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The Yellow Jacket,
MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

Eli Tucker's Letter.

Huckleberry Knob, N. C.,
April 20, 1911.

Editor Yellow Jacket.

My Dear Sir:—I didn't have time to write and tell you I'd not have a letter in last issue, but I suppose you found it out anyhow.

I've been unusually busy for the past month. I've broke 10 acres of corn land, built three hundred rods of barbed wire fence, cut forty yards of ditch, prepared and delivered two speeches at our debating society and whipped a lightning-rod agent that had been bothering me for nearly two weeks, besides I have kept my weather eye on the antics of the donkey crowd now assembled at Washington under the guise of trying to save the country by cutting down the tariff. When not engaged in the above named duties I was assisting Patsey in gardening, making soap, cleaning about the house, setting hens and keeping Dal Johnson's peafowls ran out of our spring salad patch.

This spring threatens to be one of unusual interest. There is a fight or a frolic, a flood or a panic, a tumult or a tornado at every turn of the road as we journey down the pike.

There is the Democratic nigger convention at Indianapolis planning for the Democratic Presidential campaign next year and many a fried chicken will it take to appease the palate of those Demmy niggers. You know they got a start along this line when Bryan stuffed the brudderin on his lawn three years ago. Think of it, ye white Democrats, how they fit together—Democracy, fried pullets and Afrociacy. I suppose Bryan takes a leading hand in this as he did in the Martin affair at Washington.

But one of the grandest farces and completest fizzes now being pulled off is the special session of Congress. The only thing that approaches it is the frantic efforts of the Democratic press to conceal the real fizzle from the public and make it appear that something is actually being done to benefit the farmer. I've been astonished at some of the cheap rot that has been working off thru the columns of the Dem papers.

In the first place they try to make it appear that the Democratic party is working in harmonious accord which is a lie to start with. There is no harmony among them any more than there is harmony between two tom cats with their tails tied together and hung across a clothes line. Read what they say. North Carolina Democrats locking horns over the reciprocity bill. Calling one another traitors. The scramble for pie stifting out patriotism if such a thing is there. Texas Democrats divided and cussing. Georgia Dems ditto. One Democratic paper pleading the cause of William Jennings Bryan. Another branding Bryan as the personification of blue mud. Roguel rascal! traitor! you're another! liar! That's the way they are cutting the mustard. That's the way they are cutting down the tariff. That's the way the great Dem party is representing the interests of us farmers. And that's the way I said they would behave when I learned that there was a majority of Dems elected to this Congress.

I know, as every other man knows if he exercises any reason, that it is not in the Democratic party to stand solid on any progressive measure. When not drunk on the prospect of pie they are drunk on red-eye. They have never yet stood together on the right side of a vital movement. A few of them may be right, but the majority is eternally and always wrong. Look back at their befuddled record. Look at it in national as well as state affairs. They busted the country wide open as a boot jack

with their stand on states rights. They sent us to the poor house when they got in under Cleveland. They went mad and tried to ram Bryan and fifty cent dollars down our throats. Now they say damn Bryan.

Then look at their sell-outs and fall-outs and their steal-ins all over the country. Sold out for pelf in Illinois legislature. Sold out to the lickster men in Indiana. Got drunk and fought like cats and dogs in the Missouri legislature the past winter and that on Sunday. Assassinated their leader in Tennessee. Slandered Cleveland while living and ignored his memory when dead. Licked the big toe of Alton Begum Parker. Done many other dirty disreputable acts and then had the audacity to come before the voters and propose if elected that the party would be nice and clean up all the dirty work of the Republican party. Don't it beat chain lightning?

And the fool voters believed them and elected them and now they are getting pay for their credulity by listening at their gang of "reformers" calling each other traitors and making a regular dog fall of it so far as enacting any beneficial legislation is concerned. I sometimes wonder how long it will take the people to find out that there is no more stability in the Democratic party than there is gold dust in a cabbage or attar of roses in the stench of a billy goat.

