

THE VICTOR

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

*"Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it."*

Let others climb to the housetop walk
When the sails of the fleet give back the sun.
I go my ways with a quiet heart,
For my housetop days are done.

When the petrels dive in the angry spray
And the flags are up for a northeast gale,
I tryst the sea on the weedy sands—
But not for a homing sail.

When the wind goes keening the graveless dead
Through the huddled heart of the island town,

I cross the moor to the howling reef
Where his ship went down.

He was so proud of his strength, my man!
Strong and brave to the last, he died
Fighting the strongest foe in the world
In the hour of its fiercest pride.

You have broken his body, but not my heart—
Yours is a barren triumph, Sea!
For not if your waters covered the world
Could they keep his soul from me.

KEEPING SWEDEN SOBER

BY ARTHUR RUHL

STOCKHOLM, as everybody knows, is one of the cleanest and brightest of capitals. So is Helsingfors, just across the gulf in Finland. Helsingfors might give lessons in the municipal amenities to almost any American city, although it is tucked away in the north, in a bare little land of rock and lakes and birch trees, in the latitude of the southern end of Greenland.

I do not happen to know of any American city so consistently clean and well built. They post no bills in Helsingfors. They tie them around posts with strings, and when they have served their purpose they disappear, strings and all. Every morning there is a market on the broad quay at the end of the Esplanade; fish, flowers, meat, and vegetables—even Oregon apples, which contrive, in spite of distance and almost prohibitive rates of exchange, to cross the sixtieth parallel. A few minutes after noon you would never know a market had been there. Stalls fold up, rubbish disappears, street-cleaners turn on the hose, and presently the quay is as clean as a tennis court.

The Helsingfors gas tanks are not the dismal contraptions that disfigure most of our water-fronts. The tank itself may be the same, but they build a neat brick house for it—a sort of monumental round-house, with stone wreaths around the top by way of frieze, quite in place among buildings intended for politer uses, and not without some suggestion of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome.

The Swedes, like most northern peoples, are inclined to be hard drinkers. That is to say, they consume a good deal of alcohol, and their favorite drinks are "hard" drinks—brandy, schnapps, arrack punch—rather than the wine of south or the beer of middle Europe. Yet you may

tramp from one end of Stockholm to another without seeing a saloon. There are none. There are municipally controlled wine and spirit stores, as prim as branch libraries; not unlike branch libraries, indeed, for the clerks are mostly women, and the purchasers may get nothing without their permit cards, which are stamped with the amount and character of their purchase, just as if they were carrying away books instead of bottles. In these a certain limited amount of liquor may be bought to be consumed elsewhere.

There are municipally controlled restaurants of various classes, and of course private hotels and restaurants, where wine and spirits may be had with meals. But the nearest approach to the old-fashioned New York corner saloon would be one of the municipal restaurants of the third class; a clean and sanitary place, open to view, with a rather attractive, old-fashioned wrought-iron signboard swinging in front of the door; inside, tables, trim waitresses, music, perhaps, in the evening; a strictly limited amount of spirits to be had, and that only after buying a substantial meal.

In short, here is another example of that enlightened Scandinavian municipal housekeeping; of care and method in a matter in which we at home have been rather noticeably careless. A stranger could scarcely look into these places without being aware, whether or not he had ever heard of the "Stockholm System" or of Dr. Ivan Bratt, that some one had spent a good deal of intelligent thought on them, not to say a certain humor and urbane taste. Such, at any rate, was my own impression, and all the glimpses I had of Dr. Bratt and his associates had that novelty which comes from finding trained intelligence where one is unac-

customed to expect it. I had heard "alcohol," "drink," and the "saloon" spoken of as if they were interchangeable terms, and people talk of doing away with the saloon (the Swedes did away with it years ago) as if the only way to do away with it were to do away with alcohol. I was accustomed to more or less vituperative remarks on one side or the other, but not to a calm and, as it were, scientific consideration of the subject, as if it were something quite respectable and worth the careful study of the same sort of citizens as those who plan park systems or build model tenements.

With the Prohibition Amendment we have of course hurdled across any such half-way measures and stoutly chosen the highroad to salvation. Undoubtedly it is better for all of us to get along without alcohol than to swallow schnapps even under the most artistic of tavern signs. The slower Swedish methods are not without interest, however, for, while they are still plodding along on the low road, they have been really thinking about this subject for the past forty years.

