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THE LAND AND IRRIGATION EXPOSITION.

This would be a fairly good morning to speak plainly about the proposed Land and Irrigation exposition to be held at Chicago in November-December.

Five thousand dollars will do the work and do it right, and a less amount will not. The exposition will last just two weeks. In that time a million of people will see the Utah exhibit—if Utah has one there. People of the east think better of Utah than they ever did before, but they don't give it place quite with Idaho, even now. They approach the subject of making a home in Utah with a certain hesitancy; and they are untroubled with that qualm when thinking of another state.

They feel better toward the state than formerly. Let that rising opinion be encouraged. Let the exhibit the state makes there be worthy all the best there is in Utah—and if that be done it will be the best show in the exposition, for Utah is the best state.

There should be very little money paid for salaries. The state has men in its employ, men of ability in speaking, men acquainted with affairs in the state, and men who would fairly and truly tell of the good things to be found here. The literature need not be costly. It would be a mistake to spend any considerable portion of the fund in the preparation of print. Plain statements on plain paper will go just as far as fancy and pretentious books.

Very surely a relief map of the state, showing, as has been suggested, the physical conditions of the state, would be more helpful than any other one thing. It should be provided at small expense.

This is not going to be an occasion for giving any one a job. The interests of the state are to be served, and that in a most important event. No friend of Utah will make money in the enterprise. There are many exhibits, and they can be collected by competent people now in the employ of the state. The transportation of goods to Chicago and back again—if the return is desired—will be largely if not entirely taken care of by the railroads.

Here is a new opportunity for Utah to tell the world its fair and attractive story. Let there be no thought of selfishness, no attempt to make the state appear grotesque, no costly fads by any one. Just show what the state has for the honest settler, the home maker, the investor. That can be done for five thousand dollars. And any man who gets a penny of it without giving a full equivalent ought to be—

Well, he ought to have to remain in Chicago for the rest of his natural life.

THE CADETS MARCHED AWAY.

Saturday morning the cadets marched down Main street, their commander and their band at the head of them—and took the train for Seattle. There they will visit the fair that of all others ever held is best in consonance with the spirit of youth, the choral strain of opportunity. It is the fair that stands for the future, for promise, for the pledge of an unfolding labor. It is not the exposition of past achievement, but the promise of achievement in the future.

That is the morning view of boyhood. There the boys will get a better taste of life than they received at San Francisco, where they reviewed the battle fleet that sailed around the world. There they will catch the incentive for construction, for man's conquest over nature; man's splendid struggle upward to the heights sublime.

All Salt Lake sends good wishes with them. It is very fortunate they have been enabled to go. The men whose means have provided the trip have done much for the city, and vastly more for that boyhood which is expressed in the ranks of the marching lads of the High school. It is a part of their education. And if they measure their lives as sons of the men who sent them should, it will be far and away the best part that could be given them.

CUBA IS COMING HOME.

For a long time Cuba has logically been headed to be a part of the United States of America. Time and again the annexation has almost been precipitated. And always this country has stood so straight it has leaned over backward. The desire to be generous to the island and her people has been so strong that our statesmen have been unfair not only to their own countrymen, but to the islanders themselves.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean declares our statesmen made a blunder—a grievous blunder—when they gave Cuba back to her people at the close of the war with Spain; that it would have been better for everyone to have held the island then as a part of the great republic. That may or may not be. But it will be remembered President McKinley made clear the pledge to the world that the island would not be annexed; that conquest and the acquisition of territory was no part of the purpose of our country. So that annexation then would have been impossible. And the president uttered no more than the voice of the people of America when he made that pledge. Because it was authorized and because it was made, the pledge had to be kept.

But the islanders have a right to choose their own form of government, and when they say they want to be a part of the United States of America—a thing which the majority of them would say tomorrow if the matter were put up to them—the island will become a part of this nation.

For so long as Cubans continue control, there will be internal strife. They are incapable of preserving order. They can not protect their own people, nor the vested interests of those who have begun the development of the island's resources. Every ripening crop of sugar marks the invitation to revolution. And the fellows who couldn't win their own freedom can not keep their hands off the torch and the machete when planters refuse to be blackmailed.

There is every reason to believe that in the next five years Cuba will become a part of the United States.

THE BEST USE OF MONEY.

