

Political Proverbs.

The policy of democracy is to pauperize the masses: but the joy of republicanism is to give the people work.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but Goebel went on and was punished.

One democratic issue passeth away and another issue is taken up, but Protection remaineth as firm as a rock.

How much better it is to have full dinner pails than free soup, and to be enjoying prosperity rather than coining free silver?

The wise man searcheth out the cause and layeth the blame where it belongs; but the fool packeth it all on Mark Hanner.

The promises of democratic politicians smell like a fish factory in June; but the fulfillment of republican pledges has made the people happy.

The promises of the democrats are perfect in their own eyes; but the republicans look upon their evil deeds.

A partizan election law is an abomination to a republican; but a chance to steal a vote gives the democratic politician delight.

While the republicans are in authority the people rejoice; but when Cleveland ruled the people drank soup, mourned and wore rags.

In the treasury under republican rule there is much gold; but the democrats had to obtain revenues by selling bonds.

An American negro is an abomination to a democrat: but he looks upon a Filipino savage with smiling lips.

A party that makes an honest fight shall receive favors of the people; but they that throw rotten eggs shall eventually be cast aside.

Republicans withhold not good from them to whom it is due; but Bryan charges for the fruit of his mouth.

Keep the ballot box pure and in the hands of the people; for out of it are the issues of liberty.

A good democrat is an honor to Jefferson, but the modern ghost dancer and "imp" yelper is a roaring farce.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; but the democratic politician doesn't hesitate to make false promises to try to get office.

The wise republicans build with Protection a house for the American people; but the foolish democrats try to pluck it down by howling, "trust", "trust."

He that walketh uprightly walketh surely; but the man who steals a vote shall be punished by and by.

Prosperity causeth a republican to feel happy; but it makes the democratic orator look like thirty cents.

I'm a Democrat.

Do you see me? I'm a democrat.

I'm a democrat after the improved modern type.

I haint got no principles.

Don't want any.

My dad was a democrat.

That's the reason I'm one.

I voted for Cleveland

twice and for Bryan once.

I used to be a gold democ-

crat.

I'm an anti-imperialist

democrat now, whatever

that means.

I don't know what sort of

a democrat I'll be next year.

I don't know which string

the boss will pull.

You see I'm anything to

please the boss. If he tells

me black is white or a yaller

dog's a man, I'll swear to it

and lick the stuffin' out of

the man who disputes it.

When the boss takes snuff

I sneeze; when he said free

silver I said so too; when he

said no expansion I expand-

ed my lungs fit to bust and

yelled against expansion.

Dad blast the republican

party; it haint no account

anyway. It's in favor of im-

perialism, so the boss sez,

and it's a shooting the Fill-

hell-if-I-knows without their

consent.

Dad gum McKinley, he's

for a Protective tariff. I

don't want no tariff in mine.

Give me everything free-free

licker, free-trade, free

clothes and a free ride in

the band wagon.

I know the republicans are

tyrants, and believe in trusts,

imperialism and gold money

and lots of other bad things,

'cause I read it in the paper

and the boss sed so too.

Bryan is my honey suckle.

He's agin McKinley and

Mark Hanner and trusts and

imperialism and Protection

and everything else that the

rads are for.

I aint ashamed of my poli-

tics cause I've always been a

democrat.

Democrats are nice folks,

you can't rub that out. They

represent the brains and

intelligence of the country.

We are no scrub stock. We

believe in disfranchising

niggers and poor white trash,

wearing red shirts and skeer-

ing the radicals so they wont

go out to the election, and if

we can't skeer them off

before they vote we can steal

their votes and git 'em then.

All I want is straight

licker and a straight ticket.

That gives me a chance to

cuss the rads and call them

the nigger party and Mark

Hanner's pups and imperial-

ists and sich like.

I don't know a blamed

thing about anti-imperialism

nor any of the issues. It's

none of my business.

The boss says my job is

to cuss the rads, and when

he says cuss I cuss; when

he says holler, I holler; when

he says vote, I vote. That's

democracy.

Dad gum the trusts.

Dad gum McKinley.

Dad gum Mark Hanner.

Dad gum the imperialists.

Dad gum the Yaller Jacket.

DEMOCRATIC PRAYER.

Oh Lord, Thou who ruleth over nations and giveth with a lavish hand unto them that ask of Thee, we come unto Thee in this the hour of our sadest trial, and beg and beseech Thee to give us that which we desire above every thing else. Thou knowest our hearts and the innermost thoughts thereof. Thou knowest that we have an uncontrollable itching for office. Thou knowest, too, that we can't touch the good things of office with a forty-foot pole unless we can get some more democratic votes. Thou knowest, too, that we can't get the votes unless we can harmonize the party. Lord, then, give us a little more harmony. Enable us to bring the silver democrats and the gold democrats together, so that we may all stand on the same platform and preach the same gospel and sing the same song. Therefore we pray thee that thou wilt enable us, by the cry of imperialism and other bogaboos, to create alarm in the hearts of the people until they will turn away from McKinley like a wild mule from a horse fiddle and fairly tumble over one another in their wild rush to the Bryan band wagon. Grant that their ears may hearken to our sore distress, and that we may be lifted up out of the Slough of Despond and elevated to a high place at the festal board of public office. Thou knowest, Lord how our souls yearn for pie. O, blessed pie, the north star of one earthly hopes.

