

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

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MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1928.

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## Think, Mr. Voter, Think!

The United States of America are passing out of an epochal era and are about to enter a new one. America will never be the same again after March fourth, 1929. Whether the new age in America will be one of progress or of decline will hinge almost entirely upon the result of the great National referendum in November of this year. A new social order is about to dawn, a new economic era knocks at our door, a new moral behaviour is imminent, a different culture and civilization await us, a new industrialism and a new commercial life invite us. Our Federal Government, our state governments, our country and municipal governments, our society, our morals, our intellectual and spiritual landscapes, our homes, and our many millions of individual lives, face an impending change. We are apprehensive and we are eager. The old order passeth. The new compels us on. Around the personalities of Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith gather the contending forces. Never in American history have as many issues struggled together for supremacy. The year 1928 marks the decisive battle in America between irreconcilable forces. There is no neutrality in the revolution going on in the land. Every man and woman in the nation will be definitely arrayed on one side or other by November. Every factor in the contest is intolerant of its immediately opposing factor. No quarter will be asked or given and when the battle is over, one side will prosper and the other will decline.

The victorious side will determine the character of Americanism, inclusive of every phase of our national life, for the next full century if not longer. And the average citizen relishes the "showdown" so joyously that he would rather be alive today and to campaign and vote as a sovereign citizen this year, than to have been Presidents Washington or Lincoln in other years.

Let us inspect the rival chieftains and their troops and estimate the issue of the imminent struggle. The few notable exceptions from the group alignments here indicated, only serve to emphasize the generality of the alignments.

Marshaled under the standard of Alfred E. Smith is practically every Roman Catholic in America; maneuvered into such position by the dogmas and ecclesiastical compulsions which for centuries have guided him to his present station and which make any other political loyalty for him unthinkable. Exceptions to this case are so rare as to be negligible.

Joined with these by a self interest which makes their group equally as dependable, ardent, and determined, is every "Wet" in the country. Wet Republicans, almost to the last man, submerge their Republican principles and forget every obligation of party honor, to join a leadership which promises them "a full wine-cellar." Wet Protestants put aside every moral precept of their faith, ignore every behest of duty and principle.

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## Nation's Destiny In Hands of the Women

Every political prophet admits that the results of the November election depend chiefly on the way the 30,000,000 women voters cast their ballots. Unless the women, who make the home, save it, Raskob's plan to "put liquor back into the homes" is sure to become a reality, with its resultant ruin.

Judge Gilbert O. Nations, America's best posted man on Roman history, says, "Tammany Hall and similar forces in other cities will join with the political underworld in dumping into the ballot-box the votes of virtually all women of low ideals. But the noble womanhood of the nation greatly outnumber both the foregoing groups. The supreme problem is to bring out the entire vote of the women in whom the best ideals of America are incarnate. If this can be done, the wet Tammany ticket will be buried beyond the possibility of resurrection."

Tammany's crowd is out trying to hoodwink the women voters into thinking the election of Smith won't effect the American home, but we believe the women are too wise to be tricked by any such political slush.

We appeal to the women readers of this paper to help us get the facts of the campaign issues before every woman voter in the country.

Women of America, your time has arrived. Unless you vote against the Tammany herd this November, American ideals are forever doomed.

## QUEER POLITICAL BED-MATES

Our widely-known Southern chivalry compels us to rush to press and congratulate Clyde Hoey, Cam. Morrison, Josephus Daniels and those other widely-ubiquitous Demo-catholic spell-binders in the acquisition of Jack Johnson, a national Al Smith Democratic speech-maker.

The spectacle of these well-known white-supremacy view-with-alarms seated around the same speakers' desk with a former Federal convict miscegenist Negro champion prize fighter certainly is one to "inspire" even the most ardent "brotherly love" brigade which seems so dear to Hoey's and the others' souls.

But we can't help wondering if Hoey and Jack Johnson's other "white buddies" on the stump for Al will talk so loud about "Nigger supremacy" with the ex-nose buster on the same platform with 'em?

Truly, "politics makes strange bed-fellows" and Daniels on the same platform with a Negro who may succeed him as Democratic Secretary of the Navy, if Al is elected, is one to make even the saints shed tears.

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**LISTEN, EVERYBODY!**  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 \* We have asked the readers of \*  
 \* The Yellow Jacket to do many \*  
 \* little things for us in the past and \*  
 \* they have usually responded very \*  
 \* liberally. Now, Listen Folks: \*  
 \* We are asking every one of you \*  
 \* who read this issue, when thru \*  
 \* with it, to hand it or to mail it, \*  
 \* to a friend whom you think might \*  
 \* be interested in our paper and its \*  
 \* policies, and ask him to subscribe. \*  
 \* Did you ever stop to consider \*  
 \* that your friends might like The \*  
 \* Yellow Jacket? We need the \*  
 \* patronage and co-operation of \*  
 \* every person that we can interest \*  
 \* in the cause. So if every sub- \*  
 \* scriber and reader will try out \*  
 \* this suggestion and pass the \*  
 \* paper on, we believe it will be \*  
 \* one of the greatest boosts the \*  
 \* Stinger ever had. Try it out, \*  
 \* Friends, and let us see the results. \*  
 \* \*\*\*\*\*

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**THE YELLOW JACKET,**  
**MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.**

## Eli Tucker's Letter

Huckleberry Knob, N. C.,  
 September 3, 1928.  
 Editor, The Yellow Jacket,

Dear (Sir):—Here I am writing on another national holiday. It seems to beat all blazes how I just happen to start my home-spun remarks to your pesky little paper on days set apart for great national doings.

