as their main issue. What they'll catch will be a plenty.

Men can be found who are willing to go to Africa as missionaries who are not willing to take care of a cross baby for the tired wife for half an hour.

If you haven't got that copy of "Hot Stuph" yet, you'd better hurry up. The first edition will soon be gone.

Remember now is the time to get a club for The Yellow Jacket at the lowest rate ever offered. See big offer on first page.

Little old Bill Hearst has again been nominated by the Devil only knows what party—as candidate for mayor of New York.

An exchange advises not to be fooled by "cobless corn," saying that it is a fake. In other words, it is a kind of a Democratic nubbin.

A man can be just as big a fool over politics as over women; but he can find it out in the first case, never in the latter.

Only a little over two months and the special club rate of six subs for 75 cents will be out. Are you getting up that club?

The Oma Board of Education has decided that pie is a brain food. By gattings, now we know what is the matter with the Democratic party. It is simply suffering for want of nourishment of the brain.

We don't know what brand the Democrats use in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, but it must be a terrible article. The latest report from that town is a two headed snake.

The Republicans built every bridge that bore this country over from a worse to a better condition. We want to see the color of the Democrat's eye who will dispute this proposition.

Before denouncing a man for some rash act it is necessary these days to find out just what he acted the rascal for. Maybe it was in the interest of some reform.

When all the liquor makers locate in Washington, then all the Democrats will want to run for congress, and once they get there, Congress will never break up.

One fellow wants to know whom Cain married, and whether she was white or black. It makes no difference who she was, she didn't get much—simply caught Cain, that's all.

Business Democrats are afraid for the Democrats to get control of the national government; they realize that they haven't the gumption and business capacity to run it.

The way to reach the North Pole is to build a railroad to it. When you get there, you could prove. You could take folks to it and prove it to 'em.

When America gets possession of the ice plant at the Pole, wonder if they can't slide enough of it down this way to freeze out the ice trust in New York?

We are anxious for the Dems to decide on what sort of a tariff they want. This thing of Bailey and Bryan pulling "tigs tail" over tariff is distressing.

You don't hear much about the tariff any more. It seems to have died an untimely death. What's the matter? Democrats are badly divided upon it, that's what.

Wouldn't that have been dog eat dog, if Pres. Bryan and Sen. Bailey had met and debated the tariff question? When leading Democrats go to scrapping each other, honest people can get a rest.

We wouldn't give two cents for a man's religion, if the man has to control it. The religion that can and does control the man, is the only kind that can take him to the promised land.

Since the death of Governor Johnson of Minnesota, most Democrats fear they will have to elect Mr. Bryan President again. This will be a little inconsistent since they have said so much about "third termers."

If they keep on talking about running Cook for President, hanged if he won't get it into his head that the White House would just fit him; and he will feel mighty hard of it, if he is not allowed to try it on.

If Joe Bailey wants to tackle someone who will "argue" with him till the cows come home at milking time, let him tackle a blooming Socialist. They are just "dying" to meet somebody in debate.

The W. C. T. U. now propose to abolish the sale of all soft drinks in Georgia. Look out. Next it will be coffee, tea and tobacco. If they even allow the "crackers" to eat peanuts, it will be a wonder.

The state government of Georgia is face to face with a deficit of nearly a million dollars, says a dispatch. Whew! We have been told all along by the Democrats that they were the folks that knew how to practice economy in government.

Those places in the South where Democratic legislatures have insulted the name of Jefferson by appointing Democratic magistrates in white Republican counties so as to rob the people of local self-government, might very fittingly be termed "buzzard's nest" Democratic rule.

We are glad that President Taft favors a ship subsidy for a merchant marine. The Farmers' Union have a great friend in President Taft and in demanding a subsidy the Union bids fair to have a warm champion in the person of the President.

The doctors of the town of Greensboro, N. C., prescribed over one hundred gallons of booze for their sick

patients last month. Isn't it a shame to have doctors prescribing poison in this quantity for the suffering people?

The interests of the farmers and the manufacturers are mutual, but you might as well try to teach conic sections to a Killkenny cat as to make a Democrat or a Socialist believe it.

