

JAMES S. SHERMAN.

breakfast of bacon and eggs? Not at all! Was it a delegation of flood sufferers or a chain gang? No, but it looked like the melancholia ward of an asylum out for a morning's airing—and it was the Knox Marching Club!

"They are here. The band is here. They have to do something—so they

for some formal occasion. Yesterday afternoon the sibilant lisp of the great crowd in the Coliseum fell like a great wave on the shores of the place, in idle conversation as the proceedings of the convention droned on. The committee on credentials made its report, and the great crowd lapped it up as the sea laps up the sand—impersonally, uninterested, utterly idle. There was no fight, and evidently the crowd knew there would be no fight.

The regular order proceeded, and Senator Lodge was installed as permanent chairman, and the great crowd—the great buff sea, rocked idly to look at him. He began to speak with some fervor, and little ripples of applause played across the tide. His earnestness deepened the billows slightly.

And the waves hilled and were quiet. And then, not while he was at a climax, but as the man before them was reaching deeper and deeper into the soul of the place and the occasion, the sibilant lisp of the crowd hushed, and in the great silence the man spoke, simply and strongly and without oratorical flourish or emphasis. "He has enforced the laws as he found them, and so he is the best abused and most popular man in America."

It was not much of a tribute. But a wave of sincere feeling swept over the quiet tide of humanity. It was not a strong wave—not much stronger than the first wave that came rolling in. But another wave followed it, and another higher and stronger came after it. The speaker, who did not realize what was about to come, put out his hand to beg silence, but a huge wave of applause came over him, and he ducked and backed off good-naturedly and let the wind of emotion play as it would across the restless sea before him.

At Flood Tide.

In another minute, perhaps two, Senator Lodge rose again to face the rising tide, but it rolled in on him with a great roar, and men knew that the storm of applause had come which Theodore Roosevelt's work as an American citizen had conjured. So they let it rage, and for nearly an hour the waves of that storm broke and roared in that place.

Then the crowd, in that hour of joy, gathered individuals in and they ceased to be individuals and became the crowd. At times the delegates were swept off their feet. State after state rose, like black billows on the face of the waters, and cheered and waved pennants and sank to equilibrium only to ruffle up again and cheer with the crowd. No state was able to keep its mooring. And in the tumult and the shouting there were no reactionaries. New York was as boisterous as Wisconsin, and Kansas joined Pennsylvania.

"Roosevelt, Roosevelt, four years more," they roared, and the cry skimmed over the waves of applause like a gull, and like a gull it was innocent. It signified nothing. And then slowly, when the deep answered deep, the calm came and the speaker went on with his speaking.

It was all so simply and so naturally done, all so evidently sincere, without claque or prearrangement, that there was in its undercurrent an element of sadness. For it seemed a good-by rather than a bait to Theodore Roosevelt, and those who have feared him feared him no more, and those who have trusted him were happy, but rather sad than joyful.

Once the big show—the presidential nomination—was over, the remainder of the work of the convention, the selection of a running mate for Secretary Taft, was completed in short order on Friday morning when Hon. James S. Sherman of New York was named for second place on the ticket.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.
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The Smile of Secretary Taft's Brothers.

flit through the hotels like lost spirits and recall the dear dead days when there was politics in this man's town, and a railroad attorney with a book of transportation was a bigger man than old Grant. And that's what your reform has done. Put a lot of Willies in serge suits—nine ninety-eight, marked down from fourteen fifty—into control of the destinies of our great republic.

"What has become of our common heritage?" exclaimed Mr. Handy, waving his glass wildly. "Where is our manifest destiny? Who's gone and stolen the pride pointer and the alarm-viewer? Is it in the platform? No, you reformers are making terms with Gompers; and Taft's liberal views," as they call them, are going to prevail over the fine conservative views of our peerless leader, our grand old man, freedom's champion, the defender of the faith of the fathers, the man who—the man who—the man who"—reiterated Mr. Handy—"the man who—I refer to Hon. J. G. Cannon of Danville, Ill.

