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# The Yellow Jacket.

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NO. 22.

## Found the North Pole Again. The Yellow Jacket Has Just Heard from its Explorers. Sent to find the North Pole and the News is Good.

(Shetland Pony Islands, off No Man's Land, via the Icebergs and Glaciers of Dead Man's Gulch, through the Polar Seas and around by St. Louis and Kalamazoo—by Special Wireless Telegraphy and Underground Railroad and Cables of all sorts Direct to The Yellow Jacket, September 12, 1909—Attempts being made to Copyright and Patent with all Rights Reserved and Infringements to be Prosecuted to beat the band, and full credit demanded if any intimation of this service is taken either bodily or in whole or part.)

Just got back from the North Pole, left it standing, draped with copies of The Yellow Jacket and hoisted American flag which is still waving. Photographed the pole before breakfast and after breakfast. Had with me a nigger and a Swede and two Eskimos and a member of New York Tammany Club. Eskamos named I-took-a-drink; I-would-like-to-take-a-drink, and Doe Hook. Story that Cook and Peary found Pole all a lie. I found it alone and there were no foot prints within seven hundred miles of the Pole. Saw where Doe Cook spent winter in a snow drift and saw Peary three miles west asleep—but neither of them got closer than eighty-seventh degree.

At top of the world I saw several people from Greenland and found quite a settlement at Pole. Grass was growing luxuriantly. Good crop of wheat and oats look fine. Average peach crop. Watermelons frost bitten where late planted. Millinery stores obliged to open up on boulevards in order to display fall styles of hats. Politics lively. Looks like a land slide for Republicans. Bryan running for town constable and making speeches in favor of government ownership of North Poles and declaring for the free and unlimited manufacture of Pemmican at ratio of Sixteen to One. Natives voted down initiative and referendum as inimical to Polar Sea heart throbs and tidal waves.

I planted stars and stripes at pole but flag was stolen by Miss I-don't-give-a-dam who made a breakfast konoma out of it. Folks all well. Give my regards to all enquiring friends. Expect to make a dash for Moravian Falls when the spring thaw comes. Say to the American people that Cook and Peary are not only mistaken—but are faking the public. Am sending my instruments and notes by freight and will submit them to the Royal Society of Fine Arts immediately upon arrival. Collect.

RILLIAM WANDILPH BURST.

Again we take pride in our achievement. Regardless of expense, regardless of the truth, regardless of everything, The Yellow Jacket Expedition was a success, and to this paper belongs the honor of nailing to the North Pole the brilliant colors of Old Glory. It may be of interest to our readers to know how the expedition was equipped.

One pair of bob sleds. One gallon jug of Old Rye. One set of bull dogs for sledging purposes. One gallon jug of Old Rye. One mechanical sextant that shows a full moon whether it is full or not. One gallon jug of Old Rye. One artificial horizon. One gallon jug of Old Rye. Forty rounds of Chicago Pemmican, embalmed and warranted to stand in any climate. One gallon jug of Old Rye. One walrus fur lined coat. One box of see-gars. A clothes wringer. A gallon of likker. A gentleman's smoking jacket. A gallon of corn likker. One manicuring set and one not cured. Three cases of Bud Weiser's beer.

That was the lay-out, paid for exclusively by us; and that makes the glory all coming our way. The fact of the business is, we could have discovered it much sooner, but didn't think it worth while. Cook and Peary will now perhaps retire from the field of discredited claimants, and just as soon as the Fine Arts Society passes on our claims which are authentic, we shall paint a picture of the Pole as it looked to Mr. Burst after he had drained the last jug of likker.

### THEIR BASE HYPOCRISY.

Dozens of newspapers over the country, the bench-legged yellow dog kind of Democratic papers, are shedding crocodile tears even yet because Governor Johnson died. They tell what a great loss the Nation has sustained; and they know they do not mean it.

If they are sincere now, why were they not sincere a year ago when the people really wanted Johnson nominated? Why did they allow Bryan for the third time to take the nomination when they knew defeat awaited him? Simply because they know that Democracy is dead and Bryan is a cheerful candidate. Johnson could not have been elected, but he would have polled more votes than Bryan polled. Johnson would at least have given new hope to the party, but the editors, the great ones, wanted to try luck with Bryan again? Why? Because he has made himself so cheap; he has broken bread and been entertained by all the Democrats in America during his successive terms of running, and the great editors supposed if lightning struck Bryan and

he was elected each one of the aforesaid editors now pretending to weep for Johnson would secure a cabinet position.

