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Our Special Club Rates

In order to knock all other club offers clean off the track and run our subscription list up to a Million paid subscribers, we have decided to make the following un-heard-of low price for The Yellow Jacket. This offer holds good till our circulation reaches ONE MILLION. Read and get busy.

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THE YELLOW JACKET, Moravian Falls, N. C.

"Jeffersonian"



Lives of some great men remind us
We can make our lives intense
And by kicking leave behind us
A name resembling thirty cents.

I heard Chump Clark the other day
when he came into my stall to throw
in a bushel of oats in my feed box
say to Underwood:

"But you see if I am in the running
I must have Bryan's support, and
howinel am I to have it if I favor a
protective tariff on wool?"

"But," said Underwood, "it isn't a
protective tariff. I'll have Claude
Kitchin who is a great jockey before
a jury and as full of sophistry as a
yellow dog full of fleas, put up a reso-
lution that we can't take the duty
clear off because of a depleted treas-
ury, made so by Republican extrava-
gance. Then we can go out and ex-
plain that when we overcome the
extravagance of Republicans we can
take the duty clear off—insist that
the duty we leave is a duty for reve-
nue only—when, as you know, it is
to hold in line the sheep-growing
farmers."

"But that won't wash," said Chump.
"You know the Republicans are as
foxey as we are and they haven't got
to follow the rules of Jefferson. They
don't give a dern what Jefferson said
and we don't either, but we make out
we do. How can I go before the peo-
ple and declare myself a Jeffersonian
Democrat and say I favored a duty
on wool and was willing to vote for
it in order to raise revenue, when we
let diamonds come in at ten per cent
duty? Why should wool pay twenty
per cent and diamonds ten per cent?
We know that every man wants wool
cheap and the man who can wear
diamonds don't care what they cost—
he wants 'em to cost as much as pos-
sible so poor folks can't wear 'em."
"But," said Underwood, "don't you
know that clothing isn't going to be
lowered on account of this tariff
scare of ours? It will be just like
coffee. The manufacturers of high-
class clothing will reap the benefit;
the producer of wool will lose out in
America and instead of laying the
failure of sheep-raising on the trust
we must lay it on the dogs. Dia-
monds of course could be raised nine-
ty per cent and the rich would buy
'em and we could get all the bloom-
in' tariff we are looking for on other
luxuries—but if we get tariff only we
won't get any votes. The sheep in-
dustry is large, and when you cut the
duty to where that enterprise loses
out in America every man who here-
before raised a sheep is going to blat
and that'll knock the Democratic
party sky high.

"I tell you Chump, we just must
keep a reasonable protective tariff on
wool because wool is a yote getter.
"But Bryan says it is hypocrisy.
It is cowardice. It is repudiating our
platform, and Bryan is right," said
Chump.

"Yes," said Underwood, "Bryan has
been right and that's why he hasn't
been president. He is like another
brilliant man of history except he
would rather be wrong than not be
president, but he always don't know
what to do. If we let Bryan come in
here and dominate 'us, I know that

you think he will boost you into the
nomination, but let me tell you,
Chumppy, Old Boy, if we submit to
his demand, made thus imperiously,
he at once becomes the leader, rec-
ognized and admitted, and then he'll
demand the nomination himself. No,
the tariff business as we play it, is
nothing but a scarecrow anyway, and
I'm going to have that 20 per cent
on wool and thus let Bryan know we
are not bulls with rings in our noses
being led around by him. He isn't
going to run this boat and that's all
there is to it.

And old Chump's eyes filled with
tears. He said he saw his finish, and
he also saw in the rebuke to Bryan
a fight in the national convention
that met a wide open split and Taft's
reelection. Bryan is going to lose
the job either in the regular conven-
tion or he will make tariff the Para-
mount Issue and set up a free trade
party of his own and lead it to defeat
or victory. But in doing it, it will
undo Democracy and we are in a
fellofahix.

I have cried my eyes out for Wood-
row the Great. He sniffed the battle
from afar and he rode to the wildest
end of the far off coast and delivered
himself of his great message. He
sailed around the circle; he spouted
and he spoke and he goes back to
New Jersey fully discredited. In
Raleigh he failed to make the im-
pression the North Carolina Demo-
crats expected. He doesn't measure
up. He is a school teacher and a
school teacher outside the school
house knows nothing. He isn't in-it.
He is already exhausted so far as
steam is concerned, and I am rather
glad to know it. His head is swollen
and he is contradicting himself—hug-
ging the phantoms of initiative and
recall. Poor Woodrow. He was hit
hard and now his inflated boom has
burst, maybe he will wake up.

Old Jud Harmon is still thinking
things will come his way, but it looks
rather gloomy. I don't want to be-
tray any secrets, but listen to me;
Before the time comes Bryan is going
to find and name a man who will split
Democracy wide open. The wool
schedule has shown the duplicity and
hypocrisy of Democracy. Bryan
called their bluff and he makes a
platform on which he can stand and
fight. He will claim justification and
prove his ground. He put Democra-
cy in the nine hole more completely
than any one ever did. Free trade
or tariff for revenue only will not
condone 20 per cent on woollen
goods. That beats Democracy be-
cause Bryan is armed in honesty
when he denounces it.

TAKE WARNING.

