

POLITICAL COMMENT

The Sanguine Mack.
Mr. Norman Mack, national chairman of the Democratic party, doesn't intend to betray any sign of hesitancy. 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 breathe himself in smiles of a constantly increasing demand 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 climb things with a series of platform speeches. The vice presidential nominee is boozed to deliver a number of his illuminating addresses to the people, and Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, is going to give a few jump-and-boiler talks. The Hon. Mr. Mack dearly loves a rosy route, but he believes in works as well as faith and so starts out to bring the good news into his corner for keeps.

Strange we turn to the statistics and see how Mr. Bryan used to stand in the voting booths of the farthest west. In 1906, 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, in the meantime, had been 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, the fair face of nature into streaks and seams, failed to play hob with a pre-dominating 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 sailing on a sea of success in the Fourth, though warmly wishing he had been able to elect Mr. Bryan President.

The Poor Farmer.
Mr. William J. Bryan and his staff of weeping Jeremiahs are bathing the nation's soil with tears over the unhappiness of the farmer.

We have made previous references to the absurdity of this ludicrous 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 \$23,977,000,000.

During the same period the value of farm products increased from \$2,212,000,000 to \$7,412,000,000.

In 1890 the value of farm property per capita was \$1,597. Last year it was \$2,341.

During the same period the per capita value of farm products increased from \$186 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 have 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 everywhere come to this country if it is 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 free 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.

Foreword to the Spellblinder.
Mr. Cortelyou's campaign management in 1904 did away entirely with the barnstorming variety of "spellblinder." We are inclined to think that the popular taste has outgrown this method of campaigning, and that more people are to be reached through a pictorial presentation of the issues and personalities of the campaign—through cartoons, epigrams and moving picture shows. These have crowded the "spellblinder" out of his occupation, and a wise committee will look for them, perhaps, for quicker and better results. So far, however, as there remains a field for the minor orator it would be better for the speaker and the audience that the relation between them be not that of a speaker and an audience, but of a speaker and a speaker. An orator speaking solely because of conviction can reach his auditors more easily and is likely to do far better work than a "spellblinder" talking chiefly for pay. There are plenty of men who are ready to go on the stump because they have principles which they wish to advocate. With their aid the national committee of either party can probably accomplish all that is necessary in the way of conducting a speaking campaign.—New York Tribune.

How to Answer Bryan.
There is only one effective way to meet Mr. Bryan on the tariff question, and that is to show up the beneficiaries

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, leave it there when bowed with care to hear its childhood story. Its song and speech of love that reach the light of love and glory! Ah, lead us down to Boyhood Town, when 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 bloomy valley; Keep sweet the street where little feet of youth and gladness rally; Keep fair the place, with pristine grace, that in our gray December We may be led with blithesome tread to look on smiling children.

Kind God, look down on Boyhood Town and keep its soft lights gleaming in gardens fair that blossom 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, then, and keep its yards that sleep along the old main highway, Its lanes that wind where meadows end in Bloom-of-Childhood byway! With all its gleams, its joyous dreams, keep it, dear God, forever, Its shade trees sweet that line the street, the wharf and dreaming river!

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED.

As Mr. Vance entered the drawing room he caught sight of End Strangways peeping out at him from amid an enormous shower of pink and white roses.

"Good-morning, Mr. Matchmaker," she said, shaking two or three roses apart, and holding them up critically. "Aren't they lovely? Alfred has just this minute gone. If I had only known you were coming I would have got him to wait. We have had no end of talk."

"And everything is decided?" inquired End Strangways, stooping to recover a fallen rose.

"Yes. Everything. We wanted your advice on a host of things. You know how undecided Alfred is."

"On most points, yes. But on this one—"

"He was of two minds about everything, and his indecision became quite infectious, until I began to realize that—"

"That—"

"Well," looking up at Denzil and laughing, "that unless I took everything into my own hands our engagement would drift on and on until it became as permanent as a national institution. And everybody would point to you, drawing imaginary pictures of your taste, appearance, and so on. Uncle Herbert, in one corner, saying you ought to be worth at least a railroad president. Aunt Sophie confiding to her opposite the difficulty of getting off some of her sister's children?"

"Yes, dear, Aunt Sophie—"

"You see, the whole thing was in the air, so to speak; you were to be thrown into the society of some one."

"It was a tremendous joke," said Denzil, half in self-defense.

"To save me from which you very nobly suggested Alfred."

"Oh, only in fun. We were all laughing."

"You knew him?"

"We have always been close friends."

"And you promised mamma," said End, stroking a rose softly, "to throw us together—"

"I had not seen you. If I had only known—"

"Oh, but that increased your latitude. I might have been simply horrid."

"I was half in jest. I never thought for a moment the thing would be received so seriously."

"Of course not. It isn't really serious at all. Marriages nowadays—"

"Don't be cruel. Surely you can see how I have meted out my own punishment. I would give anything not to have said it. The only consolation I have is that Alfred is my best friend."

