

The Yellow Jacket.

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STINGERS

One advantage of Free Trade is it will give you plenty of time to think.

And think of it—the year 1913 has started on its last quarter.

The Free Trade makers will be freed in turn. Watch out.

If the Free Trade pod has any bean in it, the blamed thing is rotten.

They say now that Mr. Bryan lectured in Maine for nothing.

The coming generation is not being raised, remarks a teacher; no, it is just growing up.

Yes, Hiram, the importers are always on deck when Protection is wiped off the books.

Suppose you send in that club for the Stinger before the Dems fix the currency.

Most of the Democrats and all of the manufacturers of Europe seem to be pleased with the Wilson-Underwood Free Trade tariff.

The question is, will this country profit by patronizing foreigners rather than home folks.

Well, beloved, we have Woodrow Wilson tariff now—can you tell any difference on the breakfast table?

Most Democratic statesmen are all right except their heads and they are not responsible for them.

The Democrats have no use for the "principles" they propound except to gain votes, or they would have adopted the Gallinger amendment.

Every closed factory will be a monument to Democratic folly and the mill men declare that they will have to look sharp or shut down.

Beloved, had you ever thought to what extent the country is running after strange gods?

Joe-save-us Daniels wants a U. S. armor plant. The Y. J. thinks what we need is more Grace and fewer guns.

"Give the Devil an inch and he'll take a mile," they say and give a free trader an inch and he'll run this country square to the bow-wows.

As a cure for the high cost of living, Dr. Wiley advises eating less meat and more cereal and cites the Chinese and Japanese as examples.

They have an Independence Day in Mexico, but we'd like to know whose independence they refer to.

The question is asked, What makes more noise than two Democrats crying for a post office? Ans. Three Democrats crying for a postoffice.

You have no doubt noticed men who claim to really love the Lord, but who DO NOTHING to show that they are even intimate with Him.

It is pretty certain that neither of the Louisiana Senators were anxious for the pen that President Wilson used to sign the tariff bill.

We'd like for some Democrat to tell us how in the name of the Great Hopping Toad can we expect to receive wages at home for work done abroad?

What is that Free Trade-law for anyhow, if it is not going to lower the cost of living. Speak up, Snip-perjacks.

Don't forget to speak a good word for The Yellow Jacket now and then. If your neighbor doesn't take it tell him what he is missing.

Wouldn't it be glorious if the people would become as enthusiastic over Good Roads as they were in 1896 over Gold Standard and Free Silver?

The English language contains about 600,000 words, but the one word that dominates more people to-day than any other is SELF, and you can't spell reform that way.

Again we want to remind you, Hiram, that if we don't soon get higher wages and cheaper food that somebody has lied like the very Old Nick.

The Yellow Jacket is in favor of giving the Democrats every blessed office in the land. Let them fatten

up and get ready for their last walk-out in 1916.

Certainly "to the victors belong the spoils" but what in the Sam Hill are you going to do when there are ten times as many victors than spoils?

A subscriber wants to know how to preserve grapes. Well, there are various ways, but when they are scarce, camping under the vines with a shot gun is as good a way as any.

If the selfish and rampant politicians would give as much attention to road-building as they do to wire pulling and fence-repairing national highways would criss cross the land in every direction.

A New York paper wants to know why not have Congress in continuous session? Well, it might be a good idea and let the President call special vacations. Wouldn't that be the stuff?

The Yellow Jacket is the cheapest political paper published. Think of from 150 to 200 columns of red-hot mustard for 25 cents or 15 cents in clubs of four. That's cheaper than you can steal your reading matter.

A purse of gold in the United States is exchanged for foreign wool, and when the wool is worn out, we haven't a blooming cent to show. That's the way Democrats do business. How do you like it?

There'll be enough political gospel in next issue of The Yellow Jacket to convert all the Democrats in your neighborhood. Send us a big club and begin with the richest number of the year.

There are a lot of men who would work for nothing and board themselves if the job would give them a little brief authority and permit them to wear a uniform.

Now that the tariff question is settled, let the Democrats get down to some substantial argument like, Why do girls giggle or do women get off the cars backwards?

The reason we are not expecting any good of the Democratic Tariff law is because a foolish tariff revision by an incapable party has never yet been a success.

We extend a special invitation to every regular reader of The Yellow Jacket to try to get us a club, either large or small to begin with next issue. You tickle our back and we'll tickle your back. Come on, boys, with the kale seed.

Uncle Hiram was in the office this morning and he declared that he believed the sun shines a little brighter now since the new Democratic tariff was enacted. Perhaps you have noticed the difference, if you are a Democrat.

If Democracy didn't intend to make our country a dumping ground for all creation, then how does it expect our imports to increase into the hundreds of millions of dollars? We'd just like to hear some wise-acre Democrat explain.

