

The Yellow Jacket.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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TEN YEARS \$2.00

Special Club Rates
Clubs of 4, 60c. Clubs of 10, \$1.00.

Stingers

Democratic candidates usually start their own booms.

We give you all ample opportunity to send in your renewal under our 10 cent and ten names proposition.

If you have not sent in your dime and ten names yet, you are requested to get busy today.

Thank the Lord, it's over—the King of England has been crowned, and now let us get down to business and forget it.

We have horseless carriages, wireless telegraphy and hogless land, but the world still waits for the howless Democrat.

With the mercury up to 95 in the shade it is almost impossible for the Y. J. man to keep cool enough to write.

By their votes the House Democrats show they are protectionists, but they haven't got the back-bone to say so.

When Nature decides that the country needs a good, hearty puke the desired result is usually secured by having the people take a good dose of Democracy.

Take the dope of delusion and the froth of fanaticism out of Democracy and there wouldn't be enough substance left to make a woodpecker's breakfast.

The Democrats are threatening to make Rome howl in 1912, but if they succeed in making her howl any worse than she is doing now we say God pity the Romans.

Some of the Democratic editors are discussing whether the snuff habit is increasing or decreasing, but all agree that old booze is holding her own.

Since Tillmanism went broken-winded in South Carolina about all you hear from that section concerning Democracy is that it still uses a great deal of whiskey and stands for Prohibition.

Representative Mann, of Illinois, is not a trust buster; he is not an insurgent; he is not a barn-stormer, in the strictest sense, but he can raise more Cain in a given length of time than any member of the lower house.

We've seen people proud of their pedigree, but just why a fellow with a breath like a skunk and a nose like a lobster should want to insult his political ancestor by claiming partisan kinship with T. Jefferson, we never could understand.

If either Halley's comet or the Democratic House had anything to do with bringing this hot weather we hope to the Lord that both will slip their trolley pole next time in the interest of suffering humanity and not get back in one thousand years.

DEAFNESS CURED.

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises, has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay today at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 8638 Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

The Democrats are rejoicing over the letter W which appears on the wings of the 17 year locusts this year. They declare that W stands for Wilson. They don't seem to realize that the W which they declared in the past stood for William Jennings Bryan may be standing for the same old William. And it may stand for "wind-up of William."

Woodrow Wilson comes out squarely in favor of protective tariff on wool, saying all parties must work for good of country. That's what the Republicans have been trying to hammer into the heads of the free-trade Bryanites for all these years, but it did no good. The only reason Woodrow is for protection, not free-trade on wool, is to keep the business Democrats from going pell-mell into the Republican camp.

We recently saw a Democratic justice of the peace so gloriously drunk on prohibition booze that he didn't know which end of the public road led towards home, but being a Democrat, it was all right, and prohibition still prohibits and Democracy is still the sweetest scented honeysuckle on the pike. Oh, Prohibition, how many sorry Democrats are soaking booze in thy name!

The nearest approach to a Democratic administration in point of hot air and short measure is the real estate company that offers land for sale at \$100 per acre when the dirt is dear at \$5; avowing that its adaptability for all kinds of crops is unsurpassed anywhere, when the truth is in most cases the land is too poor to even make brick without fertilizer.

We note that one hundred women of California, members of different clubs, have just dedicated a monument on Mount Saint Helena to Robert Louis Stevenson. The author of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde didn't fare well in this world, because he had but little health. But what he did, he did well, and it is pleasing to know that there are those who think it worth while to perpetuate the memory of the man who did something for his fellowmen.

The Eighth Congressional district of North Carolina is represented by a Democrat but he has imbibed enough Yellow Jacket gospel that he voted squarely against the Canadian reciprocity farce in the House. Some of the little pee-wee pin-headed Democratic papers have the audacity to say it was because of a misunderstanding of the question. Oh, Lord, it is a pity that the whole world couldn't go to school a few weeks to some of these Dem editors and get informed.

A subscriber asks us to tell the difference between the Democratic party and the Republican party. That's easy. The Republican party represents a patient and trusty horse trying to pull the coach of progress to the pinnacle of National Fame, and the Democratic party represents a devilish male which has kicked one of its hind legs through one of the wheels and is trying its best to drag the whole thing into a great gully at the bottom. That's the difference.

Push on, push on—get us a million subscribers. Help us shell the woods next year. Give us room and wading and we'll make Rome howl. The rads are going to prick the bubbles of bibulous Democracy—and the Y. J. is adjusting its Stinger to help along. Every man can help us by getting up a club. The Y. J. cuts ice and plenty of it; it rubs Democracy the wrong way—it gives you all something to think about, and in the end does a deal of good. Get busy and start out with the determination to send us a club or two. That Tennessee Dem was away off.

The Winston-Salem Journal in its Democratic innocence wonders what part South Carolina gets of the twenty million gallons of whiskey that the Government figures say were shipped

10 Cent Offer

Send us one silver dime (no stamps taken), and the names of ten people you think might love to put their peepers on a sample copy of this paper and we will send you the Stinger for one year—will enter your subscription or renew your time. This offer holds Good only 30 days from June 28th.

last year into Southern prohibition territory. Well, as people usually drink in proportion to their troubles we figure that the brand of Democracy they have down in South Carolina would drive the entire population to drink and hence it would be that proportion of the twenty millions that South Carolina Democracy bears to the whole Dem party multiplied by three.

