

Things.

The United States supreme court has handed down a decision in harmony with its previous decisions affecting the status of the Philippines. In the case of the publishers and editors of a Manila newspaper, who were convicted of libel and denied a trial by jury as guaranteed by the constitution, the court held that inasmuch as congress in legislating for the Philippines has not provided for trial by jury, no such right exists in the islands.

In a former decision the court intimated that the amendments to the constitution constituting what is known as the bill of rights, might be held to apply to all the territory of the United States, but this intimation clearly was inconsistent with its decision that in the government of the Philippines congress is under no constitutional restrictions. The court's decision fully establishes the doctrine that the constitution applies only to the states.

In legislating for the territories, under the doctrine first laid down in the Dred Scott decision and now maintained by the republican party, no resident of a territory has any right which congress is bound to respect. The constitutional restrictions placed upon congress and the executive, it is held, do not give protection to the inhabitants of the territories. Congress may do as it pleases with them, without regard to the constitution. It may deny them the right of trial by jury, as it has done with the inhabitants of the Philippines, or it may grant them that right, as it has done to the inhabitants of Hawaii. Congress and the executive are supreme. The inhabitants of the territories are not citizens—they are subjects, chattels, things.—Milwaukee News.

The Passing of Popular Novels.

Book publishing and authorship in our day, remarks Mr. George Seibel, have come to resemble a continuous vaudeville performance. As a timely adaptation of the old query, "What becomes of the pins?" he suggests, "What becomes of the books?"—and he finds the question both pathetic

Has Tried Both

Traveling for Health vs. Dieting.

A man who was sent to Europe for his health and finally found cure in a little change in his diet, says:

"I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years and two doctors here in Kenosha that treated me for over a year both told me there was no help for me. Then I had an expert from Chicago, but still received no relief; then followed another expert from Chicago who came to our house two times a month for four months. He gave me up like all the others and told me to take a trip across the ocean which I did in the year 1899 and came home about as bad as when I started. The doctors told me my stomach lining was full of sores. Then I began to study my own case and learned of the diet recommended by the Postum Cereal Co., so I gave up coffee, pork and all greasy foods and began using Postum Food Coffee. Gradually I got better and better until I am well now as I ever was in my younger days, have no trouble and eat anything fit to eat.

"Sometimes away from home I am persuaded to drink coffee, but I only take a sip of it for it tastes bitter and disagreeable to me, but the longer I use Postum the better I like it and the better I feel. I could say a great deal more of my experience with Postum, but think this will give everyone a good idea of what leaving off coffee and using Postum can do." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

and puzzling. If we would console ourselves with the thought that the books of real merit live, while those of pretentious emptiness die, Mr. Seibel reminds us that "Kipling's 'Kim' is buried alongside of Archibald Clavering Gunter's 'Mr. Barnes,' and Marie Corelli's popular stories keep up a steady sale like Anthony Hope's fine Zenda romances." Nevertheless, he attempts a classification of some of the puzzling phenomena of the book trade. He finds, for instance, that "such books as are written to feed some fad or craze are pushed aside when the public is gorged." We quote further (from The Critic, May):

"There was the theological novel, which began its course with 'Robert Elsmere,' a powerful piece of work despite reminiscences of 'Middlemarch'; then followed 'John Ward, Preacher,' 'The Damnation of Theron Ware,' 'The Gaffly.' They are gone—their titles but memories, and very tenuous memories some. The frenzy for historical fiction followed, and brought us 'When Knighthood Was in Flower,' 'To Have and to Hold,' 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' These, too, are gone; rarely called for in book stores or libraries; the reproach of ignorance has been lifted from the unfortunates that had not read them. . . .

"'David Harum,' which started the rural fiction fever, and incidentally led publishers to realize that a popular novel while it lasts is as good as an oil-gusher, shows how long a book of real merit may hope to live. One book store which sold four hundred copies a month when 'David Harum' was the rage is now selling ten copies a month.

"Taking 'David Harum' as a striking case of literary longevity, it may be deduced that the average novel, if it has real merit and tickles the public palate, if interest in it is revived by dramatization and the sale stimulated by cheap editions, may live six years or more. Most of the big sellers do not live that long. 'The average successful novel,' says one large bookseller, 'lives about a year. Some do not last six months; and many do not last three months. It must be taken into consideration that a book lives longer in a book shop than in a library, for if it does not sell well it is even more likely to be in stock and tempting the purchaser's eye, whereas in a library the would-be reader must ask for it. This makes the statement of one librarian especially significant, who says that 'the average novel lasts about six weeks, then the people do not ask for it any more.'"

The real reason that successful books drop out and are heard of no more, says Mr. Seibel, is that they are crushed to death by the new books piled on top of them.—Literary Digest.

William McLaughlin.

