

The Yellow Jacket

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Rome's Latest Crime Nipped Quick

Hell and its twin sister, the Roman Catholic hierarchy have married and set up housekeeping here at home. The web hoofed terrestrial emissary of his Satannic majesty has spoken but thanks be to patriotism, the devil has got a slap in the face and the state that homes the patriotic Stinger has given the toe-sucker his walking papers and the meanest crime of all Rome has been set to naught.

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A Call to Action

To our army of nearly two million readers we would address a little shop talk to day. By referring to top left hand corner of this page you will observe that the Yellow Jacket is rounding out its twentieth year of warfare against liars and leeches, hypocrites and humbugs, demagogues and dastards. We are the pioneers in "hot shot" journalism. The Yellow Jacket "stung" long before Brann thundered with his Iconoclast; before the Gatlin Gun pealed forth, before the Broad Axe hewed a line, or the Pitchfork prodded, the Rip Saw roared, the Fool Killer tickled or the Hornet bored with its plagerized gimlet.

Woodrow Wilson to the Pope

"Dear Old Daddy on the Tiber, listen to my short report, for you know I'm root and fiber making this land your resort. I suppose the bishops told you how I've toadied every way to your noble nites and nabobs who will shortly rule the day. Tho I'm strictly Presbyterian (that's a good one, ain't it Pope?) I'm not leaning on my "rearin" but just handing out your dope. Why, Tumulty's almost taught me how to chant the Latin prayers, till the bishop almost thought me a Monsignor by my airs, when I went to say the masses—gloomy things they are, oh dad, can't you hoodwink all the classes with some humbug not so bad? It is galling to my senses, dady, when I have to think that I, when I mumble these pretenses once more see my Savior die. You of course, do not expect me, when I kow-tow to your schemes, to believe that they connect me with your faith—except in deams. Purgatory? Why its nonsense, who knows better than yourself, but it serves your rotten pretense and rolls in the cherished pelf. Pope, I wish you'd make your "army", your brave knights who throttle speech, slow up some, or they will harm me; make them hold down, I beseech. "I'm in trouble, Holy Dago, man-god, god-man on your throne, for the Y. J.'s in a bubble and just wont let me alone. Can't you stop The Yellow Jacket and the Menace—they're a sight; if they still keep up their racket, and don't cease their galling fight, why, they'll have the whole creation on to every move we make, and they'll rally this great nation like a mighty great earthquake. They've already told the people that your plan to close their schools, tear down every free church steeple—and the people are not fools. They can see beneath the cover of your saintly robe of red that there cower and cringe and hover schemes to strike their freedom dead. Father Pope, oh Great Toed Dady, have some pity, use some care, I'm so scared and mad and sad I can't sit easy in my chair. I'm a Protestant master, trying faithful as I can but without too much disaster, to perfect your Dago plan. Give me something easy, father; till I have a dodging spell from the pesky Y. J. bother that is after me like— O'er the wireless, in my slumbers I bow down and kiss your Toe, and I say your beads by numbers, I am, Ever Yours, Woodrow."

The Dago Pope cares as little for the American as the devil does for the first psalm. But we give it as our expert opinion that a priest pope or polywog or any persuasion religious or political that will take God's Sacred Word from a working man would chew up his only child blood raw and puke it out upon the hallowed grave of his mother. Taking every invective that all the languages of ancient and modern hell could enumerate and double them by the triple multiple of the countless stars in heavens' firmament and it would not be possible to churn from them a word suitable to stigmatize a biped brute who tells a man, who is trying to earn bread for his wife and family under this Tumulty Free Trade administration that if he reads the New Testament he has to get off the job. And that is what a nameless two-legged Romish squirt tried to do at the Morganton Furniture Factory some time ago in Burke county, (N. C.) But the bead-numbling, image-worshipping purgatory dodger bumped up against a large sized swift kick from 30 patriotic freeman, and finds himself on the outside of a good job. Over at Morganton, the county seat of Burke county, this state, several weeks ago the Furniture Factory installed a Roman Catholic general foreman toe-buser who undertook to run the factory like the Pope of Rome wants to run the United States as soon as he gets control of this republic of freemen. This man found the Burke county factory doing business with a force of good, zealous working men who have drank from their mothers' breasts the spirit of Christian liberty and who were loyal employees and good Christians. In the finishing room a man named Laughridge was