"Where's your keynote speech in this convention? I'll tell you; it's fastened in Burrows' time lock. Who is going to sound a clarion note here today? There will be no clarion note. The name of the gallant Blaine will not be heard in the hall. The party that saved the country, that broke the shackles on 4,000,000 slaves, the party that preserved the Union, is represented here by the allies, and they are tossed around like a lot of last year's alfalfa. They came here asking for the presidency; they were willing to compromise on the vice-presidency and sprang the name of Jim Sherman.

"It reminds me of the time Col. Anderson J. Balderson of our town started out to be minister to England under Cleveland's first administration. He found that job gone, and compromised by applying for assistant secretary of state. Failing in that, he asked for United States marshal. Failing in that, he asked for the postoffice at home, and then, falling in that, straightened himself up and said: 'Thank heaven, we have a Democratic governor in Kansas, and he will not turn me down.'

"He came home three months later with a pair of Gov. Glick's old trousers, and to that end has your reform brought those who for 40 years have been fighting the party's battles."

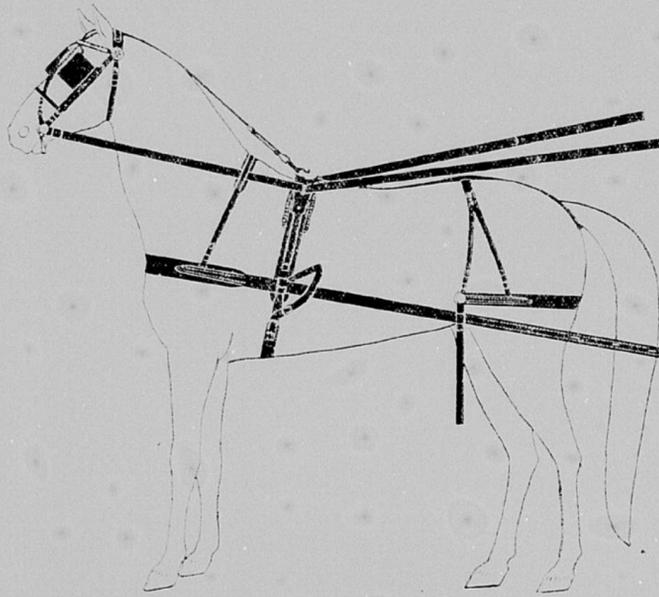
Mr. Handy rose proudly and said: "Reform—reform—what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The Big Crowd's Tribute.
What a curious thing is a big crowd of civilized men and women gathered

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We are now in a position to offer better values in harness than ever before. Our shop is so equipped that we are able to make anything in the line of harness you want. Our patterns are the newest and every part of our harness is made from the very best material.

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Our No. 12 Harness, made of genuine Star Oak No. 1 leather, all hand sewed and guaranteed in every respect. Bridles are made with 1 1/2 inch pieced crown, 5/8 inch box loop side cheek, 5/8 inch throat latch with fancy rosette, square blinds, over cheek, 1 inch split face, 1/2 inch nose band, 3/4 nickle snaffle bit, trace 1 1/4 inch, single strap end of trace, double and stitched from 2 1/2 feet from the end, the shortening of the trace is made by the take-up holes at the end. Breast collar 2 inch wide, fitted with felt breast collar housing, neck strap 5/8 inch and the neck strap pad 1 1/2 inch with loop for the lines, back pad skirts 2 inch bearer strap, 7/8 inch double and stitched. The belly band 1 1/2 inch with Griffith buckles, breechings single strap 1 1/2 inch, hip strap 1 inch; split so as to form a double strap on the breeching, turn-back 1/4 inch and fitted with genuine flax seed crupper, lines 1 inch with snaps; and genuine

hand sewed. Trimmings are all the nickle wire. Hip strap is fitted with rain supporters to hold lines in position while driving. Every strap in this harness is strictly No. 1, hand sewed, and a value for the money.

