

The Yellow Jacket.

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MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1913.

NO. 16.

Letter From Puff & Blow, Attorneys

Mansfield, Ark. Oct. 6th, 1913. Editor Yellow Jacket, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Dear Sir:—We hereby inform you that our client, the Devil, has a serious legal complaint against you, to-wit and as follows:— He alleges that at various and sundry times you have printed or caused to be printed in your paper, The Yellow Jacket, certain defamatory statements to the effect that he (the Devil) was present at the birth of the Democrat Party, and that he (the aforesaid Devil) did then and there deliberately and with forethought accept the title and responsibility of Godfather to the said Democrat Party.

Now the Devil admits that he was present at the birth of the Democrat Party, but affirms that he DID NOT stand Godfather to the same; that, tho he was urged to accept the said office of Godfather to the Democrat Party, yet he declined with thanks, saying, "I possess little enough good character now, God knows, and I do truly wish to preserve the little which yet remains to me." Our client rightly maintains that had he become party to any such debasing proceeding he assuredly would have sunk to a plane ten thousand times lower than the one he now, in popular imagination, occupies.

The Devil sends us a letter, requesting that we read same, and, if in our opinion, it is found to contain nothing which might react against him in event necessity demands that we file suit against you, to then forward the letter to you for your perusal. There being nothing therein contained which is damaging to our client, we embody herein a copy, retaining original for our files.

To the Editor of the Yellow Jacket, At Moravian Falls, State of North Carolina,

In the United States of America. Sir:—Tho your paper, The Yellow Jacket, does not circulate in Hell, (none of the inhabitant of my kingdom adhering to the Republican faith) yet I have been informed thru some of my representatives on earth

that you are circulating thru the columns of your journal, the aforesaid Yellow Jacket, certain libelous reports to the purport that I am the Democrat Party's Godfather. This, Mr. Editor, is false. I wouldn't think of being such a thing. I admit that I am a pretty tough mutt, and would not hesitate to do almost any outrageous, debasing, defiling, wicked thing, but to be Godfather to the Democrat Party—nay verily, not by a damsite: for it would so demean me that I would be ashamed to show my face in Hell. I would weep with humiliation to such extent that my tears would put out Hell's fire; and disgusting mortification would so abase me that Hell would be to me a million times more hellish than the mind is capable of conceiving.

repeating that we read same, and, if in our opinion, it is found to contain nothing which might react against him in event necessity demands that we file suit against you, to then forward the letter to you for your perusal. There being nothing therein contained which is damaging to our client, we embody herein a copy, retaining original for our files.

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The above Special Offer holds good for sixty days and applies to both new and old subscribers. We hope that every friend of the Stinger will take advantage of this "low tariff" subscription offer and send us a club. Any subscriber can easily secure a club of from two to ten because people naturally want to see what The Yellow Jacket is saying about Woodrow Wilson and his Free Trade Administration during these piping times. We kindly ask each and every friend of this paper to secure us a club as early as possible. Please remit stamps on subscriptions. Address all letters to The Yellow Jacket, Moravian Falls, N. C.

It is a part of the contract in low club rate that you send a list of names with your club to whom we send samples. For a club of ten, five "sample" names and for a club of six or less, send three "sample" addresses.

Heart Throbs

By Louie Arthur Hodges

Same Being Soul Thoughts Expressed by Word of Mouth from Woodrow to William and Vice Versa.

Morning, William." "Woodrow, Woodrow." "I dreamed of Free Sugar last night, William." "And I of World-Wide Peace." "I was a Sweet, Sweet Dream, William." "I was a Peaceful one!" "I do you Delight in Dreams, William!" "They Over-Joy me, Woodrow; you are the Silver Lining" to our dreams of care. They are the Beautiful and the Beautiful is the True; and the True is the Right. It is, Woodrow, that we Attain the

Our Lay Sermon

My dear Billy Goats and Nannie Goats:—It has been a good while since I looked into your gentle faces and admonished you with the Grand Saving Grace of Common Sense.

Some of you look as if things hadn't been well with you since my last visit. I see some gray hairs have appeared in the last year. Many of you seem to have been painting your necks and noses a brighter red. Oh, how I wish I could lead you to realize that the saddest words of tongue or pen are "What a pity he drinks."

During the past year we spent two billion dollars for intoxicating liquors and twelve million for foreign mission—that is 16 to one. Think of it and weep. Twelve million dollars for painting the picture of the Saviour to the heathen world and two billion dollars for painting our own necks and noses a bright vermilion red.