I take a little local Dem paper called the Snagtown Chronicle and in keeping with all the rest of the Dem sheets the little pale printed rag is having an ecstatic fit of rejoicing over a report to the effect that Congress has cut down expenses way up into the million by discharging certain useless officials about the Capital. And that is another lie out of the whole cloth. The real facts are that there was a caucus resolution declaring that many clerks and hangers-on be cut off and that was all right as far as it went, but it still remains for the Democrats to pass a law providing for the discharge of these "supernumeraries" before the saving really can be made and that hasn't been done and the Dems are too cowardly to do it. But that is about as near the truth as a Democratic paper can get.

Let some Dem introduce a resolution that a wart be cut off the body politic and the next morning the Dem papers come out under flowing headlines with such words as "Democratic Reforms Enacted," "The Probe Applied to Republican Rascality," etc., and the average Dem readers swallow the story down like a duck getting outside of a dab of dough. That's the reason the Democratic party manages to live and keep before the people. So many folks who would rather be humbugged than helped. Rather be a football than a free American citizen.

But some sore-eyed son-of-a-gun will say I have overdrawn the picture so I will stop right here and ask him to read the recent papers—Dem and Rep—and see if the report of that Dem quarrel at Washington won't let me out.

Yours truly,
ELI TUCKER.

An unsuccessful attempt to lop \$30,000 from the annual patronage of the House was made by Representative Clark (Democrat, of Florida). After a short but vigorous discussion Champ Clark ruled Clark's resolution out of order.

Clark presented a resolution abolishing about twenty-five jobs as committee clerks and stenographers. The Democratic leaders were somewhat excited about Clark's scheme, and they heaved a sigh of relief when the Speaker ruled the resolution out of order.

"Jeffersonian"



Guess you saw that my pet measure, ('Tis the one thing that I treasure) passed the House the other day? 'Twas to let the "pee-pul" vote direct And their Senators elect— Please excuse me while I bray. He haw-he-haw-he haw!

But of course, this is under your hat, the Oregon plan being adopted by so many states brought that plan about and the Republicans seemed to be in favor of it, about as much as my party.

Bill Bryan was in Washington and claimed that as one of his measures, and seemed to think that he was vindicated. But of course we all know better. Old Man VanWyck, way back in 1880, before Bryan had taken vocal lessons with his jaw, advocated that measure and went out to Nebraska and had a direct primary. He spent several thousand dollars of real money having people vote for him; they did so, and then some of the legislators went back on him and elected Paddock, the Pure Food man.

Bryan bobbed up in Nebraska about that time and stole all of VanWyck's thunder. If you will take the trouble to look up VanWyck's record you will find also that he was telling the people that the government must either own or control the railroads.

And what is so darned funny about it all is that VanWyck was a New York Republican.

Say, boys, but we are having lots of fun down here in Washington. You see the trouble is Chump Clark is so afraid he will rub the hair the wrong way and not rub it the right way he doesn't know just what to do. He calls the fool Democrats up to the chair and explains why he rules them out of order. Old Man Cannon presumed that people had sense enough to know about it, without explaining—but Uncle Joe never presided over a crowd of Democrats in the majority. Chump has the presidential "bee buzzing pretty loud" and he is sore because he couldn't go out and get money and advertise himself this season. He looks with envy on Harmon and Wilson and Bryan and all these Hope-to-bes who have nothing to do but sput and tell what constitute Jeffersonian Dimmycrats.

The Democrats are now issuing a paper from Washington supposed to contain accurate information as to what Democrats are doing at the capital. Chairman Chump edits it, or rather sees to it that nothing goes in without his approval, and the Republican who hopes to get accurate information should apply to Thomas Jeffersonian through some Democratic spiritualistic medium full of rum and devoid of truth.

