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FOR FREE TRADE? YOU BET.

A subscriber writes us from Baltimore and asks the following question:

"Do you believe that the Democrats are really in favor of free trade?"

You bet they are. If there is anything a Democrat wants next to pie and redeye it is free trade—for the other fellow's products.

The sugar Democrats are just aching to have the tariff removed on cotton. The cotton growing Democrats are sitting up nights writing their Congressmen urging free trade for wool. The wool Democrats have got chilblains kicking for free trade on wheat. The wheat growing Democrats have ruptured their vocal cords howling for free trade on corn. The corn raising Democrats have busted the buttons off of their jumper jackets whooping for free trade on Irish potatoes. The lumber Democrats are standing on top of the lumber hacks frantically waving their arms for free trade on steel rails. The steel trust Democrats are running excursions to Washington demanding free trade on Bibles.

And then there's the Florida cracker Democrats who are actually neglecting their groves in their mad clamor for free fruit. Aint they double barreled daisies? Cutting off their own noses to spite their face. Yes, bub, the Democrats are all just literally ripping great holes in the ambient atmosphere in their mad clamor for free trade,—for the other fellow's products.

Of course when it comes to questions affecting their own products, every mother's son of these same Democrats, except the Florida crackers are rampant protectionists. The Democratic lumbermen demand protection on lumber, and Democratic Congressmen voted for it, but they wanted free trade on everything else. The peanut Democrats (and they are nearly all peanuts) asked for protection on their nuts and Democratic Congressmen voted for protected nuts but they wanted free trade on everything else.

The wool Democrats demanded protection on wool and Democratic Congressmen gave them protection, but they wanted free trade on everything else. Then the cotton growers demanded protection on cotton and the Democrats gave them protection on cotton, but they wanted free trade on everything else.

And so it goes all along the line, from the peanut producers of the Tar Heel State to the one gallus Democratic wool growers of the West.

The free trade theory makes good sucker bait, ladies and gentlemen, but it's a mighty poor ballast for progressive business.

Yes; bless your soul, Mr. Subscriber, the Democrats are just as surely in favor of free trade—for the other fellow's products—as a bunch of lighted firecrackers tied to a dog's tail would be to send him yelping down the street.

READ THEM THE STINGER, BOYS.

Watch those Scrats that go round strutting, bragging that they've got the jobs; get right after them, dear readers, smash their breadtraps and their knobs. Whack 'em on the solar plexus, keep reminding 'em of hell, till they wish they were out sailing in Salt River's diving bell.

If you hear a wild Scrat blowing about Woodrow and his crew, whack him with a few hard questions about tax and incomes too. Blast his hopes of joy forever, sew him in a canvass sack, read the Stinger in his presence, watch him scot and not come back.

Every loyal voter ought to have a Stinger close at hand, for its virus stirs the blooming Democrats to beat the band. It's a missionary duty,—every reader should possess Yellow Jacket broadsides for the strutting Democrats' distress. Fire it to 'em, Boys, keep whooping till they get so all fired mad that the very thought of Woodrow makes the Demmies sore and sad. If you hear a rampant rascal whooping for the Bryan crew, put him on the Stinger's sub list, its the best thing you can do. He will wriggle and he'll wiggle like a fish caught on a hook, but he'll mend his Democratic ways and cease to be a crook. Every Scrat in your community needs saving for the state; be a missionary, reader, rescue him e'er it's too late.

Doctors say the little Stinger is the very sort of thing to reclaim the droted Demmies with its healthy little sting.

"A vicious nigger with vile hands stripped the tobacco from which your fifty-cent cigar was made, my gentleman, and a wanton hussy reeking with disease washed and ironed your dainty underwear, my lady; your baby's nurse has a husband dying of consumption and there is small pox in the alley where your buther's boy lives." That is the kind of mental spew the Socialists writes lone to stick under the eyes of the decent men and women of this country who give them jobs and keep them from starving. And a woman that calls herself a wife wrote it in a nigger loving romance for the Socialists.

THEY ARE GETTING SORE.

