

**Jine The Democrats.**

If you want to see the mills and factories closed and thousands of men and women thrown out of employment and reduced to starvation as was the case in Cleveland times,

Jine the democrats.

If you favor election laws that deny the right of opposing political parties to representation on election boards,

Jine the democrats.

If you desire to see the United States Mexicanized by having to pay honest labor with 50-cent dollars,

Jine the democrats.

If you believe a man should be denied the rights of citizenship because of his poverty and illiteracy,

Jine the red shirt democrats in North Carolina.

If you want to see the United States flag hauled down in the Philippines and the victory of Admiral Dewey brought to naught,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to see another "Coxey army" organized and marching across the land to demand work of our national lawmakers,

Jine the democrats.

If you delight in seeing banks and business houses bursting like bubbles, and firms of all kinds going to the wall,

Jine the democrats.

If you would have wages cut about half, prices fall, times grow gloomy and hundreds of thousands of homes made desolate on account of hard times,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to make a jassack of yourself and disgust the whole human race,

Jine the Aguinaldo wing of the democratic party,

If you want to raise free wool,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to return to Cleveland times,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to vote for a party that never redeemed a pledge it made to the people,

Jine the democrats.

If you believe in appointing dead men as judges of election,

Jine the Goebel elements.

If you believe it is right to "shoot niggers, stuff ballot boxes and not be ashamed of it,"

Jine the democrats.

If you want to see the Treasury busted,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to see year-old calves sell for \$1.50 a piece,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to make money scarce,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to issue more bonds,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to see cotton cheap,

Jine the democrats.

If you want to play the devil right,

Jine the democrats.

**JUST A SAMPLE.**

Whoop-pee-e-e-e-e!  
Here I come again, and I guess you don't know me this time, do you?

Well, I'm a democrat—a regular anti-trust, Free-Trade, anti-expansion, free lick, white supremacy, Hanner hating William Jennings Bryan democrat. That's just what I am.

I believe that Mark Hanner and Bill McKinley are chicken thieves and that William J. Bryan is second to Jesus Christ and might have been ahead of him if he had been born a little sooner.

I'm agin the tariff, 'cause Bryan is for Free Trade; and I'm for Free Trade 'cause Bryan's agin Protection.

Whatever Bryan's for, I'm for 'cause he can't go wrong.

I'm agin the tariff, 'cause it breeds trusts. The reason I know the democrats are agin trusts is 'cause I heard the boss say so. I know the republicans are for trusts, 'cause I read it in a democratic paper. I don't read republican papers for they are agin my party. But when the boss sends me a democratic paper I read it and believe every word it says. If it says black is white, I know it's so.

Wish I had some more lick.

The republicans are tyrants. I heard the boss say so. Then I read it in the paper.

They make the laws that make the trusts that make us poor. I heard the boss come over these very words.

I'm agin McKinley.

I'm agin Mark Hanner.

I'm agin the government, 'cause it's a shooting of the Fil-hell-if-I-nos—whoever they are. That's what the boss sez. "The Fil-hell-if-I-nos 'are and of right ought to be free and independent."

I think that's the way he come over it. But there is no dickins if I know what all that rigmarole means.

But dadgum the dadgum trusts—if I had another drink of that lick I could think of the rest of it.

Hurrah for Bryan and anti-imperialism, and anti-trust, and free silver enough to keep the boys together. That's about the way the boss said to say it.

I've got no use for the dat swattled radicals. They believe in high tariffs and sound money and expansion. I don't want no tariff in mine.

All I want is straight lick and a straight ticket. That gives me a chance to cuss the republicans and call them the nigger party, and Mark Hanner's pups and infernal gold bugs and sich like.

Dadgum the trusts.

Hurrah for Bryan and anti-imperialism.

I aint ashamed of my politics, cause I've always been a democrat.

Wherever the party went I followed.

I'm following it today.

Don't know where it's going.

Don't care, cause it can't go wrong.

Billy Bryan is our honey-suckler to day. He believes in everything being free: Frer trade, free silver, free lick and free Fil-hell-if-I-knows. Don't that sound tip top?

The republicans have made times better and that's what makes us so blasted mad. You see we've got to yell calamity louder than ever to make any show.

But the boss told me to spread myself, and I am going to do 'er. Listen: Dadgum the trusts, they'll soon own this country. They are robbers of the people. They are sons and daughters of the Dingley tariff. I say give us free trade and smash the trusts. That's the way the boss come over it. That's a clincher.

We are out for the offices—some of us are. We all want to beat the republicans. So we've got to howl.

Howl for a tariff for revenue only.

Howl at every passing thing that don't offer us an office.

Howl by day and howl by night.

Howl for anything that will make votes.

