

OUR MOTTO, ONE FLAG, ONE SCHOOL, ONE PEOPLE, AMERICA FOR AMERICANS

The Yellow Jacket

OUR AIM, TO SWAT LIARS AND LEECHES, HYPOCRITES & HUMBUGS. DEMAGOGS & DASTARDS

VOL. XXII.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MAY 10-24, 1917.

NO. 22.

A STIRRING ADDRESS.

By J. Gordon Jones.

Confederate Veterans and Fellow Countrymen:

In every land under the sun, there are days which stand apart from other days, and tower above them, as the mountains stand apart from the plains and look down upon them.

Upon the plain, the routine of life flows on; and upon its level, spread towns and cities, hamlets and fields, busy with the humdrum of every day existence.

On the mountains there is a different world, a different atmosphere; there is solemn silence in those higher regions; there is a rare and radiant purity in the air and in the sky; and to him who stands upon the summit, there is a feeling which is as far removed from the sordid thought of the selfseekers in the plains below, as the snow on the mountain top is from the grime of the streets.

So, on those days which the nations of earth devote to some Memory, the heart is lifted above the dull routine; the soul fills with an emotion not known to other days.

With us of the South, there is no jubilent Festival, commemorative of the Fall of a Bastille, the destruction of an ancient tyranny, and the birth of a glorious rebellion, such as they celebrate in France.

We have in common with the North, East and West the national Fourth of July, which is sacred to us, as to other sections, and which re-echoes with the notes of triumph, of joy, of exaltation; but the one day which is peculiarly OURS, is not a Festival, but a Memorial; not a day for palms of victory, but for the immortal which betoken failure; for, in spite of immortal heroism and fortitude, Our Cause goes down in history as 'Lost.'

Not for us, on this day, are the trumpets of victory. Not for us, on this day, are the laurels of conquerors.

For us on this day, are the tear-compelling flags that were furled at Appomattox, after they had streamed like meteors over the battle-lines, all the way from Manassas to Gettysburg.

For us, on this day, are the refrains of the martial music that thrilled the Boys in Gray, as they mustered in Virginia, and followed Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Stuart to soldier graves and to never dying fame.

With us, on this day, is the blending of the cypress and the laurel, for while the cypress symbolizes the death of the Southern Confederacy, the laurel is the fit emblem of the glory of its aim, the heroism of its struggle, and the splendor of the resurrection of its people from the

tomb in which their foes laid them.

Standing upon the elevation of this Memorial Day, and caught up in the inspirations of its associations and recollections, may we not be forgiven if we look back over the traveled road of the Republic, and mark, with pride, the monuments of Southern worth?

It was a Virginia back-woods lawyer who first thrilled the Colonies with the daring declaration, "We must fight."

It was in the Carolinas that the first overt acts of rebellion against Great Britain occurred; and it was Carolina soil that drank the first patriot blood.

It was Richard Henry Lee who first planned an American Confederation, the pioneer of all later federations.

It was a Southern pen that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and a Southern sword that won its final triumph at Yorktown.

Southern lawyers made the Constitution of the United States; laid the foundations of national expansion; sent George Rogers Clark to win the Middle West, and peaceably acquired the vast Louisiana territory, in spite of New England threats to secede.

Southern Presidents, Cabinets, and Senators so wisely ruled the United States that we never had a pauper class until after the War between the States.

No Southern statesman of the old regime ever went into office poor and came out rich. Almost invariably, if they went in rich, they came out poor.

George Washington had to borrow money to put his home and his plantations in repair.

Thomas Jefferson left the Executive Mansion heavily in debt.

James Madison had to borrow thousands of dollars after his eight-year service as President; and James Monroe, was so impoverished, after his two terms, that he left Virginia, and went to New York where his married daughter gave him a home.

Even Andrew Jackson had to borrow \$10,000, at the end of his second term; and his affairs never did recover their former prosperity.

Everybody knows how long Mr. Calhoun served his country, and how poor a man he remained. It was the same with Alexander H. Stephens, Howell Cobb, and Jefferson Davis.

During all the years that the South dominated the Union, there was never a time when food riots broke out in cities where the laws of the Federal Government heaped wealth on one side of the town, and

(Continued On Page Three.)

FARMING MADE PLAIN.