As the political band begins to tune up for the Wilsonite procession, the pie hungry and the faithful are beginning to get warm around the sweatband. Being in power doesn't measure up as they thought it would. The boys are feeling blue. They think Wilson is not cutting the pie as it should be cut. They are hungry-mouthed and sore eyed. Here they have the first chance to taste pie after sixteen years of sweat and swearing ranting and ripping, charging and cussing, belching and bellyaching, and Wilson turns the Federal pound cake and family pie over to the Taftites and Teddyites by retaining hundreds of them in the juiciest offices. The Demmycrats are getting sore as they were in the last days of the Cleveland reign when they swore he had sold out to the Republicans.

The Stinger is in receipt of the following letter from one of the South Carolina faithful which he asks us to print:

Editor, The Yellow Jacket;
Knowing that The Yellow Jacket is fearless political paper, I ask you to print the following open letter from me to Woodrow Wilson which the Democratic papers I have tried have refused to print:

Woodrow Wilson,
President of the United States.

Mr President:—If you think that your conduct in refusing to distribute the offices to the Democrats who worked faithfully for your election is going to help the Democratic party, you are not the man of intelligence the people thought you were. I have been a Democrat for over fifty years and I tell you I am daddled sore. I have been voting year in and year out, voting against friends on other tickets, in season and out of season, and the way you are acting with the federal offices makes me feel like an unappreciated ass. Do you suppose the Democrats voted to elect you president just to give you a fat job? Do you think we really elected you because we believed in the platform, or free trade, or thought things would be better if we had a Democratic president? We may be fools, but we've got bat sense enough to know prosperity when we live under it. And we have good memories. We know that the Democratic party caused two panics. We know that Grover Cleveland starved thousands, emptied the full dinner pail and closed factories. We know that Democrats never believed in free trade except for the other fellow's products, but we thought when we voted for you you would drive out the Republicans and give us the offices.

But you have commenced giving the soft snaps and snug births to Republicans who voted against you and insulted the Democrats' intelligence, you tell the world that we are not capable of holding high jobs. It was bad enough when you refused to appoint a Democrat in New Jersey and said you would keep the Republican in the place because he was efficient. If that meant anything, it meant that you think there are no efficient men among the Democrats. Do you think Democrats enjoy being reminded that they have no sense? Do you think that we relish being repaid for our loyal support by having people tell us that you are retaining Republicans for efficiency and turning down Democratic applicants because you think they are not able to hold the jobs?

Remember Taft played h—l with his party by giving juicy jobs to Democrats that his party declared belonged to the Republicans.

And now you say you mean to retain the Republican office holders in the White House. How do you suppose a Democrat will feel being shown around the White House occupied by a Democrat and filled with Republican officers? How do you think that sounds to Democrats? Holding up the long line of faithful followers at the White House door and telling them to go back, there's nothing vacant, that all the jobs in your official family are for the Republicans and Progressives because of their efficiency. Efficiency, hell. We were efficient enough to go to the polls and cast our ballots for you when you wanted to be president. We were efficient enough to split our larynx yelling for you in the campaign, and urging our skeptic neighbors to go to the polls and vote the Democratic ticket. When the Republicans said you were strong on promises but weak on performances, we said they lied and went on and whooped and rallied for you. Now look what we are up against. Dubbed inefficient and not even allowed to hope for the country post-offices. Republicans and Progressives who warned people against Democracy now sit back in the fat offices and give us the horse laugh. The country postmaster holds on to the job because you say we are not efficient and the fellows bragging that we were going to get the post offices and the other jobs ridicule us and tell us that you say we are inefficient and there will be no Democratic jobs.

Do you think we will glory in our

victory when we have Republican postmasters handing out our mail from offices we worked to get for ourselves? Do you have any idea that Democrats are going to remain Democrats when you say they are not capable of holding office and all the easy snaps passed over to the opposition the way you are doing? What do you think we are Democrats for, any how? For our health?

Voting the Republican ticket in South Carolina has never been popular and I have been a Democrat all my life, but I tell you that if this is the way you are going to run the government, I am done with Democracy henceforth now and forever more.

It looks to me like you do not intend to carry out any of the party pledges. I thought you promised to bring the high cost of living down. It is about time. I find jobs harder to get money less plentiful, but when I go to buy groceries and produce, the grocer tells me that the prices have gone up instead of coming down. You said we would have lower meat, lower bread, and lower foodstuffs. When do you expect to start lowering them? If you don't intend to give us the jobs we worked for, why don't you do something right away to lower the high cost of living?

