

The Yellow Jacket.

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Stingers

Jug not that ye be not jugged.

Well, son, Wilson will, soon.

The Socialists are the fellows that put die in dynamite.

Wilson highballs, but no Wilson inaugural balls.

The Pujo investigation proved that Carnegie hogged all the pig iron.

There's nothing hits a Demmy's eye, Like Wilson handing out the pie.

Woodrow the Silent has become Woodrow the Shatterer.

As Woodrow is a teacher maybe he will make a lot recess appointments.

Who said the Democrats would row, Woodrow?

Licker, licker everywhere but not a drop to drink.

Democracy is just one daddurned pie hunt after another.

If anything happens to Woodrow the Scrats can call on the Marshall.

When the women get their rights what do they expect to do with their privileges?

Well, its Wilson and Marshall and the promised millenium has not arrived that anybody can notice.

History says Mexico was settled in the fifteenth century, but it don't look like it.

Well boys, the imperial impersonators of farce and fuss now hold the reigns of government.

From the way some of his stuff on astronomy reads Garrett P. Serviss has ceased to be of service.

The rumor that a Democrat had been discovered who refused an office has been found to be incorrect.

Well, boys, the government has started back at the beginning again, and it still lives.

When the dear old girls get to voting, watch the ones past 40 give their bust measure for their age.

The Punkville Piledriver announces the arrival of a wash boiler for Mirandy Mushgrabber by parcels post.

The Chicago thief that stole the roof of a man's house believes in high living.

Well, men rake together your laundered lucre and let the Stinger clubs come sailing in.

Wilson says jobs for the efficient and that looks discouraging for the Democrats.

Life is just one licker bill, after another one according to the redeye Democrats.

"The principles of the Democratic party are as old as Mathuselah," says an exchange. Yes, and as dead, by grabs.

Well, Democracy is in the saddle but we don't hear any noise that sounds like the price of living falling all over itself.

Anybody that has heard the echo of the high price of living coming down please stand up. Now don't all get on your hind legs at once.

The Scrats had to elect Marshall as vice president to keep their party from choking one another in their mad rush for pie.

Rabbit, rabbit, you're looking mighty thin.

Yes, but you know, the Democrats are in.

A historian says Washington never crossed the Delaware, but there's nobody doubts that Woodrow has crossed the Demmycrats.

The man with twenty five cents who does not send it to The Yellow Jacket for a year's treatment ought never to see a two-bits piece again.

You might as well expect a fireman's parade in hell as for the Democratic party to survive the loss of booze.

Now let the Scrat Congressmen close the saloons in Washington, and try doing without their own booze awhile.

With booze by mail orders cut out of the Southern territory, there will be a howl among the old line Scrats

that will shake the hills and valleys.

Soon the raving Demmy mobs, Who want Woodrow to give them jobs Will have their M. C. fix their needs With large free packages of seeds.

The March to Moscow was not in it with the advance on Washington. But there is mutiny in the camp of the braves, over pie.

No, Mirandy, the licker bill passed by Congress was not a counterfelt bill because the Demmycrats threw a fit over it.

It is impossible to overestimate the wants of the pie hungry or underestimate the hopes of the country under Democracy.

If the New York bankers can't get to spend their winter's South any other way they rob a bank and get sent to the Atlanta prison.

Well boys, its president Wilson now tho he was not the choice of the delegates at the convention or the majority at the polls.

An exchange says the dirtiest people are the healthiest, but we know of a lot of Scrats who have died lately.

The happiest man in the world is the man who reads The Yellow Jacket and the next happiest is his neighbor when he is asked to join a club.

The hog returns to his wallow and the dog to his vomit and the God-daring Socialist boasts that he is still a Socialist.

They may doubt the Boston tea party but blast our brass buttons if the Scrats went have their own tea parties before the Webb-Kenyon bill goes into effect.

Of course Wilson wants the Taft and Teddy White House officials retained. He knows they can be trusted, but you never can tell what Scrats in the chief's office might do.

Congress may disqualify Teddy, Taft and Wilson, but it would take more than a constitutional amendment to stop Willyum Jennings Bryan running for president again.