Bryan says that the Free Trade tariff bill will lower the cost of living and increase the price of labor, but then you know Bryan once said free silver was bound to come to pass and yet today Bryan is a gold bug money man. Bryan slips his trolley same as any other wabby Democrat.

No, Mable, there is no perfect preventative for freckles, altho you can remove them by screwing them out with a potato peeler or shaving them off with a block plane, but our advice is to let 'em roost right on alongside your dimples. They don't hurt your looks.

The Underwood-Wilson-Simmons Democratic Free Tradetariff law will no doubt have to be treated by the Supreme Court of the United States before it ever serves the government very far. It is already getting all balled up and the end is not yet. So much for Democratic sagacity.

The greatest agency for good beneath the stars is an efficient, progressive Public School system, but we are way behind the times in that respect. Show us a man who is averse to a wide-open public school and we'll show you a man who ought to be anointed with the kerosene oil of civilization and set on fire.

Send for a bundle of next issue of The Yellow Jacket and hand them out among your friends. They will not cost you a cent, and in that way you will be helping to spread the political gospel that will help you to take the kinks out of crooked business.

It was perfectly fitting and proper for the Tammany Democracy to select Alton Bee-Gum Parker, as their legal advisor in the Sulzer impeachment proceedings. Parker and Tammany are a lovely pair of twins with about as much respect for the great throbbing mass of working humanity as a hog has for the Ten Commandments.

"Back to the farm" would sound a blessed sight better from the well dressed banker, the University Professor, the preacher and the wild-eyed politician if it were backed up

by them donning the garb of the farmer and missing with the dust a little bit more. Confound the man who is always urging somebody else to go to the front while he slinks away in the shade.

Don't forget, beloved reader, as you journey along that the great seething mess that is stirred up in New York involving those who control the government of that state is just another sample of the inefficiency and incompetency of Democracy. It is all about Democrats, by Democrats, and the people have grown tired of such business.

Just as might have been expected, the officials of the United States treasury have begun declaring that there is a probability that the new tariff law will produce a serious deficit in the treasury. In one particular of the law it is said by Democrats that it will result in a loss to ten millions of dollars. Watch the chickens come home to roost.

The Democratic Free Trade bill is a law and still the price of living goes bounding up. The meat packers are now predicting dollar a pound steak. Golly, what whopper lies these "lower cost of living" Democrats did get off on the country last year. It just beats seven little bow-legged devils.

There are always plenty of politicians out on the stump who are willing to literally die for their country, but sound the majority of them to the bottom and they have about as much real sympathy for the common people as a hog has for a horse thistle.

All the shortcomings of this issue will be offset by the moss-moving medicine that will enrich next issue. We wish every reader would peel out of his coat an hour or two and secure a club to begin with next number.

Yes, we will admit that President Wilson has won a great party victory in having a Free Trade tariff law put upon the statute books, but what will the great mass of common people do with the victory? Are they going to benefit to the extent that they will abide by the victory? Watch the pendulum swing and you will see.

The editor of The Yellow Jacket is Post Master at Moravian Falls, road overseer, Public Road Supervisor for our township and Public School Committeeman, but in order to show our interest in the Good Roads question we propose to waive all our official honors and meet the Governor of the State on Good Roads days Nov. 5th and 6th and throw as much dirt as anyone. Brother Tar Heels, go thou and do likewise.

Just as we expected. The Farmers' Union is splitting to beat the band. But that is what might have been expected when it began making goo-goo eyes at Democratic politicians. The Farmers' Union is a Southern institution and it can do much and lasting good if it will keep out of politics but the day it locks arms with Democracy it's a goner.

We suppose that it is in order now for those who howled so lustily in the defense of the McNamaras a few months ago to set their bazooks to work for George E. Davis who has confessed to a series of dynamite explosions that make the McNamaras look like thirty cents. Davis is a union iron worker and is the same as George O'Donnell who figured in the trial at Indianapolis when thirty-seven of his associates were convicted last year.

An exchange says that a scientist has discovered a fluid that will make the human body transparent and bet five cents to a soda cracker that the women who wear transparent skirts will steer clear of it for fear of having their brains exposed. Brains rats. The women who wear transparent skirts have no more brains than a doodle bug. God Almighty never wasted brains in the head of a fool.

The next great move in the Temperance fight is for a National Constitution prohibiting the traffic in alcoholic beverages, declares a prominent divine. By gatlins, don't it look like the grape juice brigade was on the forward march? With nine great states for prohibition and nine states for woman suffrage it looks like we might be heading towards the perfect goal of a Rumless Republic, but it will be a sad day for the thirsty Dem politicians when they have to irrigate their throats with a grape juice cocktail.