Well, Mr. Editor, I think every laboring man in the United States ought to get all he possibly can out of this Labor Day. If the worst comes to pass, it may be the last one any highly-paid, well-living American workman may have to enjoy.

You know how Al Smith has bolted the Democratic platform on Restriction of Foreign Immigration. Well, it doesn't take a prophet to foresee what will happen to Labor in this country, if the low-wage aliens, with their rice-ideas and rough-living habits flood this country under "President Al." Wages will go down to a trifle, and a man can't make enough in a twelve-hour joust with a job to earn his salt. If Smith has his way, Rome will rush its aliens into this country—and work will be swamped with Gings willing to perform all day for enough to buy beer and a few kinky pretzels. American laborers are the best living workmen in the world—and the highest paid. Most of them have their own radios, autos, and modern homes. They can't keep these things up without profitable jobs. Well, I ask any sane voter, how will there be jobs, when we have a dozen foreign sweating ill-smelling toe-bussing garlic-eaters

for every job in the land? American Labor ought to study this situation that confronts them—and vote for Hoover who stands on restriction of alien immigration. Their own self-protection dictates that sane policy—and I don't mean maybe.

The fact that New Jersey's and New York's State Federations of Labor have endorsed Smith for election, should be a caution and a warning to the labor leaders of other states, instead of an example. Both these states are largely populated by foreigners. The aliens have grasped the upper hand. If Smith's bolt against the Democratic party platform plank for a restricted foreign immigration is permitted to become a national reality, Mr. Editor, the day will be shortly when labor in the United States will be disorganized; jobs will be impossible, and a horde of workless worthless aliens will join the racketeers, bandits and gunmen, and Hell will break loose all over this country. What we now have in Chicago and New York—both overloaded with aliens and Roman Catholic thugs—we will have in the now thoroughly Americanized cities of the South and the entire country. We don't want such things to come to pass. Hoover, both in the party platform and in his speeches of acceptance and public utterances, stands for keeping the undesirable aliens OUT. And that's what we Americans must have to win.

Mr. Editor, don't the repeated

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## Protestant Women, Take Warning

American Mothers, Wives, Daughters, Sisters, women all, we want to warn you that in your keeping lies right now the destiny not only of free America but of the civilized world.

There's no beating Satan Devil around the bush—unless ALL the American women who can vote register and go to the polls and help swat the diabolical conspiracy of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy and the lawless aliens to elect Al Smith President of the United States, this country's boasted freedom of speech is doomed, free schools and free press will soon be things only of memory—and the United States will become the most tyrannical Roman Catholic Hierarchy in the history of the world. Talk about the Spanish Inquisition and the St. Bartholomew Massacre. Those bloody incidents in the crime-pages of regnant Romanism will be but child's play as compared with what a boastful bossy domineering Tammany Hall Irish Catholic control of the United States will be.

The signs of it are already breaking out—for intolerant Rome can't even restrain its rage at us Protestant Americans long enough to deceive the voters into helping them get into complete power. A United States Senator has been refused opportunities to address the voters in Roman Catholic cities—solely because he prevented the Knights of

Columbus from getting us into war with Mexico. A poor struggling printer in Syracuse, N. Y., has his shop wrecked and his business ruined, merely because he dared print articles criticizing Al Smith. Preachers who dare challenge this arch enemy of Sobriety from their pulpits have been hissed by hired thugs; the mails of Protestant speakers have been intercepted; anti-Smith papers like The Yellow Jacket find it almost impossible to get to Protestant subscribers in some towns where Rome's spies get first peep at them; motion picture makers who presume to print views of the Protestant candidate for President are threatened by the Mayor of America's largest city; the Catholic chairman of the National Democratic Committee tries to bulldoze Protestant preachers who presume to comment on Smith's wetness and Catholicism; Babe Ruth, a leading baseball player, insults the Republican nominee for President of the United States by refusing to be photographed with him—saying "it's politics"—when everybody knows that Babe Ruth is a rampant Roman Catholic, raised in a Roman Catholic orphanage and tarred and bestuck with Romanism from his conceited head to his flat-hoofs. A Democratic ex-Governor of Florida is rotten egged in the capitol where he reigned, for daring to speak against Al Smith.

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## Let's Nail This Lie, Too

Since the nervous fish-market nominee, Alcohol Smith, has been setting us an example in gadding about nailing "lies" about his "moral character" (please don't laugh), what about driving a large twenty-penny nail thru the popular lie that the Democratic spell-binders are fond of spreading about Secretary of the Treasury Mellon as "the biggest distiller in the world"?

Everybody ought to know that is a lie, and as bald a lie as ever gained favor with political cut-throats.

Mellon made his multi-millions as a Pittsburgh banker, dealing in bonds, stocks, railroad interests, public improvements bond issues, and the usual honorable and honest methods of big bankers. For years the Mellon banks of Pittsburgh have set the pace in public improvements and advancement.

Probably, many years ago, at the time that Uncle Sam recognized the manufacture and sale of liquor as a

legitimate enterprise, and a perfectly proper business, Mellon owned some controlling stock in a local distillery, but that it ever was the "biggest distillery in the world" was a lie then, is a lie now and ever will be a lie, whether told by Josephus Daniels or any other pious lip-smirking politician lick-spittle. There were scores of distilleries larger and better known than those in which Mellon may have had his investments.

And even had Mellon's been the "biggest in the world" at the time, he no longer has it, hasn't engaged in the business in years, and to spread that damnable falsehood is as infamous as to assassinate a man's character by any of the other methods decried and damned by the Holy Bible.

But when a lie can boost the cause of the Smith-ocrats crowd it seems perfectly proper for even pious "church leaders" like Joe Daniels, to continue to broadcast that lie.

## Democrats and Negroes

Probably the most serious handicap that has been placed on the progress of the industrial South has been its retention of its ancient attitude toward the Negro. If you want to start an average pie-munching Smith-ocrat to slobbering at the gills, just say Republican to him—and he begins to holler, "Look Out! Nigger Equality! Fire! Murder! Police!" To try to explain to such a combustible individual that there is no Negro problem in the South any more; that the Negroes have mostly moved off—those having political aspirations—to New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois and other sections where they feel they can get both Democratic and Republican recognition;—to try to explain all this would be like trying to cool off Vesuvius with a midget's fan.

Because the Negroes, learning from their earliest birth that Abraham Lincoln, a Republican President, emancipated them, have insisted on being loyal, where permitted to vote, to the party they believe gave them freedom, the favorite pastime of dyed-in-the-feathers Smith-ocrats has been to yell, "Look Out, Here Comes a Nigger!" every time somebody expresses his or her intention to vote the ticket with Herbert Hoover's name on it. The simple truth—and this is no "whispering", but universally known in New York City—is, that Herbert Hoover has had less direct contact with Negroes in

business politics or religion than Al Smith—and anybody ought to be able to see it for himself. The Roman Catholic Church for years has specially played for the Negroes.

Harlem, in New York City, has hundreds of thousands of Negroes—and they are mostly adherents of Al Smith. Al—so Mrs. Nicholson has charged, and Al hasn't denied—goes frequently up to hob-nob and confab with the Harlem "Nigger-Haven"-ites—and they do tell that Al is some hob-nobber and confabber. But beings as we are afraid Al will put The Yellow Jacket on his "whispering" list, have the dear old Pope spiritually disinheret and excommunicate us, we won't say much about Al's hob-nobs and confabs—and we don't care a small-sized Tinker's dee how much Al hobs and nobs and cons and fabs, any how. But with a Negro head of Tammany's Civil Service brigade—and a white woman side by each with him to take his confidential dictations; with several dark-complected high-up Negroes from Harlem on Tammany's Boards, at Albany in high office, etc., etc., until you raise the window for air—and with Joe McElmore, Negro lawyer, riding high as the straight Al Smith Democratic nominee for Congress from St. Louis, we are surprised that the Smith-ocrats have the cheek to mention the Negro Brother at all.

(Continued on page 3, column 4.)

## "An Abuse of the Franking Privilege"

Sweating like he had just emerged from one of the 27,000 open saloons his "Constitutional government" has given to New York during his administration as governor, Al Smith, at Oklahoma City, attacked ex-U. S. Senator Owen for publishing a letter he had written U. S. Senator Simmons, and made this remark:

"It was an abuse of the privilege of franking and of reading matter into the (Congressional) Record."

This seemed to worry Al Smith a great lot.

But you can skin our epidermis for a tarred tad-pole if, in the very same mail, we didn't receive, mailed from Raleigh, this state, and under the United States Senatorial Frank of Pat Harrison, a Mississippi Democrat, an unstamped letter bearing the title, "The Alleged Oath or Obligation of the Knights of Columbus", the same being a speech "read into the Record" by one Congressman William Kettner, a Pope-toadying

California high-degree, watch-charm Mason, as long ago as January 29, 1925.

The contents were nothing more nor less than an apology for the alleged Knights of Columbus oath read into the Record during the fight between two Pennsylvania Congressional candidates even before that ancient period—and we would like to ask Al Smith, in his righteous rage over "abuse of the franking privilege" just how long and how many folks are entitled to clutter up the United States mails with free postage conveying political dope calculated to help his candidacy and boost the Knights of Columbus?

Our own private idea is that the chief reason that the Postal Department has proved a big financial fizzle and had to call on the tax-payers to reimburse it for huge losses is just such political shenanign business—and we don't like it a whoop—whether it boosts Smith, the Kaseys, or anybody else.