

Written for this Paper

A HOMILY ON TRADE.

Buying and selling, trading and exchanging, is a laudable—a necessary—business. Human needs and desires have become so numerous and maybe artificial, that gratification is impossible, if personal effort alone was exercised. There are men everywhere who from individual taste and aptitude engage in collecting, transporting and distributing the products of climes and countries almost unknown and unexplored but a very few years ago, but now by the enterprise of specific dealers, through the combinations of commerce, these are at our very doors. We may not be as familiar with names, ports, localities, pronunciation or qualities of all that comes within our range of observation and use, as are the specially interested parties; but we are advantaged, gratified, comforted, and after all at so little cost, that the inquiry is not at all infrequent, as to how (if distance is so great, etc.) we can buy the strange, uncommon or adopted article for so little money. If it were not so common to us—if every village had not this object lesson before it, it would be thought almost impossible to get together the products of countries so remote and so far separate, as is done every day.

The world was called upon to inspect and marvel at the first universal exposition in Hyde Park, London, in 1851; at many continental duplicates since then; at the Centennial in this country, and later at the World's Fair in 1893. But all that brilliance, grandeur, variety, magnificence and overwhelming greatness was but an ultra enlarged or extended reproduction of Z. C. M. I., or similarly diversified depots in the world of common trade. It was said once that "comparisons are odious," and this may provoke a smile. But the masses of the Territory—nay, of this city, have but little idea as to how many countries are drawn upon for their supplies, and even employees are few who can tell how or where is produced that which they handle all the time. Ask the average grocery clerk where pepper is grown, the difference between the black and white varieties; inquire as to where nutmegs come from; what is mace; where was this coffee grown; and is your olive oil genuine, or but a cotton-seed product; how few can tell! Which of your dry goods clerks can give an idea as to where many of their every-day goods were made, in France, Germany, England or America? Which is wool or mixed; is this pure silk or otherwise; what of hosiery, of flowers, of fur trimming? Pass through any other department and the same superficial education or indifference is noted. They make no claim to know—they are mechanical, and as far from being experts almost as it is possible to be.

So we have met booksellers who know nothing of books; school teachers who knew nothing of human nature; doctors who had no idea as to the power of drugs or whether they produced the desired effect; lawyers who could not draw up a brief; politicians who could not tell the views or give the platform of their party; preachers who had neither logic nor consecutive

thought; and vast numbers who take the world and circumstances just as they are, without understanding as to the why, or idea as to improvement—or whether this was possible or probable in the future.

Some men acquire development by compulsion as it were. If in business, natural indolence is overcome by fear of loss or greed for gain. If in the missionary field, some smattering of the system they represent is sought, because this knowledge is made obligatory, and failure means disgrace. If burthened with a family, society compels some show of labor for their maintenance. But thoroughness is a very rare ingredient in humanity, save where love is the mainspring or the motive power.

So we have seen men engaged in merchandizing—they love to trade, indeed, it is a joy to them to handle goods; it is second nature as it were. They did not open the store particularly for a living, or to make money, but because their heart was in it, and they gave it attention; they studied it; they wanted to know, and then found out all about the goods they handled. They were able to commend, to give information; they could explain the difference between this and that. Such men are liked; they accumulate; they make friends, and become authorities and experts in this and many collateral directions.

Far too many men, perchance, are engaged in pursuits for which they have neither taste nor aptitude, like our old class of school teachers who became pedagogues for the winter—for a putting-on—a living, or until they could do something better; if school had been continuous, some were so listless that they never would have had any higher ambition than "boarding round;" but with late spring they were thrown out, and either drifted into something equally disliked or found work which they partly enjoyed.

There is not a few in stores who need to be "thrown out," figuratively. They are dying of inanition, and afraid to leap in the dark or trust to their own native energy and resources. They would make good farmers, good mechanics, professionals, some, but they vegetate, and die because unmoved. There are men in business for themselves who have no business there, but they cannot get out or sell out. They are always on the ragged edge; they are not a success; afraid to buy or sell, afraid to give credit or refuse, they vegetate; no briskness, no enterprise, no ambition; in debt and difficulty, smothered with liabilities and mortgages, life becomes a burthen and a disappointment at best. Assignment or bankruptcy weeds them out from time to time, and so the whole business world has become one great and melancholy grave yard, and almost every one bears as an epitaph the significant, fateful words—of failure.

Such have selected an occupation for which they were unfitted by nature or experience. A small accumulation, a friendly credit, was all they had with which to meet the competitive spirit, the restless energy and the force and culture of a rival in the other street. Buying ability, selling ability, trade magnetism, popularity and hustle, were strangers in the disorderly store,

in the dirty windows, in the lumbered store room, and all appointments were suggestive of uncleanness, inefficiency, repulsion and non-success.

Particularly is cool business tact and all-round observation needed in Utah, where barter is the convenience of interchange rather than cash. Every transaction on the latter basis is final; there is no dubiety about this, no possible discount, no waste or loss or drawback. Goods are bought and paid for without circumblocution; while almost—yes, we may say, all produce loses in storing and handling; there is a percentage of loss even in the most careful hands; there are also probabilities of loss in accommodation or the giving of credit; and many such customers will, by being dilatory, eat out the entire profit of the transaction, if only a moderate interest was considered. The shrewd and cautious man understands this; the other one takes no account of an item, serious under any circumstances almost. There is another feature of trading, nowever. As was said, all are not thus engaged because they love it, and would rather be there than anywhere. We allude to those who are in business purely for money—for the profit there is in it. Now, the undue cultivation of this spirit leads to selfishness, to a forgetfulness of meum and tuum, to a cold, grasping, avaricious way of deal. The final drift is to depreciate that which is being bought, to get it for the lowest possible price, and in selling to secure all that can possibly be got—this governed in fact by the greenness or ignorance of "the party of the second part." This is not legitimate business, yet men who so act are counted smart, even when despised, and disliked even when successful. In plain English, this is taking advantage; it is undisputed thievery; and men who under the guise of business demean themselves in this way, using trickery and misrepresentation in a stable community like ours, go down to deserved and unregretted ignominy, first or last.

In a large city transient trade has given many a man wealth. We never heard of but one trader here who acknowledged that "when a man came into his store he got all he could out of him, as he never expected to see him again." This was business suicide, for he gave up many, many years ago. But there are some sharp ones now, when they get a chance. Although competition may compel close shaving when an article is abundant or the price well known, scarcity, however, makes a corner and it is amazing how readily business human nature adapts itself to conditions when a dime is in the way—much more readily, says our experience, than when the end is social, spiritual or mental. Selah!

TERRITORIAL FAIR MATTERS.

Not much time now remains before the opening of the great Territorial Exposition. From every quarter comes the flattering and promising assurance that the Fair will be a most successful one.

The elegant mineral cabinet belonging to Mr. Richard Mackintosh is nearly arranged for the October show.