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The Antidote For Romanitis

The editor of the Yellow Jacket is being besieged with letters from our subscribers asking us to suggest a feasible plan to fall upon for uniting the Patriotic vote of the country in the coming congressional election. Well, beloved, that is a whooper of a job, let us tell you. You might as well attempt to shoot off the horns of the moon with a shot gun as to unite all the Patriots. But there is a plan by which enough may be united to sweep the country and that answers all practical purposes. The Republicans of Duncansville, Pennsylvania have the idea pretty well outlined, but we will herewith present a complete solution which we have compiled from different sources. Let the Progressives or Republicans or Progressive Republicans or Republican Progressives adopt this plan and put the following acid test squarely up to their candidates and see that they stand the test and they will sweep the country in the next go round like a whirlwind. Here is the yardstick with which you should measure every candidate and if he is made of the right kind of stuff there will be a shaking of dry bones in the Catholic graveyard. See that they all have their simple planks slipped in the platform and the old ship will sail on serenely: (1) We oppose to the utmost any attempt to impair the American principle of complete separation of Church and State? (2) We oppose to the utmost, any effort to take public money, directly or indirectly, for Sectarian purposes. (3) We oppose to the utmost, any attempt to abridge the liberty of the Press, as demanded by the American Federation of Catholic Societies? (4) We demand legislation which will enforce upon Roman Catholic convents, monasteries, and Houses of the Good Shepherd the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States which abolishes and prohibits involuntary servitude. (5) We demand legislation to have all such institutions placed under the inspection and supervision of the State authorities. (6) We demand legislation in Congress, to prevent a further official recognition of the Roman Catholic church, as the official church of the Pan-American Union, of which our non-Catholic republic is the dominant member. (7) We oppose the further celebration in the Army and Navy of the Military Mass of the Pope's church, whereat our soldiers and sailors are practically compelled, as a matter of discipline, to kneel to the pan-cake, out of which the Romanist priests pretend to create the body of Jesus Christ. (8) We demand national legislation which will penalize and prohibit such treasonous secret organizations as The Knights of Columbus, whose 4th degree members swear allegiance to the Italian pope, and swear to persecute their American fellow-citizens.

The Holy Eucharist

Transubstantiation means that the bread and wine at the Lord's supper (Eucharist) when blessed by a priest cease to be bread and wine and are transformed into the actual and real body and blood of Christ. Therefore the wafer of bread is to be worshipped as God. This is what the Roman Catholics teach and profess to believe as do also the Romanists of the Church of England. Can You Believe It? A pretty maid, a Protestant, in ignorance was led To think she might with comfort live, though to a Papist wed; But Rome decrees no peace they'll have who marry heretics, Until their households have been made submissive to her tricks. It sorely grieved this husband that his wife would not comply To join the "Mother Church" of Rome & heresy deny. Day after day he flattered her, but still she held it good That man should never bow the knee to idols made of wood. The Mass, the Priest, and miracles were made but to deceive, And Transubstantiation, too, she never could believe. He went unto his clergy, and told him his sad tale—"My wife's an unbeliever, sir, try if you can prevail; You say you can work miracles—she says it is absurd— Convince her and convert her, and great is your reward." The priest went with the gentleman he thought to gain a prize— Says he, "I will convert your wife, and open quite her eyes." So when they came into the house, "My dear," the husband cried, "The Priest is come to dine with us." "He's welcome," she replied. The dinner being ended, the Priest to teach began,

