

Outside the Constitution.

The satisfaction with which the republicans receive the Porto Rico decision throws much light on their theories and plans of expansion. Our colonies, whether in Porto Rico or the Philippines, although held as part of the territories of the United States, are denied the rights and guarantees of the constitution of the United States. The constitution doesn't go with the flag. Is not this of itself an admission that the colonial policy must be a failure and a danger from the American standpoint? What do the people of this country want with acquisitions of territory with many millions of population, to which we deny the principles and safeguards of government under which the union has made such extraordinary progress? We can impose on them taxes without representation, and different from those imposed on the people of the United States. We can deprive them of the fundamental rights of a liberty-loving people. We can substitute the edict of a viceroy or a court-martial for the habeas corpus, and abolish free press, free speech, the right of public meeting, the right of representation and self-government generally. To be sure we may not do all these things, but no constitutional protection stands in the way. We can do them if we want to do so, and if political and personal interest tempts us to the oppression, as it has tempted and carried other people.

The decision of the supreme court does not compel us to adopt a despotic colonial system like that Great Britain applies to India, but does not as to Canada and Australia; but it invests congress and the president with the authority to do so. The constitution will not stand in their way. They are as free to do so as King Edward and his ministers in India, or the czar in Siberia. It seems to us the grave questions here presented must in the nature of things compel the people to study closely and thoroughly in the light of their own future the possibilities that may attend the adoption of a system of colonies deprived of constitutional rights and guarantees. It is un-American and at war with all the traditions of our government. This colonial question is precipitated by the supreme court decisions, and will enter largely into the future of American politics and government. The judicial decision does not in any way affect the expediency or the morality of a colonial policy. Justice Brown admits that this must be "finally decided" by the American people, and further he says this "distinctly foreshadows the possibility" that the decision may be to permit our new acquisitions and their people to "form independent governments." The vital questions are of the future.—Pittsburg Post.

Party Degeneracy.

Political parties come into existence for the purpose of incorporating certain ideas into the public policy of the nation. They are born with a program which generally rests on some moral idea, economic or political policy. To the extent that these ideas represent the consensus of the community and are honestly lived up to, the party grows in strength and influence and exercises a wholesome moral as well as political influence upon the nation. So long as a party is vitalized by an idea, whether in the majority or not, it is usually clean and aggressive.

On the other hand, it is as natural as for the seasons to follow each other that political parties will sterilize and decline in character and influence in proportion as moral ideas and vital principles cease to be their controlling motives. A party is born with a program and dies when the program is exhausted, unless a new program is evolved. Success tends to beget self-confidence, which grows into conceit, and is followed by indifference to principle and high standards of public

policy. Leadership through ideas is gradually converted into dictatorship through the distribution of rewards and punishments from the "flesh-pots" of patronage.

The republican party appears to be nearing, if it has not already reached, this stage. When it was born, in 1856, it came with a mission. Its program was national unity, human freedom and equal rights. It led the forces of civilization against the last remnants of the slave system in Christendom. It placed itself upon the basis of moral ideas and human rights, first in the form of resisting the extension of the iniquitous system of human slavery. This soon involved the further step of defending the principle of national unity, which made the United States a nation instead of a federation of petty sovereignties.

Inspired with the moral and political righteousness of its policy, it neither wavered nor weakened, but rose to the occasion with every increase of responsibility. It then commanded the indorsement and admiration of the best minds of every race and nation, and earned the title of "the party of moral ideas." Then it was progressive and inspiring, pure and elevating, a leader in progress, patriotism and civilization. It saved the union, blotted out slavery, and made the United States a nation. Under its leadership for a quarter of a century the nation experienced unparalleled industrial development and prosperity. New states were added in the west and new industries in the east. During this period we passed from a comparatively insignificant agricultural country to the foremost industrial nation of the world; showing greater progress in wealth, population, intelligence and popular welfare than ever marked the history of any other people in double the length of time.

Here the republican party reached the end of its program, and instead of developing in ideas and statesmanship commensurate with the progress of the country it began to fossilize. It became self-satisfied and indifferent to the high principles it had made historic, and began to bask in the sunshine of office and to rely on the favor of patronage for success.

Thus, instead of entering upon a new era of high statesmanship, the republican party entered upon the stage of degeneracy and sterility. Already great leadership has practically disappeared from its ranks, and in the place of leaders are now mere "boss" dictators, deriving their power from the control of patronage. This substitution of dictators for leaders has practically obliterated political principle

A STIMULANT.

And a Sorry Friend to Some Systems.

"Coffee acts as a stimulant to me. I can for a time accomplish considerable more work, but then I am dull, spiritless, nervous, weak and irritable. Coffee acts like a slow poison on my father, giving him inward pains and a feeling of being generally upset. Continued use always used to make him ill.

He used to be very fond of the beverage and was in the habit of drinking it two mornings, say, then skipping a few days and taking it two mornings again. If he took it the third morning he was invariably sick. It is two years now since we had the first package of Postum. We have been using it ever since, to our very great benefit.

