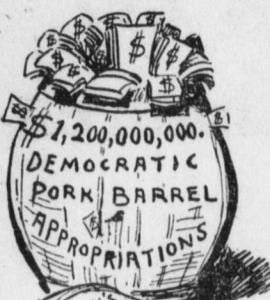


THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

DEMOCRACY



These are the barrels of great renown,
With gold and silver burdened down,
Isn't the big barrel fat and sleek,
It's very staves they groan and squeak,
With a big round billion, and then some more,
Do you blame Uncle Sam for being sore?
"Shades of McKinley", I heard him say:
"I'll be glad when Protection returns to stay."

This is William Penn, the "great",
Who points with pride to this great state,
And well may he exploit his pride,
And revel o'er it's acres wide,
The G.O.P. has kept it's pact,
In word, and deed, and thought, and act,
Old "Father Penn" is pretty wise,
"Let well enough alone" he cries,
"The voters have no cause to fret,
The Keystone state is out of debt."



This is "Teddy" whose facile pen,
Can spit either oil or vitriol when,
He so elects; It's a tidy plan,
At his sweet will he can praise or pan;
Way back in nineteen hundred and four,
Penrose and Penn brought him ashore,
He wrote to Boies, "I owe it to you",
"You and your state have pulled me through";
Then he used oil, now vitriol flows,
And he carries a knife for friend Penrose.



This is the barrel that did the trick,
For Vance McCormick so cute and slick,
Like the pharisee he made his plea,
For untainted primaries you see;
But his tainted dollars oozed their way,
Through the Keystone state by night and day,
When the votes are counted, the answer will be,
"He lies at rest in obscurity."



This is the donkey. Hear him bray!
His only use is eating hay;
He bears no burden, draws no load,
And no mark shows of driver's goad;
The people are tired of buying his hay,
And being annoyed with his brassy bray,
He fools them not, with his shallow tricks,
They're wise to the range of his nasty kicks.



This is the war-tax sleek and fat,
One hundred million, think of that,
It taxes you and your child and wife,
If they had the nerve, they would tax your life,
If you smoke your pipe you pay your mite,
But the Democrats must fly their kite,
You stand your share with a fair filled purse,
Think over the truths that fill this verse.

This is the paper of "PATRIOT" name,
Through Allied Labor it gained it's fame,
It's editor "Vance" when he got on top,
Did a regular 22 Karat flop,
And cast his labor friends aside,
For the time had come when his love had died
Since Allied Labor was now a bore,
He kicked it coldly from his door.



This is Pinchot, a Keystone guest,
To seem at home he does his best,
He only brought a bag you see,
When he comes here to visit "THEE",
Like Forresters he loves to roam,
Where he hangs his hat, he calls it home,
So good-bye "Giff", be on your way,
And carpet-bag to Mandalay.



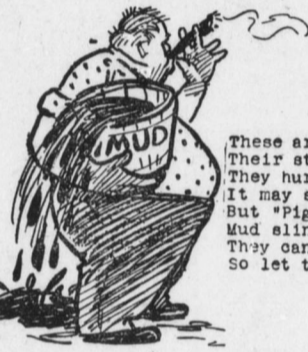
This is "Bill Flinn" of Pittsburgh town,
His kite went up, and then came down;
He shook loud with glee and joy,
Over his new Progressive toy,
But soon the paint it all wore off,
And "Billy's" friends began to scoff,
It riled him so that he laid it by,
With much regret and many a sigh,
"It needs repairing" he sadly said,
"I wish the peaky think was dead."



This is PALMER of "Free Trade" fame,
The metal schedule bears his name;
Three hundred thousand idle men,
Are martyred by A. Mitchell's pen;
With Underwood he framed a bill,
Both proved to be a bitter "pill";
The metal schedule is his own
And men must reap as they have sown;
So PALMER now must garner in,
The wrecks of his official sin.



