

# Political Comment

## The Sanguine Mack.

Mr. Norman Mack, national chairman of the Democratic party, doesn't intend to betray any signs of hopelessness. He is carrying around the very best quality of optimism which the size of the contributions to the campaign fund will warrant him in purchasing. Every interviewer finds him more cheerful than he was the day before. If he continues to wrestle himself in smiles of a constantly increasing diameter there will have to be some anatomical readjustments very shortly.

Mr. Mack received some reports from the Pacific coast the other day which sent him into the seventh heaven of elation. They were so stimulating that he immediately decided upon a trip to the coast and sent word to Mr. Bryan that he would be expected to clinch things with a series of rear-platform speeches.

The vice presidential nominee is booked to deliver a number of his illuminating addresses out there, and Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, is going to give a few jump-and-holler talks. The Hon. Mr. Mack dearly loves a rosette rumor, but he believes in works as well as faith and so starts out to bring the good news into his front for keeps.

Suppose we turn to the statistics and see how Mr. Bryan used to stand in the voting booths of the farthest west. In 1896, he carried the State of Washington. He lost Oregon. He obtained one electoral vote in nine in California. Four years later the returns showed that McKinley had carried the States of Washington, Oregon and California. Mr. Bryan, it will appear, fell some distance in the estimation of the Pacific coast between the periods of free silver and anti-imperialism.

There is nothing to indicate a change in sentiment in the last Bryan race. The Pacific coast has undergone no shattering convulsions in political opinion. Landslides have been infrequent and the earthquake, though it scarred the face of nature into streaks and seams, failed to play hob with a predominating preference for Republican principles.

It is joy to see Mr. Mack looking happy. He is a pleasant gentleman, but one with some years of experience in the ups and downs of the world. His intimate friends feel confident he will be smiling on November the Fourth, though inwardly wishing he had been able to elect Mr. Bryan President.

## The Poor Farmer.

Mr. William J. Bryan and his staff of weeping Jeremiads are bawling the nation's soil with tears over the unhappy lot of the farmer.

We have made previous references to the absurdity of this lachrymose spectacle. We shall take special delight in doing so frequently throughout the campaign.

The total value of farm property in the United States in 1890 was \$12,180,000,000. Last year—1907—the total value was \$23,077,000,000.

In 1890 the value of farm property per capita was \$1,597. Last year it was \$2,311.

During the same period the per capita value of farm products increased from \$180 to \$618.

The Republican party has been in power in all branches of government except during the two administrations of Grover Cleveland—the first of which it controlled the House, and the second the Democrats being in full control.

And the farmer has been increasing in prosperity all the while.

If there is one Iowa farmer who feels that Mr. Bryan's sympathy is justified, there are a dozen who know it to be ridiculous. The Iowa farmer is the most independent individual on earth.—Des Moines Capital.

## Explains Itself.

Said Mr. Bryan in his speech on the tariff:

"How will Mr. Taft explain to the average man the benefits of protection?"

Why, bless your heart! Mr. Bryan, he doesn't know to explain. Mr. Taft has only to point to the difference in wages paid in this country and in England, for instance.

Why do laborers from about every-where come to this country if not to better their condition?

Under the protective tariff wages have been kept up. During the "tariff reform" days of the Democratic party under President Cleveland wages went to smash—where there were any wages at all, for the "average man" remembers quite clearly that the principal industry of those trying times was the poor soup house.

The advocate of a tariff based upon the fundamental principle of protection points to results and needs to make no explanation. It is the other fellow—the one who advocates the free trade idea or a tariff for revenue only—who must do the explaining.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Farewell to the Spellbinder.

Mr. Cortelyou's campaign management in 1904 did away entirely with the brawling variety of "spellbinder."

"Why?" responded the man, with some warmth. "Because I was tired of being joked. There isn't a boy for a mile who hasn't stopped and rang the door bell every time he passed to ask if the colonel was in?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Every Day is Celebrated as Sunday.

Few people know that other days of the week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greeks observe Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday; and the Christians, Sunday. Thus a perpetual Sabbath is being celebrated on earth.—Success Magazine.

## Natural Deduction.

Peckem—I can't understand why so many people look upon Friday as the unluckiest day of the week.

Mrs. Peckem—Why, do you consider it lucky?

Peckem—It must be. Few people get married on that day.

## Facts in the Case.

She—So your friend Singleton has voluntarily joined the ranks of the bachelors, has he?

He—Not exactly; he was drafted. A widow married him.

## BOYHOOD TOWN.

Kind God, look down on Boyhood Town and keep it green forever, The long main street, with shade trees sweet, the wharf and the dreaming river!

Oh, lead us there when bowed with care to hear its childhood story, Its song and speech of love that teach the light of love and glory!

Ah, lead us down to Boyhood Town, where we are old and weary, To taste and know the golden glow of spirits fresh and cheery!

Look down, we pray, on all that play in childhood's blooming valley; Keep sweet the street where little feet of youth and gladness rally; We may be led with blithesome tread to love's undying ember!

Kind God, look down on Boyhood Town and keep its soft lights gleaming in dark flats that blossoms there along loved paths of dreaming!

Look down, look down, on Boyhood Town—for we are fain to follow The homeward way some well-a-day when all the world grows hollow!

Guard, thou, and keep its yards that sleep along the old main highway,

Its lanes that went where meadows end in Bloom-of-Childhood byway!

With all its gleams, its joyful dreams, keep God, forever,

To shade trees sweet that line the street, the wharf and dreaming river!

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