I had a garden filled with seeds, To furnish all my family needs, I thought some hens would do right well, But with my garden they played —

What we'd like to have some Jasper tell us is what makes every fellow that gets dippy about the noodle go to Washington and ask the president to appoint him minister to France?

We suppose the bishop of Pisa who is stringing wireless stations between the churches is getting ready to tip the preachers off when they hear the Socialist dynamiters coming.

A New York peddler who borrowed money from one of his wives to send his other wife back to Russia knew how to handle a delicate situation, by gatlings.

The man who found a toad in the middle of a large boulder where he had been blasting believes that it was originally a Socialist nest but the hen got scared off by a cyclone.

Wonder if the New York man who had a finger grafted on his nose will point the finger of scorn every time he sticks his nose in other people's business?

If the Scrats pass any more likker bills in Congress they had better put shock absorbers on them to prevent them from frightening the Demmys to death.

The New York woman who has sued her husband for divorce because he always took the larger portion of the steak has good grounds to beef about it.

A subscriber wants to know how to reduce his weight. Well, sir, if you will refrain from eating for about ten years that ought to be wait enough to suit you.

The high brows are planning to turn the course of the Labrador current and change the climate of Iceland, but oranges are selling at the old price just the same.

The postmaster general has arranged so that game can be sent by parcels post but Socialists will have to go by freight as usual. Skunks are not allowed in the mails.

That noise that makes a fuss like deep silence is the Democrats who voted for Wilson expressing their approval of his no-pie-for-the-hungry policy.

Well, it is just this way about it—the way to disgust the Democrats with themselves and the people with their government is to let them make their pass at trying to run things.

About time for the Scrats to begin keeping some of their campaign promises. Actions speak louder than words—and they get the votes, gentlemen.

"Fools are the one thing of which there is a constant overproduction" writes a Socialist in one of the red ink sheets. The Socialists are always bragging about the increase in their numbers.

Being baptised and given the glad

hand won't pay back the money you wrenched from the widow and orphan. Pay back that blood money, old grasper, and then God will give you the glad hand.

Democratic economy is like the fellow who bought a pig for \$4, fed it \$20 worth of corn, and then sold the pig for \$10 and said he had made \$6 on the pig. He said he did not expect to make anything on the corn.

"Only a Nigger" is the latest thrilling topic of a love story of a So-shoeless suffragette in the Rip-Rap. Some people are so daddablasted nigger loving that they would burn their Bibles and make a god of Jack Johnson.

Ladies and gentlemen, reading the Insect is said to be the greatest anti-billious tonic on earth. Send right now for a year's dosage, only, 25 cents and it leaves a good taste in the kisser.

The pie hunters are beginning to think that if they had listened to Tammany instead of the Peerless One and nominated the New York mayor for President they would have been the Gaynor.

A paper says that a man 95 years old and living in that town is dead. How in the name of seven green haired-monkeys a man can be living and dead at the same time beats us unless he is a Demmycrat.

Detroit Mich., has got so derved polite that it refuses to take part in the centennial anniversary of Commodore Perry's because the Canadian school-boys fail to mention the fact as a victory.

We don't hear any Democrats shouting glory hallelulah over Wilson's order retaining the White House Republicans in the fat offices. Boys, why don't you whoop like you did before the election?

A citizen in Somerset Pa., was arrested for breaking into a pie bakery every night and gorging himself on pie, and when they asked his politics he said that he was a life-long Democrat, Pi Jimminy.

If a Republican was to say what the Piehungry are now saying about Woodrow, it would break his jaw-teeth. Well, we told you so but you heard the Donkey roar and you would not stop, look and listen.

After taking laudanum, powdered glass, slashing his wrist with a razor and shooting himself below the heart, a Georgia Democrat still lives. We'll bet our G. Cleveland briches that the sight of a cake of soap would have given him heart failure.

This day in history.
March 6, 1776. George Washington found a flea in his left hind boot and kicked the dog out and killed the flea.
March 6, 2000. An admire sent Willyum Jennings Bryan a jackass by wireless telegram collect.

The regnant suffs started to march on parade in New York recently and as they were passing a department store a clerk hung a sign in the window "bargain day, silks marked down from \$2 to \$1.99" and it broke up the parade.

The Chinese missionary who swapped her handpainted god for a dose of hookworm remedy must have figured it out like the Indian who complained to the president about the missionaries. "Too much God, not enough bread" he told Uncle Sam.

