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Eli Tucker's Letter

Huckleberry Knob, N. C.
Apr. 6, 1913.

Editor Yellow Jacket:

My dear Sir:—It's a very common thing to hear of some snipperjack jumping on a goods box on the street corner and proclaiming to the public that he is just about ready to do a stunt that will make all the sleeping population "sit up and take notice." But in most cases these promised stunts turn out to be nothing but soap bubbles or so much hot air, and never amount to anything.

But last fall when the news was flashed over the country that there had been a "Democratic landslide,"—that the Donkey had broke out of the stall and had kicked all the Rads off the main deck and the middle deck and the lower deck—people who had been soundly sleeping for years, riz up in the bed, rubbed their eyes a spell and wanted to know who had struck Billy Patterson. The thought that the whole bloomin' country had been captured by a party that claimed a patent-right on hard times and could deliver a panic before breakfast, caused a temporary flurry among the slumberers, but realizing that it would be a good while before the Democrats began cutting down the Prosperity tree, the sleepers carelessly lapsed into another slumber and are sleeping yet.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think somebody ought to get 'em waked up before they get to sleeping too soundly. I think it would be a good thing to draw close up to them and explode a few sticks of dynamite to kinder wake 'em up and allow them a chance to comprehend the gravity of the situation.

According to your Uncle we are facing a crises in this country. We are drawing devilish near to the place where Coxey armies are camping and tramps are tramping. We are getting so near to the damp, chilly atmosphere of hard times that I can almost feel it creeping up my pants legs and chasing itself up and down my spinal column. By putting your ear to the ground you can hear the bray of the jackass of starvation. This is no joke. We hear it on every hand. Newspapers tell us every day that this big Democrat and that big Democrat declare that we must have tariff for revenue; that we must carry out the last Democratic platform even if business is temporarily hurt. So these are the scouts of starvation and despair that are camping just over the hill. These are the signs that a storm is gathering. These are the unmistakable evidences that we must go thru a deluge of free soup into the open arms of a Democratic cyclone before we see prosperity again.

Of course I understand that lots of seemingly intelligent people are disposed to regard as a joke the assertion that the Democratic party is a panic producer and a hard times maker. I know there are lots of folks who can't remember from one week to another what sort of weather we had, and therefore have forgotten what sort of times the Democrats brought on the country when they tinkered with the tariff under Cleveland. But people with good memories know how it was. They know it didn't take the Dems but a few months to deliver a full grown panic when they came in 1892, and they know it continued as long as the Dems were at the bat, and they know it ceased as if by magic when the word was flashed forth that McKinley had swept the land. And they know

that it was tinkering with the tariff that brought the panic, and they know it was the knowledge that the tariff tinkering party had been put out of business that restored confidence and sent the panic into retirement. Knowing all these things, it is surprising that the people were so forgetful as to vote the tinkering crowd back into power. But it has been done. Whatever the reasons were, the people cannot get around the fact that they are now up against it again.

Every thinking person has a right to expect nothing but blunders from the Democrats, because they never were known to do anything but make blunders. They blunder when in power and they blunder when out of power. They enact laws when in power that are destructive to the country's welfare, and they mount hobbies when they are out of power that would make Tom Jefferson turn over in his grave. And their whole history is one continuous performance of the ridiculous. It is meddle, alarm and try to storm the citadel of prosperity. Democracy never attempted to tinker with our affairs that it didn't result disastrously. Read history. They tinkered in the secession movement and the debt was paid in blood. They tinkered with the tariff law in 1892, and it was paid for in idleness and starvation. They have been tinkering with the ballot-boxes in the South for forty years, and we all know the result. And they propose to tinker with the tariff some more and I say look out, people, because the same cause will always produce the same effects.

I would just like to know what in the name of common sense the Dems are up to anyway. It looks as if they are determined to plunge this nation into another ear of industrial destruction. From every side of the country comes the word that things are going about now on crutches and one of the crutches is almost broken. I don't want to have to climb on my barn and pull on them old britches that did service in the days of Coxey armies and free soup, but if the blasted Dems don't stop their foolishness and let business alone, I look to have to crawl into 'em, even if they are patched with rawhide and look like the hind-wheels of a cyclone.

