

sounds a little better than the semi-imperious tone with which previous official declarations from the islands have reached us.

Some intimations have been made that a serious effort is to be made to divert Hawaiian trade from San Francisco, which the *Chronicle* declares will be derided by every one who is in the slightest degree acquainted with the nature of our commerce with the islands. Every few months, it says, we hear of superior inducements which are to be offered by other countries for the trade of Hawaii, but somehow or other they never materialize. When the reciprocity treaties were under discussion it was said that Canada would hold out such a bait that the Hawaiians could not resist and that San Francisco would be sidetracked. The bait was never put on the hook for the simple reason that the Canadians had too much sense to imagine for a moment that Hawaii would be foolish enough to send her products to market by the circuitous route of the dominion. The United States being Hawaii's chief market for sugar and rice, her sugar and rice will continue to come into this country through the American ports on the Pacific. The fact that a few bags of rice have been shipped to British Columbia no more indicates that San Francisco will lose the Hawaiian trade than the appearance of a single swallow proves that summer has come.

There are people everywhere whose prevailing weakness is borrowing trouble and paying big interest on it, and the worst of it is that their example becomes at times more or less contagious. This class have seen and can still see nothing but mischief as a result of our relations (whatever they may be) with Hawaii, whereas it seems that we get along well enough and that there is really no danger and need be no trouble. Let us leave some things to nature and the seasons and not try to regulate everything on earth!

[COMMUNICATED.]

PROGRESS OR RELAPSE WHICH?

Nature is prolific in her best moods. Encouraged by agriculture and horticulture she feeds the teeming millions of the human race. And yet so closely is the supply guarded that surplus is never too abundant, nor is waste counted upon in her most luxuriant domain. It is said that two years' bread is scarcely ever provided or allowed to accumulate. Still, famine is rare, save in those densely populated sections of the earth where facilities for distribution are as yet but half created. India, Russia, China are the modern exceptions, but these are each developing in those facilities for interchange which, in time of peace at least, will soon obliterate from all but history that dire record of calamity, famine, plague and death which was long numbered among the undeputed horrors of a not very far off past.

As if to mock at human nature and demonstrate the wisdom of the Infinite, this nearly limitless supply is but the aggregation of insignificance—a grain of wheat, a grain of rice—between a peopled world and its utter annihilation. Of course results are

inclusive of many other products, but from these grains or seeds or fruits, to "the cattle upon a thousand hills," few realize the ever-recurring needs of man or man! Statistics have been presented often as to the amount of supplies daily or annually needed for Paris, London or New York. Yet these in combination are but as "a drop in the bucket" to the mighty whole, and to feed the multitude is a work so colossal that none can grasp it, save through its fully dissected parts.

Every man may comprehend his own contribution to the magnificent total, just as the grain of sand, the snowflake or the single star is comprehended; but who can number those grains which say to the ocean "no further shalt thou come?" Who can count the flakes upon the white-crowned Alps, or resolve into figures of individuality the star dust of the milky way? We cannot even estimate the quantity or value of things close by—our Territorial wheat crop, its pots to production, its fruit from great to small. We read of this shipment and that, demand and supply rolls glibly from our tongues, and figures are piled up to indicate our resources and our products. Silver, gold and galena are closely valued because little is consumed at home and export channels are but few. Wool is looked upon as of first-class importance, and its value is approximately gauged. But the berry crop, the dried fruit crop, the lucern seed crop, are all little things, however potent in furnishing supplies to many an unobtrusive yet grateful home! We read of the Brigham City berry shipments, and shipments from other places. For years dried fruit from Dixie—our Dixie—was the synonym for excellence of flavor and certainty of supply. Kayesville's exportation of lucern seed has arrested the attention of Utah farmers far and near, and been a blessing to farmers abroad. But outer markets have not done our producers justice, nor have we been just to them.

Chicago and Kansas City have pushed their meats to the front by insisting on cleanliness, a good appearance and special warranty. California has reached to markets far and near because her fruits, wines and salmon have been generally beyond criticism and reliable as to given brands. And old England has supplied the earth with pickles and sauces and mustard and ale, and with ten thousand other things, because quality was made the basis for profit and excellence the ground work of reputation. Utah butter sent to California aroused the query as to whether it was the product of milk at all. Utah potatoes have been so carelessly exported that many a carload had a lien on it for expense at the point of unloading, because the freight and commission were not covered by sales. Utah wool nearly went to the lowest notch in the sliding scale of a competitive market, because of slipshod negligence and lack of common care in preparation. And our dried fruit has gone a begging for almost anything, because the green and flavorless was put together with the good, because windfalls and wormy fruit, and halves, quarters and pipes were indiscriminately mixed. Most of it was sun-dried

and dusty, sacked without uniformity, and innocent of brand or guarantee as to quality or style; and no broker or commission house could sample save by opening an entire shipment and hardly then. The producer or shipper is criminal in this. He forfeits confidence and loses friends. He is not even worldly wise. Haphazard does not express the idea which means ruin beyond description or blight beyond reparation!

The present season is a prolific one. Fruit of all varieties will likely be abundant. But excellence is the product of cultivation, pruning, and judicious, nay heroic thinning. Size, abundance and profit do not necessarily go together. A few choice peaches will bring more money than the same tree if loaded heavily with low-grade fruit, that is, more than it can possibly mature. Growers need to prune intelligently, to bud for better varieties, to thin for quality, to water at the right time, and to root out and plant anew wherever their orchard has "outlived its usefulness." Evaporators are needed in every fruit settlement. The process is easier, cleaner and quicker than is the sun. Sulphur kills germs of insect life, and gives color and brightness. Retention of the sugar continues moisture. Boxing from twenty to twenty-five each means portability, a minimum of waste, uniformity in quality and color, convenient sales and easy shipment; all of which are aids in securing reputation. Proper branding will stimulate inquiry all through the season, and following years would lead to fame as secure as "Coke's Cotton," "Colman's Mustard," "Kellier's Marmalade" or "Crosby & Blackwell's Pickles."

Try it, ye dwellers in Southern Utah! Make your marmalade, your wine, your olive oil and dried fruit equal to those of California or anywhere else. Get a railroad down through your country and give the north your crisp and early vegetables. Let your home friends enjoy your nectarines, your grapes, your peaches, your cherries, strawberries, raspberries and your peanuts and all your possible products to the exclusion of supplies from your competitors of the so-called Golden state! Let the north provide its non-producers with butter and cheese, pork and hams, chickens and eggs, potatoes and fruits, and if there is still a surplus left, put it up in such excellent way, excellent as to flavor and handy as to package, then uniform as to appearance and quality, that surrounding states may become envious of your painstaking, successful, profitable and honest effort, that you may be respected, trusted, quoted as exemplars of Usonian industry, faith, progress, greatness and glory in yourselves and in your posterity!

The spirit of the age is competition, demand for the best is not yet supplied. If Utah possesses no specialties, that which she does have can be made so attractive, so decidedly reliable, that like "Shaker" products they may go everywhere on their merits, and always bring their price. Patriotic pride is the key to supremacy. Excellence will compel patronage, and low price is not always a primary consideration with a buyer. Small things