Writing from the sub-soil in the subway, a N. Y. sub says:

"Will you please tell me how I can reduce the high cost of keeping out of war by cultivating my own grub?"

Yep, of course we will.

First, you obtain your farm. You can do this in several ways. You can either purchase a farm on the instalment plan, order one from Sears & Roebuck, or marry a red-headed widow whose first husband left her a farm with a mortgage on it and a large family. If you haven't time to acquire a farm by any of these never-failing methods, roll the woodshed off to one side, (you won't need wood in summer and you don't farm in winter) and cultivate the place where the shed was.

You now have your farm.

Then break up your farm.

You do not do this with an axe or a hammer, but with a pair of rest-less refractory mules. Consult Blum's almanac as to the proper time to begin your Spring plowing, and prepare your family for the shock. After a night of careful consideration of the signs of the Zodiac, you rise about the time you are asleep, and go out and hitch up the mules. You then return to the house and wake up your family and kiss them all goodbye. You then drive over to the farm, and discover that you forgot to bring along the plow. You go back, knock around the house most of the morning looking for your plow, put it in the wagon, and return to the farm. By this time you are ready to eat dinner and you return to the house. After dinner take an hour's nap to prevent nervousness or a bilious attack, and you then return again to the farm. All is now in readiness to proceed. You wire the Weather Bureau C. O. D. at Washington for particulars as to the condition of the soil. Not receiving an answer, you return again to the house, and send another telegram to the Bureau of Astronomy and also the Agricultural Department at Harvard University. If they advise you that the moon and stars are favorable, and you get a reply from the Department at Washington, you

again return to the farm. You call in the neighbors and have them assist you to remove the plow from the wagon. This you set at a given point south by east in the corner of the farm, and call in the county surveyor, who then locates your lines, so as to prevent your trespassing on somebody else's farm. You then go over to the side of the farm opposite the plow, and erect an imaginary line, running parallel of other lines from your location to the plow. You calculate the distance from the plow to your given location, multiply it by the number of rows you expect to plow, divide by the circumference of twice the diameter of the circle that would be around the farm if it were not square, at which time you discover that one of the mules has broken loose and you knock down forty panels of your neighbor's fence trying to corral the derved mule. The mule having exhausted himself in the effort to escape work, you lay off another day and call in a veterinary who informs you that the mule has contracted pneumonia and must be put on a strict diet. Next day you hike all over the county trying to hire an alternate mule, and wind up by mortgaging the farm and your mother-in-law's false teeth for a four-legged plug that is so all-fired skinny that his hide rattles and his joints squeak. Praying that the mule will not die until you reach the farm, you then hie forth to till the soil. You will in all probability turn up a rattle-snakes' nest and get bit, which will cause the mules to run away. If you live in a snake-bite-remedy zone, you will feel so rich for the next two weeks after taking the treatment that you won't give a whoop whether corn is \$5. a bushel or beans \$8. a pound. By that time the Spring freshets will have washed away your neighbors' farms, and you will be glad that you didn't start cultivating your farm, anyway. If you haven't committed suicide by this time, Woodrow Wilson's low cost of living wave will be sailing over the country and you won't need to farm.

"The most despicable thing outside perdition is Protestantism; and to speak of it truthfully and properly, we should have to use up all the superlatives of vituperation."—Western Watchman, page 10, Dec. 10, 1914.

NOTICE!

To Our Many Subscribers:—

It is needless to say that this country is demoralized from center to circumference. Everything is out of joint. The cry for money, money, money, is heard on every hand. The Nation is calling for money—billions of it—to run the war. The working people are calling for more of it than ever to enable them to meet the exorbitant demands of the high cost of living. The railroads are howling for more of it in the way of increased rates and fares to enable them, they say, to perform their "bit" in aiding the Government in prosecuting the war. Already the newspapers had been hit hard by having to pay nearly three times as much for white paper as formerly. We have called your attention to this before. Thousands of small papers were compelled to quit. This condition forced the Stinger for the time being to consolidate two issues into one. Now, the Government, in order to raise more money, proposes to force the papers which have never paid over one cent a pound postage, to have to pay parcel post-rates on their papers. This means that thousands more papers will be forced to close down forever. This new ruling will take effect the first of June. The only thing left for us to do is to close our shop or raise our subscription price. So henceforth the club rate will be twenty cents a year. And we earnestly call upon every present subscriber to put his shoulder to the wheel and each get us at least two new subscribers at twenty cents each. That will set the Stinger on easy street. If every subscriber will send us one sub at 25 cents per sub it will enable us to place orders for paper to keep the Insect going right along. But remember we can't run on our old rates and pay the new prices. The Yellow Jacket is 23 years old and it asks every subscriber who desires to see it continue to visit their homes to come to its relief at once. A word to the wise is sufficient.

