

**THE TWO CHOICEST EVERGREENS.**

It has been my privilege to spend much time in the Rocky Mountains, and also in the finest parks and private grounds of the East, where there is the choicest collection of conifers the world affords. And, after seeing them so often in their own habitat and under many varying circumstances, I must say that for hardiness and beauty the abies concolor and the picea pungens take the lead. The pungens is most generally known. It is precocious and shows off well while young. It has a fitting place in parks, lawns and cemeteries. The glauca type, so much admired, is a sport of the species. When they are of the right color they wear royal robes of silver and sapphire.

Take those of established color, give them good cultivation, and do not let them be too much exposed to the sun and wind, and they are without a rival. I have seen them shimmering and flashing in the sun like burnished silver.

The sheen is composed of a delicate bloom which coats the needles. You may take the choicest pungens, plant it in the sod and treat it with neglect, and it will take the sulks and turn green. The first year after transplanting it generally grows dim. Those who buy trees do not understand this, and think they have been imposed upon. Once fine specimens were set in Copley square, Boston, but they look like poor hungry things. The finest specimens while young are poisoned by dogs.

You may take the brightest trees and let them be planted on a bleak Nebraska prairie, where they will be whipped by siroccos and cuffed by blizzards, and they lose their beauty except while growing.

Yet I have seen very fine specimens, where they have been well cultivated and receive a little shelter. It is strange that this tree, taken from a high altitude and on the north side of the mountains, will do well in every state in the Union, I think, as it has been tested in most of them. This tree does far better in the nursery than in the mountains. I have seen thousands growing in their native wilds, but they bear no comparison to those under good cultivation both East and West.

After they recover from the change the needles become much longer, larger and brighter. There is no evergreen that can so well resist the dust and smoke of cities. One winter I was in Denver. The weather had been quiet and trees were laden with dust and coal smoke. But on shaking the pungens they were as bright as ever. City conditions are fatal to soft leaved conifers.

There are many notable specimens of this tree in the East. Some fine ones stand sentinel at the gateway of Forest Hills, near Boston. Probably the finest in America is on the grounds of C. H. Unmy, of Methuen. It is the chief attraction in his magnificent collection.

It is the joy of the old gardener. I asked him how he made it so compact. He answered "by often transplanting." Give this tree the best of care, and until it is thirty years old it will be of supreme beauty.

The concolor is a tree on a grander scale. I spent two days with Dr. Fernow while he was chief of forestry. We studied them where they grew wild in the mountains.

It is worth a journey half across a continent for a lover of trees to see a grove of them in all their splendor.

Some samples like the pungens are clothed in silver with deep tints of blue. The young cone on one tree will be light green, and its neighbor will have those of deep purple. These cones are about the size of an ear of early sweet corn. Pure gum will exude from these, and they flash and sparkle like gems in the sunshine. So take a grove with ermine and emerald, its light green and its wonderful cones, moved by the winds and flashing in the sun, and you have a tree that is a gem. I have seen them four feet through and seventy-five feet high. They grow very rapidly. They were considered hard to move, but frequent transplanting gives plenty of fibrous roots, so there is no trouble. The fact is this tree grows richer in color as it grows older. I have seen large trees half dead flashing a beautiful color from the branches yet alive, just as the Christian puts on more of grace and spiritual beauty as he nears home.

So having spent years in the mountains, among the parks and the private grounds of the East and West and the interior, I am sure these two trees are the choicest of all, and after thirty years the concolor will distance all competitors for hardiness and thrift, grace and beauty, that can be raised between the Rockies and the Atlantic.

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**BRYAN'S GOD-MADE AND MAN-MADE MAN.**

Mr. Bryan praises in his amusing way "the God-made man," at the expense of the man-made man, although the latter is only once removed from the common creator. Does Bryan wish it to be understood that he looks with scorn on all other man-made things? Among those things is the Chicago platform, which favors that ratio of 16 to 1 which free silverites have called the "God-given" ratio, although only given at second-hand through man. The address delivered by Mr. Bryan last Saturday was a man-made thing, and yet its author will not admit that it is a poor production, whatever other God-made men may think of it. There are other man-made things as to the excellence of which all critics agree. There are the pyramids, the Sistine Madonna, the

Venus of Milo, the breathing marbles of Praxiteles, and the burning words of Shakespeare, and of Goethe. Music, art, poetry, science, government, are as man-made as is the corporation, but they are not altogether unworthy the respect of the God-made Mr. Bryan. The poet says there are occasions when "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Does Mr. Bryan think man pleases, but all his works are vile? He shows his sad lack of the logical faculty when he seeks to draw a fanciful distinction between the God-made and the man-made man. The latter—the corporation—is but an aggregation, large or small, as the case may be, of God-made men who join hands to secure the benefits arising from the coöperation of individual ability and individual capital, united with limited liability. Mr. Bryan's "God-made" men, taken collectively, compose a corporation. When a "God-made" man organizes a corporation, or buys shares in one, his moral nature undergoes no change for the worse. Mr. Bryan seems to forget that the first corporation was "God-made." It was organized when God made the woman, so the man he had created might have somebody to associate with. The second God-made corporation was the one created by the covenant with Abraham and his descendants. That is still a powerful corporation. The Boy Orator of the Platte ought to know his Bible better, and not blame the God-made man for making corporations also. The object of Mr. Bryan's sophistical, whimsical talk about the God-made man and the man-made man is to feed the prejudice against the corporation per se. It should not have that effect. The corporation is not perfect, but neither is man, though made in the image of his Maker. Otherwise Bryanism, Mormonism, and all other isms would not exist. But, as man improves, the corporation, made in his image, will improve also.—Chicago Tribune.

"Not a single republican platform this year has echoed even faintly the tone of the imperialist press," the Buffalo Express (rep.) observes. "Not one has considered the acquisition of East and West Indian islands or of Hawaii a matter to which it can point with pride, as all platforms point to the business prosperity, the Spanish war, and the Dingley tariff law. Not one has taken a confident stand in favor of retaining these islands, as all have confidently urged legislation for the maintenance of the gold standard. Each has considered its duty done when it offered support to the president in carrying on the war and reëstablishing law and order. Each has been defensive rather than aggressive—a plain indication of the existence of serious doubts as to the wisdom of any permanent extension of the boundaries of the United States."