

# The Yellow Jacket.

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THE YELLOW JACKET, Moravian Falls, N. C.

## Ladies and Gentlemen—Listen!

We want every person into whose hands this copy of The Yellow Jacket falls, to become a subscriber immediately, if not sooner. If you admire Republican political philosophy, as sound as the pillars of Gibraltar, home-spun logic, blistering satire, rip-'em-up-the-back ridicule, rollicking roasts, slat-jarring bolts of journalistic lightning, tail-twisters and jawbone breakers, then you should subscribe for this paper. The Yellow Jacket has shed its knee britches, being now seventeen years old. Every issue is a humdinger and it's going to get hotter. If you want to know what we think of the wabby Democrats, the worse-wobbly Socialists or a Republican who has caught the wabbling habit and is running down at the heels and trying to ride two jackasses going in different directions at once, then get your name on our mailing list and let us chuckle you under the chin bi-weekly for one year. The regular price of The Yellow Jacket is 30 cents per year, but as a trial offer we will do this: Send us 15 cents (no stamps) and we will send you the Stinger for one year, or send us one dime and the names of ten people whom you think would like a sample copy and we will enter you for twelve months. This offer holds good till further notice. Address,

THE YELLOW JACKET, Moravian Falls, N. C.

## The End Must Come.

The man who thinks just a little bit, must see that the end of this glorious country is in sight unless the restless people get down to their knitting. With half of the people dissatisfied; with thousands of them talking Anarchy; with hundreds of thousands rushing into Socialism; with the affinity business becoming shocking in every state; with great political parties dividing; with wealth defying law and labor defying law; with all the ins and outs and a universal and far-reaching bellyache, what is to hold the country together? When it comes, it is coming as a revolution—just such a revolution as has knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite every Nation that ever had a birth or existence on the planet.

Near-beer, that cherished idol of a million booze artists in the South has been swiped to its death—a David slew it in the different legislatures; Hoke Smith has been made U. S. Senator from Ga. and Chump Clark can't have Missouri in the National convention. Tell us the day isn't coming, and coming in a flying machine. Look at the unrest—look at the society dames who can't spend their income and are devoting their affection on

their chauffeurs and poodle dogs; and look at the men who are money mad and willing to bust a bank in order to get in the penitentiary. Nothing like the old days—aye, the good old days, when people were satisfied and happy with a few thousand dollars. Millions and more millions is the cry, and when the red flames light up the sky and the day of the torch is at hand, a man will be a fool to admit that he is surprised. The speed we have reached is the limit, almost—and the skidding is going to commence.

And yet we are not an alarmist. If it comes, it must come as a condition that must exist. The Great Governor of the world knows what He is doing, and while Rome and Egypt and the Far East that once controlled and that once was the wonder and glory of a world in darkness went their way—so must any Nation that puts up the golden bull as an idol and worships it and brushes aside humanity and love and happiness. Let 'er come, gentlemen, we can't help it or you can't help it. The crowd is responsible—but the individual unit of that crowd is powerless. Too late—so make way for the fire-works and Kernel Kern's whiskers.

### HE QUIT.

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

For some time Dick Maple, as editor of The Rip Saw, has been shocking all decent people by using the columns of his paper to belch forth the most uncalled-for and unheard-of broadsides of blasphemy that ever have been seen in any journal of any age or any country. Such terms as "coward," and "fool" and "tyrant," were applied to God, and those who believed in orthodox religion were compared to jackasses and trucklers to tyranny. And the thing got worse and worse. Each issue brought forth some new form of blasphemy and the Socialists seemed to relish it but were too cowardly to say so. But all at once, as sudden as a clap of thunder from a clear sky, Maple quit. Not only quit blaspheming in the Rip Saw, but threw up his job and quit quicker than you could say scat. Quit with his contract for three years more uncompleted. Quit without reason or

apology. Quit without any warning. So one of the most turbulent volcanoes of blasphemy ever seen or heard in the Christian age has ceased to erupt without any assigned reason except it be found in the quotation at the beginning of this paragraph.

In his speech at the University of North Carolina this year Woodrow Wilson disregarded all sense of propriety by delivering a rank partisan speech and then to mend the matter he reinforced the thing by working in his favorite word "damn" to the disgust of everybody but the tin can and Dick Maple Dems. But Wilson is a Democrat and anything goes with a Dem.

If the Democrats thought they could fool the people into voting them into power by promising the people free rain every time crops needed it, they wouldn't hesitate to make the promise. They've promised things as impossible.

## "Jeffersonian"



Governor Wilson's very fine address at the University of North Carolina commencement was marred by his strained use of the word "damn" for smile-producing purposes. We fear that in regard to profanity, as also in regard to espousal of some temporarily popular fads after having ridiculed them all his life, this able and otherwise attractive scholar-statesman is seeking ungraceful and unnecessary escape from what the hostile term "Dr. Syntax" would imply.—Charlotte Observer.