If the British Suffs had been given a little more dosage of switches when they were tied to their mothers' apron strings, they would not be galloping around tampering with the railroad switches of England in their maturer days.

Agnes Riffles wants to know how to make over a skirt that does not match her face; says her face is not long enough for the skirt. Agnes, if you will keep company with a Scrat for awhile and hear his tales of woe your face will soon become long enough.

"I am 75 years old and want to join the army. Will it be possible?" writes a reader in New York. If the Wilsonites run the country like the Scrats always have, everybody will belong to the army—of the unemployed.

When the horrors of black slavery dawned on America in '60, the patriots raised such a howl that it rang round the world. But the South is today enslaved by tyrannical Democracy and the people seem to take it as a matter of course.

A brindle mule kicked a man in Oklahoma on the head and caused him to remember where he hid \$3,800 during a panic. There will be a lot of persons remember the panic caused by the Scrat jassacks kick of 1913, but they won't know where their money is.

Dr Mary Walker who has been riding straddle and wearing doublebarreled briches for forty years got pinched in Chicago and pulled out a "pass" from her pistol pocket showing that Congress gave her a permit to wear pants. We'll bet a cross-eyed monkey wrench a Scrat Congress issued the permit.

If the Socialists are able to create so much capital why don't one of them start his own factory and let us see them do a little creating without cussing the "system" that gives them the despised jobs? The "sys-

tem" fellers started their business without the assistance of other folks.

The Kansas City woman who says women ought to be allowed to tend bar would make a hit with the Suffs in England. Over there they're demonstrating their fitness for the ballot by tampering with railroad switches and smashing the government mail-boxes.

The Kansas gazook that swore he wouldn't cut his hair and whiskers until a Scrat was elected president and who says he expects to chop 'em off now that Woodrow has slipped in, had better let 'em grow. He will need them for clothes after the Scrats have run the country against a snag and busted business all to thunderation.

The more you show up South Carolina Democracy's oppression the worse it seems to tyrannize the plain people. Their own legislature says that the cruelty practiced in the penitentiary by the hellish Scrats stinks to heaven. Democracy has never got the slave time drive-ocracy out of its veins.

A Deity believed is joy begun, a Deity adored is joy advanced, and a Deity beloved is joy complete. He that rejects the Bible embarks without a friend, upon a ship without a helm or rudder, upon a sea without a shore, upon a night without a star or dawn, and upon a voyage without a destination.

When a Socialist is ashamed to acknowledge that he belongs to the red flag and revolution gang and tries to hide under the sacred emblem of the Republican party, we say taking him by the slack of the briches and caressing him about two and a half feet below the neck with a stiff boot is none too good for him.

A New York woman told her daughter who had roped in a millionaire and was leading him to the matrimonial altar that she would be happier if her husband were not so wealthy. "Never worry over that, mama," the perfumed blonde replied. "He will have a lot less after I get my hands on it." Now how about that, friends and fellow citizens?

The "solid South" is a menace to the political health of this country, and to have a one-party section is to destroy political equality. The equilibrium of practical popular government has been destroyed in the South since the civil war. Yet there are preachers and political wisecracs who say the salvation of the South lies in Democracy. "Lies" is an appropriate word.

The Socialists are eternally belly-aching about impossibilities of a man making a living under the system, yet Berger, Gaylord, Thompson and the rest of 'em pile up the scads neither do they toil nor spin. Wayland cussed the "system" to his dying day but piled up a fortune at Am-arillo, Texas, which he said he despised but he pocketed the collateral just the same.

The Scrats say "let the people rule" but when the people of North Carolina elected county school superintendents elected by the people, the Scrats lobbied against the bill and said it would never do in the world. There's a lot of difference between Democracy in principle and Democracy in practice, you see. And if the people elect their school superintendents some of the pie brigade might have to go hungry.