A lady friend who is the wife of a prominent clergyman in New Haven (whose name I am not at liberty to give) was a complete nervous wreck from the use of coffee. About a year ago she began the use of Postum and continued in it. Six weeks after starting she had lost all her former nervousness, had grown plump in the face, and her health better than it had been for years. She is a splendid walking advertisement, and is most enthusiastic in the praise of Postum, telling all of her callers of its merits and urging them to try it." Kate Austen, Hamden, Conn.

from the policy of the republican party. It is no longer "the party of moral ideas." The Monroe doctrine, which was the guiding principle in our international relations, has been practically forgotten, and under the rudderless policy of "drift" a republican administration has committed the nation to a colonial system utterly foreign to our traditions, habits, experience and interests, and justified on neither economic, moral nor political grounds. It has saddled us with the government of several groups of semi-barbaric peoples, which will be a permanent burden upon the nation, creating new sources of patronage and corruption, leading to fraud, maladministration and political degeneracy, to the distraction and discredit of the nation. Moreover, the national administration is so encompassed by the degenerate dictatorship of local bosses that dishonesty and corruption by federal officers cannot be suppressed. The threats of the local "boss" paralyze the hands of the president himself—Extracts from Gunton's Magazine.

Memory for Faces.

Many a good story is represented by the simple charge "to experience," in the ponderous ledgers of Chicago. Here is one:

A gaunt Texas giant walked into the office of a big law firm in Chicago and introduced himself as an ex-governor of Texas and a member of a well known firm of Waco, correspondents of the Chicago firm. A frightened law clerk steered him into the private office of the head of the collection department. The collection lawyer is a lean, dark keen-eyed, gimlet sort of man with a searchlight expression on his face that has been known literally to draw money out of the pockets of dilatory debtors. Now the collection lawyer had a slight personal acquaintance with the ex-governor, so that when, after a pleasant half-hour's chat, his visitor asked for a small loan, saying he was a little short of the amount necessary to see him through, he was cordially asked to name the amount desired.

The Texan gave a draft for the amount of the loan. The draft was sent out in due course, but was returned with the statement that there was no such bank in Texas. It was sent to the Waco firm and again it doubled back on its own trail, this time accompanied by a letter saying that neither member of the firm had been in Chicago since 1896. The collection lawyer tried hard to explain how his visitor could so closely resemble the ex-governor and could know so much about the ex-governor's business; also, what is still more inexplicable, how a great, hulking granger could so neatly "do" a sharp city lawyer like himself, whose "gift" is remembering faces.

It was then that a fiat issued forth from the collection department to the effect that any person wanting money must be identified by at least three persons in the office. The joke lost nothing in the telling and the operation left a pleasant, spicy taste in the mouths of the other members of the firm. The aroma of high grade cigars pervaded the atmosphere of the office for a week.

That was a month ago. Yesterday a small, dark, bearded man hurried into the collector's office and greeted him familiarly by his first name. A few preliminary remarks led up to a request for a loan of \$50. The collector gasped a little, excused himself on the plea that he wanted to send an important telegram, rushed into the office of the senior member adjoining his, and stated his predicament.

"Wish you would come in here and tell me who this man is," he said, hurriedly. "He wants some money and his face is as familiar as my own, but for the life of me I can't place him. I hate like fury to ask his name, because he seems to know me so well." The senior member looked up mis-

Astonishing Binder Twine Offer.

If you need binder twine for this season's crop, and want the highest grade binder twine made, either Standard, Sisal or Manila, and you want to receive an astonishingly low price offer, an extraordinary inducement for you to send to Chicago for your twine, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, Ill., and you will receive by return mail, post-paid, samples of the highest grade Standard, Sisal and Manila, together with a most extraordinary offer, including a special price that will mean a big saving to you.

chievously. "Maybe it is the governor of —" he began, but one of the collector's withering glances cut short his remarks. He hurried back to his office, clutching a yellow telegram blank in his hand. He sat down, held his pen aloft and gazed searchingly into his visitor's face. Then a great light came into his eyes and he wrote, absent-mindedly: "Hanged if it ain't brother Charlie."

By the time the senior member sauntered leisurely in the collector was standing at the cashier's desk counting out a handful of bills to his brother, who was hiding a smile of triumph behind the brand new beard which had so misled his gifted relative.

Now the trial lawyer and the junior member are wondering at the confidential relations which have sprung up between the collection lawyer and the senior member, and at the low, reminiscent chuckle in which the senior member occasionally indulges.—Chicago News.

Great Stock Country.

No better cattle and sheep country in America. Cheap lands, pure, running water, and flowing wells, fine climate, no malaria, plenty of hay. Write for information to

J. C. MORROW,
O'Neill, Neb.

Don't Neglect Writing Home.

Boys, young men, young women, who are away from home, write to your parents. Write to them often. Tell them about your plans, your life, your disappointments, your successes, all about your affairs. Neglect it, and the day will come when their death will cut you off from the opportunity.

A young man of this town has recently received from his mother, enclosed in a letter, the following:

If you've a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach Heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today;
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown;
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent—
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.
—Rural Visitor, Fremont, N. C.

Mabel's mother was showing her a brood of chickens hatched in an incubator. "They are poor little orphans," said the mother. "An' is that the orphan asylum?" asked Mabel, pointing in wonder at the incubator.—Current Literature.