The persistent effort of certain newspapers to keep before the eyes of their readers glaring and flaming headlines about the exposures of the vice commissions who are after the white slaver is as damnable as it is degrading. Every decent sensible man and woman in this country well knows that it is not necessary to uncover a sewer to convince people of its filthiness nor to warn those of ordinary cleanly habits against getting into it. The paper that has gotten so low down that it has to run a white slave story is so morally rotten that it would have to slide up hill to get into hell.

Democrat and Socialist editors claim to be the perfection of honesty, but we have a Socialist paper and a Democratic paper before us this

Democratic Prayer

Our most excellent and renowned Woodrow Wilson:—As loyal members of the party that whooped and voted for thee last November, we desire to bow down on our tummies this morning and offer up our thanks to thee as becomes good and faithful Democrats.

Most noble President, we are mighty thankful that thou art safely seated in the White House chair and that it is our lot to be thy doodle bugs and swallow whatever thou givest us. We thank thee for not sending us down to Mexico to whip them dadgasted Greasers. Master Wilson, it scares us nearly to death to think of going to war. We are willing to let the Republicans fight the Mexicans if they feel like it and we will be content to lick the dadgasted Radicals at the ballot box by cheating them out of their votes. We thank thee for causing our Congressman to send us a package of turnip seed last spring, altho the seed were rotten and never came up. We thank thee for not letting that comet hit us. Master Wilson, we dread comets and ghosts and Radicals. They make us shaky in the knees every time we hear of them. We thank thee for giving William Jennings Bryan that twelve thousand dollar a year job, altho that is not enough to make him a living. We thank thee for this nice weather during peapicking time. We thank thee for the fat possums this fall and the big simmon crop.

But, Wondrous Woodrow, we thank thee more for Free Trade than anything else. It just looks like we do not know how to thank thee enough for this blessed Free Trade. We thank thee almost as much for Free Trade that thou hast given us as we do for the postoffice that thou hast promised to give us. That robber tariff has been nearly killing us for lo these many years. We hate Protection as the Devil hates holy water. It was a breeder of trusts and the trusts bled us almost to death. But blessed day. No longer will the trusts sap us and bleed us and grind us into the earth. We shall stand back now and see Free Trade smash the everlasting stuffing out of the greedy combines. Won't it be glorious to sweeten our toddy with two cent sugar? We can almost hear the cost of living fall. And then we are told that the price of wages will go up and living get lower. Master Wilson, we bless thee for these things. Who wouldn't be thankful for a law that makes what we have to sell bring a good price and what we have to buy come way low? Nothing but a Democratic law could work such wonders as that. Nobody but Democrats deserve to enjoy such blessings.

Most excellent President, we can already tell a difference since Free Trade began to work. Our corns have ceased to hurt us as bad as they used to do under Protection. Our ingrowing toe nails have quit hurting us and that tired feeling has nearly disappeared. Our wives don't scold us like they did. Our toddy tastes better sweetened with Free Trade sugar and it makes us feel richer. We only wish that thou couldst see thy way clear to give us Free Licker. We would not ask thee for anything else if thou couldst only grant that little boon.

Now, Mr. President, if thou canst hurry up that postoffice matter a little we will be willing to forego getting the free licker as we can send a few postage stamps to the mail order house and buy a little booze or snakebites and logrollings.

Most Excellent President, we have heard that there are fifty-eight thousand postoffices in the United States and we do earnestly plead that thou dost hurry up and turn out all those dadgasted Radicals and let us good and faithful Democrats into the jobs. Don't let a single dratted Radical escape.

Well, Mister President, we are so overjoyed with the thought of Free Trade that we will have to stop and hout a little. We can't behave ourselves. It makes us want to hug our wives and kiss our babies to think we've got Free Trade at last. Stick out thy big toe so we can kiss it, Master Wilson, in order that we may show thee how much we adore thee.

Have our Congressman send us another package of seed—don't make any difference what sort—and send us an order for the postoffice as soon as it is consistent with thy pleasure and we will praise thy name as long as there is a rag on our blessed backs. Amen.

This "get back to the farm" policy we fear will never suit some of those who are talkin' it. They are so blasted lazy that shade trees would have to be planted in the corn fields.

LABES Our new "PROTECTOR" is safe and sure price \$1. Every woman wants one; made of silk lining. Hardware Store, Co., 222 Milwaukee, Wis.

STATEMENT of ownership, Management, etc., of the Yellow Jacket, published bi-weekly at Moravian Falls, N. C., required by the act of August 24, 1912. Editor, R. Don Laws; Managing Editor, R. Don Laws; Publisher, R. Don Laws; Owner, R. Don Laws.

R. Don Laws, Editor and Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Sept., 1912.

J. R. Parlier, Justice of the Peace.

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W. G. Meadows, Notary Public.