

downtown saloons, for there are as many licensed places in that territory as there is fat patronage for, and if any license holder doesn't like his work he can sell his charter to someone who does.

But in practice, the restrictive number lessens the demand for Utah beer, and increases the sale of that beverage which finds its factory in states beyond the mountains. There are a thousand men employed in the brewery interest in Utah. They draw close to twenty thousand dollars a week, and spend it—or the major portion of it—in food, clothing, rent or home improvement, and the varied expenses of the average citizen. The breweries of the state provide a big and dependable market for Utah barley, and pay top prices for all the farmers of the state can raise.

And there is scarcely a saloon on Main street which will sell a glass of Utah beer unless that product is specifically called for. The clubs—commercial and fraternal—keep extensive sideboards, but the beer found there comes across the mountains, and the money paid for it goes back across the mountains, and doesn't do Utah any good.

Barmen, in saloon and club, may say they sell what is called for. That simply shifts the burden. The men of Salt Lake, the drinkers of beer, sacrifice an industry of the state to their vanity or their fancy. Either they think it a mark of distinction to call for an eastern beer, or they deceive themselves with the belief that the eastern beer is better.

And yet the cold fact is that not one man in ten could pick Eastern from Utah beer by the taste alone. Strip the labels off the bottles, and Utah beer would win in a contest for excellence—Salt Lake beer drinkers themselves being the court. That might be a suggestion for the state fair management.

And now that Utah beer is banished from the sidestreets, and barred from the clubs and big saloons, it becomes something of a duty for the loyal Utah man who affects that tittle to ask for the Utah brand.

I don't care much for beer myself; but if I drank it like a sailor on shore leave, I would buy the home product—or go dry.

THE GATE TO HEAVEN.

It is not built of rainbows, with its barrier dipped in dreams. It is not framed of perfume and glorified with color. The gate to Heaven is a tall stone arch, with stairways just beyond. The foot falls on common timber, and the hand falls helpfully on a rail where myriad other hands have lain in myriad other journeyings up and down.

But these were not going heavenward, nor were those returning from its matchless joys. Each man must have a Heaven of his own.

Into that Heaven he takes himself—the best and the worst of him. Its ministrations is to lift from him some measure of his baseness, to inspire him, to strengthen what is good, to widen his horizon, to waken new powers of appreciation, to make him rich because he is in Heaven!

Within that Heaven he leaves no treasure, but from it he carries much. He brings power for the fight that is always before him, and written in his memory by the Heavenly hand are melodies, and verbal treasures, and the recognition of beauties he never knew before. And in

his heart forever melts the music of a farewell song—a rippling, purling melody that has no message for other ears than his, but which speaks to him of all the darkness and of all the light that make up the hither and the farther wall of Heaven!

THE GNOME WHO LIVES IN A TREE.

By Everett Carroll Maxwell

A gnome lives in the roots of a tree close by my cabin door.

And he tells me secrets of wondrous worth
As I pillow my head on the soft green earth
And watch the clouds sail by, sail by,
And watch the clouds sail by.

He has told me why the sky is blue, and why the hills are brown,

And who gave the laurel its silver sheen,
And made the leaves of the trees turn green,
And why the brook flows on, flows on,
And why the brook flows on.

He can tell what the cricket is scolding about,
and why the lizard is shy,

And he knows the fairy who comes at night,
And dyes the autumn leaves so bright,
And why the day brings joy, brings joy,
And why the day brings joy.

The gnome and I are the closest kin for the God of nature has made us so,

For we both love the canyon dim and old,
In summer's heat or in winter's cold,
And ours is the heart of the hills, of the hills,
And ours is the heart of the hills.

ROOSEVELT FOR PRESIDENT.

Senator Sutherland may have startled you with his suggestion of Roosevelt as the next Republican candidate for the Presidency; but after you got over the newness of it you must have realized the soundness of the view.

There are but two policies in this republic. The Republican party exemplifies one. Those that differ are the other.

You can't oppose the Republican party without doing it under a banner antagonistic to the faith on which that party was founded. And there are mighty few men in the Progressive party who are not heart and soul for the doctrines that underlie the Republican organization—the doctrines that have been realized in fifty years of an amazing national advance and individual prosperity.

Not all, either in that or in the present ranks of the Republican party, approve of every custom that has grown up, or indorse every man of prominence in the party. Not all of them believe the progressives were wrong when they wrested power from Uncle J. Cannon, and greased the skids for my ether old friend, Senator Aldrich—not to speak of some twenty more commanders of the Old Guard. And they miss condemnation—not because they fought Republicans, but because the commanders of the Old Guard had grafted an alien and indefensible system on the otherwise beneficent and blessed tree of Republicanism. Their new system had to go—however patiently and however skillfully they had nourished it through the hurrying years. The system had to go, and if it were too intimately intertwined with the fate of the commanders of the Old Guard, then those Commanders had to go, too.

The Progressive movement had a value, if realization of fact could be impressed on the old party consciousness in no other way. Its sober second thought, and observed subsidence, have a value, too; because the millions of voters who form the Republican party know that they cannot—and should not want to—kill it; because

they know the best interests of all the people of all the nation will be best conserved through the agency of the Republican party, and not through any other.

Evidently Mr. Roosevelt realizes this. He will not destroy the party which made him President. He can not. No man or set of men can. To be entirely frank, let it be said he can not ever prevent its return to power in the nation and usefulness in the sisterhood of commonwealths. Because the nation is reduced to a choice of policies—one which has uniformly brought them prosperity and the other of which has uniformly brought them disaster. And if, in turning from a momentary dalliance with democracy, a generous repetition of experiment, the people demand the Republican system of national control, the people will get Republican national control, and no man alive is big enough to stop them. They would do to Roosevelt in the nation just what they did to him in New York—regretfully but firmly defeat him.

And the vaporings of Utah gentlemen with a hope for control in the new party which they never could achieve in the old, will have small influence in the final action. They will go with the people of the nation, or they will make themselves as ridiculous in the future as they have been ineffective in the past.

Roosevelt doubtless can be the Republican candidate for the presidency of the United States. If that should happen, he would be sure of the support of the whole force that followed Taft last year. And the insurgents who refused to get back on the reservation would gain nothing but the proud distinction of flocking alone.

That they wouldn't do, because only a few men on this earth are big enough to imitate the Napoleonic triumph of splendid isolation.

CHANGES IN THE ORCHARD.

The following fragment of verse is taken from a poem once familiar to lovers of the bucolic, and is reproduced because it shows a condition now greatly changed:

"Red, and russet, and yellow,
Lying here in a heap—
Pippins, rounded and mellow;
Greenings, for winter keep;
Seek-no-further, whose blushing
The soul of a saint would try,
Till his face showed the crimson, flushing
The cheek of a Northern Spy."

There is only one distinctly apple region in the world, and that is the Hood River Valley, in Oregon. The lines above quoted bear the same relation to Hood River that the lonely shoemaker on the bench bears to the Z. C. M. I. shoe factory up Main street.

In the far-away days you might have seen apples in heaps under the apple trees, but you can not see it now—not where the apple business is reduced to a science, as every business must be to avoid a loss.

These times the orchardist cultivates the soil about his trees until that soil is as mellow and responsive as the old-time kitchen garden beds were. The trees are sprayed in the fall—notice to quit, served on the parasite pests that would otherwise make their winter homes and breeding places in cozy corners of bark and branch. They are sprayed again in the spring, and two or three times in the early summer, and neither worm nor scale can establish residence. The orchardist goes through the orchard as summer days develop the fruit, and thins where