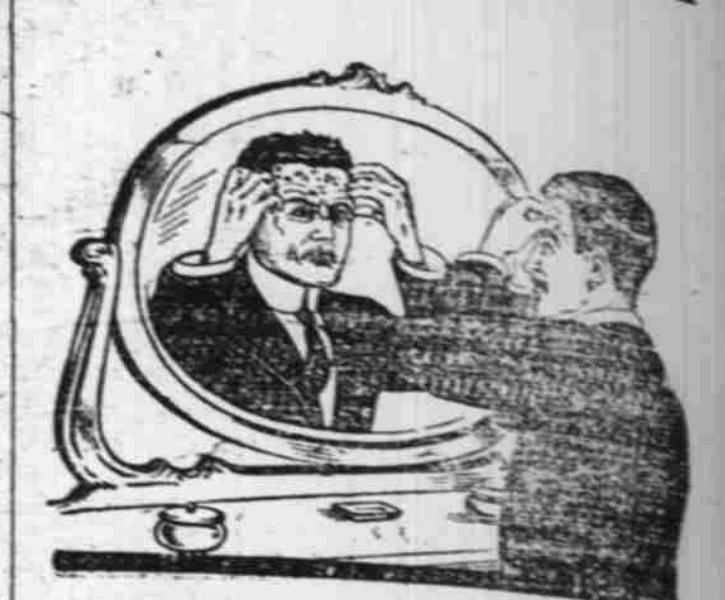
A sub wants us to print the longest sentence ever written, but even that would be brief compared with the sentence that ought to be given the South Carolina Democratic office holders who made white slaves of the unfortunates in the state penitentiary hosier mills. And your own crowd told it on you, Sandlapper Democrats.

The legislature that can find a way to pay four extra superior court judges and four extra solicitors and the increased cost of running extra courts but can't educate the poor children of the state decently, is a daddurned measley outfit. That's what we've got to say about it, Jeems Henry, and the people of North Carolina will get wise some day and administer a last farewell wallop to the pretense of these political bucan-neers.

A Peewee named William D. Guthrie (the D. meaning Defunct) reared up on his hind legs at the N. Y. Bar association and said that Teddy had made public misstatements regarding the judges of the New York courts. And who the Sam Hill and seven devils is Williamgoat D. Guthrie? From what we have heard and read of New York judges it seems impossible for any one to make a misstatement about some of them.

An Illinois subscriber asks us to give him the quotation, from Plutarch, the Greek historian, in which he says no state has ever been found that did not believe in God. The well-known passage reads as follows: "There never was a state of atheists. You may travel all over the world, and you may find cities without walls, without king, without mint, without theater or gymnasium; but you will nowhere find a city without God, without prayer, without oracle, without sacrifice. Sooner may a city stand without foundations than a state without belief in the gods. This is the bond of all society and the pillar of all legislation."

ECZEMA



AWFUL AWFUL ITCH

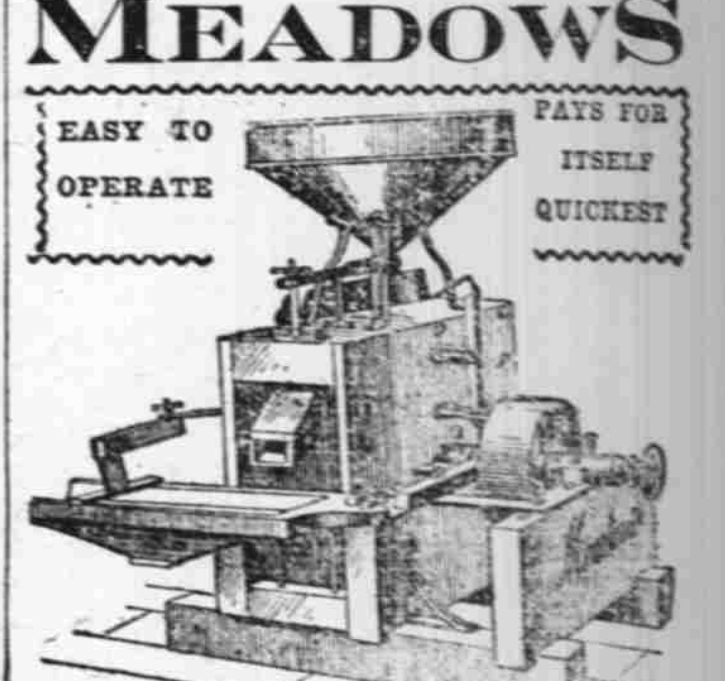
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