

lowed one-tenth of 1 per cent on the auction sales he lately made for the city, the claim amounting to \$507. Report adopted and amount appropriated.

The report of the committee on waterworks was received and approved.

The same committee reported on the petition of Andrew Jensen and others asking for extension of water mains, and recommended that the petition be granted. Report adopted.

The bill of N. V. Jones, amounting to \$75 for services, was allowed and the amount appropriated.

On recommendation of the committee on waterworks, the water mains were ordered extended on Seventh East Street.

The special order for the evening was called. It was the resolution authorizing the Mayor to sign the contract between Salt Lake City and the Salt Lake Gas Company and Salt Lake Power, Light and Heating Company, in relation to lighting the streets for three years.

Attorney Richards suggested certain amendments to the resolution before its passage. This provoked a long discussion, but finally the resolution was passed, Mr. Dooly only voting in the negative. Mr. Sharp called up the investigation of the charges against the Mayor.

Mr. Young thought it would be useless to take the matter up at so late an hour (it was after 9 o'clock) and thought it had better go over till Thursday evening or some other convenient time. There were numerous witnesses to be examined and he was sure it would take more than an hour or two to get through with the matter.

Mayor Armstrong said as to the witnesses, they were all handy and could be examined in a few minutes.

Mr. McCormick wanted to adjourn.

Finally, it was agreed that a special meeting would be held Friday evening, when the investigation will be made the special order.

The Council then adjourned.

SENTIMENT.

What a charming quality of the human mind is sentiment! How it illuminates the prosaic gloom that envelops the lives of most of us! How it refines our natures and squeezes out to the last drop the milk of human kindness! How it enlarges our mental vision and develops our compassionate traits! And how it polishes off the rough surface and brings out all the inner virtues by its magic touch!

I deeply pity that man or woman who has been born without this gracious possession. They are not perfect human beings, because it is sentiment alone that gives to existence its chief charm. You might rob the rose of its exquisite fragrance and then hope to get it admiration for color and form alone. The rose is a beautiful flower, but its hue is not so striking as its fragrance. The dahlia is a queenly flower, but it has no fragrance; and who would compare the dahlia to

the rose? If there is any such, his nose is devoid of smell and he judges by the eye alone. It is so with sentiment. The woman without sentiment cuts a sorry figure in this world, because she lacks all those finer phases of womanly character which give to the sex the principal charm. A woman without sentiment is outside the pale of womanhood. There are men without sentiment, because this lovely quality is more of a feminine than a masculine attribute. But the man without sentiment lives in a shell as hard as that of a turtle. It may not be so to the eye, but the shell encloses him quite as effectually.

There are degrees of sentiment; and it must be confessed that beyond certain lines sentiment becomes a disintegrating trait. Maudlin sentimentality is sickening. The sentimentality which leads women to forget themselves so far as to shower favors upon a murderer, and which prompts men to raise a brute to the proportions of a hero, is not healthy sentiment, but a disease. It has its origin in the workings of a mind that is not evenly balanced. There is no man so obsequiously polite as one who is a little tipsy. He will outrival a French dancing master in his bowings and scrapings. Yet that same man, in his sober hours, may be so rough that his conduct becomes boorish. Maudlin sentimentality has no more claim upon the term "healthy sentiment" than has this drunken gallantry upon the term "true politeness." The politeness of the bacchanalian reveller is not accepted as the genuine article, because those who see the man also understand the secret springs of his action. It is not so with unhealthy sentiment, because there is no outward sign, in the case of the maudlin sentimentalist, of the diseased condition of the imagination. That this maudlin sentimentalism is a disease, a mild form of dementia, there can be little doubt.

Observation and experience prove it. There have been murders of peculiar atrocity committed by both sexes; some of them really repulsive in their hideousness. Not that every murder is not hideous; but there are degrees of enormity in crime; and wherever there is a murderer, there you will generally find an apparently refined woman carrying to the criminal in his cell, flowers, books, bon-bons, and delicacies to tempt his palate; in fact, doing everything for him that kindness can suggest. There is some lurking disease in the minds of these persons. In everything else there may be a reasonable and rational working of the mental organism, but here is a weakness unaccountable and inexplicable. Such sentimentality—but call it not by its euphuistic name; call it morbidity or anything else. Whatever it is, it excites not only the surprise but the disgust of those whose moral perception is not so blunted that they cannot distinguish the right from the wrong. This diseased condition of the intellect takes diverse forms. Ultra-sentimentalism is weakening, just as this morbid sentimentalism is

absurd and wicked. Ultra-sentimentalism destroys the fabric of the character and converts many a man and a woman into hysterical and whining creatures.

There is a wide difference between healthy and unhealthy sentiment. A true sign that the imagination is diseased is the sentimentalism which is followed by foolish ends. The mind may become ill as well as the body, and the evidence of that sickness is as marked in one as in the other. The mind that is in its normal condition shows no eccentricities. Its operations are as regular as the ebb and flow of the sea. There are no shadows to penetrate. While we cannot see the cause, we realize that the effect is natural and logical, and that the relation between the two is as transparent as crystal. When the mind is in this condition we know that it is healthy, but let its operations become turbid, muddy and opaque—which is a rhetorical way of saying that one cannot see far enough into the mind to comprehend its phenomena—and then we know that the brain is diseased and not responsible for the eccentric conduct to which it prompts. The brain is the centre of life; it is the engine-room of the body; it moves every member. It is not one's legs alone that are suddenly seized with a desire to take strides and carry one hither and thither. It is the brain, the seat of volition, which quietly sets them going and points out the place to which their movements all tend. Healthy sentiment is the product of a healthy mind. Morbid sentiment is the outcome of a morbid mind.

So, let us leave this morbid sentimentality behind us and deal only with the sentiment that is sound and sensible. There is no more delightful trait in the mind than sentiment. Sentiment and sensibility are almost interchangeable terms; for the sentimental man is ever the possessor of fine sensibilities, and the owner of fine sensibilities in turn is always the man of sentiment. It is not an easy matter to get through the world and enjoy life if one is wholly devoid of sentiment. There is enough of the practical in life without seeking for it and raising it above all else. Sentiment is not the child of the intellect. It is the offspring of the imagination. It is the rosy hue of the mind that tinges everything, no matter how barren otherwise, with a pretty and a charming color. One might as well try to live without sunshine as to live without sentiment. I write this looking at the subject from a purely intellectual point of view. One could not be happy if he were to go through life with a rule and square, measuring every object, every thought, by the same inflexible standard. One does not like to look at the flowers and analyze them with the cold science of the botanist, each into its component parts—merely the pistil and the stamen and the petals. There is more to the flower than that. There is a subtle essence in which lies the great charm. One does not want to look into the depths of the firmament of heaven