What's that!  
To say a man who seeks applause to win,

Must not step on forbidden grass—cannot

Employ Anglo-Saxon words like sailors use, to

Raise the yell!  
Why bless my soul, and who shall say

What Woodrow meant?

Dam may mean sire, pap or dad—Paterfamilias of materfamilias—Sept or tribe or race or clan—

And Octopi the father of it all. Again it might be said that dam

Might mean a bung, a bolt, a cram, A plug, a stop, a seal.

Or it might mean, if books be true, A pond, a pool, a tarn, a ditch or dike.

And in interpretation not remote dam

Might mean to put on the brake, To stop or stay, trammel or tether

the

Whole Dam Family of unskinned Octopi—

And if that be so, then Dr. Syntax of the

Open Mouth [as per the New York Sun)

Might find in his capricious conduct

Justification for the plea of justifiable

Homicide or suicide, as the case might be.

In California's glorious clime there is a place where Ubedam (and

So will I, if 'tis not true) is known to all—

A town it is, and if nomenclature allows you to be dam

Then why not I?

I wot you know of the hoary chestnut

Covered o'er with moss, about the insulated

Word cofferdam, and the cow that was

Just about to cofferdam head off, and

Other skits and skids of the same design.

In this wide world of woe change is

Ever on, so I read into that law which

said let your communication be yea, yea

And nay, nay, the word "reasonable"—

Just apply the rule of reason, as did the

Texas Judge who held it wasn't wrong to

Cuss if the home team was beaten, In the language of the poet who may

Have thought it and failed to write it:

"A little cussing now and then is relished by the best of men."

And if Dr. Syntax chooses to use a few of Uncle Joe's choice bon mots—let 'em come—for I'll be d-d if I can see how you are going to restrain the trusts unless you dam 'em up.

He haw-he haw. Say, boys, that's

A pretty good joke on Chump, isn't it? Old Joe Folk was a bigger man than Chump when the convention met, and Chump was mighty glad to be endorsed for Speaker and of course Joe wanted to be "president." And so the great state of Mi-zzouri said it should be so. Joe wanted to be president and Chump Speaker. It was modest to take the two biggest apples, but then—they didn't expect either one of them. And now Chump thinks he is bigger than Joe, but Joe's friends say Missouri must vote for Joe for president. That leaves Chump bagging at the knees. It's funny—he-ha-he-haw!

It seems wherever I hear the boys talking that Woodrow lost his breath in the last oriental whirl and that he will never be able to get the slack out of his pants.

In examining the Lorimer witness—Kernel Kern's whiskers seem to have a very important part. Why didn't they get J. Ham Lewis and his whiskers—they are already parted and then they have such an effulgent glow that they, themselves, might have shed some light on the great mystery.

It seems that William the Peerless, who is now running without water, says Judson is too old; too much of a trust buster—but why should William strike such a blow below the belt. People in the South, at least, recall the trip that William and Judson took together and Jud spoke from the platform for Billy. Why, if Billy thinks reciprocity a good thing, doesn't he come across and help Jud out?

The county option plank was the undoing of Bryan. Lancaster county, his home place, has recently opened twenty-five sprea selling establishments, and county option looks as lonesome as a suffragette in a ball room.

They say that Mr. Bryan is teaching a new mule some new tricks. I hope so. I have ridden Bryan long enough. And then my tricks are rather obsolete, anyway. What the country needs now is a paramount issue for the Plain People with a trick mule to show it off.

I am glad Mr. Pinchot thinks he is vindicated and I, also rejoice to know that Mr. Ballinger thinks it politics instead of business. On the G. T. I see a whole lot of politics where business ought to be in this extra session, but knowing my master's crib I dare not bray anything about it.

When they get all the Trust Magistrates in prison—Jeffersonian you know—the Plain people looking for a job will have a felofatime finding it.

Some days they say we will adjourn pretty soon and then they say it is December first. Well, I don't care what they do—because it will all have to be done over again. The Senate still has some sense.

### NO NEED OF IT.

The day will come, sometime, we may not be here fighting skeeters and tax collectors, but it is going to come, when there will be no need of laws to prohibit whiskey. The man who wakes up and sees what a fool he is to drink the swill will finally let it alone—the fellow who doesn't wake up will kill himself. But the public school, finally, will solve the problem. When the child is taught what ill-effects alcohol has on the brain, when he is taught that whiskey is a poison and the great government finally washes its hands of the revenues, whiskey making and whiskey drinking will become a lost art.

We are not for prohibition. We are not a fanatic on the question. We just let things go their way—but the tendency of the times is to enlighten, to teach and not try to force. When that glad day comes many reforms will come with it, that today are impossible.