The Anderson, South Carolina Mail, says it believes that Cook and Peary are both Democrats. Well, beloved, they do act about like we've seen Dems in the past.

This Cook and Peary quarrel is enough to make the bold Chinaman who declared he discovered the North Pole six thousand years ago, turn over in his grave.

Last year the "holy" ones were insisting that it would be a terrible thing to elect a Unitarian for President. Now they say it's awful to have this President delivering a speech from a Mormon temple.

They have been naming some of their big balloons such names as Pommery, Cleveland, etc. If they want a real flyer, let them call one William Jennings Bryan and tack a "free raw material" tag to its basket.

"Frigy" Connors, the fellow whom the Democrats were swearing by last year, recently turned down a tried and true Democrat as Mayor of Buffalo and had a meat packer nominated in his place.

Since prohibition has been tried in several Southern states, the Keely Institutes are doing a bigger business than ever. No wonder. This blind tiger booze is enough to send a man to his grave or a Keely one.

Of all the things for which a young person should strive, a good character stands easily at the head of the list. It may be hard to get on without wealth and education, but without a good character, no permanent and enduring success can be attained.

The foot and baseball business is now in full blast. At the North Pole would be an ideal place for such games, so cool on a hot sun-shiny August day. Could play there winter and summer school or no school.

If the Democrats should nominate Mr. Cook on the North Pole hunt, perhaps Teddy could run against him on the issue of an African tiger hunt. Then the South would vote for Teddy, because he would represent the South.

Everybody is getting awful tired over this Cook and Peary ice plant. We are glad the daily papers have slid them off their first page. Wish Teddy was home. Dogged, if he didn't put a stop to all this envy between the Cookies and Pearysites.

The man who can change his politics, has a mighty puny set. But when a man's politics can change the man, like religion, it is strong enough to be trusted, or feared. One phase of this last kind is American in principle, the other is hell-bent.

And Taft has been President over one-half of a year and no sign of that fire and brimstone from heaven that was due if a "Unitarian" was put in the big arm chair. The "Holy Rollers" have surely lost communication with God.

Bryan's plea that he wants to elect a Democratic congress next year is a farce. If he really wanted to elect Democrats to Congress why don't he spend more time in trying to get his own state in shape instead of galavanting about down in Texas where they are "hell-bent" Democratic and need no rallying?

There is a new disease known in some parts of North Carolina as pellegra and one of the leading Democrats of the state declares the malady is cured by drinking corn whiskey. And only a little while ago the Democrats all told us that whiskey was no good as a medicine. How Democrats do flip-flop.

Baltimore has a woman running for the legislature who declares that there is a "crying need of the legislation she advocates." And there is doubtless a "crying need" of this woman at home, unless she is one of those "vinegar bitters" women who never found a man who would marry her.

An Iowa farmer, who, it is said, frequently went to town barefooted and bareheaded, just as a matter of style, recently purchased a \$3,500 automobile. The old fellow now ought to take a day off and spin out to town and hear Col. William Jennings Bryan dialate on the iniquities of a "robber" tariff and how it keeps the poor farmer's nose to the grind-stone.

A Democratic paper thinks if its party ever hopes to accomplish anything that it had better pull itself together on the tariff and let the country know where it stands. The idea of the present Democratic party pulling itself together would be just about like tying two tom cats together and hanging them across a clothes line and expect them to be friends.

Henderson county, North Carolina, is a Republican county, but in order to thwart the will of the majority; in order to put themselves in a position to say "local self-government be damned" the Democratic legislature appointed a sufficient number of Democratic magistrates to put the Henderson county Democracy in control; and that's the party that howls "local self-government;" and that's the party that some folks say The Yellow Jacket is too hard on.

Don't croak. Leave that to frogs in stagnant pools. A few croakers though are necessary in every community to measure the rate of progress at which live men are advancing.

According to some of the astronomers Helley's comet will be at its best about next May, but a congressional campaign will be on then and what will a little comet amount to with a Democratic candidate for Congress darting across every district in the United States?

The cotton mills are kicking at the high price of cotton and threatening to shut down. The only way to remedy this high price is to vote the Democrats in power in the nation and no doubt it will be cheap enough to suit the mills.