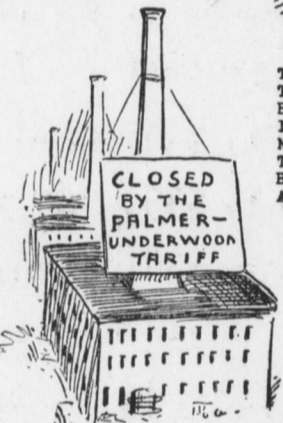
This is the place to tell you how,
"High Cost of Living" raised a row,
How the U.S. public got so sore,
In far-off China they heard the roar;
Old "Hi" is there with the soft stuff boys,
In the shape of tariff, and other toys;
You can down this trickster for good and all,
By voting the G.O.P. this fall.



These are the fake reformer boys,
Their stock in trade is "mud" and "noise",
They hurl their mud with fiendish glee,
It may soil you; it may soil me;
But "Pigs is Pigs" so Butler wrote,
Mud slinging never won a vote,
They can't insult, they but annoy,
So let them revel in their joy.



This is the factory all forlorn,
Of workers and idle chimneys shorn,
'Tis like a tombstone, wan and gray,
Recording democratic sway,
There are thousands more in this great state,
That "free trade" labeled with this fate,
In the good old days of the G.O.P.,
It was not thus and could not be.



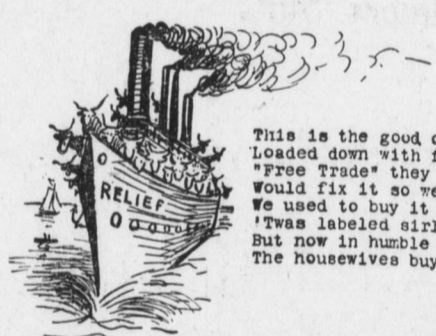
This is the sugar bowl, neat and trim,
That once was full to the very brim;
But sugar that costs eight cents a pound,
Is costly stuff to have around;
No wonder the people look so sour,
They miss their quota of sugar per hour;
Before the tariff came on deck,
A nimble dime would buy a peck.



This is Lewis, the "Dandy Dean",
The chap with the acrobatic bean,
He figured it out in nimble way,
That with the Democrats he'd play,
Though nominated by public vote,
He turned his tail, and turned his coat,
Yet, when he quit, there was no sign,
The wise ones simply winked their eye.



This is the dinner pail of tin,
Now bare of food and frail and thin,
And the idle worker has lots of time,
To snoop the past when things were prime,
When he didn't compete with "Chinks" and "Japs",
They have no votes these yellow yaps,
Already he's made a mental note,
For the G.O.P. to cast his vote.



This is the good old ship "Relief",
Loaded down with foreign beef,
"Free Trade" they said with a pleasant peep,
Would fix it so we could buy beef cheap;
We used to buy it by the pound,
'Twas labeled sirloin, rump, and round,
But now in humble home and garret,
The housewives buy it by the K-A-R-A-T.



These are the builders that could not build,
A house that would stand, so they simply killed,
All chance of living in such a home;
By butchering things from base to dome;
It looks like Woodrow will sell his tools,
And return to his trade of directing schools;
While "Grape-Juice" Bill, alive with love,
Will resume his game of "chasing the doves."



This is the bread line, what a pity!
That it could exist in any city,
In order to live, man must be fed,
For when we die, we're a long time dead.

Men hang their heads, and try to hide,
Their pauper badge, and to shield their pride,
"God made men equal", I heard one cry,
"I've a right to live, why should I die."

When Protection comes to rule again,
We will have no line of idle men,
There'll be no paupers' oastatic sneers,
At idle hours, and at wasted years.

But Plenty and Peace will then endure,
We'll have no idle shiftless poor,
The air will echo till day of doom,
With whiz of wheel, and whirr of loom.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN LET NOT HIM WHO IS HOUSELESS SAID: TEAR DOWN THE HOUSE OF ANOTHER, BUT LET HIM LABOR DILIGENTLY, AND BUILD ONE FOR HIMSELF: THUS BY HIS EXAMPLE ASSURING THAT HIS OWN WILL STAND WHEN BUILT.
TO REBUILD YOUR HOUSE, VOTE FOR THE G.O.P WHICH MEANS PATRIOTISM, PROTECTION & PROSPERITY

JOHN R. McPETRIDGE & SONS 927 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA