



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Menacing Niagara Falls.

THE disturbing announcement is made by the Commissioners of the New York State Preservation of Niagara that the operation of power companies and the construction of commercial and drainage canals threaten to diminish the total overflow at the Falls to a serious extent. The Commissioners characterize the danger as not merely theoretical, but measurable and substantial. The American power companies remove from the Niagara River nearly 8,000,000 gallons of water a minute, or 6 per cent of the total flow over the Falls. The diversion of the water of the Great Lakes from their natural outlet, the St. Lawrence system, by the Chicago drainage canal, which is to remove from Lake Michigan 600,000 cubic feet of water a minute, by the projected canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi across Wisconsin, and by numerous Canadian canal and water power projects under construction or in contemplation, must contribute importantly to the impairment of the Falls. The Commissioners regret that the New York Legislature and the Canadian Government have granted the right to withdraw a large volume of water from the Falls. The Canadian authorities are criticized for allowing the companies to erect unsightly constructions in Victoria Park, in full view of the American and Canadian reservations.

The Commissioners say that, aside from its educational and aesthetic importance, the Niagara Falls reservation is a valuable asset of the State. It has been a profitable investment, "and has afforded a practical demonstration in this country of a principle long acknowledged in European cities and countries, that the preservation of the beautiful, picturesque and the historic pays."

It is too late to prevent the partial despoilment of the Falls by companies whose rights have vested. The destruction of the great natural curiosity by the artificial exhaustion of the water supply may be remote, but its extinction is evidently regarded as something more than a possibility by the Commissioners.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Loneliness.

THE most hideous state imaginable is that of solitude. Man is made for company, to act with others, in his interests, his amusements, and all features of his life.

In this country success is measured usually by money, and in this country the loneliest men, with one possible exception, is the richest of men.

He sits high up on his pile of money, and there are few friends, or none, near him.

He is so high up on his pile of gold that he cannot tell a true friend from a false one. And it is hard for him to believe that he has any real friend. He looks down and across the country to the miserable tramp plodding with his bundle and his sore feet along the dusty road; he almost feels that he envies that miserable creature, vaguely speculating about his next meal.

He imagines the human failure to be free from care, and therefore happy. He envies him his good digestion, his good appetite, his sound sleep, and the fact that he is not surrounded by hypocritical pretensions.

The tramp looks up at the thousand-time millionaire with the same feelings of envy.

He thinks what he would do if he had all that money. He plans, as he trudges along, all sorts of banquets, all sorts of revenges on those who have ill-treated him, all sorts of rewards for the small kindnesses he may have received.—New York Journal.

The World's Railways.

THE archivist Eisenbahnwesen shows that in the first year of the present century the world for the first time exceeded 500,000 miles of railway. At the end of 1901 the world's total mileage was 507,515 miles. At present it is about 532,500 miles. At the end of 1901 the distribution was: Europe, 180,708 miles; Asia, 41,814; Africa, 14,157; North America, 226,503; South America, 28,654; Australia, 15,639. India is the chief contributor to Asia's mileage, though Russia's railroad enterprises are sensa-

tional and attract more attention. British India, according to the Railroad Gazette, had 25,373 miles at the end of 1901, while Russian Asia, including the Chinese seizures, had only 7,823 miles. Even in the past four years India has built more than Asiatic Russia. Strategic railways to meet supposed Russian schemes account for part of India's mileage.

Of European countries the German Empire leads in mileage, with 32,753 miles; but it is followed closely by Russia, with 31,945, and the latter will doubtless soon take the lead. Great Britain makes but a modest show in the list under its own name, having but 22,100 miles in Europe; but it has more railroad in India than in Europe, has two-thirds of the railroads in Africa, and with those of its colonies in America and Australia counts up an aggregate of 91,845 miles, which may be compared with the mileage of 210,000 in the United States at the present date. North America has more railroad than Europe and Asia together; the two Americas, more than all the rest of the world. The aggregate of capital invested in railroads the world over is \$36,859,000,000—a tidy sum to be invested in any one thing in seventy-five years. The wealth the railroads have created or developed many times exceeds this vast amount. The rapid development and utilization of the resources of a country are made possible only by a network of railroads.—Baltimore Sun.

Commerce and Wedlock.

