



UNDER THE UNION JACK

Toronto, Canada, August 14.—There are many things about Toronto to admire, and some that we would admire more if we had known about 'em a little earlier. Speaking about "sitting on the lid"—the "lid" on this town is down tighter than the renowned Dick's hatband. Here the people have long clung to the antiquated notion that laws were made to be enforced and obeyed, and the result is that the Sunday closing law is enforced to the letter. Not knowing all this the man who is telling you about it failed to lay in a supply of smokables for Sunday, expecting to drop in at any old cigar store Sunday morning and get what he wanted. But he didn't. Somewhere, possibly, he could have bought a cigar, but after some little trouble he gave up the search. Fortunately for him the International Typographical Union is in convention here, and a number of the delegates were wise. They laid in a supply, which was divided.

If a city the size of Toronto, with its ever shifting transient population, can rigidly enforce a Sunday law, almost any other city can do the same thing. It all depends on whether the citizens want to enforce law—and they want to do it here.

Historians love to tell us that Niagara is an Indian name meaning "thunder of waters." If that is what it means the name fits, all right. It makes more noise than a republican national convention, and up until a year or two ago accomplished about as much. Now they are harnessing the water and making it do man's work. Millions of horsepower are going to waste yet, but thousands have been harnessed to machines stretched along a territory embracing hundreds of square miles.

While standing on a prominent spot watching the water tumbling over the precipice, one of those know-it-all fiends who may be found in every crowd, started to tell all he knew.

"The erosion amounts to about one and one-half inches a century," he said. "That is, the water is wearing down the falls at the rate of over an inch a century, and in the course of some 50,000 years there will be no falls here at all."

After seeing the falls we imagined that we would like to see what things looked like when the river was running level, but owing to our limited vacation time we decided not to wait.

The falls are not the only thing high in this immediate vicinity. The temperature was high the day we were there, and the prices were going both falls and temperature one or two better.

Old guides around the falls always tell you about the fellows who have endeavored to go over the precipice in one way or another. Usually these adventurous individuals have constructed a barrel after plans of their own, then entered the barrel and started on the pleasure trip. Up to date no one has come back up the river to explain his sensations or describe his trip. Every time a guide told us about this barrel business we were reminded of the fact that the barrel route to destruction is not confined to Niagara Falls.

Tourists who come here are always expected to do certain things, among them being to take a trip on the Maid of the Mist, dive under the falls—or rather back of them—and buy a

lot of pictures as souvenirs. We performed all of these foolish feats. In making the trip under the falls one dons a rubber suit and then proceeds to creep and crawl and slip around in the most awkward and embarrassing fashion, undergo considerable physical and mental strain, and self-hypnotize himself or herself into the belief that one is having a good time. The best part of it is the recollection that you have done just what hundreds of thousands of others have done.

Beyond doubt Niagara Falls are the greatest scenic wonder in the world. One views them with astonishment, and if there is the least bit of reverence in the spectator's soul he instinctively thinks of the Master Hand that rent the rocks asunder and sent the vast torrents of water over with magnificent rush and roar. But after one has loafed around for two or three hours he recalls the story of a stolid and unimaginative gentleman who responded to the enthusiastic exclamations of a fellow spectator who kept talking about the water falling, by saying, "Well, what's to prevent it?"

Doubtless you have heard the story of the tourists who were gazing into the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

"Isn't it really the greatest thing in the world!" exclaimed an Englishman.

"Huh," retorted a Yankee; "we could turn Niagara in on this and put it out in five minutes."

The greatest charm about a visit to Niagara is the trip down the great gorge. An observation car propelled by electricity generated by the falls carries one down one side of the river below the falls, and up again on the other side. During the whole of the trip the current is in full view—whirlpool, rapids, rocks and all. It is a sight never to be forgotten. And as an engineering feat the gorge railway is worth going hundreds of miles to see.

From Lewiston to Toronto by boat makes a delightful ending of the long trip from the far west. Between three and four hours are spent on the water, and delightfully spent, too. The boats are gigantic affairs, and the relief from the crowded trains is something to be appreciated. There is only one regret about the boat trip—they won't stand still long enough for a fellow to fish. This is a severe trial at first, but after a while one succumbs to the fascination of the orchestra, the coolness of the breeze and the kaldeoscopic changes constantly going on among the faces of one's fellow passengers.

There are about 2,000 visiting printers in Toronto this week, and about half of them have their wives along. Some Americans delight in talking about the slowness of John Bull, but if they were printers and here this week they would find that John's Canadian representatives can set a merry pace. The Toronto printers, as well as employers and business men generally, have left nothing undone to make the convention a success. It may be "talking shop," but I can not refrain from saying something about the printer man. Fifteen years ago he was looked upon as a confirmed wanderer on the face of the earth; as one who loved to dally long with the wine when it was red, and as one who cared little for appearances. But times have changed. He

is standing on a higher plane today, and when he meets collectively he is welcomed with the ringing of bells and the firing of guns.