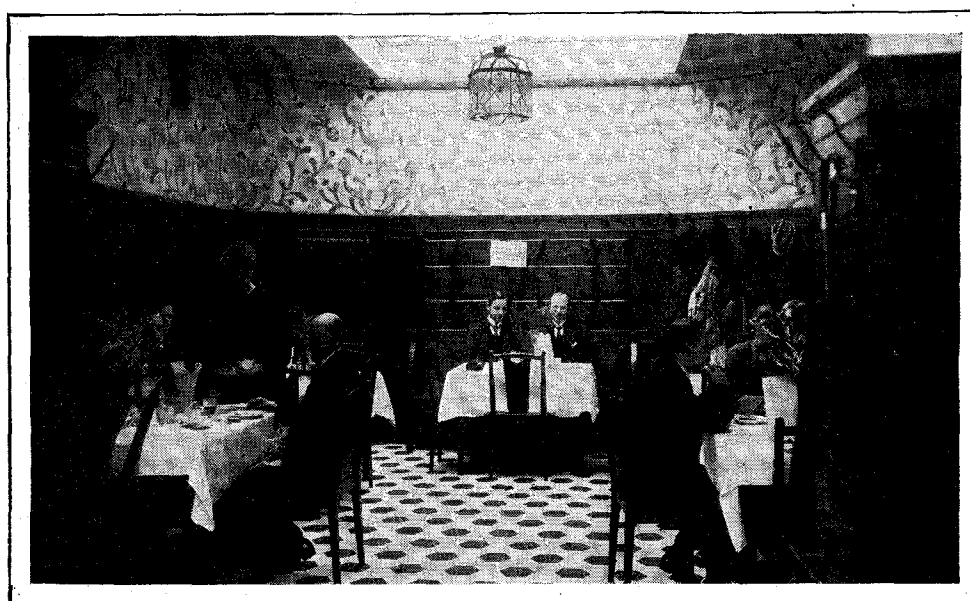
This Dr. Bratt is an energetic young man with a keen, intellectual face, curly blond hair, and blue northern eyes. He talks English rapidly and persuasively—very much the type of man you might expect to find at the head of one of our Western universities. As a practicing physician and a member of the Stockholm City Council he studied housing conditions, the care of children, tuberculosis, and similar municipal questions, became specially interested in the relation between them and alcoholism, and finally concentrated on the latter problem.

He soon showed himself a rather unusual combination of the man of science and the man of action, physician and fight-



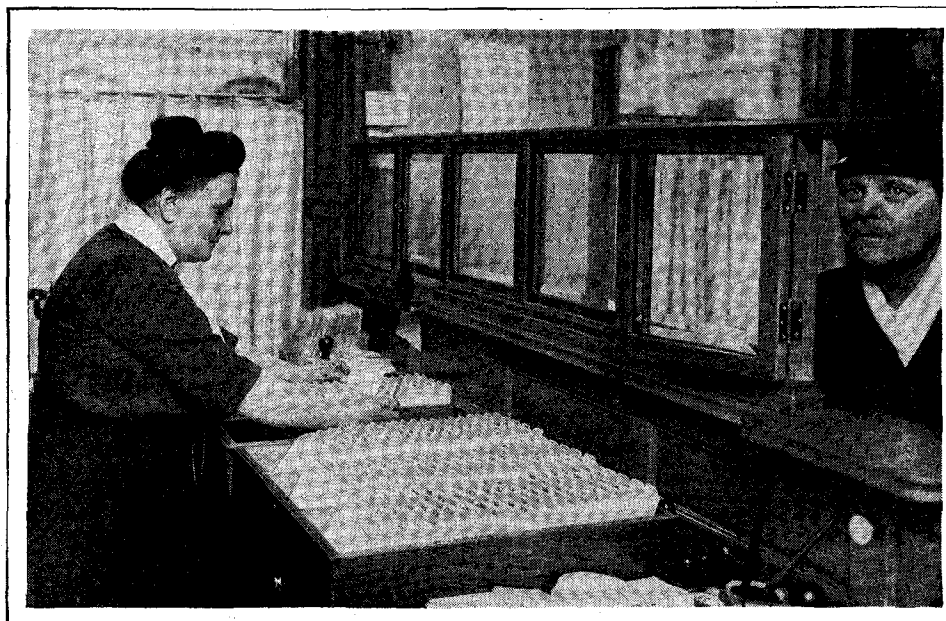
A "THIRD-CLASS" RESTAURANT
IN STOCKHOLM IN WHICH DRINKS
ARE SOLD WITH FOOD

This is the equivalent of the average American corner saloon of pre-prohibition days.
(See picture below)



A "SECOND-CLASS" RESTAURANT IN STOCKHOLM IN WHICH DRINKS
ARE SOLD WITH FOOD

In these restaurants prices are a trifle higher and accommodations better than in the "third class" places.
(See picture above)



MAKING A PURCHASE OF SPIRITS
AT THE "SYSTEM" STORE IN
STOCKHOLM

The system includes a card index to check up the customer's previous purchases. It contains his signature, which the clerk is looking up to see that he is not using somebody else's "motbok"