

## THE TREELESS COUNTRY.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream!"  
A great state was a desert, and the land  
Lay bare and lifeless under sun and storm,  
Treeless and shelterless. Spring came and  
went,  
And came, but brought no joy; but in its  
stead  
The desolation of the ravine floods  
That leaped like wolves or wildcats from the  
hills,  
And spread destruction over fruitful farms,  
Devouring as they went the works of man,  
And sweeping southward nature's kindly soil  
To choke the water-courses, worse than waste.

The forest trees that in the olden time—  
The people's glory and the poet's pride—  
Tempered the air and guarded well the earth,  
And under spreading boughs for ages kept  
Great reservoirs to hold the snow and rain,  
From which the moisture through the teeming  
year  
Flowed equably but freely—all were gone—  
Their priceless holes exchanged for petty cash.  
The cash had melted, and had left no sign;  
The logger and the lumberman were dead;  
The axe had rusted out for lack of use;  
But all the endless evil they had done  
Was manifest upon the desert waste.

Dead springs no longer sparkled in the sun;  
Lost and forgotten brooks no longer laughed;  
Deserted mills mourned all their moveless  
wheels;  
The snow no longer covered as with wool  
Mountain and plain, but buried starving  
flocks  
In Arctic drifts; in rivers and canals  
The vessels rotted idly on the mud,  
Until the spring floods buried all their bones;  
Great cities that had thriven wondrously  
Before the source of thrift was swept away,  
Faded and perished, as a plant will die  
With water banished from its roots and leaves;  
And men sat starving in the treeless waste,  
Beside their fruitless farms and empty marts,  
And wondered at the ways of Providence!

—New York Sun.

## MUST THE PHILIPPINE WAR GO ON?

We have been mistaken in the Filipino. He is not an ignorant, passionate savage who can be either frightened or whipped into submission while there remains to him a chance to fight for his native land. The Filipinos have been fighting us twice as long as the Boers have been fighting England, and England's prospect of soon finishing her task is very much brighter than ours. The Filipino is a man with a cause for which he is willing to die. He may be weary of the war, but he has made the American people weary of it, too. As he has incomparably more at stake in the struggle than we have, it is to be expected that his stubbornness will continue to be disheartening to the Jingo.

It is a war from which this great nation can reap no glory, even were complete success assured, and the profit of the enterprise is not perceptible. The American republic can afford to do what is best for itself, materially and morally, even though that should involve the freedom of the Filipinos. The democrats were quite right in their campaign contention that the attempt to rule the Filipinos without their consent, and in spite of their fierce and sanguinary protest, does violence to the

letter and spirit of the Declaration of Independence. Had "Imperialism" been the only issue, Bryan, and not McKinley, would today be the president-elect, for there are millions of republicans who agree with the defeated rather than the successful candidate on this question.

To the North American it would seem wise were President McKinley not to ignore the significance of the marked falling off of the party vote in the old surely republican states where "Imperialism" was most discussed. It would be wise were he to take counsel of such republicans as Senators Hoar and Hale and Representative McCall and Littlefield. Their party standing cannot be questioned, though they hold to what has unfortunately become temporarily the democratic doctrine that the constitution should follow the flag.

Why should there not be an effort made to end the war by means of negotiation? Why should the Filipinos not be asked to say through their leaders what terms, if any, they will accept short of the relinquishment of American sovereignty and the recognition of their independence?

And if thus reasonably approached they should reject every proposal which refuses them independence, has not the time arrived for rational Americans to put the question to their common sense whether it is worth while for this republic to go on indefinitely with the drudgery of slaughter in order forcibly to annex a people who will hate us for generations in the future, as they hated Spain for generations in the past?—Philadelphia North American (rep.).

## FATE OF THE GROUT BILL.

The Grout Oleomargarine bill, with all of its un-American principles and its selfish motives and hypocritical assertions, is before congress. It was not up on schedule time but is being urged with all of the unscrupulousness that characterized its advocacy during the last session of this congress.

A steering arrangement on the Army bill gave the hint of its death in the senate. This intimation can hardly be ignored or overcome.

If the butter sellers and the butter trust have no better success in this final fight than they had at the polls then the bill is already dead and ready for the journal morgue for identification and burial. It should be killed.

If the butter interests really mean what they say, viz.: "That oleomargarine should be sold only as such and that the anti-color feature in the bill is only to accomplish that end" they should jump at the substitute for the Grout bill. This substitute says that oleomargarine (whether colored or otherwise) shall only be sold in one and two-pound packages wrapped in tissue

paper, upon which shall be printed in large black or easily observed letters the word "oleomargarine." Around this brick shall then be placed a ribboned two cent internal revenue stamp, stuck to the paper so that it cannot be removed except by the consumer.

Such a bill would win in a canter and come nearer than any other method to forcing the sale of oleomargarine in its own name if, as some claim, it is not so sold now.

One would think that the dairy interests would jump at such a bill if they were sincere in the statement that they do not desire to kill the oleomargarine industry and were simply desirous of having it sold as oleomargarine.

If the Grout bill should pass the house we are reasonably assured that the senate will strangle or kill it. If it should pass congress we feel that the president will find it so vicious and unconstitutional as to veto so pernicious a measure. Should the president affix his signature the supreme court, upon petition, should certainly declare such a piece of legislation illegal and unconstitutional in many respects and subversive of healthful trade. The color line alone would void such a statute. There is a lane between the natural and the artificial color of butter. Color is not patented and one lawful product has an equal right with another to artificial coloring.—National Provisioner.

## AS THE GERMAN SEES US.

"A Self-Made Man. A Story for Good Little Boys," is the caption of a clever satire on American character which appeared recently in the St. Petersburg Zeitung, a German paper published at St. Petersburg, Russia. THE CONSERVATIVE is indebted to the Literary Digest for the following translation:

"There was once a little boy, and his name was Freddie. He did much for the entertainment of the neighborhood by fishing in other people's private ponds and picking other people's fruits. When he was scolded for it he would proudly say: 'I am a free citizen of a free country.' The neighbors wanted his father to whip him, but the father said he would not thus degrade a future president of the United States. Such things could be done only in enslaved Europe. And Freddie grew and prospered. He always attacked boys who were weaker than himself, beat them, and took away their pennies in the name of civilization and humanity. For, in Freddie's veins ran strong and pure the undiluted blood of the noble Anglo-Saxon.

"One day Freddie's father was told that his son had swindled a friend of the family with a bogus dollar, and had gotten 85 cents change. And the father was deeply moved, and said: 'I always knew Freddie would some day be a