What this country needs worse than anything else, is to be let alone. It needed letting alone a long time ago. Go back to the days of Dingleyism and compare the good times then with the sort of dry rot that we have been having ever since the "reformers" began to whittle on the industrial cable. Can't you see that every time they have ripped the working man deeper and deeper? And the further they proceed with this business the worse it gets, till I'll be everlastingly dad-bummed if we ain't getting precious near the busting point.

This business reminds me of the young lady who went out to a dinner with her beau. At the table the young man noticed a speck of what appeared to be a lint on her shoulder. When she was not looking he attempted to knock it off with his finger. After several failures he finally took hold of the little string and started to pull it. He unraveled several yards of the fleecy stuff, and when it seemed to have all been pulled out he wadded it up and threw it under the table. When the girl went home that night she told her

mother she had had a perfectly lovely time. "But," she added, "I have just been wondering, mother, what on earth became of my union suit." And that is the way it is going to be with the Democrats about this tariff reform business. They are floundering around Washington drawing fat salaries and drinking fine licker and having a "perfectly lovely time" but the next thing you know, they are going to be wondering what on earth has become of the prosperity that we were wearing the other day. Oscar Underwood has been pulling at that string now till he has about got the thing all raveled out and if we wake up some fine morning and find our union suit a mass of strings under the Democratic tariff reform table we can lay it to the Underwood-Wilson crowd and make the best of it.
Yours for Progress,
ELI TUCKER.

I'm The Donkey.

Haw-hee, haw-hee, haw-hee,
Don't reckon you know me,
I'm the hee-hawing Democratic donkey.

I'm the long-eared emblem of the bob-tailed party that is coming down the pike like the Dickense a-grinding tanbark.

Oscar Underwood of Blunderwood or Overwood or something like that is a-straddle of my back with a free trade spur on each foot and a digging my flanks like the blistering blue blazes, and some of the "home industry" Democrats are trying to tie a bunch of Protection firecrackers onto my tail, and by the Holy Moses, I'm on the jump.

Now I insist that my party is trying too many things to make me run. One fellow insists on pouring cold water on my head and another hot water on my back. They put pepper in my eyes and bind ice to my tail. They want to shoe one foot and let the other go bare. They curry one side down and the other up. They feed me on green corn one day and bafed hay the next. Then starve me a whole week. They paint 16 to 1 on my flanks and gold bug on my face. One fellow tries to ride me backwards and another fool attempts to run me sideways.

Now, how in Halifax can a Donkey ever get anywhere going like that? Look at the capers of my party in Congress. Think of these things and weep. Here are the cotton mill men declaring that if the cotton schedule was carried out that the cotton mills would have to suffer. The cotton mill men say that the cotton tariff schedule is a bill formed apparently solely in the interest of the importer and foreigner—wholly unfair and unjust to us—ignoring entirely the interest of the American cotton manufacturer and the American laborer, and if enacted into law turn cotton mills of our country into soup houses. And in the face of these statements similar protests from every cotton mill man in the South, there is a pack of Democratic congressmen hollowing "sick 'em, Oscar; give the people h-l, or lower tariff on cotton, which means the same. The country needs a panic. It needs a line of soup houses to cure people of dyspepsia."

Is it any wonder I'm on the jump? Is it any wonder I am betwixt the devil and the deep blue sea?

Let's change the subject. I wish somebody would get some carbolic acid and disinfect me. I've been between the devil and the deep blue sea so long I fancy I smell worse than I did when Noah turned me off the Ark.

Maybe the Democrats don't like the manner in which Billy Bryan has been goading me. Neither do I.

I heard quite an argument recently as to why I was chosen as the Emblem of Democracy. I claimed that it was because I was so patient—I could wait a hundred years to win out and then lose and not feel bad about it. Another said it was my stupidity—I was emblematic of the stupid fools composing Democracy. This made me mad until another one spoke up and said, "Why, you see your father was a jackass and there are so many jackasses in the Democratic party that their sons are emblematic of the whole push." He-haw, he-haw!

If I could get my party to adopt an honest election law; if I could get them to quit stuffing ballot boxes; if I could get them to quit soaking booze and accepting bribe money; if I could get them to come to a sensible conclusion on the tariff; if I could get them to repudiate corruption; if I could get them to make an honest platform and come before the country on an honest issue I believe I could get up a flirtation with the Elephant and maybe propose to him, but if, if, if, he-haw! he-haw! he-haw!

