

The Yellow Jacket

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Eli Tucker's Letter

Huckleberry Knob, N. C. May 22, 1913.

Editor Yellow Jacket,

My dear Sir:—I know it is not common for a fellow to allow his sympathies to meander over into the enemy's camp and offer solace to the other side of the conflict, but after sizing up the situation fully, I must confess that I have actually begun to be sorry for the Democrats. Yes, sir, I am sorry for these fellows who accidentally came into power by reason of a Republican family row and have just now begun to realize that they are up against all sorts of trouble. It must be embarrassing to a party to know it came into power under such circumstances and that it has not the cooperation of the business interests of the nation nor the backing of the majority of the voters to help it along. And nobody knows these things to be facts better than Mr. Wilson and his political family advisers. Democracy today is confronted with a situation that is anything but encouraging.

Nobody knows better than Mr. Wilson that the majority of the people has not asked for nor do they desire, radical tariff reduction. Yet he and his party stand pledged to carry out the Baltimore platform. Nobody knows better than Mr. Wilson that the enactment into law of the demands of the Baltimore platform will not result in the manifold blessings that Democratic papers and politicians last fall declared it would. But he does not dare to say so. Nobody knows better than Mr. Wilson that the manufacturing industries of the country, North, South, East and West, will suffer untold embarrassment if the present Underwood bill becomes a law. But he can't do a thing to stop it. Nobody knows better than Mr. Wilson that the civil service ruling that placed fourth class postmasters out of politics was a benefit to the service, and yet he is afraid to breathe that above a whisper. Nobody knows better than Mr. Wilson that the Democrats are mad as wet hens because they are not being appointed to office faster. But he realizes the delicate situation he occupies and he can't help them. Nobody knows better than Mr. Wilson that the Democrats will be swept from power just as soon as the Republicans all assemble at the ballot box under united leadership. And that is what is making his days a dreary drag and his nights a hideous nightmare.

In view of these facts, I have prepared the following resolutions of sympathy which I hope will bring comfort to many aching Democratic hearts:

RESOLUTIONS—

Whereas the Democratic party came into power by accident and had the grave responsibilities of government thrust upon it when the party was the least prepared to endure the same, and

Whereas the Democrats are frightened almost to death thru dread of the consequences of tariff reform, and

Whereas their darling pet "State's Rights" is about to get us into a war with Japan, and

Whereas there are 15 pie hungry Democrats to one little piece of pie, and

Whereas Mr. Wilson is being crudely cursed and roundly roasted for his seeming plowness in shaking the plum tree, and

Whereas the party on the tariff question faces the dilemma of being damned if it does and damned if it don't therefore be it

Resolved, that the profound and heartfelt sympathy of the public is hereby extended to the Democrats in this their sad day of bereavement and trouble.

Resolved that the public is hereby obdured from further tormenting the unfortunate and incapable Democracy by pointing the finger of scorn at it or by referring to the hard times it saddled upon the nation in the days of Mr. Cleveland.

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Wilson and one to each Democratic member of the House and Senate.

Resolved further that a copy be sent to the Commoner with request to publish.

Mr. Editor, I don't know whether the Democrats will appreciate these resolutions or not. It may be that they don't want any sympathy. It may be that they have reached that stage where nothing but disaster and ruin will arouse them. But mind you, your Uncle Eli can face a devilish situation as competently as anybody. I lived thru the Cleveland picnic all right and I consider that prepared a man for anything that the Democrats are capable of giving us.

But, Mr. Editor, I say let the Democrats roll up their sleeves and spit in their hands and go to work and "reform" the tariff after their own sweet will. They can put everything we eat or wear on the free list and slap a high tariff on all the nonessentials and give the country a sample of their medicine. We have been bored with a lot of rot about American made watches, sewing machines, harvesters, etc., being sold at a lower price in Europe than in this country. It is up to the Democrats to rip all the tariff out of these things and see how much easier it will be on American users to buy such articles.

Let the Dems give us free Bibles and breakfast bacon, pig iron and possum dogs, wheat and whet stones, sow bosom and sardines, millstones and mouse traps, and let 'em put a tariff five miles high on dukes and diamonds, Socialists and straddle bugs, mummies and Mongolians and see what change it makes on present conditions. The American people are never going to believe anything any more about the tariff horse till they see it tried; tried under the saddle; tried in the harness; tried by the tongue. They've got to see the animal work before they are ever going to stake anything on its qualities.