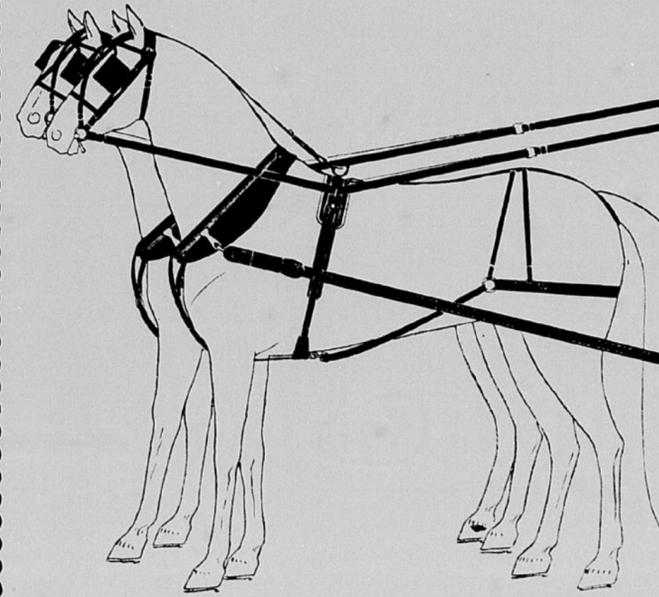
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LESS COLLARS

Our fancy creased buggy harness meet the highest approval and for a fancy harness nothing excels this one. Made out of No. 1 Star Oak, the highest quality that the best workman can put out—it embraces it in every point.

Bridle has double 1 1/4 crown piece, 5/8 inch box cheek with either round or square blinds, throat latch 5/8 inch, nose band 1/2 inch wide, round winkle stay; hand sewed, over cheek, 1 inch split face, nickle bit, either initial or nickle rosettes, traces 1 1/8 inch; built on the same plan as our heavy work traces, sewed six stitches to every inch, all stitches on the back of the trace are sunk into the leather which fully covers all the stitches and insures the threads from wearing out and the trace coming apart. Buckeye hame tug, made of solid leather with fancy box loop. Black iron hames, imitating hard rubber with nickle bell and nickle line ring. Back pads are Boulevard pad 3 1/2 inch wide with patent leather top and fancy beaded edge.

Skirts 1 3/4 inch wide, made of solid stock and fancy creased. Belly band billett runs from pad 7/8 inch wide forming loop for trace to run in. Belly band folded 1 3/4 inches wide all hand sewed. Breeching 1 1/2 inch wide folded or single strapped. Hip strap 3/4 inch, breeching strap 1 inch wide sewed into the breeching and with buckle take-up, turned back 1 inch with genuine flax seed crupper. Pole strap 1 inch wide, fancy creased to match harness, ring at the end to let the breeching strap buckle on. Lines are all creased with 1 1/8 hand parts and 1 inch cheek with nickle buckle shields over buckle. Every strap in the harness is creased to match each other. This is the best we put out at the price—it is an exceptionally good value. The trimming on this harness are all nickle. Every buckle guaranteed. Back pads trimmed in 3 different styles—in wire, octogen or swedge trimmings.

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LESS COLLARS



This is our medium priced buggy harness, made of genuine Star Oak leather; all guaranteed, embraces all the parts of a higher grade harness. Bridles are double 1 1/8 inch crown piece, 5/8 inch throat latch, 5/8 inch box loop cheek with round or square blind. 1 inch over cheek with split face, 1/2 inch nose band, also 1/2 inch solid leather bridle fronts, nickle or initial rosettes. Trace 1 1/8 inch, 6 ft. 6 inches long, sewed 6 stitches to every inch, take-up at the hame tug, nickle wire trace buckle, iron hames imitating hard rubber, nickle bell and nickle line terret. Pad is our Boulevard pad 3 1/2 inches wide, skirts 1 1/2 inch wide, belly band billett 1 3/4 inch. Belly band folded and hand stitched. Breeching single strapped, made of solid stock 1 1/4 inch wide. Double hip strap 1/2 inch wide. Turn back 7/8 inch wide; and genuine flax seed cruppers. Lines 1 inch wide at hand parts, cheeks 7/8 inch wide, fitted with snaps and nickle buckle shield over the line buckle. Pole strap 1 inch wide, ring at the end to connect breeching to pole strap. All trimmings are the nickle wire, every strap

is hand sewed and guaranteed in every respect. Our guarantee—if anything on our harness, either in workmanship or material, does not give satisfaction, will be replaced FREE OF CHARGE.

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