OPEN LETTER TO WILSON.

Oh, Woody, dear, and did you hear The noise that's going round, sir? We are rising by ten thousands And we're plowing up the ground, sir!

We are droppin' in the corn and beans, We're plantin' wheat for all, sir, We are mobilizin' taters, too, And answerin' the call, sir!

Your Auntie Sam is making jam For all the boys to eat, sir, And when she gets her dander up, You know she can't be beat, sir! She's bossin' all the folks about, The farm's no home at all, sir— It's just a mobilizin' camp For answerin' the call, sir!

So Woody, dear, ye need not fear, The country's coming strong, sir, You can hear the factories' whistles, You can hear the dummy's gong, sir, You can hear the spuds a sproutin', You can hear the truck crops say, sir, "We're pushing up for freedom, too, We'll do our bit today, sir!"

Your Uncle Sam says "Here I am!" We're marching everywhere, sir; We're planting crops and bayonets, O, we've hayseeded in-our hair, sir! But we're marchin' to the music Of a lasting peace for all, sir— With our reapers and our muskets We are answering the call, sir.

TAKE NOTE.

Please withdraw from the War Dance, and drop the pot of Red Paint long enough to read this extract from the official Report of our "Industrial Trades Commission":

"We have, according to income tax returns, forty-four families with incomes of \$1,000,000 or more, whose members perform little or no useful service, but whose aggregate incomes, totalling at least fifty millions per year, are equivalent to the earnings of 100,000 wage earners at the average rate of \$500. The ownership of wealth in the United States has become concentrated to a degree which is difficult to grasp. THE "RICH," TWO PER CENT OF THE PEOPLE, OWN SIXTY PER CENT OF THE WEALTH. THE "MIDDLE CLASS," 33 PER CENT OF THE PEOPLE, OWN 5 PER CENT OF THE WEALTH. THIS MEANS THAT A LITTLE LESS THAN TWO MILLION PEOPLE, WHO WOULD MAKE UP A SMALLER CITY THAN CHICAGO, OWN 20 PER CENT MORE OF THE NATION'S WEALTH THAN ALL THE OTHER NINETY MILLIONS."

Say, brother, do you stand for such hogging the game as for two per cent of the people to own sixty per cent of the wealth? No you don't, any more than you believe in licking the Pope's big toe. So help us to open the eyes of the millions by sending us a club for the Stinger today.

HOME, SWEET HOME TO DATE.

'Mid pleasures and palaces tho we may roam, if they reach the requirements they've got to go some. A charge from the butcher to follow us there, which, seek thru the world, you'll not find elsewhere. Home, home, sweet home, be it ever so tumbled, we still call it home. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, and know that my grocer has on his books piled a bill for the flour that will come to the door, that's as high as the moon and, sweet, sweet home, tho mortgaged and an exile from home splendor dazzles me there again. The baker is waiting two days to dig up the pay; the milk stands ready to tack a due bill on me. It may suit some men but it's turns to thinking of home that col- am; I realize sadly—and shed some handle me rough. The clothes that pleasures aforesaid, are still owed out of his cash, and should I return sweet, sweet home. I'll keep out of reach and proceed to go some. When last I gazed over the lawn at my home, a spectacle greeted me that knocked me dumb. The ice man was hot and perspiring as he hove rapidly nearer my home o'er the sea. The gas man exploded in white heat and said unless I paid up he'd cave in my head. My landlord proceeded much nearer to come,—and hence amid pleasures I set out to roam. Home, home, sweet, sweet home. How oft does its vision haunt me as I roam.

ROMANISM AMONG THE POLITICIANS.

On April 2 a crowd of papists from Pennsylvania visited the capitol of the nation to pay their respects to Joseph McLaughlin, national president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who has been elected as congressman at large from that state. In the evening they gave a dinner at the New Cochran, at which Senator Penrose, Representatives J. Hampton Moore, John J. Fitzgerald, Ambrose Kennedy and Martin B. Madden, among other notable politicians, were the invited guests.

