

tainly curable, the possibly curable, and the incurable. For the incurables death, usually near at hand, is the only relief. All that can be done for them is to make them as comfortable as possible in places where they will not infect the well or to heavily handicap them in the struggle of life. For the possibly curable, the possibility depending largely upon constitution, habits and temperament, separation from the uninfected is as necessary as in the case of the incurable, and for the same reasons. In the cases of those who can be cured, every consideration of humanity and of public interest demands that they shall have the benefit of a chance of useful life. This can be secured only under a change of climate, and the substitution of pure air for the vitiated atmosphere of the workshop and the tenement, nutritious and tissue-building food, rest from exhausting and monotonous daily toil, and education by precept and example in whatever the layman needs to know of personal and domestic hygiene, especially in the matter of safeguards against spreading infection.

The State Hospital.

The state hospital which is to be built in the Adirondacks for incipient cases of pulmonary tuberculosis, is a wise and beneficent enterprise, from which results of great economic value to the state may be expected. To meet the requirements of the case, it must be largely expanded from such small beginnings as the appropriation of \$50,000 will pay for. It must also be, and we doubt not it will be, protected by its management from becoming an asylum for incurables, whom local health boards are anxious to dispose of in time to have them die elsewhere. The rules of the institution are framed to prevent this abuse of its limited facilities, and we have no doubt they will be impartially and intelligently enforced by the gentlemen selected by Governor Roosevelt as its trustees. It needs to be fostered and encouraged by the societies which have been largely instrumental in insuring its creation, among which may be included the State Charities Aid Association, the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Charity Organization Society, the United Hebrew Charities, and other organizations whose work gives them a clear understanding and a keen realization of the need of the state's aid in the effort to restrict tuberculosis. It must also be supplemented by the creation of consumption hospitals under municipal control for cases which cannot be left in their homes without the danger to the public health which results from planting centres of infection where they will do most harm. It must be further assisted by energetic, well-directed and sustained efforts to enforce the provisions of sanitary codes in cities, to keep streets clean, and to

prevent the sale of unwholesome food—especially infected milk and tuberculous meat.

REGENERATION.

You ask for a letter to read tonight;
And I—well, how can I hope to please
When, back through the din of an awful flight,
The thoughts that burden are all like these:

A snow-white church by a velvet lane,
A fence with a graceful curve in white,
And stately trees grow once again
In the picture that crowds my mind tonight.

The well-kept lawn and the well-trimmed trees,
As the pane glints back the setting sun,
Is a twilight picture that well may please
The ardent worshippers, every one.

Like a youth, you say, in the flush of pride,
All clean and pure? True, a graveyard lies
Just a little back, that may in time
Hold all that is left of broken ties.

But who would think in this hour of pride,
When all complete it strikes the view,
Of broken ties! Of hopes that died
While the picture before us yet was new?

Ah, there it stands. A pretty sight?
Well, yes; and what powers are latent here!
As imagery leads to a dizzy height,
We mark for the youth a grand career.

We see the church with a gilded dome,
And a spire that touches the cloud-ribbed
skies,
A grand old monast'ry of stone,
And a voice that moistens the sinner's eyes.

A record of souls that are won to God
As long as the roster of civil wars,
While, out in the church-yard, never a sod
Has yet been laid on a friend of ours.

Thus on, in our imagery, run the years
While honor and fame and wealth are ours;
And when we die, our neighbor's tears,
The first mound there, covered with flowers,

I look again and note a change.
The kaleidoscope of life is jarred,
And the picture I wrought has missed the
range,
The fence and the lawn are somewhat marred.

I see a funeral train draw near
And I know by the weight of the long-drawn
sigh,
That beneath the willow and ewe tree, here
A buried hope will forever lie.

I see the luster of white has dimmed,
And the trees that grew to protect and cheer
Are gone, all gone, while stronger limbed
Have grown the willow and ewe tree near.

And other mounds have filled the space
That imagery painted as always bare;
While the stamp of time on the church's face
Makes the lightless windows fairly stare.

And the moss has covered the rotting sills,
And the damp has blackened the pulpit chair;
A feeling of horror our being fills
As we breathe the chill of the stagnant air.

While the willow has grown till a forest shade
Protects the worthless, mouldering pile;
Till a sunbeam, even, is quite afraid
To brave the damp with a cheering smile.

A groan of anguish is all we hear,
As the briar-strewn path we try to tread,
While every hope that in youth was dear
Lies buried deep in this field of dead.

Not worn to decay, but from lack of care,
With all its perfection and beauty gone,
The youth of valor, with snow-white hair
To the feeble days of age has come.

Once more the picture is changed, and we
May view the lines of a pretty sight,
As, back to a useful life, we see
The ancient pile all new and bright.

Once more the scene, with a hallowed light,
Breaks fair on a tinted autumn eve.
The lane and the landscape, seared and bright,
A restful hope in our soul will leave.

The moss and the damp have been cleared away,
And a smiling welcome awaits you there,
The dawn of a fairer, brighter day
Has come, for the willows are trimmed and
fair.

We can tread the beautiful, flower-strewn
ways
Among the graves of our buried past,
And look and long for the brighter days
When hopes live always and pleasures last.

As the sun sinks low o'er the western hills,
An anthem of praise from the vaulted aisles,
With its soothing tones, our being thrills;
And peaceful light on the old church smiles.

What means that light in the sin-stained soul?
And why that brow with a peaceful cast?
The Angel of God with a Living Coal
Has touched his sorrowful soul at last.

E. E. BLACKMAN.

Roca, Nebraska.

THE SANTA FE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe can now run its trains through from Chicago to San Francisco bay, a great journey of 2567 miles. This has long been the ambition of the management, and a dozen or more years ago President Strong forced from the Southern Pacific a contract which gave the Santa Fe running powers over the track of that company from Mojave to Oakland. An independent line, however, was the ideal aimed at, and this has been accomplished by the purchase and completion of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley road from Bakersfield north to Port Richmond, opposite San Francisco, 305 miles, supplemented by a contract with the Southern Pacific for the joint use of its tracks between Mojave and Bakersfield, 67 miles. The San Joaquin Valley road, also, has a branch from Fresno to Visalia, 44 miles; so that the Santa Fe has added 349 miles to its mileage owned, and, including the track leased from the S. P., 372 miles to the length of lines operated. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system now embraces 7,820 miles of lines, extending from Lake Michigan to the gulf at Galveston, to the Mexican border at El Paso, and to the Pacific at San Diego, Rendondo and San Francisco, with a vast mileage of interlacing tracks between.

The extension of an arm 372 miles long northward to San Francisco introduces a powerful competitor into the heart of California, which the Southern Pacific has served and developed, without a rival, for thirty years. It will be