Gen. Tillman, of South Carolina, Gen. Bailey, of Texas, and would-be Gen. Aycock, of North Carolina, ought to enter 40 acres each of the North Pole, and go to raising tea, and put a high tariff on it to prevent competition with the free trade inhabitants of the North Star.

Some hard-hearted people say they do not believe Gov. Glenn, of N. C., who goes everywhere preaching prohibition, is, at heart, a prohibitionist. The balance of the human race, after praying over the matter, say that to save their lives, they can't say whether he is or not.

A Democrat said the other day, that he expected yet to shake hands with Pres. Bryan. The poor fellow is yet joined to his idol. Let him alone. As sanguine as Bryan has been, he has learned that he will never be President, and will see to it that no other Democrat is, either.

Two new histories are being written. One is Teddy's tiger hunt in Africa. The other is Cook and Peary's pole hunt up in—the Lord only knows where. Teddy's will be live, true and hot stuff. The other will be dead, doleful and damned stuff.

Ida Tarbell, tariff reform writer, wants to know what the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill did for the 20,000,000 mothers who are bringing up their children on a few hundred dollars a year. It simply provides the way for getting the money. Ida, that's all. Ask us something harder.

Booker Washington, at Harvard University the other day, declared there were three thousand five hundred negro doctors in the United States and more were needed. By all means let him have the doctors; maybe in this way the race problem can be solved.

A copy of The Yellow Jacket slipped under the shirt of a moss-back Democrat every two weeks will either regenerate him in a year's time or it will make the fellow so blooming mad that he will forget to go to the election. Try it.

Make a note of the fact that The Yellow Jacket belongs to no clique or faction. We preach old-fashioned Abe Lincoln Republicanism straight from the shoulder. We incidentally punch the Donkey a few punches when it needs it, and it most "generally" needs it.

A native of Ireland dropped into our shop the other day and asked for some sample copies of The Yellow Jacket. He had traveled over the greater part of the United States, he said, and he was free to express his opinion of Socialism as one of the most abominable doctrines ever promulgated in this country.

Say, you fellow who is always cussing out the Republican party on the ground that it never selects important government officials from the Southern states, make a note again. President Taft has selected Lee McClung of Tennessee, as treasurer of the United States.

Too poor to take The Y. J.? Well, that is a distressful condition. Buy a hen, feed her crumbs and waste from the kitchen and she will lay eggs to pay for a year's subscription; then work her up into pot pie and she will pay first cost; so the paper will be clear profit. Repeat this process year after year, meanwhile learn wisdom and cease to be poor.

The best way to keep the boys at home is to make it an object for them not to go out to seek amusements, for these they will have. Every farm home ought to be made a very heaven on earth to its inmates. Not alone the farm home either, but all the houses in the land. Learn each child's nature, and then work some home charm to keep him in your circle.

Since we come to think of it, Billy Bryan ought to get the North Pole, and plant it on his Texas farm to stack his "cain" around. For judging the future by the past, that's the only crop he will be able to grow. In fact, that's the only crop he knows anything about cultivating. He can grow the stalk to perfection, but it does not fruit well. It may do better in Texas—couldn't do worse.

If you are a kicker and see the shadows of failure in everything that is proposed to help the town, for heaven's sake go into some secluded canyon and kick your own shadow on the clay bank, and give the men who are working to build up the town a chance. One long-faced, hollow-eyed, whining, capping, chronic, kicker can do more to keep away business and capital from a town than all the drouths, short crops, chinch bugs, cyclones and blizzards combined.

We rise to suggest that the Democrats adopt the North Pole as their paramount issue next time. They have tried everything under the sun. Now let them try everything under the North star. The dear old and much worn pole, the ice, and the floots of ice won't prove any colder to them than free trade, free silver, fusion, confusion, wind and Bryan did.

"OLD BEAR GUN."

The Democratic party of to-day reminds us of the old bear gun we once heard about. A boy was showing the gun and said it was his grandfather's bear gun. The boy had put in a new lock, a new stock and a new barrel, to say nothing of several other new pieces, but he said it was his grandfather's old bear gun. In like manner, the Democrats have, from time to time, taken out the old pieces and put in new ones all there's not a scrap of the material in their party which Jefferson left there. Still they have the far-fetched assurance to call it the Jefferson party. Whew! Rats! Gosh!