Help us to make the people believe that it would be an act of the loftiest duty to elect us to office. Convince them, O Lord, of the quiet peace that would come over our souls as we draw our salaries and contemplate that life is one grand sweet song. O Lord, we acknowledge that we have said many bitter things against our brother democrats who believe in sound money. Lord, we are now willing to take back anything and everything we have ever said against them, and march arm in arm with them. We acknowledge, O Lord, that we have been very wicked. We know that we have stolen votes in many of the Southern and Western states. We know that we secured the election of the democratic ticket in North Carolina the 2nd of Aug. by threats, intimidations and ridicule. We know that we wore redshirts and rode about over the country with winchesters in the late campaign. Thou knowest that we call ourselves the white man's party, but, Lord, we confess that we love nigger votes so well

that we steal all the live ones we can get and even voted dead ones down in Alabama. As the hart panteth for the water brook so do we pant for the nigger that votes the democratic ticket. We confess, Lord, that we have done many wicked things in thy sight. We don't know whether we have killed any niggers or not—the republicans say we did. We may have scared a few to death. But we do know that we have done many wicked things in thy sight. But thou knowest that most of this was done in the heat of the campaign when our souls were fairly boiling over with devilment, and we just couldn't help it. We know, O Lord, it is useless to try to hide from thee the innermost thoughts of our hearts, and thou knowest we are willing to do anything or promise anything for office, but, O Lord, help us this one time to harmonize our party and alarm the people. Lord, we know the people will never forget our past record unless we can get them alarmed. The scariest and most awful thing we could think of to alarm the people was the cry of imperialism. Help us to make the people forget our record as we stand up and cry out at the imp. Give us the power of wisdom in selecting our promises, so that the people will stand by us once more. Help us this one time, and when we are elected and have drawn the first instalment of our salary, we will give 15 cts. for the gospel to the heathen, and moreover we will never call upon thee for anything more so long as our salary holds out. Amen.

THEY SAY THAT

Economy is a first mortgage on wealth.

Some smart men are fools for revenue only.

The democrats always overwork their issues.

As a failure the democratic party is a howling success.

Adam was undoubtedly the first man to walk with a Cain.

Kissing may be unhealthy; but nothing risked, nothing gained.

Half of the men who start newspapers and families make failures.

When the Lord made man He made up for him in stomach what he took away in rib.

Day after tomorrow means heaven or hell to lots of people.

There is a special tier of griddles in hades for the ballot box stuffer.

The silver question may not be dead, but it is getting pretty stale for an issue.

The zeal of the democratic politician corresponds with the size of the office he is after.

The dems would solve the trust problem by making the country too poor to support them.

The journey of life is very tiresome and when a man arrives at the end he is out of breath.

The democratic party is all right except three things: sense, honesty and a good record.

Platforms cut no more figure with the democrats than a clawless cat would cut in the kingdom of hades.

Bryan and Aguinaldo resemble each other in one respect—they both hate McKinley.

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

Sugar coat a scoundrel with money and the world will swallow him without a gurgle.

Size is no criterion of strength. A small onion may be stronger than a big squash.

The democrats will never eat pie by howling "anti-trust" and "anti-imperialism."

Anxiety is milking a kicking heifer with one hand and holding her by the tail with the other.

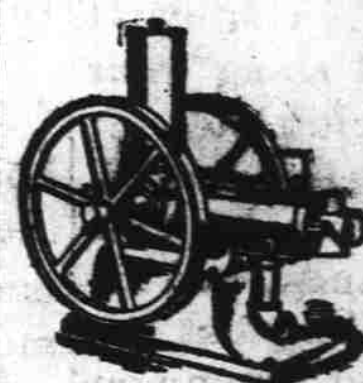
Darwin's theory was that man sprang from monkeys. But it begins to look like the democrats havn't sprung yet.

The monkey is a human being, a little undersized, covered with hair, hitched to a tail and filled with devil.

To look prosperous is one thing, to feel so is another; but to actually be prosperous is to live under a republican administration.

S. H. Sutherland of Stratton, Virginia, says he wants his death to imitate the Saviour's as much as possible; he wants to die between two democrats.

In theory democracy is a gay bird of beautiful plumage; but in practice it is the worst looking scarecrow that ever masqueraded under the name of a political party.



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