I expect to be here a great part of the summer. We must get the farmer fixed, and about that time the editors will demand free pulp, and then the manufacturers will demand something, and then the fight will be on. I hear some of our boys saying that Chump Clark is nice and easy, but he can't swing everything his way. The fun will commence in a little while, and unless we get an early adjournment we may be here until the regular session comes along. I tell you there is something doing—and a great deal that doesn't appear on the surface. Chump Clark every day sees the possibility of his candidacy looming up. He wants to get through enough important legislation in order to go before the country and fool it into voting for him. But there are others who have other choice, and I just tell you, under your hat of course, that there will be more fun down here than a bushel of monkeys before we get much further along.

Those of us who watched Billy Bryan when he walked down the Halls of the American Congress and swung his shining jaw full and fair into the faces of his countrymen couldn't help but see a far-away look in the gallant Colonel's eyes. He tried to make it appear that he was the great I am he used to be—but when he got to fooling with Senator Martin and the boys repudiated Bryan and stuck to Martin the Nebraskan looked crushed. His is a sad fate. To think that he came within a stone's throw three times of being President and got scooped out every time—well, he is a has-been of an obsolete type, and somebody should tell him. But who dare tell him? Any one of us big enough to tell him he is dead wants his vote for President this next whirl—so we all pat him on his bald, bald head, and tell him pretty things—but that doesn't buy the baby a dress.

Of course I am harnessed and bridled for anything that comes along, but if you were going to ask my opinion as to whom I expect to ride into the next presidential race I would say Wilson. Why? Because he has his nerve; he is the newest one of the sensational freak lay-out, and the chances are that his New Jersey victory suggests that we should try it with a man who hasn't had the living lights kicked out of him three or four times.

When we get that farmer's free list through and go out telling the downtrodden, honest farmer who will come out to hear us talk in his automobile, what we have done for him in getting his shoes cut down ten per cent, and he knows that he pays the same price as before, we expect to see a large look of disgust on his precious face. But we've got to have campaign thunder and if we can't fool the laboring man we can't fool anybody.

THE DUMMY SPEECHES.

And so the esteemed Congressional Record, if some of the Democrats have their way, will hereafter have no speeches in it except those really delivered on the floor of the House.

Really, Maria, that is the stuff! Why, in the name of the Sacred Bull and all animate and inanimate things of earth, should a two by four Congressman have a right to go out and employ a penny-a-liner, a professional scribbler to write him a speech; to soar into the clouds; to quote figures by the yard; to say things the Congressman could not comprehend, and print them in the Congressional Record and send them out, postage free, to a deluded and deceived constituency?

No reason in the wide, wide world, except it is an old rule that has a long time obtained. Now the proposition is to cut it out. And while Democrats have sprung this scheme on the country we are with 'em on it. We have grown weary, in other days, when reading the Record to see long, windy speeches supposed to have been made by some little bantam rooster who couldn't recite the Declaration of Independence. We have grown weary of such false pretence, and years ago we denounced the custom as hypocritical and deceptive. We are glad the Nation is informed that such proceedings have been allowed. In this way, by cutting out all but what are really delivered, the man who has ability, who gets up and says something, receives credit. In the other way, the professional speech writer could unload his junk on a green-horn Congressman, tell him to buy it and print it in the Record, and send it to his constituents—and thus borrow plumage that he couldn't strut in at home—but make it appear that the air at Washington was so surcharged with intellectuality that a common clodhopper could go there with a certificate of election and suddenly bloom as a statesman familiar with all the history of all the world.

We are glad it is to be eliminated. Not that the Congressional Record will be as bulky; not that it will scintillate as it erstwhile did; not that it will be such a rare literary gem—but it will be honest—and something like that is inspiring.

When the cheapest kind of an upstart—a hot-air artist with neither brains nor eloquence can make it appear that he delivered a six hour speech on the Fourth Dimension or some other wonderful subject; send it free of postage to an admiring constituency, we know it is wrong, and every honest man in the United States knows it is wrong. Hurrah for Chump Clark's pie brigade that opened the oyster. Hurrah for the gentleman from Kalamazoo who didn't want to sail under false colors, and hurrah, finally for the new Record.