Who said Prohibition? What do you suppose, dear Goats, the heathen think of us anyway? I'll tell you what he thinks. He thinks "Hypocrite." He laughs at the presumption of a nation that appropriates 16 dollars to John Barleycorn and one dollar to John the Baptist. And think of the "heathens" at home. Think that for every heathen we save with the 12 million dollars, we dig five drunkard's graves in this country with the use of the two billion dollars. Did you ever look at it that way, dear goats? And while I think of it, I want to say that I smell a pipe that is loud enough to be observed by the Gate Keeper of High Heaven.

And some of you complain about hard times. Yet you smoke and rub and chew enough tobacco every year to build a twenty thousand dollar school house in every county in the United States. And they call America the light of the world. I suppose they mean the light of the still house, the pipe and the cigarette can be seen around the world. That it a pretty light to let shine before the world, aint it?

We talk and talk about the opium-smoking Chinaman and pity him, yet there are pipes in some of your pockets that would kill a Chinaman as dead as a smoked herring by simply pulling the stem thru his mouth. Did you know there is enough deadly poison contained in a single pound of tobacco to kill three hundred men? Some of you Williams and Nannies appear to be terribly hard against the sin of ball rooms and the theatre. Some of you have doubtless ex-

A Democrat's Jimmies

(BY LOUIE ARTHUR HODGES)

Bleak's the night, my boys, and darksome; draw the blinds and close the door; Mix a wildcat sorghum cocktail—six or eight or twelve or more; For tonight there's hell a-brewing—you can breathe it in the air; North or East or South or Westward, hell's a-brewing everywhere.

'Tis the Bull Moose and the Elephant a-getting dangerous thick— They are chumming and hobnobbing, and they're framing up a trick For to bounce and trounce and thump and bump and biff upon the cone! Our friend and dear, dear comrade; the Democratic Donk!

Oh, the creepy, weepy feeling that's benumbing of my bones! For there's woe, woe in the night air; you can hear the ghostly groans— You can hear the tearful, fearful, saddening, maddening awful noise Of the howling, yowling heartsobs of our Donkey, oh my boys!

Oh, my bosom, boys is bursting and my heart with horror quakes! Mix me ten more wildcat cocktails, I am pining to see snakes! For snakes now would be a comfort—mix 'em, boys, and add five more—! Gods! the Elephant and Bull Moose—see! they're peeking thru the door!

Closer, closer they are coming! Now they're one—ONE G. O. P.!

Oh! it's Denis with the Donkey, and it's Denis, oh, with me! They will bounce us, they will trounce us, they will put us in the sack! Oh! it's Denis and damnation with the Democratic Jack!

THE MONEY MAKERS

St. Luke xii:16-34: And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

And he said, This will I do; I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry.

But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?

So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God.

And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?

And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?

If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest?

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN

That's our puncheon, Mr. Squid-nunk. We believe that covers the case like a blanket. The Yellow Jacket finds Progressive Republicans everywhere we go and they are as serene as the eagle that soars above the mountain crags and looks into the burning face of the sun. It is apparent that the country is thoroughly progressive from one end to the other, as the term is: meaning that the people are in thorough sympathy with the righteous revolt of the man against the dollar-mark. The country stands for the ideal of equality of all citizens before the law, for the abolishment of privileges and preferences, and under the banner of Progressive Republicanism, or Republican Progressivism, or Republicanism or Progressivism, we will sweep the deck next whirl, and the little coterie of "tariff reform" Democrats won't cut any more ice than a one-legged man at a foot race or a hair-lipped girl at a beauty show.

Take it easy, put a little court plaster on the skinned places and rub a little Yellow Jacket mentholatum on your sore spots and it won't seem long till the angel of success will mark your door post and the dove of peace will hover over your mantel. Time will heal more wounds than salve and make more converts than reason.

WALT MASON ON HARRY THAW

Oh, you fill me with a pain, Harry Thaw; for you will bob up again, Harry Thaw; I had thought you safely canned, and I smiled to beat the band, Harry Thaw. Then, to cook my spirit's goose, Harry Thaw; from retirement you broke loose, Harry Thaw; oh, you made the best of sprints, and your name in lurid tints fills the doggone public prints, Harry Thaw. You're a chestnut old and weird, Harry Thaw; there are hens' nest in your beard, Harry Thaw; you have wearied gods and men with your larnyx and your pen, yet, gadsook; you come again, Harry Thaw! You're a cheap and poor excuse, Harry Thaw; I'd be glad to see you loose, Harry Thaw, if I thought that you would chase to the jumping over place; take away that clammy face, Harry Thaw! You and Evelyn are freaks, Harry Thaw; and the country with you reeks, Harry Thaw; but the country's getting tired, and when both of you are fired 'twill be something much desired, Harry Thaw. What a blessing it will be, Harry Thaw, when from you and yours we're free, Harry Thaw! When the daily newsy sheet prints no Harry-and-repeat, and your wife has frozen feet, Harry Thaw! —Walt Mason.