AMONG the great enterprises of the year besides the railway in the Uganda in Africa to the sources of the Nile, is Scotland's great canal, which will save hundreds of miles of carriage, and will cost \$50,000,000.

This new ship canal will extend from the Firth of Forth on the east of Scotland to the Clyde on the west coast. The canal will tunnel the Highlands near Loch Lomond.

When the canal is completed vessels and steamers will cut through the island instead of going around England or Ireland. The sailing distance from the Clyde to ports on the east of Scotland will be reduced 529 miles, while from other connections the saving will be all the way from 150 to 487 miles. This canal will cost as much as the Nicaraguan canal.

The more the world is cut up territorially the more fertile it will be, industrially and social. Every internal or external improvement that makes trade more economic and commerce more swift is an agent of peace and of good will in being an agent of industrial promotion.

The cheaper a barrel of flour is landed in the pantry, other things being equal, the more mouths, big and little, will there be to consume bread.

President Eliot should not overlook the intimate relation there is between cheap wealth and early marriages and between economic civilization and the productivity of the race.

Every new facility in commerce and trade, every god-speed given to traffic is god-speed to population, quality as well as quantity considered. As wealth is cheap, men and women are dear.—Boston Journal.

Back to the Land.

IT is sometimes forgotten that all the world's wealth must come out of the ground. There is not an article of food, of dress, of luxury, not a ship or a cannon, not a book, nor a newspaper, nor a printing press, not a cottage nor a palace, not even the money that we use in commerce which is not drawn from the earth, and the magnet that draws forth the material and shapes it is human intelligence. If the land of Ireland is deficient in coal and metallic ores, it has still the germs of other fruitfulness only needing strenuous cultivation. If attention is given to chemistry and natural science by the farmers of the country and by those who should actively promote the scientific education of the farmers' sons, the world may see before a second generation has passed a complete regeneration of Ireland, fitting it to compete with success in the struggle for prosperity with all other lands.—Irish Times.

Sam Patch, the Jumper.

Man Who Made Famous Leap Lies in Unmarked Grave.

The lettering upon a rough pine slab erected in the little cemetery at Charlotte by Steve Marshall, an old lumber captain, away back in the '30s, after the body of the ill-fated jumper had been taken from the Genesee river and buried in the village cemetery without ceremony of any kind, was as follows:

"Sam Patch—Such is Fame."

This board stood at the head of Patch's grave until the semi-centennial celebration in Rochester, N. Y. Then position lands were laid upon it. The roughy hewn slab was exhibited. After the celebration it was not replaced. It was either lost or seized upon by some enterprising hunter who cherished it in secret.

Steve Marshall's hand raised that this or one has ever taken the trouble to mark the grave in any way, says the Rochester Post-Express. Old residents of the village know of the location of a small stump, but within twenty years these have rotted away. This grave is now unmarked, and blackberry bushes are matted over the spot.

The fame of Sam Patch, such as it was, has probably penetrated farther than that of any other person who ever made Rochester his abiding place. The exploits of Sam were seized upon and embodied in a book of nursery rhymes, which will be remembered by many, although long out of print. The rhyme was more doggerel. Many will remember Sam's reputed first jump, as described in the book. It was from the chicken house roof at his home, and Sam landed plump on the back of a goose. The mother of Sam was said to have been greatly grieved over the damage to the goose, but joyful over the escape of her son. Here are two lines from this "poem":

"Come to me, my pride, my joy,
"Grieve for dinner," cried the boy."

In the mind's eye of the uninformed he has been pictured as an athlete of lightning height and proportions, keen of eye and steady of nerve. Historians of unquestioned veracity aver that

Sam was short and fat and not afraid of flagons of any size. In the age in which he lived he was regarded as "shiftless." He would now be termed a "hole" and legally a "vagrant." His home was no more in Rochester than elsewhere, but he claimed the Flower City as his own. After the death of his father he gained a standing he never attained in life.

Patch's reputation, or notoriety, was not all gained in Rochester. He made a jump at Paterson, N. J., and later jumped into the Niagara river from a ledge of rock projecting from the bank at a point more than half the height of the cataract. He is said to have had a habit, pronounced when he was in his cups, of saying: "Some things can be done as well as others." He followed out this idea in his jumping, and it cost him his life.