It was strange how the briary stems of the roses would hang themselves on the sides of the bowl and refuse to be placed in an orderly manner, and when they kept tumbling about they drew so much water away with them that soon the little rosewood table was in a state of flood. Vance took out his handkerchief and built up a little cambric dyke. End watched him unprotestingly, and both stood together in silence for a few moments. Presently she said:

"After all, Alfred is not so bad. He has at least one idea in three weeks, which, as men go nowadays, is encouraging. Isn't it?"

"He's better than hundreds," began Vance.

"Oh, yes; I know I ought to be very grateful. After all, as you say, I might have done worse. He's a capital polo player, isn't he?"

"Admitted! Alfred has?"

"Um!" End nodded. A look of perplexity came over Vance's face as he stood there following with his eye the girl's finger which ran up an down the pattern of the sofa.

"You mustn't believe it; really you mustn't," he said, rather huskily.

"I try not to," returned End, bravely.

"As long as you—you—love him," continued Vance, with a convulsive effort, as if "love" were an extremely difficult word to pronounce.

"Yes," acquiesced she. "I understand that, but even if he is tired of me he might have kept it back for another fortnight. Would you think it hard to pretend to be very, very much in love with me for a fortnight?"

"Thus directly appealed to, Vance stammered out some quite haudible reply. Then he tried to explain what he had said and became incoherent. In the midst of his confusion, End came to his assistance.

"Anyhow, we don't mean to alter our plans now. And Alfred doesn't care for me, it isn't his fault, is it?"

"But, End—!" began Denzil, rather hopelessly.

"I know it's very hard and unreasonable."

"But you are really convinced that Alfred returns your love?"

"I thought he was very fond of me until this morning. But now I know he doesn't care a rap for me. But there, what's the use of discussing it? Everything's settled."

"But it must be altered," protested Vance.

"No," said End, with imperturbable decision.

Vance bent over the arm of the sofa, and spoke with great fervor:

"It would be madness."

End answered with an air of stoical resignation:

"We were thrown together. You ought to be the last person in the world to try and upset our plans. It was your idea from the first."

"Yes," admitted he, lamely. "But I thought Alfred—"

"If he slips through our fingers it may be years before we can find an eligible substitute. And—and—I'm aging very rapidly."

Vance leaned forward and gazed into the fresh, glowing face.

"End, you are not serious."

"Oh, I don't know; but I am determined."

"What to do?"

"To carry out our plans to the letter."

"In the face of your—what you have found out about Alfred's real feelings towards you?"

"In the face of everything."

Denzil, bewildered by the girl's determination, walked in a drowsy way towards the writing table, where his eye caught sight of Alfred's note which he had laid down in order to administer to the roses. He regarded it with mixed feelings. Was it a sarcastic diatribe against matchmakers? No, Alfred's resentment would take the form of a mild, childlike invective against Fate, against Vance, and against the power of appeal, the timid, censorious cries, and the wailing of the arms of a drowning man. He would not actually blame Vance, but he would hit all round it. And already Vance felt the stinging little reproaches of a man who is perpetually squaring himself menacingly.

Under the shadow of a prison and scaffold her love-story began, although many years of exile and poverty intervened before she became the wife of George Baillie.

After his father's execution, his own life was proscribed; and it was she who nightly carried him news and food while he lay hidden in the family burial-cave. Later, he, young Baillie, and most of her family escaped to Holland; but one sister, Juliana, remained behind, and Grizel was sent back alone to bring her.

Once she failed. A lone journey for a young girl was a perilous undertaking in those days; but Grizel tried again, and succeeded.

Independent and competent in a day of stay-at-homes, Grizel was athletic, too, before the athletic girl was dreamed of. When at last the two sisters landed at Briel, they could not afford a carriage, and started at once to walk the ten miles to Rotterdam.

MEXICAN BELL RINGERS.
Form a Distinct and Important Class of the Population.

It takes a great army of men to keep the church bells going in Mexico. It is estimated that in Mexico City alone there are more than 2,000 bell ringers. This is the number regularly employed. On days of religious celebrations the number is augmented, as the ringing of bells must be kept up almost constantly through the day and night on such occasions. One of the most striking features of Mexican life to the casual visitor is the noise of the church bells. Every little hamlet and many of the ranches in the country have one or more Catholic churches, and each is equipped with one or more bell towers. The great cathedral which stands near the national palace in Mexico City has sixteen of these towers.

In some towns the constant ringing of the church bells is prohibited by the local authorities. The sounding of the bells is permitted once or twice every hour. Some churches toll the quarter hours and others toll every five minutes. Most of the churches in Mexico City toll the quarter, half and hours.

The profession of bell ringing is looked on by the lower classes as being honorable and distinguished. The bell ringers are revered as being an adjunct to the clergy. The bell ringers themselves are of every class of their work. In many cases this place in a church is handed down from father to son, through generation after generation.

The towers of the large cathedrals are spacious, and are frequently fitted with rooms which are occupied by the bell ringers and their families. Here, far above the noise of the traffic of the streets below, the faithful tolling of the bells live a peaceful life, seemingly unmindful of the crashing noise which constantly resounds about their heads. They are away from the noise of the bell clanging, which go on all through the days and nights.