If Utah and other sections of the west ask capitalists of the east to invest their money here, Utah at least is begging nothing. Every investment carefully made in reclaiming the land will bring money returns to the investor. They are lending their spare cash at two per cent in New England. And the bare interest is all their money gets for them.

Money is able and willing to do more. If it were invested in Utah lands, in irrigation schemes, in factories and mills here where the raw material is produced, it would not only bring five times two per cent for the investor, but it would help so many other people to a better life than can be had without that use of money.

And if the congress at Spokane asked for five billion dollars from government, it asked no more than government will have to give. In the end the resources of this state will be developed. Every mine will be worked to its fullest capacity. Every valley will be blest with happy and prosperous homes. Every river will be a strand of silver on which power will be developed for the thousand uses, and villages will mark the progress of a state's advancement.

But that can not be done without money. Money will have to do it, ultimately. And it will be the money of the people of the United States, too—the people who make up the government.

The longer the investment is delayed, the more money it will require, for time itself is money.

So that, whether the reclamation of the west is done by private or public funds, here waits a blessed work; a work in which the money is sanctified because it helps mankind, and performs a work in which the money earns the biggest interest possible to secure.

MR. FARNUM IN A NEW ROLE.

In his curtain speech the other night Mr. Farnum stopped long enough in his delineation of the character of Cameo Kirby to tell the people he appreciated their presence on so warm a night, and that he himself would not be in the theater if he didn't have to be there. Which was "smooth" of Mr. Farnum.

The man is far more than clever. He is successful. He fills the houses season after season, and whether the play be new or old, they go to see him. Of course he takes no liberties with his audiences. If he didn't bring good companies—he has blessed old McKee Rankin with him this time—and didn't work conscientiously, they would decline to be beguiled. But he is far too wise to fall down.

His conception of the Virginian was a thing which might safely be worshipped, for there is nothing like in world or sea or air. No cowboy ever walked so, or talked so, or behaved so. It must be admitted that cowboys make love, and they fight, as did Mr. Farnum in the famous frontier play. And maybe those are the essentials, after all.

So in "Cameo Kirby." We young people are at a little disadvantage because we didn't travel the Mississippi river before the war, and have a far too limited acquaintance with the make-up and the conduct of gamblers of that period. But if one of them—even one—walked and talked and dressed as does Mr. Farnum in this new part, it is well the war came, and well that railroads whistled the old regime away from the south.

But he does make love delightfully, and he does fight in a way to command the approval of even the most captious. So there again recurs the essentials. Maybe that is why the people go to see him, night after night, no matter how hot may be the weather.

And maybe they go to see exquisite little May Buckley, and the rest of an admirable cast.

Any way, they go. And Salt Lake will be very glad to see Mr. Farnum again, no matter whether his characters are natural or not.

ESCAPED WITH THEIR LIVES.

Four women in an automobile plunged into a pit in Michigan avenue, Chicago, the other day, carrying a team of horses with them. The pit was eight by twelve feet in dimensions, and eight feet deep. They all escaped without a broken bone. The horses were rescued without injury, and the auto can be repaired.

There is a marvelous incident. The chances all are against one of the women escaping with her life. In all reason the horses would have to be shot to prevent their inflicting death in their struggles. Yet nothing really happened.

The women were driving about the city, and were going at top speed permitted in the broad avenue. A contractor had made an excavation in front of a big hotel, in order to extend a cellar beneath the sidewalk. His team was standing at the curb. The steering gear of the machine went wrong, and the women with their vehicle headed straight for the pit, and tumbled in, their machine turning bottom-up on top of them, and the frightened horses rolled—harness and all—over the fair prisoners.

There was much broken wood and bent metal, and the loss of a little jewelry. But neither horse nor woman was worse for wear in half an hour.

Talk about good fortune!

IT ISN'T SAFE TO STEAL.

One of the men brought to Salt Lake by the recent Grand Army encampment was an old postoffice inspector. And he was full of good stories.

In one of them he told of the postmaster in a Nebraska town who pointed out to the officials how easy it would be to steal from the mails. The inspector talked with him a while, and then gave him this advice:

"I can see what is the matter with you. You have studied this subject so much because you have plenty of time out there in your little office. And I may as well admit, it is easy to steal from the mails—once. This is the way to do it: You work faithfully for the government about twenty or twenty-five years, making every report exactly right, never touching a penny, insisting on records for everything that passes through your hands. Make it perfectly clear to the officials all the way from your little office to Washington that you are never wrong. Then steal some letter containing money, and pull out a handful of hair from your head and swear by all you hold sacred that you will never take another cent—and keep that oath. Keep it till you die. That is the only safe way to steal from the mails."

