

close friends, and the press on which the president leans and confides in.

It rehearses the loyalty of Mr. Bryan to the president last year when except for Mr. Bryan's help the president never could have pushed through congress his tariff-smashing and currency measures, but how of late the president has done his utmost to center the gaze of the country upon himself utterly ignoring Mr. Bryan; how when the news of the destruction of the Lusitania was received, the president had his sycophantic press agents send to the country that he had shut himself up, denying all callers except his physician, while preparing his first note to Germany; how this was repeated every morning for ten days, until the country and the world fully understood that the note would be the exclusive production of the president; how nothing was submitted to Mr. Bryan and that the first notice that he received of what the note would contain was when the president read it to the full cabinet.

The writer in the Times further stated that Mr. Bryan was furiously angry and did not attempt to conceal his anger or to express his sentiments to the president's close friends.

Hence the profuse affectionate terms in which he couched his resignation, and the equally profuse terms of affection used by the president in reply, may be set down as a desire on both sides not to have any scism in the party.

But the prompt acceptance of the resignation makes clear that the president had been expecting it and was all ready to receive it. It may be believed, too, that it was received with as much pleasure as was the news of the birth of the McAdoo baby.

But it is hard to understand Mr. Bryan's course since. In war parlance the putting out of his papers, would be called "lending aid and comfort to a (neutral) enemy." It will strengthen the plausibility of the story that has been current ever since the Chautauqua business, that Mr. Bryan is money mad and for two years past has been assiduously working to secure for himself the \$50,000 Nobel peace prize.

Our belief is that when Mr. Bryan resigned he was mad through and through and was bent on vengeance, but was determined to execute that vengeance in a way that surely would make a bad wound under Mr. Wilson's fifth rib and at the same time minister to his own good.

There will more leak out as the days go by, but it will be safe to predict that Mr. Bryan will not in the next Democratic national convention, take the nomination away from an old friend to give it to the Hon. Woodrow Wilson.

Patsy Ryan Dead

THE Spokane papers bring the news of the sudden death from heart disease of Patsy Ryan. Patsy Ryan was known by everyone in Utah and Montana. He worked in the Alice mine in Butte when it was owned by the Walker brothers of this city, was a long-time superintendent for Marcus Daly of the Anaconda properties, and later still was superintendent of Senator Clark's mines in Butte. He was a famous miner and most genial man. His friends were numbered by companies, regiments, brigades and divisions.

All hails and farewells will go out to him from every mining cabin in three states.

As To Apples

THE morning papers recently stated that many farmers in outside counties in the state were cutting down their apple orchards to make room for other crops, there having been no sale for their apples for the past two or three years. That statement ought not to go out without explanation.

Those orchards should have either been destroyed or made effective years ago.

Had half the trees been removed ten years

ago, the other half grafted with cuttings from good stock, then had reasonable care been exercised, they would have been bearing salable fruit for the past seven years.

As it was they were of inferior stock originally, they were planted close together, never pruned; the fruit degenerated for want of sustenance, became wormy and finally became utterly worthless.

They should, long ago have been destroyed, but first-class apples always command a fair price in Utah.

THE ARTIST

When nature with a mission grave
Was by the Lord endowed
She painted on the sea a wave
And on the sky a cloud,
And on the land she drew a hill;
And on the hill a tree,
And in the vale she placed a rill
That traveled to the sea.

And then, progressing without doubt,
She took a little brush,
And in the stream she placed a trout;
And on the tree a thrush,
And on the waves she painted foam,
And roses in the wild;
And in the shelter of a home
A woman and a child.

And did all this perfection bring?
Ah, no! Experience shows
She caused the little thrush to sing;
Gave perfume to the rose.
And best of all, the artist wise,
And in her happiest style,
Put love into the woman's eyes
And made the baby smile!
—From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

VENICE

By Clinton Scollard.

Still Venice sits upon her hundred isles,
And takes the golden morning on her brow,
And round her ancient marble palace piles
The gondolier still guides his narrow prow.

Still gleam the domes and lions of Saint Mark's,
The Campanile's slender, spearlike tower,
And still above the clustering roofs one barks
The bronzen giants strike the changing hour.

Still the Rialto flings its splendid arch
Above that Grand Canal where long ago,
Stately as mighty armies on the march,
The glory of an age went to and fro.

In spite of all the years, a sweeping span,
That have wrought blight and ruin and decay,
The dream remains to chain the heart of man,
A nameless charm that will not fade away!
—New York Sun.

THE PARAGRAPHERS

Japan appears to be working under the initiative and ultimatum.—Honolulu Star Bulletin.

It has been decided that Porter Charlton was sane when he killed his wife at Como, Italy, five years ago. He and Thaw should form an Aliens' alumni.—San Francisco News Letter.

The outlook for a safe and sane Fourth of July in Europe is pretty gloomy.—New York World.

San Francisco shrewdly reminds us all that no transcontinental train was ever submarined.—Chicago Daily News.

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