Howl for white supremacy, and against "nigger domination."

Howl at the trusts.

Howl at the war.

Howl at the gold standard.

Howl at McKinley and Hanner.

Howl for office.

Howl at everything and everybody that aint agin the trusts and in favor of free trade, free silver and free lick.

But I'm a democrat all right! You can't rub that out. Democrats are nice folks. We represent the brains and intelligence of the country. We are no scrub stock. We believe in disfranchising the niggers. We always stick to the party and don't kick, we know what to do and do as we are told.

My business is to be a democrat whether I can give any reason or not.

I don't have to think, I let my boss do that. That's the beauty of being a democrat.

Nothing to do but to drink the bosse's lick, vote a straight ticket, ride in the band wagon and holler.

I don't know a blamed thing about anti-trusts, free silver, anti-imperialism nor any of the issues.

It's none of my business.

The boss says my job is to cuss the Rads.

When he says cuss, I cuss.

When he says holler, I holler.

When he says vote, I vote.

That's democracy.

Dadgum the trusts.

Dadgum Mark Hanner.

Dadgum McKinley,

Dadgum that dadgummed

Yaller Jacket.

Can't thing of the rest of it now, but if I had another drink of lick I could remember what the boss sed—And he tumbled over on the floor and fell asleep.

**Difference in a Name.**

You have heard it said, no doubt, that there's nothing in a name. This is true in many respects, but it won't apply to politics. Take the name Republican, for instance. It carries with it a meaning that suggests a number of good things and that any man ought to be proud of. It bears the imprint of certain well-defined principles and is a synonym for:

- Americanism.
- Confidence.
- Contentment.
- Work.
- Prosperity.
- Progress.
- Expansion.
- Fair play.
- Protection to American industries.
- Sound money and a chance to earn it.
- Sound statesmanship.
- Busy factories and mills.
- Busy merchants.
- Busy farmers.
- Busy everybody.
- Fair election laws.
- Good wages.
- Full dinner pails.
- Good will.
- Good argument.
- Patriotism.

Now what does the name of democrat suggest or stand for? Just listen; here it is:

- Calamity howling.
- Fifty-cent dollars.
- Anti-expansion.
- Dishonest, partizan election laws.
- Bryanism.
- Clevelandism.
- Free soup houses.
- Free trade and free starvation.
- Contraction.
- Rags.
- Free likker.
- Bond soles in time of peace.
- The belly-ache.
- Coxey armies.
- Competition with pauper labor of Europe.
- More bonds.
- More pains in the stomach.
- Tramps and Tillmanism.
- Business failures.
- Praising Aguinaldo.
- Repudiation of honest debts.
- Idle factories.
- Sugar scandals.
- Intimidation of voters.
- Voting dead niggers.
- Cursing Cleveland.
- Rotten egging populist.
- Courting populists.
- Yelling "Hanner."
- Ballot-box ravishing.
- Mortgage and misery.
- More cramp colic.
- More bonds and bankruptcy.
- Disfranchising honest voters.
- More calamity howling.
- Wild-cat banks and wild-eyed Altgeldism.
- Ice trust scandals.
- Squalling "Hanner" some more.
- Stealing populist platforms.
- Cursing "Hanner".
- Goebelism, Simmonism, redshirtism, shotgunism and lyingism worlds without end.
- Don't you really think there is something in a name sometimes. Sometimes a good deal.

**THEY SAY THAT**

Fate is against the calamity howlers.

Aguinaldo endorses all the democratic state platforms.

The minute the calamity howler opens his mouth nowadays, he finds himself gagged with figures.

The democratic party lacks conceit, caution and conviction. It will be convicted in Nov.

The democrats who don't want Bryan will have a chance to vote for McKinley this fall.

The New York democratic platform generalized on trusts, but failed to mention the ice trust.

Another year of prosperity will make the advocates of free silver as scarce as buffaloes in Kansas.

Trade follows the flag, but bankruptcy is about the only thing that would follow the Bryan rag.

The man who talks the loudest about hard times is the fellow who does the least to make times good.

If Willie Junebug Bryan keeps on running for President at \$250 a speech, he'll get to be a millionaire long before he's President.

In denouncing trusts why don't the democrats condemn the democratic congress that repealed the republican anti-trust law.

It don't require many brains to wear a tin rooster in your hat, ride in the band wagon, holler and vote a straight democratic ticket.

William Jennings will stand by his party, right or wrong, but when it comes to his country, he rides with the skeedaddlers.

The Philadelphia man who is willing to bet 100 thousand dollars that Bryan will be elected needs a first-class guardian.

The frantic efforts of a democrat to show a good thing his party ever did, reminds one of a dog trying to catch his tail—there is plenty of motion but no progress.

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