

bartenders are men of moral standing, to whose interest it is to watch that no disorder or violation of the strict rules take place. The saloons are limited to a minimum. The hours they are open are few, barring workmen from entering in the evening after work and in the morning before work.

Nevertheless, a difference of opinion is expressed as to the real value of the system. The following from *St. James Gazette* gives the other view of it:

No scheme for the perfecting of the human race in the matter of drink looks more beautiful upon paper than the Gothenburg system; but, when it comes to be examined by the light of facts and experience, the results are not quite satisfactory. The foreign office report by Consul General Mitchell, of Christiania, upon the working of the Gothenburg system in Norway, which has just been published, comes at a very opportune moment. The consul general evidently thinks that this plan of regulating the drink traffic is a complete failure, from the temperance point of view. It is a very nice thing for the ratepayers, no doubt. The profits on the regulated traffic pay partly for road making, education, museums, hospitals, asylums and many other of the equipments of the state. But the shareholders get a certain five per cent on their investments, and the shares are frequently above par, and would always be so if the municipalities had not the right of repurchase. The companies push their business as though they were enterprising Burton brewers. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that there is a steady upward rise in drunkenness. The most tangible result of the system seems to be that the state is largely "run" upon the profits of drink.

THE PROVIDENCES ABOUT US.

A recent number of the *New York Recorder* has a contributed article entitled "Power," which is written in the form of a discussion between an optimist and a pessimist. Every word of the latter seems shaded with a foreboding and every conclusion suggests dyspepsia or a disordered liver. The shining of the sun seems a premonition of the time when its forces must be spent, its brightness consumed, and all things earthly to follow its career. The pessimist has meat to eat, wool to wear, coal to burn; his material wants are measurably satisfied. But the race is doomed. "You and I," he says, "will not see the day, but it will come, when coal is exhausted by the ever-increasing demand, when the earth no more yields food for the starving millions, when the temperate zones must be abandoned for the lack of fuel and under the tropic sun men, turned again to beasts, struggling for the mere privilege of living. Arts, manufactures, sciences, everything, will follow fuel and light into the void of the forgotten. Books will perish, cities crumble, and gibbering apes crawl again where men walked, their degeneracy accomplished, the cycle of evolution complete. Then let the sun's palling light fall—the quicker the better—on a dead world, white and frozen from pole to equator." In a word, he means to say that there is no bright side to anything under the sun except it be reflected by something itself perishable, as in the case of the sun and moon.

It all goes to show that we can take any assumed or real state of facts and out of them prefigure evil or good, largely in accordance with the condition of the digestive apparatus, the bent of the intellect or the state of the conscience. Thus, when some people see the heavens overcast they realize that it is but temporary, that the source of light is discharging his duties in his regular place in the same invariable, unflagging way; while others see nothing but clouds of more or less density all the time. The optimist holds that there never was a great human want that was not met. He shows that it is a short time, comparatively, since wood was the fuel of the world. It became scarce and coal was discovered, in quantities apparently inexhaustible, in spite of what the pessimist says. But granting for the sake of argument that the use of coal must some day cease, it is still shown that power can be generated without combustion, and with power comes heat and light. The coal fields are shown to be but bottled sunshine from the carboniferous period, which gives rise to the suggestion that we bottle our own, or catch the force of the tide which surges through our inlets and turn it into power and heat; after which it is promised that we shall see lumps of coal in cabinets labeled "Formerly used for fuel."

But the sources of power do not end with water by any means. The aerial element has a potency for good as well as evil when properly harnessed and applied. We must have more and better windmills, with which to run grinders, saws, choppers, planers and everything else requiring a high static pressure. This, like the force existing in the waters, has been neglected, is in fact comparatively ignored. This is a disregard of our natural facilities, just as is the waste of the food that we grow. To quote again:

We waste by feeding corn to cattle and then eating the cattle instead of eating the corn. We waste by turning sewage into the sea, instead of making it productive as at Pullman. We waste by slovenly farming. There is almost no limit to the productiveness of a single acre. Belgium teaches us that. The denser the population the better the farming. No soil is so poor that it cannot be made to yield three or four big crops a year by tillage, which is applied power, and by fertilization. At water has raised splendid crops on sea sand, which had been baked to destroy every atom of virtue in it. It is all a question of power, power, power, in some one of its forms, and when we have harnessed Niagara to his plow the farmer can kill his oxen and 100 people live on the product of his pasture.

How much there is to think of in all this! It looks, viewed from such a standpoint, as if instead of having nearly exhausted the forces of nature we are just finding out that we have all along been improvidently using those which our necessities compelled us to be familiar with; and by reason of not having to study and reason and experiment, we have left measurably untried those resources through which more enlarged, cheaper and safer measures of human happiness and advancement might have been secured. It also seems that the intellectual development of man is a process of gradual unfolding, nothing

greatly different from what preceded it being brought out before its time. We are given knowledge as rapidly as we require and can assimilate it, albeit constantly yearning for that which is withheld; and when we compare the present with the past and see how much further ahead we are, and reflect upon our necessities as a race being not only supplied but anticipated, does it not seem as though pessimism and impiety were synonymous terms?

What is stated regarding waste is particularly worthy our serious attention. The prudence of the human family to be prudent and careful only when confronted by dire necessity is too well known to be insisted upon here. Plenty begets carelessness, indifference, under-valuation, prodigality; every day something is wasted and thrown away that at other times might be made useful, that others might make useful at once. What do we care? There is plenty more where that came from. And thus we go, forgetful of the important fact that we are not creators, that we are not even owners, but merely stewards, who will some day in one way or another have to render a strict accounting.

GOOD WORK—AND BAD.

We do not know whom to applaud for the effective steps taken to control the waters of City Creek during the flood season that is surely approaching; but whoever the man is he deserves praise for his foresight and thanks for the thoroughness of his preparations. Old residents doubtless remember when the stream, swollen far beyond its ordinary size by rapidly melting snows and heavy warm rains, flooded East Temple street and put buildings on some of the most valuable blocks and apparently the safest of the city, in desperate peril; this not so much by reason of the tremendous flow of water as by the washing down of boulders and brush which choked up the regular channel leading directly and with admirable fall to the river. A recurrence of it is evil has now been guarded against. Not only are there various dams and gates in the canyon itself, with attendants at each who are supposed to be always on the alert, but a capacious catch basin, in the form of a wide, deep pond, has been constructed at the canyon's mouth, and beyond this such obstructions as are above spoken of can scarcely come. In view of the narrowness of the channel on North Temple street—its complete closing in, in fact, for a part of the distance—some such measure of precaution was necessary. We rejoice to be able to state that it has not been neglected.

Past and present operations along the Tenth South street canal, its laterals and the lands adjacent, constitute quite another story. We shall not dispute that men and teams in plenty—whole armies in fact—have been employed in carrying out the ideas of those who have the work of protection and defense in charge. But we question most emphatically the soundness of those ideas. For instance: What possible good does the mere raising of