On Nov. 8, 1830, accompanied by a tame bear, Sam jumped from a ledge into the Genesee river, a height of ninety-six feet. Both came out alive. Sam longed for greater heights of fame, and distributed handbills announcing that on Nov. 13 he would leap from a scaffold at the precipice. The scaffold was built twenty feet higher than the brink of the falls. An immense crowd gathered to witness the leap. Sam prepared for the occasion with liberal potations. He mounted the scaffold and harangued the crowd with all of the drunken gravity of which he was capable. He felt himself in need of a stimulant, and he took one. He then gave a run and "took off." His body did not fall feet first, but made a half turn. He struck the water with a force of 4,000 pounds, as figured by a local statistician at the time. He did not rise. The crowd waited until dark and then went home. That was the last of Sam Patch in Rochester. The body was subsequently discovered in the river at Charlotte and given burial.

Old Public Libraries.

Though it is the popular idea that public libraries are of modern origin, there is proof that the Anglo-Saxon kings of England were disposed to erect them, and works were brought from Ireland, where sciences had been

much earlier cultivated than in Great Britain, says the Chicago News. But the invasion of the Normans stopped the spread of libraries, and the first in England after the conquest was established at Oxford. In Durham (now Trinity College, in the thirteenth century) by Richard de Bury, who purchased from thirty to forty volumes of the "Abbot of St. Albans for fifty pounds' weight of silver. Before that time books were kept in chests and not in a room styled a library. At the end of the seventeenth century there were only six public libraries in Great Britain. The first circulating library was founded by Allan Ramsay, in 1725, whence he diffused plays and works of fiction among the people of Edinburgh. So successful were Ramsay's efforts that it is said that within seventy years nearly every town and large village possessed a library. The first in London was started by Betho, a bookseller, in 1740. Binding him obtained his first circulating library in 1761. The next step was the free library, Manchester possessing the first, in 1850, being quickly followed by Liverpool, Birmingham and other large towns.

Country Mamma.

"If your daughter keeps practicing she will become an accomplished musician," said the teacher.

"I don't care for that," said Mrs. Cumox. "We are having Muriel take music lessons from you because you were recommended as the most expensive teacher in the city. If she learns to play too well some people who don't know us might think she makes her living that way."—Washington Star.

Like Philippine Service.

Experience seems to be proving, says the San Francisco Bulletin, that not only is the Philippine service attractive to soldiers who have never been there, and are anxious to cross the seas to see what dreams may come in the land of adventure that our Oriental possessions have become, but also those who have been there some time already are eager to remain.

Pessimists are people who go around looking for thorns to sit on.

THE PASSING YEAR.

Across the shadows of the night
There came to my expectant ear
The twelve deep notes that tell the flight
Of yet another passing year.
Its limits reached, its work is done,
Its record sealed and sent on high,
Unknown to all and seen by none
Except God's own all-seeing eye.

Ah, me! those years, those vanished years,
In memory, but beyond recall.
How filled with foolish doubts and fears,
How stained with sin and blotted all!
What can we ask of thee but grace
To make these failures of the past
The beacon lights by which to trace
Our way to thee, O Christ, at last!

Farewell, Old Year! There have been days
Of grief and ill—so, too, of good;
And for them both we give God praise,
Though at the time misunderstood.
His wisdom measures all our needs;
He knows the weakness of our frame;
His love our highest thought exceeds;
He calls us by his own dear name.

So pass the years in solemn state
Beyond our ken; we count the sun;
They come and go, we watch and wait
Until our own set time shall come.
God of the years, from out whose hand
With all our precious gifts, they come,
Give us the grace to understand,
And make them helps to lead us home!
—Christian Work.

AN OLD MAN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY HOPE DARING.

YES, I will do it. It's the only way I can be sure of making a fair profit next year. My workmen must understand that I run the mill to put money in my own pocket."

There was an ugly frown on Gilbert Bentley's brow as he sat in his shabby little study, communing with himself. He was a small, stooping man of 65, with searching blue eyes, and a cold, forbidding expression.

"I'll do it at once. One week from to-morrow I'll announce a cut of ten per

cent on all wages. One week—that will be the twenty-fifth. Why, that will be Christmas, and the men must have a holiday, Christmas! As if that old superstition made any difference with the world to-day!"