What has wrought the change? Well, several things. In the first place he was never half as bad as he was painted, and in the second place he has "evolved." And in the evolution of the printer the union and the linotype machine have played important parts. During the week I have heard printers make speeches that were full of legal knowledge and political information. I have seen committees handle matters of the gravest importance not only to the craft but to the whole labor world, and they were handled with consummate skill and ability. We who have carried cards in the Typographical Union for years are mighty proud of our organization. It is one of the oldest in the country, and it has and is setting the pace for other labor organizations. It is conservative, yet progressive, and if its representatives here are to be taken as a sample of the average—and they are—then the International Typographical Union as an organization will measure up alongside any organization of men anywhere on the face of the earth in point of ability and genuine manhood. The more one sees of a printer's convention the prouder he is of being a union printer.

But Detroit is worthy of more than mere mention. It is called the "City of Straights," and it is a straight city. If surface indications count for anything it is a well governed city. The streets are wide and clean, the street railway facilities are ample, the residence districts bespeak prosperity, schools are numerous and elegant, the parks and pleasure resorts give evidence that the comfort of the poor is given due regard. One of Detroit's claims upon fame is that it was the home of Hazen S. Pingree, shoe manufacturer, who served as mayor for several years and who inaugurated the "potato patch" idea which gave him the name of "Potato" Pingree. Mr. Pingree is said to have been proud of the designation, too, as he well might have been. The idea was a blessing to hundreds of thousands of poor people all over the country, for it gave them work and shelter and food. It is a plan that confers another benefit, too. It obliterates the unsightly weed patches on the vacant lots of a city and replaces them with cultivated gardens.

The spectacle of whole trains of cars being ferried across the river to and from the Canadian side is an enjoyable one. At first sight one wonders why the river is not bridged, but after watching a while one sees the reason. More shipping passes through the Detroit river than through any similar stretch of water in the world. It would be a practical impossibility to erect a bridge that would not interfere with this vast volume of water borne commerce. Rest assured that if the bridge scheme was at all practicable some enterprising American would have built one long ago.

The tonnage of the shipping passing through the river at Detroit amounts to millions upon millions of tons every year. Great, whaleback ore and grain boats, schooners and sailing vessels with towering masts, lumber rafts, fishing smacks, coal barges, tugs, passenger steamers and launches—they combine to form a bewildering sight. And it takes a lot of skill and daring and signalling and all that sort of thing to keep matters from becoming woefully tangled.

Windsor is on the Canadian side, and of course the Canadian customs officers are there. And on the Detroit side Uncle Sam's inquisitive officials stand. Talk about every man being his own boss—why, you can't even claim privacy for your grips!

But the experience with the cus-

toms officers will be reserved for another time. In the meantime we are taking in everything in and around Toronto—a city that obeys the laws and a city without graft—that anybody ever heard of or suspected.

I asked a Canadian acquaintance if there was any sentiment in favor of annexing Canada to the United States.

Owing to circumstances I will not even attempt to repeat his reply. It was fervid—in fact, torrid. He showed a wonderful familiarity with conditions in the United States.

—W. M. M.

A NEW CONSTITUTION

George W. Moore, of Detroit, Michigan, is quoted by an exchange as suggesting the following "trust revised" constitution:

We, the "Captains of Industry" of the United States, in order to form a more perfect merger, establish trusts, insure combines, provide for our ample profits, promote our stock expansions and secure the blessings of monopoly to ourselves and our corporations, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I.

All legislative power herein granted shall be vested in a congress of the United States to be composed of our employees.

ARTICLE II.

The executive power shall be vested in a president of the United States, to be selected by our boards of directors.

ARTICLE III.

The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in us.

ARTICLE IV.

All tariffs shall be sufficiently high to fully protect our monopolies.

ARTICLE V.

Railroad rebates shall be paid, but only to trust magnates.

ARTICLE VI.

All taxes shall be levied upon the common people, and the amount shall be sufficient to pay ample dividends on our watered stocks.

ARTICLE VII.

All officers within each state shall be appointed by our agent therein.

ARTICLE VIII.

No state shall pass any law that we are bound to respect.

ARTICLE IX.

This constitution shall take immediate effect and shall never be amended.

PROFIT AT SACRIFICE OF LIFE

The additional precaution inaugurated by the Lake Shore railroad to safeguard its New York-Chicago flyer amount to an admission that ordinary precautions for safety are not sufficient.

A mile-a-minute train is to be made safe, even though a man must guard every switch and signals must be installed to indicate danger a mile ahead.

For these extra and costly precautions the Lake Shore railroad is to be commended. The only pity is that they were not adopted sooner. Much useless sacrifice of life might have been avoided.

But if it is a good thing to safeguard a mile-a-minute train, why is it not a good thing also to safeguard all passenger trains?

If it is worth a switch-guard's pay to have the switch right when the fast limited whizzes by, why is it not worth just as much, or more, to have the switch right when the slower trains, with their heavier loads of human freight, go by?

If the special switchman can safeguard the passengers of the Twentieth Century Limited, it is obviously the duty of the railroad company to keep them at their posts for all trains.

The railroad's responsibility for those whom it carries is not greater for those riding in a palatial limited and paying an extra fare. The man