An esteemed subscriber asks us how we stand on Taft. Well, beloved, we don't think it would be polite to stand on a three hundred pound man this sort of weather, so we are not going to try it. On most things we agree with the President, but on a few things we disagree, to-wit: Canadian Reciprocity, and appointing so many Democrats and niggers to high office. But with these faults he is as far superior in statesmanship to any man the Dems will put up as the splendor of an arc light excels the glow of a lightning-bug, so we're for Taft till the G. O. P. names his successor.

That old cankered, hip-shotten, sore-eyed, back-boneless lie to the effect that R. Don Laws runs a Democratic paper has started on the rounds again. A subscriber writes us from Virginia saying it is so reported in his section. It seems like the Dems would get ashamed of reporting this old lie so much. If some one will bring us, dead or alive, the snide who gives countenance to this story we'll preserve the durned monster in some of this prohibition whiskey they have here in North Carolina and advertise the freak as the rarest specimen of the liar that ever walked the earth. R. Don Laws engaged in running a Democratic paper! O tempora, O mores, O hell!

PLAYED OUT, QUICK.

It was fitting that the Turkish skirt; the sheathe dress and whatever else there was of downright foolishness in milady's attire should have lost its underpinning so early in the game. We see where a respectable lady in New York came out the other day in what she called the Snake Dress—a tight fitting garment varicolored bright as the rainbow. Of course she wanted to attract attention, and we take it that she did—but we wonder if any of the fool women—and we use the words fool women advisedly, ever stopped for just a moment to think what idiots they were making of themselves?

A woman jauntily attired makes a picture worth while—but when you see one of 'em strutting around in something horrible—something that is fashioned only to cause comment, you may put it down as a fact that her head-works are out of gear. She is a little bit off; just enough to be what you would call nutty; just enough to have sense perhaps to go out of the rain, but not enough sense to stay in after she had gotten there.

Why sensible women will admit of all the dernfoolishness that prevails in the matter of style is a matter for which you can search us and still be trying to find a reason; why a sensible woman doesn't understand that it means expense; it means comment, often at the cost of character, and what they want to do such outlandish tricks for is a puzzle for fair.

The Pope knocked the Turkish pants into the middle of next July—he just issued a royal ukase to the effect that no woman of his church should be caught dead or alive in such new-fangled thingamajibs, and that ended it. It is to be regretted that we haven't, in other churches, some grand Medicine Man who could deliver himself as the Pope did.

The woman who dresses neatly; who dresses extravagantly, if she can afford it, and uses good sense is always to be admired. But for some of these old double jointed hoop skirts trying to put on a new creation that fits 'em about like a mother Hubbard gown would fit a lightning rod, makes us tired, and we don't care who knows it.

DEMOCRATIC PRAYER.

(Continued from first page.)

That is why we are going to change our tunes. We've got to the place where the people demand something but hot air and free silver and anti-imperialism. We've got to the place where Democracy has got to stand for something to win a victory.

So we are ready to make the dash towards the White House.

We are ready to straighten up and put on a clean shirt and turn our face to Washington and start a stampede that will wake the dead of Democracy from Tom Jefferson down to Cleveland.

We thank thee for being willing to step down and out and let us put up a new Moses.

Send us the Commoner on time as usual and depend upon us to raise hell when the sign gets right. Amen.

BOSTONIAN BOTHERATIONS.

The editor of the Hickory, N. C., Times-Mercury doesn't seem to relish the attitude of the people of Boston in their zeal to do something nice for the common poor trash and country cusses around the Hub. Read while The Times-Mercury skins:

"Up in the hills of New England, where the people are so good and so kind, they have decided to do something nice for the common poor trash and country cusses around the Hub. Read while The Times-Mercury skins:

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DOLLAR A DAY PENSION.

The Democratic House of representatives has killed the dollar a day pension bill promised the old soldiers. This is not surprising, inasmuch as the South is dominant in the Democratic party and the South will not stand for increase of pensions to the federal soldiers. The Confederates are on top now in Congress. Together in the Senate and the House there are fourteen Confederate veterans who are Congressmen. This is nearly twice the number of Union veterans in Congress.

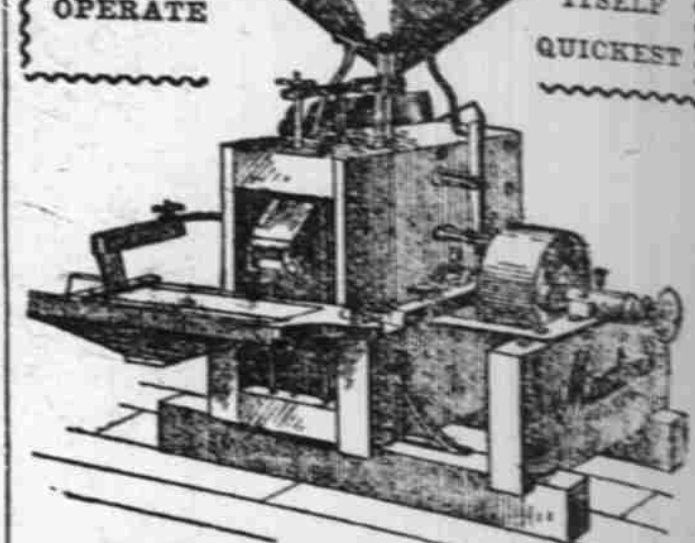
All the Republican members of the House voted to consider the pension bill.

Discussing cleanliness the other day a Democratic politician remarked: "I make it a point to take a bath twice a year whether I need it or not."

Don't Wear a Truss

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