Explaining to the lady the sinful state of man; The kindness of the Saviour—this modern Priests deny— Who gave Himself a sacrifice, and for our sins did die. "He by his Priests still offers up Himself a sacrifice." To this the lady answered by expressing great surprise. "I will return to-morrow—prepare some bread and wine— And then dispense the sacrament to satisfy your mind." "I'll bake the bread," the lady said. "You may," so answered he; "And when you see this miracle, convinced I'm sure you'll be." The Priest returned accordingly, the bread and wine did bless, The lady said, "Sir is it changed?" His reverence answered, "Yes! It's changed now from bread and wine to real flesh and blood; You may depend upon my word, that it is very God." Thus having blessed the bread and wine, to eat he did prepare. The lady said unto the Priest, "I would have you take care; For one half-ounce of arsenic I've mixed in that cake, But as you have it's nature changed it may no difference make." The Priest stood all confused, and looked as pale as death, The bread and wine fell from his hands, and he did gasp for breath: "Bring me my horse," his Reverence cried, "this is a cursed place! Begone! begone!" the dame replied, "and hide your shameful face!" Her husband stood confounded, and not a word could say— At last he spoke, "My dear," said he, "the Priest has run away; Such mummery and nonsense no Christian can approve: Thank God I've seen his 'miracle' unmasked by you, my love!"

Haven't Had Time! Fiddlesticks

Some of Woodrow Wilson's Free Trade poliwiggs are hopping up and declaring that their party hasn't had time to reduce the high cost of living. Have not had time, Fiddlesticks! Now isn't that a beautiful excuse for Scrats to fling into the face of intelligent people? Well, by the eternals, they have had time to do a lot of things. They have had time to reduce the revenues of the government. They have had time to greatly increase the expenditures. They have had time to increase the market in this country for the products of every nation of Europe, of South America and North America. They have had time to decrease the market for American products in every nation of North America, South America and Europe. They have had time to increase the sales of foreign-made cotton goods in this country at the rate of \$10,000,000 per year. They have had time to increase the sales of foreign-made woolen goods in this country at the rate of \$28,700,000 a year. They have had time to close mills and factories. They have had time to see the railroads discharged 250,000 men who are now out of employment. They have had time to see the steel industries of this country throw a million men out of work. They have had time to bring idleness to 3,000,000 men in this country, but they have not had time to reduce the high cost of living. Isn't it a beautiful record? Now, we wonder just how much time the Democrats really want to bring about the great things they are going to accomplish. It is getting high time that they would name a date or deliver just one item. But it must be remembered that with Democracy it was ever thus. They prate long and loud of the great things they are just about ready to perform. But really, now, did you ever know of anything substantially beneficial to the whole people to come from the hands of Democracy? Now if you happen to know of such a benefit and will send us the item on a postal card and enclose a lock of your hair, we will publish the great discovery to the world. Because such a find will place you for ahead of Cook or Perry as discoverers and help to extricate the Democrats from a very delicate condition.

As we said above, we are independent. But we feel that we might better serve the cause of Patriotism by announcing our plans and suggesting a way that our friends could help us make the Stinger bigger and better. At the low price we offer the paper there is but a small amount of profit after taking out running expenses. We have practically put the profits of the paper into equipment as fast as funds could accumulate. We have a splendid plant, but increased business calls for greater machinery if we continue to improve. Now what? Here it is: We are willing to apply \$20,000 to improvements provided subscriptions enough to do this are sent on the following offer: Send us ONE DOLLAR and we will enter your sub. for TEN YEARS and thus you can help us carry out a plan to literally set the world on fire in a few months and get your name entered on our books for ten years so that you will not have to bother about renewals till 1924. Now, let's see how many of our friends will take advantage of this and send us a ten year subscription at once. Henry Ford, the Detroit Auto man, is laying off men by the thousands. The single men are to go first. And Bryan thanks God that Woodrow has set business free. On May 1st the deficiency in the U. S. Treasury for the fiscal year was \$34,334,488, as against a surplus of \$8,718,945, at the same period last year, a Democratic difference "to the bad" of just \$43,053,433. William Jawsmith Bryan says he thanks God that Woodrow Wilson has set business free. But perhaps the three million men in enforced idleness have another opinion. Bryan makes sensible people tired. And Bill Bryan reverently thanks God that Woodchuck Wilson has freed business. Don't it beat halifax?