But the question now arises, will the Democrats go to work and give the country the sort of a tariff law that they have been howling for for the past dozen years? Will they redeem their promises or will they do just like they did when they swept the country in 1892? My prediction is that they will fall out among themselves and fight one another worse than they have been fighting the Republicans. They won't be able to agree on rates, rules or regulations. Southern and Western Democrats will contend for a fair amount of protection and the Northern Democrats will squall like hyenas for free trade and thus it will go, and the business of the country will suffer.

Yours truly, ELI TUCKER.

The very best men the world has ever known have been denounced as liars, brutes and rascals by their enemies.

Talking it Over

(Jack Wiley in American Economist.)

No Statesman.

Jim: The new Tariff bill will cut down the revenue of the Government \$80,000,000.

Jack: How will the Government make it up?

Jim: Why, by the Income Tax.

Jack: But the Tariff bill will destroy incomes. How about it, then?

Jim: How in blazes do I know? I'm not a Democratic statesman.

Forewarned.

Lem: Say, do you know that when we have free wool we can save at least six or seven cents on a suit of clothes?

Clem: Is that so?

Lem: Yes; and everything will be cheaper.

Clem: How about shoes?

Lem: I guess they will be cheaper too.

Clem: I don't know.

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That Jap War

Shall Uncle Sam put on his togs and chase the yellow Japs, and with his mighty open palm give them some needed slaps? Befold the Peerless loudly bleats about the Prince of Peace, and wise and wily Woodrow says that States' Rights must now cease, altho the Democrats once drenched this bright fair land with gore to keep this favored principle of theirs forever more.

The poet seeking words to rhyme with Wilson Democrats without a doubt thinks instantly of only words of spats. The party that has always stood for demagogues for boss without a turmoil on its hands would sorely be at loss. So now their mighty Hearst and others highly toss their hats in hope of stirring up the Japs and mashing in their slats.

While Bryan roars of olive branches (signifying peace, and cables "cross and crown" assurance o'er the salty seas, old Woodrow and Josephus load the guns and haversacks Congress hurries up the men with spacks on their backs.

His sweet to see consistency—but we ever see this jewel on the eyes of Scrats with their past history.

Let a war with Japan come and these jingoes run while G. O. P. guard the flag with life and and gun. Will "Kernal" Will-J. resign and hasten to the fore Woodrow and Josephus rush to the cannon's roar? You bet bottom dollar, no, they will not round, but closer than in time of the be at the pie board found.

LY SUNDAY AND THE BIBLE

ly Sunday is an evangelist who ed from playing baseball after contract had expired with the league. He found preaching more itable than playing in the sun. It involved less perspiration. Billy's mouth has never been re-

ordinarily we say as long as a n wants to evangelize, scandalize, lize, analyze or tell lies, go it till sleep and expose ourselves to heat and cold, wet and dry to

We have no objections to a man eaching for souls, salary or sea- ed if he wants to. The law doesn't pel a man to attend one of these as pantomines.

But when a man rears up in the ed pulpit and transforms the od Old Book into the language of the slums as Billy Sunday does, we feel that it is time for some one to take him by the scruff of the neck and hold him at arms length while a swift kick is administered to his recliner.

Listen to the following way in which Billy not long ago told a congregation of Christian people about David's valliant victory over the enemy of the armies of the Living God. Read on:

Saul and all of his sons except David went off to war; they left David at home because he was only a kid. After awhile David's ma got worried. She wonderer what had become of his brothers because they hadn't telephoned to her or sent word. So she said to David, "David, you go on down there and see whether they are all right."

So David pikes off to where the war is, and the first morning he was there out comes this big Goliath, a big strapping fellow about 11 feet tall, who commenced to shoot off his mouth as to what he was going to do.

"Who's that big stiff putting up that game of talk?" asked David of his brothers.

"Oh, he's the whole works; he's the head cheese of the Philistines. He does that little stunt every day."

"Say," said David, "you guys make me sick. Why don't some of you go out and soak that guy? You let him get away with that stuff." He decided to go out and tell Goliath where to head in.

So Saul said: "You'd better take my armor and sword." David put them on, but he felt like a fellow with a hand-me-down suit about four times too big for him, so he took them off and went down to the brook and picked up a half dozen stones. He put one of them in his sling, threw it, and soaked Goliath in the cocoa between the lamps, and he went down for the count. David drew his sword and chopped off his block, and the rest of the gang skidoed.

