

plants unknown to me bewilder and dazzle eyes so recently looking upon snow-drifts and watching the mercury at many degrees below zero. And yet Nebraska with its vigor of winter, its heat of summer and its vigor of men, and its intelligent energy of women, is a better soil and climate for the mental and material development of the race.

The Anglo-Saxon is not now, never has been and never will be adjustable to

Tropical Humanity. more than three hundred years the Spaniards have been making religious endeavors to occupy and reclaim from savagery the islands of the Philippines but without success. And now the United States pays twenty millions of dollars for the opportunity of taking up this job of piety where the Spaniard drops it. After reasons of alleged benevolence and Chadband-Peck-sniff philanthropy have been exhausted we are told that we must for commercial purposes secure the islands of the Pacific archipelago. Trade follows the flag, saith Saint Jingo. The trade of the Philippines is immense! How big?

All told, the trade, export and import, of the Philippines is, in a whole year, thirty millions of dollars. But California alone exports forty millions of dollars worth each year. And the California products are the result of voluntary labor and efforts. But all exports from tropical countries are the products of enforced, involuntary efforts. They are the results of compulsory labor. Nowhere on earth, where, by spontaneity, Nature furnishes food and climate eliminates the necessity of clothing, is there an export trade not founded upon enforced labor. Neither the English nor the German people prosper under a vertical sun. The American will fare no better.

Here in the United States of North America and not in the annexed United

At Home. States of Asia will the mind and muscle of our vigorous, inventive and stalwart race best expand. Here at home we have enough and more than enough of barbarism and want to overcome and to "benevolently assimilate." Here at home, where our fathers founded free government, it is our duty to labor to conserve and perpetuate civil and religious liberty for our posterity. Civilization and Christianity, like charity, should begin at home.

J. S. M.

San Francisco, February 26, 1899.

THE GERMAN TEMPER.

Certain journalists of the United States have been amusing themselves with calling the German government all kinds of names on all kinds of pretexts, the drift of their argument being that we could lick Germany if we wanted to. There is a general impression that they could not pass their time in any more foolish occupa-

tion, and it is pleasant to observe, by way of contrast, the temperate bearing of the German press, and how accurately they estimate the true value of the utterances in question. The Germans are thorough, and they probably know more about us than we do about them.

We quote from "Die Nation" of Berlin:

"It was to be expected that the English people would view the course of events in Samoa coolly and without prejudice; but it was especially noteworthy and especially gratifying to find the same thing happening in governmental circles in the United States, giving fresh proof that the men who have the reins in their hands, in both Washington and Berlin, have never departed from their mutual good relations. The bull-baiting that is practised against Germany by way of sport in isolated circles in the United States is the work of private parties, and the Americans themselves are beginning to object to these infelicitous and motiveless assaults."

The editor then speaks of the indignant protest of certain American colonies abroad against the course of the yellow journals, and continues:

"There are no questions up between the United States and Germany which cannot be settled in a kindly and friendly way, and the public opinion of each country should go earnestly about it to banish these harmful prejudices and intrigues on both sides of the water, so that the two nations may return to their old traditional attitude of warm esteem for each other."

It appears that Rider Haggard still writes books. But what no one would have foreseen ten years ago is that he has now produced a novel with a moral, namely, that people should be vaccinated. His latest work, "Dr. Therne," tells what happened in England after people had refused for twenty years, out of conscientious scruples, to take that precaution against the always-impending smallpox: an epidemic arose, about the year 1930, which devastated the country worse than the great plague of 1665. This is reasonable enough, but that Rider Haggard should have written it remains a very funny thing.

The San Joaquin Valley in California is capable of sustaining a population equal to that of Italy and in many respects is similar to that ancient country. The same sunny skies, the same balmy atmosphere, the same products of the soil, in fact about the only difference between the two countries is that Italy is old and thickly populated while this wonderful valley in California is new and thinly populated. In the older country the earth indicates that it has been cultivated for centuries and in the younger much of the ground is in a virgin state. Who is wise enough to fore-

cast the great number of people who may in generations yet to come make this valley the most wonderful purveyor to all the world? It is not only a great cattle and wheat country but produces the highest order of choicest fruits. The oranges of the foothills along this valley surpass those of any other district in color, flavor and size, and are said by experts to be easily the most improved grade of that citrus fruit. The muscat grape which is the genuine raisin grape reaches its highest culture around Fresno, Visalia and Hanford, all three prosperous towns in this fertile valley; in fact all kinds of horticulture flourish there just as they do under the soft Italian skies of the older country.

A DEVOTED WIDOW.

A widow weeping over her husband's grave was approached by an Engaging Gentleman who, in a respectful manner, assured her that he had long entertained for her the most tender feelings.

"Wretch!" cried the widow, "Leave me this instant! Is this a time to talk to me of love?"

"I assure you, madam, that I had not intended to disclose my affection," the Engaging Gentleman humbly explained, "but the power of your beauty has overcome my discretion."

"You should see me when I have not been crying," said the widow.—Bierce.

THE "SWEET POET."

A newspaper, moved to sympathy in a great company with the sufferings and fate of Rudyard Kipling, and desiring to say something strong of his place in the world of letters recently called him a "sweet poet." This is very tame and inadequate praise of a man who is one of the most profound thinkers of his age, and whose utterances furnish the Anglo-Saxon race and its highest statesmanship with new guides in directing the advance of nations. The "Song of the English," the "Recessional," and the "White Man's Burden," alone have done more to influence the destiny of at least two of the most powerful countries in the world than has been accomplished by the parliamentary orators of their respective governments in a hundred years.

London is a larger town than Nebraska City, but houses are proportionately just as hard to get. It is said that there are 900,000 people in London living in houses that are unfit for habitation, because there are no others for them to move into. The homeless and distressed housekeepers of Nebraska City will therefore gain nothing by moving to London.