On St. Patrick's Day Senator Borah of Idaho made an address to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Greater New York.

Through George J. Waring, the Roman Catholic priest, who is chaplain of the 11th United States cavalry at Governor's Island, New York, the Pope has recently transmitted his benediction upon the American army.

General Francis J. Kernan, a Roman Catholic, has recently been appointed commander-in-chief of the United States army in the Philippines.

The well-known automobile manufacturer, Henry Ford, is said to be building a million dollar Roman Catholic orphan asylum in Detroit. This would seem to indicate that Mr. Ford still cherishes political ambitions.

The first chaplain appointed to our navy since the declaration of war with Germany, is Thomas F. Regan, a Roman Catholic priest from the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C.

The two Roman Catholic universities that look down upon the capitol of the nation from strategical heights in the District of Columbia are taking steps to organize student battalions, and they are said to have been promised the services of a non-commissioned officer of the army to drill their students for that purpose.

Roman Catholics of Baltimore on April 9 had a flag raising at St. Wenceslaus' church at which the mayor of the city, Congressman Charles Coady, Attorney General Ritchie and

SEVEN BILLION PLUNKS.

A fellow who works about The Yellow Jacket office asked us the other day how much seven billion dollars was. He said he read in a paper that Congress had voted bonds to that amount to carry on the war for the next year and he was curious to get an idea of seven billion plunks. He admitted that he thought it was a good deal of money. Our explanation follows:

If the sum were left to a man in a will, and he were to spend a dollar a minute, it would take him just 13,318 years to run through his fortune.

This is on the supposition that he buried his bulky talent in a napkin. Assuming that he loaned it out at six per cent per annum, the fortunate possessor could spend \$800 a minute, and at the end of eternity have his original fund unimpaired.

If he converted it all into silver dollars and laid them edge to edge—this is one of the favorite methods of the experts—the little silver necklace would reach more than four times around the earth, or nearly half the distance to the moon.

If sportively inclined, the heir to this tidy sum could convert it into \$20 gold pieces and sit "into" a quiet

standing down to government affairs, the sum is seven times the average amount that has been spent yearly in the past decade to run the Nation. The interest on the bonds will amount to \$245,000,000, which is as much as all the expenses of the government forty years ago.

MOUNTING SKYWARD.

which sold a year ago at \$9.80 per 100 pounds, bring today \$16.00. Sheep have advanced from \$9.80 per cwt., to \$12.80. Flour that sold for \$5.80, now brings \$11.70. Potatoes have risen from 80 cents per bushel to \$3.25. Eggs from 20 cents a dozen to 34 cents, which is not as great an advance as that made in chicken feed. Corn that sold for 76 cents a bushel, now brings \$1.60. And so the story goes.

Meanwhile, workers who go on for better wages are asked to

Herr von Eckardt, German Minister to Mexico, admits employing spies, but explains they are used to "guard against the machinations of bad Germans who come to Mexico." How, now, to the German mind can there be any such critter as a "bad" German?

"A civil marriage is only licensed cohabitation. There should be no such legal abomination, and the Church should be supreme judge of the marriage relation."—Western Watchman, March 28, 1912.

"Catholics should band together and show, instead of the teeth of the lamb, the fangs of the lion."—Ex-Governor Glynn, of New York, as quoted by the Washington Herald, June 16, 1914.

Get This Red-Hot Paper Now

THE RASCAL WHIPPER.

Every blessed reader of The Yellow Jacket who swears by the G. O. P. needs The Rascal Whipper to help him lay out the mollycoddles. It's got The Yellow Jacket skinned steen blocks as a rip-roaring roaster of rotten rascals. It goes after them blood raw. It hits the spot going and coming and, take it from us, it makes 'em howl. The G. O. P. is coming back dressed in a new suit of clothes and with banners a-flying and The Rascal Whipper tells you how, and when, and why. So, loosen up, Mr. Man, get on the sub list and help it set the world on fire for Republicanism. Paper same size of The Yellow Jacket. Single subs, 25 cts. Club of five or more, FIFTEEN CENTS per sub.

THE RASCAL WHIPPER, Moravian Falls, N. C.