THE FARMERS' UNION.

A good many people have written and ask us what we think of the Farmers' Union. We believe the Union has within its grasp great possibilities. We believe the farmers have a perfect right to organize to protect their own interests. No body else will ever stand by the farmer, but the man who has the scent of the soil in his shoes. We need more farmers in our legislative halls. That will bring the government nearer and nearer to the people. When a thorough organization is perfected by the sons of toil then the political shyster may look out. His days will be numbered. The Yellow Jacket bespeaks success for the Farmers' Union, and may it continue to grow and prosper until it covers this country as the waters cover the sea.

JUDAS.

Some people seem anxious to know whether Judas fell from grace when he betrayed Christ. He sold Christ for money. If in doing that he fell from grace, he did better than than people do now when they sell Christ for money. When Judas saw what he did, he went and hanged his abominable self. He had too much self-respect to face the world with such a blot on him. To keep himself unspotted from the world, he simply got out of it. The world is full of Judases. They are in the church. Some say Christ, or the Holy Spirit, called them to preach. They are betraying Christ and selling Him for a price, by going and compromising Christ's doctrines with the world. They do this for salaries and popularity. In nearly every twelve, some think, there is now one such devil. Judas was more excusable; he did not have the Holy Spirit, and Christ had not then proved His divinity by rising from the dead.

The Fool-Killer

A pungent periodical of thrilling thought, the same being a monthly mustard-plant for the blood-boils of society, church and state. Comes red-hot from the ladle, salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm. Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister. Twenty-five cents a year. Perhaps you'd better subscribe.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON, Editor.
Moravian Falls, N. C.

AGENTS WANTED.

We desire to employ one or two reliable agents in every county in the United States to sell our new book, "Hot Stuph." A splendid money making proposition. Work part or all the time. Liberal commission. Don't write unless you mean business. Address The Yellow Jacket, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Women Read This

For a reliable monthly remedy use Fuller's Blood Lymph receipt. Costs but TWO CENTS a month. Over two million satisfied users. Particulars for two cent stamp.

Mrs. Cora M. Clemans, P. O. Box 11,
PERU, INDIANA.

DROPSY Cured. Gives quick relief. Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days. Permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment free. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box D Atlanta, Ga.

"I Blew In From Arkansas."

THE funniest book ever written. Will make your sides sore to read it. Many laughable illustrations. Send 25c (silver or n. o.), no stamps. Address: NATIONAL BOOK CO., Moravian Falls, N. C.

FREE MAP OF TEXAS giving elevation, rainfall, cities, railroads, products, &c. with every (25c) 3 months subscription to Texas Realty Journal, a magazine telling all about Texas development, resources, opportunities, &c. Texas Realty Journal, Houston, Texas.

I want to tell all who are afflicted with Asthma and Hay Fever what cured me after 46 years of suffering. Write me and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. G. F. ALEXAN, DEB, 60 Exchange Street, PORTLAND, ME.

WANTED AND WANTED AT ONCE! A 50,000 agents to work for cash. Here is a chance to make money right at home. Get busy, get started, get in business for yourself. 500 per cent profit in making and selling the most famous "Croup" remedy known. Send \$1.00 for the receipt with instructions as to how to get the "Dollars." It's worth \$1.00 to be next. IDEAL SPECIALTY COMPANY, Box 88, Center Indiana.

\$7.50 CASH and Dinner Set free for distributing catalogues, etc. for a big Chicago mail order business. Address: 1206 State St., Chicago.

POLITICAL LETTERS OF E. B. TACKETT. A pamphlet containing letters written by E. B. TACKETT on "Socialism," and the "Democratic Party," including his open letters to the "Horse" and "Barnet" replies. The letters were published in The Yellow Jacket and other papers. Price 25 cents per copy or 5 copies for \$1.00, sent post paid on receipt of price. Address E. B. TACKETT, R.R. 1, West Virginia.