If this coarse familiarity with God's word goes on at the present pace, the next thing we know Rebecca, Sarah and other Biblical women will be referred to as "skirts" and Joseph as "the wise guy of a Sheeny who put the Dago Egyptians on the blink for fair." And yet people pay real money that jingles to hear these wide mouthed monkeys chatter from the pulpit.

Democratic Prayer

Our most worthy and wonderful Woodrow Wilson, President of the whole United States and South Carolina, thou who promised us lighter burdens and lower cost of living, thou who agreed to repeal the terrible robber tariff, repulse the wicked and restore the worthy to power, we the tried and the true, the loyal and the long-suffering, come humbly tumbling down on our tummies this morning to plead for a seat at the pie table.

Most beloved President, we know thou hast oodlins of juicy pudding at thy command. We know that thou art knee deep in pie. And we know that thou knowest we are ready and willing and waiting. As the hungry hog squeals for slop when the farmer goes out to the hog-pen with the bucket, so squealeth we. For over eight long and lonesome weeks, most noble master, we have been waiting and watching for some sign of official nourishment. For over eight long and painful weeks have we been disappointed. The strain is getting awful. Notch after notch has been taken up in our belly bands till our frail wasp-like bodies are a sight to behold. And the hookworms are now setting in on us and woe is our fate.

Noble President, we try to have faith in thy gracious promises and abide our time, but thou knowest faith alone will not feed the stomach or clothe the back. We had hoped and believed that ere this time that beefstake would be five cents a pound and flat back not over six. But it seems that living is just as high as it was when Big Bill Taft filled the chair and Republican rascality covered the land. Everything we have to buy keeps roosting on the topmost limb and many things we have to sell have tumbled in price. Master Wilson, do you reckon it is possible that you have got the wires crossed? We thought things we would have to sell were going to bring us more money and the things we had to buy would reduce in price. That was our idea, beloved Master. That was what made us whoop it up so lively for thee last fall. That is what made us loose sleep and expose ourselves to heat and cold, wet and dry to

for thee. And we are still waiting and watching and hoping, but we are getting thinner and weaker. Our hope is petering out like water from a leaky barrel and our faith is so weak it wont stand much longer without a little pie to prop it up.

Master Wilson, we realize that fifty times ten thousand hungry Democrats are waiting and hoping for fifty thousand offices that are now held by pesky Republicans and still not a blessed plum is falling. Gracious President, wilt thou not shake the tree just a little? We want to see how it feels to pick up a few scattering plums. If thou hast not time to shake it, let Josephus Daniels give it a jar. If thou art too busy addressing Congress on the tariff question, give us a sign or a nod that it will be jarred in a few weeks. Just wiggle thy big toe worthy master, and we will understand.

But, master Wilson, if it is against thy will that we are to be rewarded with any pie, we want to ask this favor at thy hands: We might be able to stand the strain and live thru thy administration without any pie provided our fears are relieved about a panic. Now we ask that thou put a stop to the men who are predicting a panic as a result of the Underwood bill. If a panic was to come and us without the offices, thou knowest it would kill us dead as Hector. These cotton mill men have got us scared almost to death. They keep telling the people that wages will have to be cut and hours shortened in the mills if the Underwood bill becomes a law as it now stands. Make 'em shut up that talk. We can't bear to hear such talk. It makes us creep feelings crawl up and down our spinal columns. It brings back memories of those dark days when Mr. Cleveland was in power.

Now, in conclusion, Master Wilson, we want to thank thee for all thee has done for us. We want to thank thee for being our Democratic President. We want to thank thee for planting the little spark of hope in us that we have. We want to thank thee for taking care of Biffy Bryan. We want to thank thee for promising us free sugar to go in our toddy. We want to thank thee for being our great Democratic president. Now, hear us in these our petitions and we will only thank thee the more. Give us only a sign that we will be the recipients of thy favors and we will not only keep howling and whooping for thee but we will try to lick every bottle-nosed Republican who we hear criticizing thy glorious name. We will even go farther than that. Only assure us of a few plums from thy bountiful hand and we will not only stand by thee thru thick and thin, but we will send thee enough blackberries to make a pot pie as big as a hamper basket, and all the hogs shall be thine. Amen.