It just looks to me like we have been swamped by you Mr. Wilson.

It seems very plain that you only made these promises to get the office. And now that you are in it, the common people can go the Devil.

R. P. W. Stekeleather,
Columbia, S. C.

IS IT A NIGHTIE, EH?

A lady subscriber in Roberts, Ill., writes the Insect:

"R. Don Laws, editor and proprietor. We read your little paper and see the sketch about nicknaming the shirt tail. Would like you to tell thru your paper what a slumber robe is. A reader"

Well, by grabs, lady, we pass your question up to the first cabinet meeting of the Scrats, for it is over our heads.

The persons who ought to be able to tell what a slumber robe is are all out hunting new styles for Easter. The Scrats say that the G. Cleveland britches that they wore when steak went up and incomes went down under Free Trade and Democratic grace were the sleeping contraptions that they recognized as nighties then and will in all probability round again into style when the Professor gets things weaving at the White House. The ballot or bust brigade swear that bloomers are the articles referred to and Dr. Mary Walker believes that the kind that the old man uses in concealing his tall ankles will do to turn the trick. The Tottie Coughdrops of stand ready to kiss the book and accept a postage stamp as ample covering for all public and private purposes.

One expert in forms us that a slumber robe is a bed sheet cut on homeopathic dose principles, but as the Georgia cracker Democrat does not sleep in a bed and wouldn't know the difference between a bed sheet and a political amendment, it can hardly be anything of that sort.

Our old friend Doc Cook says he had one of 'em on when he discovered the North Pole and that it was cut bias and mostly bear—but we would like to know how in Sam Hill anything that is bare could be a robe.

If it is a bed sheet it looks like it has got mixed up with the table cloth in the wash. Our personal opinion is that a slumber robe is a pair of loose jointed, double barreled pajamas that a man can climb into any night that he is sober enough and dream of Democratic success and other political pipe dreams and then jump out and run for the doctor in them without having the police nab him by the coattail and tell him that he looks like Adam on dress parade in the Garden of Eden when the leaves began to fall.

EDUCATIONAL ITCH.

About the most incurable kind of educational itch is the sort that makes an old mental swayback drive up to the country school house where a faithful teacher is struggling to inject brains where the Lord forgot to put any and tell the teacher that if he does not cut the mental fodder to suit his son Hiram, the teacher's stay in that particular school will be made derved sudden. The country school patron who will try to bulldoze an earnest teacher by threats of withdrawing his support to the school is a daddered pusillanamous cuss. That's what we think, Jeems Henry.

An Invitation

We kindly invite every friend of The Yellow Jacket to send for a bunch of Sample copies of next issue and hand them around to your friends and neighbors. It will be a scale-starter, a moss-mover and a soul-stirrer. Wont you help us set the world on fire?

JUST A PUSILLANIMOUS LIAR.

If we owed the devil three infernal liars and he would not accept Chas. Klopfenstein, a red flag waving, white livered, loose jointed, flannel-mouthed hoosier of Middletown, Indiana, in full payment of the debt we would consider the devil a mighty poor specimen of a bargain hunter.

Not long ago Klopfenstein wrote The Yellow Jacket the following letter:

The Yellow Jacket;
There are three Socialists in this locality who are persistently handing out The Yellow Jacket. Finally one, a neighbor, induced me to subscribe. After having imbibed what I supposed to be some facts against this miserable doctrine, one of them led me into an argument down town last evening in which I was shamefully defeated to the delight of my fellow Republicans. This young man laughed at me for having imbibed the dope he had handed me. I have no doubt that Socialism and Socialists can be met on the economic field, and the reason you do not do this is because you are yourself a Socialist, overstating and overdrawing in your paper the arguments that used to be used against Socialism. I am satisfied now that The Yellow Jacket is working in conjunction with such vile sheets as The Appeal to Reason, Rip Saw, etc. Any way, it is the conclusion of the 30 or 40 who witnessed their old champion's humiliation last evening. A brother of mine who is visiting me from Ohio says the Socialists are using The Yellow Jacket in his locality. Please strike my name from your list for even if I had any sympathy with Socialism, I would think this a very underhanded means of furthering any cause.