I have heard it hinted around that some of my Democratic Congressmen want to take my job from me. Want to turn Jackasses themselves and put me out. It does look like they could find other worlds to conquer. I went to see an eye doctor yest-

A SPRING POEM.

When the blooms begin to blossom and the birds begin to sing,
And the small boy finds the possum catching bedbugs on the wing;
When the leaves instead of leaving start to come all out again,
And the girls of ancient ages start to googling at the men;
When the seedticks and the simmons grow upon the selfsame vine,
And the sap comes up in dogwood and the rosin's on the pine;
When the ants begin to anty and the toadfrogs start to toad
Over every hill and valley and along the public road;
When you feel the sunshine mellow kind of tickling as you go,
And you feel like going courting for the girl that you love so,
And you see the children barefoot and the small boys running out,
And the birdneests getting busy for they know what its about;
And the prunes are swapped for pickles and the peas for turnip greens,
When the moles begin their moling and the farmer dons his jeans,
And the loafer leaves the country store and all that sort of thing,
Reader, put away your woollens, for its time for spring to spring.

day and he said I must cut out this mail-order likker. "The kind of whiskey you used to drink, of course did harm," said the wise old man, "but since you voted prohibition on yourself and have gone to guzzling this mail-order business you are going to lose your eyesight. But," and the doctor looked out into space, "it don't make much difference, you fool Democrats were always blind anyway." He-haw! he-haw!
So long, boys. I'll be round next issue of The Yellow Jacket and bray another spell.

be an industry in America and the great factories closed down and starvation and panic stared everybody in the face.

Then I who had clothed the naked in life and shrouded the dead in their last long sleep, became a thing of the past as an American enterprise.

Is it any wonder that I am very lonely and sad?

The Story of A Bolt of Cloth.

I am a bolt of cloth, garnered from the garden of industrial flowers, gathered by economic hands and woven in the loom of business. I grew from the soil, where thrifty hands sowed the seed and fertilized the soil that gave me birth. As I grew, I inhaled the refreshing breezes of Nature not knowing what it all meant, until, at last, a product of sunshine and shadow, soil and shower, I began to blossom into the purity of a cottonboll.

It was shortly after this that I met my affinity and wed, the wool from a fleecy lamb becoming my consort. Together we entered our happy honeymoon in the looms of an industrial factory where we heard the laughter of merry boys and girls as they went happily thru mills protected by the political party that guaranteed fair play to every American manufacturer against foreign invasion.

I was young then and I did not appreciate the meaning of Protective tariff. I heard it discussed and men spoke of it as a great institution that protected bread winners in their struggle to support a home; I was told of great statesmen who planned it to foster institutions where men and women could earn livelihoods. They informed me that business prospered under its guardian care. It stood as a bulwark against cheap wages and foreign labor, and prevented unscrupulous combinations from destroying American commerce. Levying an equitable tax on all manufacture, it gave this country wealth.

After my wedding with the woolen fabric of commerce, I went out to render the service for which men and women had created me. I clothed the living and shrouded the dead. I walked between the cold blasts of winter and protected children. I bedecked the beautiful bride and with her was happy; and I reclined in coffins with the resting dead. I was companion of the human race.

Then a political party of buccaneers usurped the reins of government and declared that woolen and cotton fabrics should be free. I thought it would be great to be free, not withstanding what they meant by the term.

They passed a great national law, but I found that this freedom was a new kind of slavery. The factory that created me put me down to a lower price and I saw poorly clad people come and look at me and go away sadly, because the factories had all closed up and there was no money in circulation with which to buy me even at the lower price. I lay untouched on the store shelves while bolts of foreign cloth made by alien hands took my place because they were cheaper. The money that I had earned for happy toilers went far away into distant lands. As soon as the factories which had created me in America found that they could not complete with the hordes of foreign manufacturers they stopped making cloth and there was no longer any competition to outside trade. Then these alien factories raised the price on their cloth until it was impossible for the poor to buy at all, and there were no jobs, no money in circulation and only the very rich could afford to buy. Nobody dared try manufacturing cloth at home because the Democratic government would not protect them against the aliens who hated America and only cared for its trade. And manufacturing ceased to

If the people like to be humbugged we can't help it—but they will finally return to their sober senses and tell us confidentially that we told them so.