They are not sincere. They want office themselves and expect some day that Bryan by fool luck will slip in. Of course when he comes to distribute the loaves and fishes, unless he works a greater miracle than Jesus worked, there will not be enough to go round to the hungry horde that knows Bryan intimately.

At least ten thousand politicians expect something if Bryan had made it—and at least nine thousand would have been disappointed. But their loyalty was measured alone by their vain hopes.

Governor Johnson's death was a distinct national calamity, no doubt of that, and Republicans conscientiously say so. But for these weeping editors who forced Bryan on the people to make a great adoo over his demise won't do. They lack sincerity and honesty in their salty expressions.

Norman Mack still prints his magazine—but the hollerin' is feeble and grumpy.

### 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 stupefying with the stinger in it. Tell 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.

## THE LOST CAUSE.

The Yellow Jacket, as it grows older and of course takes on more wisdom, decided, some time ago, to let the Lost Cause alone. We concluded to burn no faggots over the grave of the past; we concluded that the Democratic party had a recent record that would forever condemn and damn it, and so far as we are concerned we are not going, unless forced, to refer exultantly to the weed grown and forgiven past.

In short that seems to be understood, and we have been admonished by well intentioned people, from time to time, to let that past alone—that bone-bleached and red riven past—and therefore it still gives us a pain somewhere near the vermiform appendix to hear the grand stand orators of the Confederate side still harping on those scenes of forty years ago.

Recently, in this month, the Confederates of Virginia met in reunion at Danville, and one of the speakers indulged in a lot of the lurid lighting that could have been left unsaid. In other words the Confederates insist that Union men shall not wave the "bloody shirt" as they call it—while they seem to want to reserve the right to fly that tattered and gore stained garment from every stand. We make these few extracts from the speech delivered by the principal speaker at the State Reunion at Danville, copied from the local newspaper of that town:

"I am not going to discuss the question of the right and wrong in an abstract way, but I am tired of hearing Confederates and sons of Confederates going around and saying, 'We fought for what we thought was right.' Tell the truth and say that we fought for what was right.

And again:  
"The speaker's reference to the Ku Klux Klan and the red shirt organizations as being the agency which saved the South from black supremacy were greeted with applause, a voice near the front saying, 'I was one of them.'

"I am not ashamed of being called a rebel," he said. "I am proud of it, but when a man calls the rebels traitors he lies. The proudest years of my life were spent under Lee. I see the opening of the grave ahead of me. I have no apologies to make and no pardons to ask for the honesty of my purpose, and the purity of my motives."

We protest. We say we are willing, representing the Republican side of the question to let bygones be bygones and to let the years that have come mellow the animosities and bitterness born of that stern, desperate struggle where on both sides was displayed the greatest valor ever wit-

nessed under the stars of God—and while we are willing to forget we insist that speakers on the other side desist in flaunting into the faces of the forgivers such stuff as that above quoted. No matter what the problem—God Almighty, the Great Arbitrer decided that cause—and we are willing to feel that every Southern man who fought under the stars and bars felt he was fighting for the right as he was given to see the right—but we must insist that it ill-becomes a grand stand orator to say at this late day that the cause was right—with no ifs or ands.

Again we insist that the Red Shirts and the Ku Klux Klan were two sisters of evil that had nothing to do with black supremacy. The Red Shirts particularly were born of other years, and only recently Democracy again introduced them into politics in the South to bully and brow beat, to trample under foot the law that the Great Lincoln astonished the world by proclaiming.

In the broader and brighter light no one doubts but what there were traitors in the Southern camp—and no one will ever doubt that it was high treason that flourished over us. But we want to cut it out. We are more than willing. We are willing to take the Democratic party with its rascals and trust-tainted sneaks masquerading under the white livery of good citizenship and skin it for its sins of omission and commission committed within the past twenty years. We are willing to take its record of the last year and challenge any self-respecting citizen to give an account of himself and explain why he belongs to it.

Let us look at the corrupt and rotten hulk. Look at Bryan, a Socialist and Populist absolutely domineering and dictating every life throeb of the rotten thing; insisting that every pulse beat shall be in unison with his vague and dreamy theories. Look at the party standing in fear and trembling of One Man and that One Man far from the track of real Democracy as enunciated in the plat-forms of Jefferson—the one man whom Bryan insists he follows. Look at its record on the tariff question. Always bellowing and always howling for a tariff for revenue only, and already the Democracy of the South split wide open because every Democrat who had any manufacturing plant to protect hurried to Washington and begged with tears in his eyes to put a protective tariff on the out-put of his mills, while the other wing, with nothing to protect to say chides and denounces those dough warriors for asking that their own

(Continued on page 4 col. 3.)