

**A WICKED CALL.** The San Francisco Call seems profoundly incapable of understanding discriminating statesmanship. It contains a leading article whence we extract:

Colonel Bryan's range was never very great, and his art has consisted in saying shallow things in a deep way. But the number of his prominent admirers is rapidly decreasing, as may be seen by reading the list of the chorus which appears with him at every stand on his Jackson day circuit. This falling away is due to the discovery that he is not a seer, revelator nor prophet, but that his little song is that of the political pee-wee.

After his usual fashion he attempted to make himself the beneficiary of the anti-imperial sentiment of the country, forgetting that it was originated as a national policy by his own supporters. His discussion of it was like his discussion of all other public issues, an attempt to bore an auger-hole with a gimlet.

Could odiousness of comparison be more marked?

Now, however, he has seen a new light. The original democratic imperialists of the

**A New Light.**

South are asserting themselves. They even threaten to find a market for raw cotton via the next democratic platform. The movement is portentous; it threatens Colonel Bryan's primacy of his party. It threatens even to overwhelm "the divine ratio" of 16 to 1. It betrays impatience with Colonel Bryan's solo, which has turned rank and rancid in the wearied ear of the country.

Therefore Colonel Bryan finds it necessary to hedge, and his hedging presents him to the country as a political pee-wee.

The colonel, who formerly clothed his neck with thunder and stamped like

**Rag Time.**

a warhorse in battle, is showing signs of deterioration and decay. The monotonous task of making the same speech for four years begins to tell on him. His lines are not hard to remember, and he always carries a prompter to give him the cue. But it is said that even in music, that high manifestation and utterance of refinement too tenuous for speech, prolonged and constant repetition palls. The most popular classical music constantly repeated wearies, and the hearer turns away, with that tired feeling, to recruit himself on some rag-time melody that rises from the very gutter of harmony.

At his one-night Jackson day stand in Minneapolis he announced himself as a sort of expansionist and submitted a new ground plan and front elevation of himself in that capacity. In the words and phrases following he sang his new and small song: "I am a firm believer in the enlargement and extension of the

limits of the republic. I don't mean by that the extension by the addition of contiguous territory, nor to limit myself to that. Wherever there is a people intelligent enough to form a part of this republic it is my belief that they should be taken in. Wherever there is a people capable of having a voice and a representation in this government there the limits of the republic may be extended." And that is the sort of expansionist Colonel Bryan is! Wherever a people advances in intelligence to the standard of self-government they are to pay the penalty by being "taken in." Nothing is said about their desire to come; nothing about the dangers and difficulties of a republic consisting of non-tiguous states widely separated and utterly lacking in that homogeneity which can exist only by contiguity, and which is the first condition of republican government. The voice of common sense is never permitted to whisper in Colonel Bryan's ear, which is plugged tight with self-conceit. But that voice uttered to the average American citizen will say that wherever may exist the capacity for self-government described by Colonel Bryan its proof is the establishment of an independent republic that does not need to be "taken in" by us. It was the dream of the political philosophers who created this republic that the nations and races, moved upon by our example, would rise into the atmosphere of self-government and clothe them with independence, under such forms as were adapted to their special genius and habit. None of those philosophers contemplated the possibility or the desirability of a world-wide trust in civil government, which would incorporate with itself the varying peoples who desired to govern themselves. It has remained for Colonel Bryan to conceive it to be the duty of this republic to throw homogeneity and contiguity to the winds and speck the globe with its states until the planet is pockmarked with the rotten boroughs, peopled by all colors, speaking in more tongues than stopped hod-carrying on the tower of Babel, and without any spirit of assimilation to bring them into that community of tastes, aspirations and sympathy which alone makes it possible for men to live under a common constitution of government. The American imperialists are not wise, but compared with Bryan they loom up like Solomon contrasted with the idiot of a Scotch parish.

**POULTRY INDUSTRY.**

In these days of prosperity and general welfare there are but few people who have any idea of the magnitude of the poultry industry. Many farmers have an idea that "chickens" are a constant expense and bother and not worth a man's attention, but are to be shoved off upon the women-folks and children.

If one of these men were to keep a book account of the expenses and earnings of his hens, even though they be of all breeds and colors, he will find that the much berated hen is a money-maker, even when an apple tree to roost in and a bag of corn for feed are all the care she gets.

There are all kinds of chicken plants, ranging from 100 to 100,000 fowls, scattered all over the country, and some of them paying up to \$10,000 per annum.

The writer has visited a plant near Chicago which keeps only about 125 fowls, but it pays enough to keep a family, horse and wagon, besides other farm necessities. The main trade is in supplying private families with fresh eggs, and those families that are lucky enough to secure one of these purveyors are visited by the "egg man" as regularly as by the milk man. When eggs were selling at 20 cents at the store, this man got 35 cents for his.

I have a few United States statistics, for 1896, which I will submit:

Earning of poultry.....	\$290,000,000
Value of eggs.....	186,529,745
Value of all minerals.....	218,168,788
Value of wheat crop.....	297,988,968
Value of cotton crop.....	259,164,640
Total of pensions.....	139,280,078

These figures show only that part of poultry marketed. The home consumption of poultry and eggs would probably be almost as much again, if obtainable.

It will thus be seen that in 1896 the American hen could beat the American pig, be he Berkshire, Poland-China or Chester-White, and with a part of the home consumption pay all pensions.

One of the beauties of this industry is, that it takes only a small capital to start with, \$1,000 being entirely adequate to establish a plant which will pay for itself in a few years, and that can be added onto indefinitely.

STERLING MORTON.

Groveland Park, Jan. 27, 1900.

N. B. The fourteen-years-of-age writer of the above, who is experimenting with urban poultry raising, is invited to write again for THE CONSERVATIVE.

**SUBJECT OR CITIZEN.** The Porto Ricans are to be either citizens or

subjects of the United States. This is either to remain a republic or become an empire. If the former, under the federal constitution, then free trade must prevail within all its territories and between them and all the states. If an imperial government succeeds then trade and its limitations and repressions may be decreed by the privy council and the king just as congress assumes now—in spite of McKinley's advocacy of free trade for Porto Rico—to proclaim protection against that island's products. Why not, if the foreigner pays the tax?