Which means that the man will never steal a cent. If he is good through twenty years of service, he couldn't steal if he wanted to. Habit would take care of him.

And the same rule, with necessary variations, would apply to any other employment. No man can afford to steal. The one thing most helpful to the individual is the absolute certainty of his acquaintances that he is honest. It is the biggest asset any man can possess. And it makes the wearer of that dignity both successful and happy.

RUNNING A DEAD RACE.

One race of which you find no record in the sporting page is that between the outlaws on one side, and scientists on the other. It was the burglars who made chilled steel necessary. And while it was intended for safe doors, it has been useful in other avenues of manufacture.

It was the burglar that made the time lock necessary. And Bannister White of Pennsylvania declares the burglars themselves invented dynamite. They had to get something which would conquer the stubborn steel of the money defenders.

As soon as science had perfected the telegraph, robbers stole the use of it; and now the highest-priced men in the telegraph service are those who can detect to a nicety where the outlaws are "tapping the wires."

Now that the aeroplane has been perfected, government officers are apprehensive that smugglers will use the machine to bring contraband goods into the United States. So that every effort at Fort Meyer is an encouragement for the men who make a living getting past the customs officers.

Still, it is probably better to go ahead with invention. While it may help a few outlaws for a little time, it helps the great body of the people—and they always are more honest than the reverse. And even if a few cigars are brought in by aeroplane, the invention of the Wright brothers will not be wholly in vain.

THE WATER WILL BE FINE.

Bathing is likely to be about right at the lake next Thursday. That is the day when the lake and the sky and the air and everything else in this part of the world will be the property of the Women's Relief corps and the Ladies of the G. A. R. The bigger the crowd, the more money will the women get out of their venture. And it will not be what they ought to have, no matter how much they realize.

The women of these two organizations did more than a fair share of the work of preparing for the recent Grand Army encampment. They did more than could have been expected in the actual matter of entertainment. And they did it all because of their love for the soldiers, their love of country, and their love of the city which they call home. They didn't charge a cent for their services—not a woman of them.

It is a blessed good thing that a fellow can have a good time at the lake, and simultaneously make a money expression of his regard for these excellent women.

PEACH DAY AT BRIGHAM.

All the world is invited to attend the annual Peach Day celebration at Brigham City on September fifteenth. The show is unlike anything else known in the state, and where well conducted, as is likely in this case, it well repays the visit.

In addition to all the peaches you can eat, in addition to the sight of splendid fruit in magnificent masses, the local committees will prepare a program of sports that will be worth while.

And besides that, the people of Brigham City are a good lot. It is worth while spending a day with them if there were no peaches, and nothing more sportive than a game of croquet.

Nobody is going to forget the fruit fair in St. George, September ninth and tenth. The people of Dixie are very generally working for the success of the meet, and they will try and make it worth while for visitors from distant parts of the state to look at their quaint little city and their beautiful valley—even if the trip from and back to the railroad does cost six dollars to every guest. One of these days there will be better means of reaching the southern counties. Meantime, it is worth the journey to meet the people and eat the fruit of the historic valley.

Weston declares he will make one more effort to walk from New York to San Francisco—four thousand miles—in one hundred days. The task seems utterly impossible, and Weston is seventy years old. But he came within five days of realizing his ambition in the recent trial. There are many who believe he can win. And there are very few who dare try to beat his record.

Richfield is going to have a three-days' Scandinavian fair during the last week of September. The enterprising people in the capital of Sevier have made arrangements so that no visitor will need to spend a cent beyond the expense of getting to Richfield and getting home again. They are likely to have a very successful event.

Chicago proposes to show President Taft two hundred and fifty thousand school children in a body. But there will be no Living Flag. He has to come to Salt Lake to get that.

WHAT THE WOMAN THINKS

BY ANGELA MORGAN.

If there is anything calculated to utterly discourage young people who are eager to realize a higher, finer ideal of love on this planet, it is the repeated application of the wet blanket by those worldly wise, pessimistic persons who, because they have failed to keep their own "illusions," seem bent upon making it impossible for others to retain theirs.