Several years ago William McLaughlin was elected treasurer of Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the democratic ticket. Mr. McLaughlin's standing as a citizen was evidenced by his election as a democrat in the overwhelming republican county of Lancaster. He served his official term with credit, and retired with honor. Several years after his retirement it was discovered by accident that a trusted clerk in Mr. McLaughlin's employ had been recreant to his trust, and had stolen public funds. The moment this fact was disclosed Mr. McLaughlin demanded a thorough investigation. An expert was employed, and a search of the books disclosed that this clerk had embezzled upward of \$4,000 by forging tax receipts.

Mr. McLaughlin looked at the total submitted by the expert, and, without a word, drew his check for the full amount. There was no quibbling, no resort to technicalities, no refuge in

the interminable delays of the law.

"I've lived here for more than thirty years," said Mr. McLaughlin, "and my good name is worth more to me than all the money and property I have."

And, so saying, Mr. McLaughlin, democrat, drew his check, reimbursed the county for loss sustained through no fault of his own and went about his business as quietly and unostentatiously as before.

The World-Herald points to Mr. McLaughlin's record with pride, both as a citizen and as a democrat. Such men have been none too numerous in the past. His example is a good one.—Omaha World-Herald.

"Thy Peoples's Prayer".

The Epworth Era publishes a poem entitled "Thy People's Prayer," written by Prof. A. C. Millar, formerly of Conway, Ark., now connected with Central college at Fayette, Mo. It is a plea for a higher national ideal, and well repays reading:

O God of wisdom, by whose breath
The sails of Christian ships were
blessed,
As through the trackless seas they
sped
To rouse from sleep the waiting
West;
Thy spirit breathe, let wisdom fill
Thy people now to work thy will.
O God of mercy, by whose hand
Our fathers, torn from sheltering
tree,
When king and priest would sore oppress,
Were fixed in soil of liberty;
Enlarge our life till hearts shall
throb
Responsive to the exile's sob.

O God of battles, whose strong arm
Delivered freemen from the power
Of tyrants, when their boastful bands
Would trample Freedom's fairest
flower,
Thy prowess prove; let despots feel
That right is mightier still than
steel.

O God of freedom, by whose might
The fetters forged for slaves were
rent,
While brother's blood enriched our
soil,
And states by war's fierce fires were
blent;
Nerve freemen now to strike a blow
And fell to earth their treacherous
foe.

O God of justice, by whose law
The weak are strong, the mighty
fall,
When men, bereft of heaven's rights,
Like giants rise and break their
thrall;
Let justice now find living voice,
And bid wronged Cuba free rejoice.

O God of love and light, look down
In pity on the groaning earth,
And let thy love swell every heart,
And light to hope give joyous birth,
Shrink not our faith from paths we
see,
When moved by thee, when led by
thee.

From wrath and greed and glory's
gleam
Restrain us, O thou God of peace;
For wounds of warriors would we
weep,
Yet through us cause wild war to
cease—
Thy people, filled with thee, shall
prove
The wondrous worth of loyal love.

Thus nobler than the kings of earth,
This royal race that thou hast led
Shall larger life from thee receive
As love lights up the path they
tread—
O God of life, our life to give
That life fulfilled in love may live.

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Tricks to Avoid Service.

"The life of a Russian soldier," said the sage, "is desperately hard, and owing to the compulsory service laws there are all sorts of attempts made by the simple-minded recruiting officer. At a station in eastern Russia, for instance, a conscript recently pleaded deafness and so wouldn't answer any of the questions put to him. "You can go home," said the surgeon at last, in a very low tone. "The fellow jumped for the door and so was caught. "Near Moscow a Hercules said that the index and middle fingers of his right hand were joined together and could not be separated. They didn't look it, but the surgeon's strength was not great enough to separate them and at last the examiner said: "How were your fingers before you had this accident?" "They were this way," said Hercules, and to the surprise of every one, he illustrated by opening his fingers as easily as anybody else."—Philadelphia Press.

Thomas Jefferson.

The new two-cent stamps show Thomas Jefferson with his hair parted in the middle. That's all right—he didn't part his politics that way, and nobody ever ventured to call him Tommie.—Florida Times-Union.

Drake's Palmetto Wine.

A complete medicine and tonic for immediate relief and absolute cure of Chronic Stomach Troubles, Flatulency, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Congestion, Inflammation of Bladder and Catarrh of Mucous Membranes. When used for the cure of Bright's Disease, Diabetes and female troubles, it cures to stay cured and promotes health and vigor. One tablespoonful, once a day, establishes a perfect cure, and is a wonderful tonic for the appetite and nerves and purifies and enriches the blood. Seventy-five cents at Drug Stores for a large bottle, usual dollar size, but a trial bottle will be sent free and prepaid to every reader of this paper who writes for it to Drake Formula Company, Drake Building, Chicago, Ill. Simply send your name and address, with request for one bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine, prepaid, free of charge.