The frown on his brow deepened. He leaned back, staring from a window. He could see the long, low buildings of the Bentley Lumber Company. In the background was the leafless forest. The sun was setting and the sky, above the tree tops, was lit with a rosy glow.

Gilbert Bentley had spent ten years in that lumbering village. In that time he had done his capital. Now, owing to a general depression, his profits were small. To continue his business through the winter would mean very little profit, but doubtless the spring would bring a change. Well, he would not wait for spring.

Money had always been Gilbert Bentley's god. He had begun life a poor boy and had worked his way upward, unaided. His life had been too busy for sentiment. To be sure he had married. His wife lived only a few years. There was a child, Harold had grown up, high spirited and proud. In early manhood he married against his father's wishes. Estrangement had followed. Harold and his wife died within a few months of each other, leaving a little daughter. Pride prompted Mr. Bentley to pay the girl's bills at a good school, but he never saw her.

The door bell rang and there was the

sound of footsteps and voices in the hall. The door of the study was thrown open, and a sweet voice cried:
"Grandpa, are you here?"
Before Mr. Bentley could speak, Simpson, his old English housekeeper, entered. In one hand she held aloft a lighted lamp, thus showing Gilbert Bentley his unexpected visitor. She was a slender girl of sixteen, a dimpled, blonde face lighted by sunny blue eyes.

"Why, don't you know me? I am Florence, and I am glad—so glad—to see you!"
She was at his side, both arms round his neck, and her lips uplifted for his kiss. As in a dream he listened as she told how she had grown tired of spending her vacations at the school.

"You know, grandpa, that it is dreadful to have no one of your very own to be glad with, and I've come to spend Christmas with you."

The girl was so sure that her grandfather was glad to see her that he could not tell her she was unwelcome. An hour later they sat at dinner. The old man looked across to where the girl's golden head gleamed in the lamp.

She chatted gaily. When they rose from the table she went with him to the study. Sitting on a stool, she told him of her school life.

"I am happy there, grandpa, but I will be glad when school is finished. Then I can keep house for you. It has been so kind in you to do without me so I could be educated."

He made no response. They parted without the words being said that would send Florence back to school. Mr. Bentley resolved to say them at breakfast the next morning. There he found himself confronted by that smiling face, and was obliged to hold his peace.

Florence stayed. Simpson, the maid, and the man all delighted to serve her. A few simple changes were made in the dreary old house. Mr. Bentley chose some new furniture. He ordered that good fires should be kept up and bade

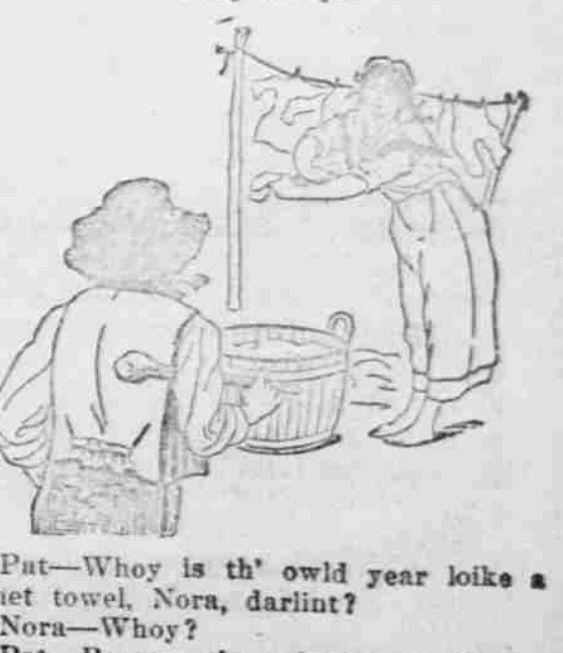
WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.



the Saviour. Beginning with the celebration of His birth at Christmas time, the feast days follow one another in rapid succession. Indeed, it may justly be said that they do not really come to an end until Easter.

Sudden and Surprising.
"What do you most desire for Christmas, Miss Mabot?"
"Oh, Greece, this is so sudden!"
"Why—what do you mean?"
"Why, of course, I want you!"

Very Easy.



Pat—Why is th' old year loike a whiet towel, Nora, darlint?
Nora—Why?
Pat—Because they always ring it out.