All of the church bell ringing in Mexico is done by hand. Some of the bells are of ponderous size and great weight. To operate them requires the exercise of powerful muscles and much bodily strength. The bell ringers are divided into day and night shifts. They are required to toll the hours with precision. It is the duty of each to carry a watch in Mexico unless one is traveling in the country, out of sound of the church bells. At any hour, day or night, a person can learn the time by listening to the tolling of the bells.

Many of the bells which hang in the church towers of Mexico were brought from Spain in the days of Spanish rule. Some of them contain large amounts of precious metals, which give them a clear, rich tone. The bell ringers take great pride in their bells, and much care and attention are given to keeping them well burnished and their parts oiled and always in a state of good repair.

THE HUMAN TONGUE.
It is Very Inquisitive, With a Strong Will of Its Own.

The curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye, but the tongue, within its limits, is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth, let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been the stay of Spanish character, and the change of place of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity, and see what the tongue will do. It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties it comes back and feels the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man. The tongue in nothing more than in this matter proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled.

It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve it except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change.—Boston Transcript.

The Faster Nag.
A writer, relating some of the incidents of General Grant's last days, tells in the Century Magazine this anecdote of the ex-President. He was, as every one knows, very fond of horses, and when spending a summer at Long Branch was accustomed to take a daily drive behind a noted trotter.

By courtesy, although often against his wish, he was always given a free and open course. One day while jogging along he noticed in a casual way a farmer and his wife, who, with a single horse and errand wagon, were just ahead, evidently returning from market.

On attempting to "draw alongside" and pass the couple, there was a race on in a moment.

The farmer clucked in a peculiar way, and his horse squinted into a long-gaited and easy trot. Altogether it was a veritable surprise to the other driver, with his "express" trotter and light road wagon. But the farmer kept the lead in spite of General Grant's efforts to overtake him.

Occasionally through the dust he could see the farmer's wife look back to note their relative positions. Finally, after a mile heat, the farmer "slowed up" a little to allow the general to come within hearing distance.

"Did he know who it was?" General Grant was asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "The man simply said, 'General, you've got a good one,' and then I allowed him to go on."

What She Asked the Governor.
Governor R. W. Woodruff of Connecticut, while on his way to luncheon at the Union League Club in New Haven Saturday, encountered a stout man who had caught sight of him from the Bennett Memorial Fountain across the street. She was hurrying to head him off and half dragged a small boy by the hand.

"Oh, excuse me, I beg pardon, but I don't know Governor Woodruff," she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, madam, that's my name," answered the Governor, raising his hat and bowing.

"I thought so. I recognized you from pictures in the newspapers. Well, can't you tell me, please, where I can get my little boy's hair cut?"

The Governor escorted the boy and his mother to the nearest barber shop.

Look long enough, and you will find the weak spot in everyone.

Pattern Department.
UP-TO-DATE DESIGNS FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

Princesses Gown.
Every variation of the princess model is being met with enthusiasm just now, and many women who are the more severe style trying are sure to welcome such a pretty modified one as this. The skirt and the blouse portions are joined at the sides by means of a belt, but the panels at the front and the back give the long, unbroken, characteristic lines. In this case the skirt is trimmed with plain silk and with a little chemise of embroidered tulle.

Pattern No. 6057.
The skirt portion is made with two gored at each side, which are joined to the panels, and the front and back edges of these goreds and the edges of the panels are arranged to form inverted plaits.

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Misses' House Jacket.
The pretty and becoming breakfast jacket is always in demand, and this one designed for young girls is both simple and graceful. There is the collar that is always becoming, while it leaves the throat comfortably free, and there is a choice allowed of three-quarter or long sleeves. In the illustrated dotted chambray is trimmed with lace, but the model suits not alone the

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LITTLE ABOUT EVERYTHING.
Sixty-four out of every 1,000,000 of the world's inhabitants are blind. If a phonologist is a mind reader, the bumps must be raised letters.

If you want people to listen to you, don't talk about yourself.

It is a waste of time to growl, for you will soon have to smile again.

The Nile river contains a greater variety of fish than any other body of water.

The gray and black Agrippina moth of Brazil is 13 inches from wing tip to wing tip.

The use of electric power in the great staple industries of the South is constantly increasing.

The Chinese newspaper is printed in a roll, so that the subscriber may tear off and throw away that portion which he has read.

The Supreme Court of New York has decided that the Interborough Rapid Transit Company may engage in the business of selling power.

A philosopher's thought: If pretty women use beautifiers, what show have ugly women got if they use them?

The only sure preventive of cockroaches is absolute cleanliness. Cockroaches stand over night attracts them.

Tunnels in course of construction are now provided with medical air locks, where workmen afflicted with "hends" can be treated under pressure.

A thousand mulberry trees have been planted at Seville, Spain, in an attempt to revive the silk industry, for which the city was once famous.

When a boy sees a cat, he tries to hit it with a rock; a girl tries to pet it.