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Eli Tucker's Letter.

OUR HUCKLEBERRY KNOB CORRESPONDENT COMES LOADED—THE
HOOK WORM FAD, PELLAGRA, AND HALLEY'S COMET
CRANKS ALL SKINNED BLOOD BAW

And the Free Trade, Free Silver and Imperialism Democrat get theirs.

Huckleberry Knob, N. C.,
December 7th, 1909.
Editor Yellow Jacket,

My Dear Sir:—Well, by gatlins, I reckon you and the readers of the Yellow Jacket had about come to the conclusion that I had fallen a victim to the new disease known as pellagra or that a devilish hook worm had me backed up in a corner calling for some of John Rockefeller's pale blue oil. But not so. Since my last letter in October I have been as busy as a guinea hen chasing a grass-hopper. I've been gathering corn, sowing wheat, going to corn shucking, hog killings and molasses boilings and other things too tedious and numerous to mention. And in the mean time the world has been sliding along at a pretty lively gait. The President completed his swing around the circle, Rockefeller coughed up a cool million to be used in chasing the dad gummed hook worms out of the South. Nickerawger (I reckon that is the way to spell it) got its tail over the dash board, the Prohibition amendment in Alabama got such a lick in the tummy that it hasn't shown any signs of life yet, and William Jennings Bryan has discovered a bran-fired new paramount issue by declaring for Pro-high-bish-un, by gad sir.

Instead of ever hearing the sonorous voice of the great fried chicken dispenser exclaiming in his plagiarized Pithian rhetoric: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," we may expect to hear something like this: You shall not press down upon the stomach of man a schooner of beer, you shall not deluge the human race in a sea of rot gum. But just whether the red-nosed portion of Democracy will give him the rousing ovation that the silverites did at the Chicago convention remains to be seen. However this may be, I would love to see a kodak picture of Billy's face as he read the returns from the election on the prohibition amendment in Alabama. I'll bet it looked worse out of skew than the face of a Georgia nigger with thirteen hook worms securely anchored in the bottom of his pedals.

But it takes all these shifting scenes and new sensations to keep the world going and the people provided with something to think over and to talk about. Political parties must have issues or they take the dry rot. Bryan being the leader of Democracy it was up to him to invent a new issue to keep the Dems from curling up on the floor. Just like John D. Rockefeller was by his almost countless millions. His seeds of gold were a dead load on his hands until he got a great excitement set up over the "hook worm" and then offered his friendly assistance by donating a million dollars to chase these "living fish hooks" out of the South. Any mortal man who would be taken in by this "hook worm" nonsense ought to be bored for the simples and bored deep.

Dr. Stonewall Jackson Brown stopped in for dinner at my house last Wednesday and in the course of conversation I asked him if he didn't think this "hook worm" talk was a roaring farce. Doc turned pretty red in the face and began snapping his eyes like a frog eating fire and then replied "Most assuredly not." Why, Eli, it would be folly to doubt such a thing, since a million dollars has been given by Mr. Rockefeller to help fight the dreadful parasite." I said no more.

But of course thousands of people are going to believe this "hook worm" scare, just because they have read the accounts in some newspaper and because a man with countless wealth gave a million of his cash to fight this supposed or imaginary monster. Some people will believe anything they see in print.

Dal Fiddlebeth, who lives about three miles from me, was frightened so badly recently that he turned gray headed in two days because he read in a newspaper where somebody had declared that Halley's comet would strike the earth next spring and burn the thing up root and branch. But I saw Dal a few days later and quieted his nerves by telling him that the wisest of astronomers had agreed that comets are "airy nothings," that simultaneously with the appearance of Halley's comet in 1835, certain cranks predicted all sorts of calamities, and some of the end of the world, that with the appearance of the great comet of 1811 with its flowing head of something like one million and a quarter miles in diameter and its tail sweeping back over one hundred million miles, the inhabitants of Russia became terror stricken; that all thru history we read that dread and fear seized the inhabitants of the earth with the appearance of any of the Great comets. I informed Dal that

Halley's comet according to the best of calculation, had plowed its way into the Solar System, right through the path of the earth's orbit and made its perihelion round the sun over half a hundred times since the flood and that it had never yet created as much disturbance to the inhabitants of any part of the earth as one term of a Bryan administration would to the inhabitants of the United States. This made Dal so heartily ashamed of his dad gummed ignorance in believing every fool story he reads, that he went home and tried to restore his hair to its former color by making up a solution of nitrate of silver and having his wife sponge his head. The acid ran down on Dal's neck and face and almost killed him. So he sent for Dr. Jackson Brown who came and discovered the terribly discolored skin, but never asked Dal a question, and now by gatlins, what do you suppose Dr. Jackson Brown, the fellow who declares the "hook worm" is a reality—says is the matter with Dal Fiddlebeth? He telegraphed to the State Board of Health, saying, one of his patients—Dal Fiddlebeth had developed a dangerous case of pellagra, and the next day five other doctors were sent to make examination of the new pellagra patient, and they all came away looking solemn and declare that Mr. Rockefeller should give another million to help fight the dreaded plague or this South country is doomed.

Mr. Editor, I have often wondered whether we are much ahead of the barbarians of olden times or not. For instance, when an eclipse of the sun or moon would occur back yonder the terror-stricken inhabitants would beat on drums and pans and blow horns, thinking they would frighten away the imaginary monster that was trying to destroy their light; they would offer up special prayers when the head light of a great comet hove in sight; they would go into conniption fits with the advent of a meteoric shower. And how much better are we? Some so-called "leader in medical science" declares that eating corn bread causes a terrible disease called "pellagra," and such people as Dal Fiddlebeth drop their good old corn dodger, as if it was possessed with forty seven devils; another fame-hungry fool starts the "hook worm" craze, a vast sum of money is forthwith appropriated to handle the pest and we sit down on our tails like monkeys and begin to hunt in the bottom of our feet for a devilish worm that is said to be boring its way right up thru our bottoms and letting all our vitality and manhood leak out. Don't it beat the devil and chain lightning?

And that is not all. Another wise guy discovered that what is the matter with us is that we are suffering from a lack of the free coinage of silver—just dying for bimetalism—and the people—these very folks who would poke fun at the savages for tooting ram's horns at our eclipses—begin to run frantically about squalling "free silver," "free silver," till they wear their lungs to a frazzle. Suddenly they discover their folly as Dal Fiddlebeth did, then they pour the gold cure on their heads. But then along comes Dr. So and So and he wants a job so he declares that this confounded tariff is what's the matter. Another case of pellagra; Another "hook worm" discovered; an imperialism germ seen hiding out behind the smoke house. And I could go on and on, but think about this till next issue, Mr. Editor, and then I'll give you and your readers something hot worth while.

Yours truly,

ELI TUCKER,
Candidate for Fool-Killer.

DANGER SIGNALS.

First the doctors tried to fright us
With this 'ere "appendicitis,"
But we still kept on livin', jest the
same;

Then "pellagra" came, an' surely
That would kill us prematurely,
And the poor old corn-cake had to
bare the blame.

But we didn't fear no danger
From this new-imported stranger,
An' in spite of all, we seemed to live
an' thrive.

Now the latest information
That is sprung upon the nation
Says the "hook-worm" sure will eat
us up alive.

— JAMES L. PEARSON.

If the Standard Oil Company is put out of business as is suggested it simply means that some new kink will be sprung. As long as mankind worship Gold as its God just that long you are going to find some hook or crook to pile up the stuff.

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, 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 Democrat 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
after Christmas 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.

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 "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.

But every blessed subscriber to this
paper and do it now. We want a million
of you know it will be no trouble to get
Begin to-day. Clean up your neigh-
bors 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.

WE SAW IT DONE.

One day last week the editor of The
Yellow Jacket, having finished the
greater part of the pure stuf-
for this issue and being
tired of reading of the Zelayan revo-
lution, the sugar scandal, the defeat
of the Alabama amendment, what
Walter Wellman thinks of Cook and
Peary, etc., etc., we concluded to take
a stroll of about two miles to the
shops of the famous W. C. Meadows
Mill Company where we saw some-
thing next to a mechanical miracle
performed. Starting in at one end of
the long building we witnessed the
evolution of a complete corn meal
mill from the rough lumber and the
rough stones to a finished machine.
We saw the rough timbers, cut up,
dressed, shaped, bored and fitted into
a frame, saw the iron works turned,
bored and polished; saw the babbling
cast, the stones banded and fur-
rowed; saw the corn cleaning, the
sifting and sacking apparatus pre-
pared, and all these various parts and
appliances assembled into a complete,
trained portable corn mill, all in the
brief space of one hour. And that's
what we propose to term a mechan-
ical miracle.

us
sh
e

begin to
mills for simplicity in running, quality
of meal, capacity per hour, small-
ness of power, and all round satis-
faction. The smallest size doesn't
occupy more space than a kitchen
stove, and will grind four bushels of
meal per hour with five horse power.
They are made in four sizes to fit
the needs of different purchasers.
Any kind of power from five horse
power up will do excellent work.
Thousands of these mills are going
out to the corn sections all over the
nation and fortunate is the corn bread
user who owns and uses one of the
mills. Good corn bread is the finest
article of food in the known world.
The first step to good corn bread is
perfectly pure, well ground meal.
The Company is not paying us to
write this article. It doesn't even
know we are writing it, but we do it
because it affords us pleasure to use
space to tell our friends of a worthy
industry almost at our door that has
sprung up from almost nothing three
years ago to what it is to-day. For
over a year we have carried in our
advertising columns an advertise-
ment of these mills. If you would
know more about this mill it would
pay you to drop the Company a post-
al card for their handsome catalogue.
See advertisement on second page of
this paper.

TELL IT AROUND.

Remind your neighbor that we pro-
pose with the beginning of the New
Year to fill The Yellow Jacket so full
of things rare and good that all the
thinking part of American creation
will want it. We expect to hand out
enough Republican gospel each issue
to save the meanest Democrat that
ever wore shoe leather. And that is
not all. There will be social sermons
from the editorial tripod, paregoric
solutions for the bellowing kids of
Democracy, spankings for the harden-
ed old political sinners, great doses
of early risers for the sleepy sons
and daughters of opulence and idleness
and bountiful sluices of the e-
lixir of life for those who like
to see hypocrites skinned, gas bags
punctured, rascals salivated, liars

lampooed, straddle bugs smashed, fan-
atics fumigated, demagogues de-
molished, the meddler's itch eradicated
and devils dehorned. As a
present reader of the Yellow Jacket
we ask you to make it a point to se-
cure us at least five new subs to set
in with the first issue in January.
We want to make 1910 a red letter
year with this paper, both in point
of circulation and richness of read-
ing matter. Brother, we have got to
have your cooperation if we do this.
So fall to work and give us a little
shove and do it to-day. Don't wait
till tomorrow. Remember "to mor-
row" ruined Napoleon.

GLAD OF IT.

The Yellow Jacket is glad to see
Uncle Joe Cannon reading the riot act
to the insurgents—the populists, so-
cialists and bellyachers masquerading
as Republicans. We are glad the old
man has nerve enough to declare that
they are not Republicans—that they
are masquerading as such without
license or authority.

The Republican party has no room
for dreamers and kickers. If a man
wants to let the government own the
railways and bust the country, let him
get out of the Republican party to-
day so. If he wants to declare every
man a menace to the country let
him get outside and shed his skin.
The Republican party does not be-
lieve that.

The Republican party believes that
trusts should not be allowed to op-
press people, or operate in restraint
of trade. It believes railways should
be regulated. It has confidence in
the people and confidence in the laws.
It believes that tariff should be levied
to protect Americans and American
industries and it is opposed to
free trade and free labor.

And Uncle Joe Cannon has been
handing out some wholesome doc-
trine here of late. He stands up and
publicly denounces such men as La-
Follette, Bristow and Cummins—for
he knows that LaFollette simply
does his grand stand stunts in order
to advertise his monthly paper which
is a menace itself to well ordered
conditions, and he knows Cummins wants
to be something bigger than he now
is out in Iowa. Uncle Joe is wise in
his day and generation, wiser than any
of the little jay birds that snap at
him.

The Republican party was builded
by men of the Cannon stamp—the
rugged, sturdy and honest men who
never yielded to the passions of the
moment.

It pleases us we say, pleases us very
much to see Uncle Joe stand up and
denounce his accusers and name them
out in meeting. It all argues well for
the party. With Uncle Joe tearing
the mask off the disguised Demo-
crats in the camp and Loeb pulling
the mask off the thieves in the gov-
ernment service, the Republican party
is in fine shape—better than for a
long time.

And what is most pleasing about it
all is the Democrats can't say a
blamed thing except to chirp now and
then about the robber tariff—and no
one of them knows anything about
that. If any of them did know they
would favor protection even as the
South to-day wants protection.

The Sherman anti-trust law is not
all it should be, but it is worth some-
thing, and from that there will finally
be a law made that will oust 'em.