These persons are forever holding up to view the disappointments in store for hopeful lovers and pointing out how useless it is for mere mortals to expect continued happiness in the married state.

Both the would-be husband and the would-be wife are continually treated to counsel and warning by those who claim to have a patent on the only true method of wading through the matrimonial slough of despond. It may be observed that the note most emphatically struck concerns the "perishable" nature of exalted love.

There is no hope whatever held out to the pair that the beautiful ideal they dream of will ever be approached. They are discouraged from even attempting to fashion their lives after any different pattern than the imperfect one they see represented in the experiences of so many about them.

The man is told he should expect to be disenchanted with the mate he has chosen; that he should not look forward to the satisfactory companionship he craves. The woman is admonished to forget her high longing and abandon her golden ideals, for her husband is a creature of clay and as far from her mental image of him as the east is from the west.

Both are told that the rapture, the poetry, the beauty of their early experiences cannot last. That the idealistic element in love is an illusion and must perish.

But in spite of all discouragement the hope of ideal happiness in love burns steadily on in the human heart. Every lover believes his or her experience will prove an exception to the general rule.

The very fact that this intense hope of lasting happiness in love persists so powerfully in the hearts of lovers is in my mind a proof that the higher the ideal they long to portray is possible. If the race is to improve in other departments of living, why may we not believe it will improve in this?

FACTS IN FIGURES.

Value of the principal farm crops of the United States in 1889 and 1907. Farm value of ten principal crops increased more than $1,000,000,000 since 1895. This table shows the value of the principal farm crops of the United States in 1899 and 1907.

The figures are from the department of agriculture, except those of flaxseed.

Crop.	1899. Total value.	1899. Value per unit. a.	1907. Total value.	1907. Value per unit. a.
Corn	$629,210,110	$0.303	$1,337,000,000	$0.516
Wheat ..	319,545,259	.584	554,000,000	.874
Oats	198,167,975	.249	335,000,000	.443
Rye	12,214,118	.510	23,000,000	.731
Barley ..	29,594,254	.403	102,000,000	.665
P'tatoes	89,328,832	.300	184,000,000	.617
Cotton ..	376,556,253	.070	578,000,000	.104
Hay	411,936,187	7.27	744,000,000	11.68
Tobacco	57,000,000	.090	76,000,000	.109
Flaxs'd .	20,000,000	1.250	25,000,000	.956
Totals	$2,143,542,988	.....	$3,958,000,000	.....

a Corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes and flaxseed, bushels; hay, tons; cotton and tobacco, pounds.

WHAT THE WEST WANTS.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Henry Clay was an adept in picturing the future of the golden west in glowing words. To him the "west" meant Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky. He urged the protection of its industries, the building of roads for its development, and the encouragement of its people in every way. Visitors from the east, attracted to the central states by the rosoate descriptions of such leaders, went back home to sing the praises of the new land beyond the mountains.

The same sort of process is witnessed now. Visitors to the "west" are returning from Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Utah and other commonwealths, telling of the glories they have seen. Many of them declare their intention to join the great army of homeseekers who are pressing into these new lands of promise. Their enthusiasm merely reflects the feeling of those already settled beyond a more distant range of mountains than that which formed a barrier for the pioneer of a century ago.

The expressions which come from the irrigation congress at Spokane indicate the belief of the "west" in itself. It knows what it wants. It does not hesitate to declare its needs. It does not use a foot rule or a pint cup in its measurements. Nothing but a large scale will satisfy it, as it looks out upon the possibilities. And it must be confessed that there is something contagious in the confidence which every western man feels in the certain future. As a stimulus to patriotic pride it cannot be surpassed.

The "west" wants money. It wants lots of it. Specifically, it wants $5,000,000,000. It will share part of it with the rest of the country. But its own projects will require much of the vast amount. The money is to be divided into five equal parts and is to be used for reclamation of arid lands by irrigation, for deep waterways, for good roads, for conservation of forest resources, and for drainage of swamp lands. Five billion dollars is a great amount. The vision of the Atlantic coast citizen would never reach so far. It is the expectant "west" which sees far ahead, outlines the needs, and looks forward with a hopeful spirit in the direction of great accomplishments.