Our old friend B. F. Vance, of
Bristol, Virginia, contributes this
apt epitaph for the girl who goes to

should be repealed?
Does your admiration for jack-
asses increase as you learn more of
orthodoxy?
Do you regard God as a "fool"
or a "liar" if he pardons sin?
Do you bellyache about every-
thing? Cuss the trusts, profane the
Almighty, rail at the plutes?
If so, the Socialists want you.
They can use you in their biz. They
love the man who can spit defiance
in the face of the Almighty and who
regards all laws unjust, all condi-
tions bad and believe in a red rag as
the emblem of goodness and justice.

An exchange says a Kansas man
declares God is using the drouth to
punish the sins of Kansas people. No
doubt that sort of talk pleases the
devil.

Democratic Prayer

Our much renowned and still un-
crowned William Jennings Bryant,
thou who hast led us about thru the
wildernesses of Democracy for six-
teen years and never got us within
forty leagues of the pie counter, thou
who hast kept us eternally betwixt
the devil and the deep blue sea, we
the voters of the dear old Dem party
send thee this feeble petition thru
The Yellow Jacket.

We thank thee, William, for thy
skill in making monkeys out of us.

We thank thee that we are tough
enough to stand the lickings that thou
hast help bring on us. Thou hast
certainly prepared us for anything.
The swating we have received under
thy leadership would prepare a party
for any fate.

But we have decided to march un-
der the banner of another. In turn-
ing our blistered and weather-beaten
backs upon thee we drop the ills we
already have and fly to those we
know not of.

But, Master Bill, we don't see how
it can be any worse.

Beloved Bryan, we have done a lot
of hard work in thy name and for
thy glory. We certainly have fought,
bled and died for Democracy if any
party ever did.

We ripped and roared in the 16 to
1 campaign till our throats were sore
for six months.

We ran up and down thru the land
and shouted "Imperialism" till we
almost let our crops go to the bow-
wows and also nearly ruined our
voices.

We cursed the "high cost of living"
and the "rubber tariff" till there
wasn't a dry thread on our shirts.

We rose early and worked late,
went thru heat and cold, sunshine
and showers, all in the name and for
the cause of Democracy.

In fact, Great Busted Boss, it seems
like we did more braying and got
less for it than any set of jackasses
ever did before.

But we come together this evening
to let thee know the worm had
turned.

We don't know who will be the
candidate. We don't know what the
platform will contain, but we know
we are ready to line up under the
banners of Clark, or Wilson, or Har-
mon, or Kerne and bray as we have
never brayed before.

We are willing to give thee second
place on the ticket if it will help us
storm the White House and get the
post offices.

We are willing to listen to thy free
silver voice and yell for the whole
ticket if only our thirsty throats and
lank bellies may secure a little of
the fat of office.

Muchly walloped Master, things are
getting awful gloomy down in this
ack of the woods.

The moonshine stills are nearly all
broken up; the last court sent many
our number to the penitentiary
and it hasn't rained for two months.
It looks, as if the Lord had forgot-
ten us and that times were going to
be as dull as they were when our
party was in power before.

Sometimes we long for the good
days when McKinley was in pow-
er and money was abundant and
prices were high and we had nothing
to do but work at high wages and
attend the political caucus and hol-
low for the Dem ticket. Life was one
grand sweet song then. The Repub-
licans had all things their way and
money was plentiful as bull-bats after
sun-down. We could well afford to
spend one-third of our time cavorting
for the ticket then and live well be-
sides, but it is different now.

It takes all we can make at work
every day to buy clothes for our backs
and grub for our bellies.

We have hollowed so much it seems
that everybody is disgusted and a
good many are scared. Money is
seeking its hiding places, wages are
going down, jobs are being abolished,
shops are being closed and all along
the line I—I seems to be to pay. And
that is why we want a new leader.

(Continued on 2nd page, 4th column.)

IT MAKES ONE TREMBLE.

Just to read of all the terrible
things doing and done—to know that
the two big trusts, Oil and Tobacco,
have received a solar plexus blow,
and then to know that the sugar
trust; the steel trust; the bath trust
—well, a list as long as a mile, will
soon be on the table, and what, if
all are convicted, will be the outcome?

The Supreme court, reading in its
rule of reason, says men can combine
and do business—it simply says they
mustn't go beyond what is reason-
able. We all know that there are
many men of many minds, and what
one man might term reasonable the
other man would, in all honesty term
unreasonable. So we take it that
there must be combinations, at least
partnerships, and if competition gets
keen, one or the other of a certain
squad will be doing the other fellow,
and of course the jury must come
in and say whether or not the tactics
employed were reasonable.

All of this will make much fuss—
all of this must, perforce, disturb
conditions, but that is what we are
here for. It looks to us as though
the decision, while not at all settling
the trust question, except those im-
mediately dealt with, everlastingly

removes the trust from the magic of
the spell-binder's voice. The profes-
sional politician who has been re-
galing his countrymen with admoni-
tions to send to the penitentiary all
trust monsters has seen his finish.
Because hereafter all trusts are pre-
sumed to be good trusts until proven
guilty. Heretofore it has been assumed
that every trust was a bad trust—
that all trust magnates should be
sent to jail. But now, before you de-
clare a man a trust magnate, you
must know what you are talking
about. In other words he has a right
to use the rule of reason—and he can
make you prove that he is unreason-
able in his conduct. The burden of
proof lies on the accuser.

So far as The Yellow Jacket is con-
cerned it wants to see all men keep
within the bounds of reason; it wants
to see the commercial world expand,
and it doesn't want to see wild men
rushing into court to put out of busi-
ness men who are doing great good
to the country.

Now is a good time to subscribe
for the Y. J. and get something to
refresh your tired brain. The Sen-
ate is going to talk Reciprocity for
six weeks and we don't propose to
report a single speech