Yours Truly,
CHAS. KLOPFENSTEIN.

Now, we can smell a Socialist a thousand miles away, and we knew the minute that little yelp reached our office that the writer was no more of a loyal Republican than Gene Debs or Mr. Satan Devil. His miserable little lying whine sounded too plainly like the howl of a hit ace that had been stung by the everlasting virus of the Insect and couldn't stand it any more.

But to make sure just what sort of an infernal hound the writer of that letter was who takes the immortal name of the Grand Old Party as a cloak for his dirty Socialism, we wrote a subscriber in Middletown and got the inside facts of Klopfenstein's politics. Our subscriber informed us that Klopfenstein is a red flag waving, revolution-slobbering Socialist who is too measly cowardly to own up that The Insect's business end has been lacerating his mangy carcass, and he wanted to make us believe that the God-damning crew that he sails with was using The Yellow Jacket to spread its doctrines among decent and law-abiding citizens of Indiana and Ohio.

But what do the Socialists think of a fleabitten, two-legged cur that will write a letter to the great enemy of Socialism and anarchy, denying he is one of the "cumrids" and pretend to be respectable enough to belong to the Party and claim to be a member of a party that saved the country, immortalized the gospel of liberty, and planted the proud banner of the Stars and Stripes where the glorious emblem of freedom never sees sun set?

For our part we think he is an infernal, daddled hound too puke-nurtured to keep company with sick hogs and too stench polluted to be allowed free access to the association of an effervescent pole cat. Chas. Klopfenstein is too morally moth-eaten to mingle even with the Socialists—and that is saying a blamed lot.

IS THE WORLD GOING FROM CHRIST.

The Rev. Z. T. Sweeney, a New York preacher, a brigadier-general in the army, a United States judge, a former U. S. consul at Constantinople, and a man of wide experience, in a sermon says:

"Only one-third of the world's population is even nominally under Christ's sway, and not more than ten percent is thoroughly imbued with His spiritual and theical character. The church barely has held its own from 1900 to 1910. Heathenism abroad is growing at the rate of 100 heathens to every convert we make from it."

This is a scorching reflection on the missionary work of the church. It means, if it means anything, that Christianity is being stabbed in the house of its friends.

The trouble lies in the church itself. The church has grown too sectarian, too stylish, too ahead of the humanity that lies at the base of every human life. Men of all creeds and classes followed Christ when He dwelt among them, because Christ was one of them.

Today the church is running into politics, fads and new fangles. The old hymns are not fine enough; the sacred songs that brought our fathers and grandfathers to their knees in prayer no longer satisfy. The music is confined to the hired choir and the perfumed performer. The simple faith, "the old time religion" that satisfied Saul to sacrifice his body on a funeral pyre, and made Stephen praise His redeemer while his tormentors cut and bruised him, is relegated to the background and the newer and higher order of things encompass us. Christianity has become a custom instead of a creed.

The spectacle of a bishop pandering to a political intrigue in the old days would have caused men to stand aghast at the profanation. Today they rally to hear their pastors proclaim and conferences become caucusses and politics has grown to be a part of the church.

Then, another thing that has troubled the waters of the old and simple faith has been the influx of disbelief into this country of late years.

Men do not seem to fear the consequences of blasphemy as they used to fear them. The awful omnipotence of a Mighty God seems to be disregarded by leaders in public life who paraphrase Christ's utterances, plagiarize God's edicts and use the Holy Book to further selfish ends.

The dissemination of thousands of free lance journals proclaiming atheistical doctrines has hurt the church. Most of these are fostered by foreigners who here lately come to our shores and who neither understand nor respect American institutions and Christian living. Be it said to their credit most native Americans are religious at heart and built on the simple faith of their fathers.

What the country will do to overcome this tendency toward "higher thought" that forgets Christ's life among men, can only be conjectured by men who have these momentous problems on their souls. There must be a return to the simple songs, the former faith and the genuine grasp on God that held men in the olden days.

If Dr. Sweeney's figures are anywhere near correct—and he seems to have gathered them at first hand—the business of sending missionaries to the heathen who rage seems like throwing away good money on a fruitless cause. We never did go any too strong on blowing our scads upon the savages of the remote regions while children go barefooted and men and women roam our native hills in mental midnight darkness.