The Democrats oppose a tariff and they also oppose a revenue. That is why so many Democrats make moonshine whiskey. They are agin' the government receiving anything that looks like real money.

The Great Secret Revealed.

There has always been a great mystery about the so-called "Jeffersonian Democrats" and it has been left to the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, near-candidate and palpitating orator of New Jersey to fully reveal the mystery. Wilson journeyed to Indianapolis to take part in a Jefferson day banquet—and while he held enraptured all the unwashed and undefiled Democracy from Kernel Kern's bewhiskered state, he handed out this little bon-mot:

"We are fond of speaking of ourselves as the party of Jefferson and Jackson, not because we are a party of old men, reminiscent of things gone by and in love with what has been, but because we are a party touched with the ideals which made these men great, whose names we recall with such reverence and enthusiasm because the breath of our party's life is its utter faith in the Principles of Democracy. It is its devotion to the rights of the people of whatever class or degree as against all claims of privilege, as against all selfish vested interests which seek control instead of freely serving the life and development of the nation."

And thus it is. The party of Jefferson. The same party to which Tom Watson, William Randolph Hearst, Chump Clark, Governor Folk, Bill Bryan—and God knows who—belong—and each one of them demanding the impossible.

The Democratic party, as Tom Corwin used to call it, the organized ignorance of America; the party that opposed free schools; the party that favored secession; the party that bridled the frauds and grafts when the nation was young—the party that always wanted free trade because it was dominant in a section which lived off the sweat of other men's faces, and refused to do manual labor.

The party that fired on the American flag—the party that allowed a Democratic president to sit sullenly down and declare that he was helpless to put down armed rebellion.

The party that worships a man who rewrote the Bible—who cut out God's word and set up for himself a Bible that met the requirements of his belief—the same as Brigham Young—just-laden—made a creed to meet his desires.

And Tom Watson who now assails the Catholic church and slanders fair womanhood is a Jeffersonian Democrat.

And William Randolph Hearst who fired the passion of anarchy and had a President assassinated, and who forced a war with Spain, and who prints yellow journals that debase and corrupt—Willie is a Jeffersonian Democrat because he said he was.

And Willie Bryan who used as a title to his political speeches an opener on the King of Peace, who waxed fat and rich on gate receipts and who destroyed his party and split it wide open and was thrice repudiated by the intelligence of the country—he is a Jeffersonian Democrat.

And Chump Clark who was a rip-snorting free silver apostle, rantankerous and uncompromising—Chump is a Jeffersonian Democrat—and now comes the latest of the freak family—ambitious to be president, and he tells us that the Jeffersonian Democrat of which he is one, believes in the rights of the "pee-pul."

Beloved, did you think it would come to this? Did you imagine that the dime museums were being deprived of their just subjects, because the Democratic party wants to play 'em up as Jeffersonian Democrats?

But it is true. Sad, sad, the day when every destructive brain can plume itself and go out on the stump and harangue, the people; declare itself a follower of Jefferson, and then break its neck running for the presidency on a platform as much at variance with what Jefferson preached and believed as the odor of a polecat is at variance with attar of roses.

But Wilson tells us why—and the group of immortal freaks pleading the same racket—yelling "Me Too," should make the bones of the Montecello statesman turn in the grave, crack the decaying coffin lid and take to the woods in the Valley of Virginia.

People who are money mad should take a lesson from D. K. Pearson, of Chicago the rich old doctor who has given to colleges and charity seven million dollars and who claims he has done nothing else for twenty-two years but give away his money. He celebrated his ninety-first birthday the other day and signed his last check, one for a hundred thousand. He thinks he has done his duty—but why get money mad and devote all your time to either making or giving away? Why not take a little time off and enjoy some of the things God placed here for you to enjoy?