

a cluster of heads together, noiselessly opened the lid of his desk and sent the "taws" whirling down into their midst with hearty good will. They took Fred Graham round the neck, and he at once rose to receive his "paw-mies," the price of his general amusements. He had not been the guilty person, but he hardly denied it even *pro forma*, so accustomed were they in that school to the Spartan code that the sin lay, not in the action, but in the stupidity of being found out.

Through the gap formed by the absence of Fred on his melancholy errand, a gap like that made by the drawing of a tooth, the master saw the orange skin and solemn eyes of "Trusty Tait," boys' dog to the parish school of Nether Dullarg.

His wrath turned instantly on Trusty and his owner, and his resentment burned with a sullen, exaggerated fury. He imagined that the animal had been brought into the school in order directly to insult him.

"Who brought that dog in here?" he asked.

"Please, sir, he juist cam'," said Andrew Tait.

"Put him out instantly!" he commanded.

"Please, sir, he'll no' gang."

The dominie then went for the poker and approached the big dog, whose eyes began to shine with a yellow light curiously different from that which had been in them when the boys were stroking his shaggy coat. But he lay motionless as though cut in stone, nothing living about him except those slumberous eyes with the red spark flaming at the bottom of them. His great tail lay along the floor, of the thickness of a boy's arm, with which it was his wont to beat the floor as a thresher beats his sheaves at the approach of his master. "Trusty Tait's" dignity lay in his tail. His tenderest feelings had their abode there. By means of it he communicated his sentiments, belligerent or amicable. When his master appeared in the distance, he wagged it ponderously; when a canine friend hove in sight, it waved triumphantly; at the sight of a gypsy or a tramp it grew oratory with the expressiveness of its resentment. As the dominie approached with his weapon of warfare, Andrew Tait drew the iron shod of his clog, which he would have called his "cakkar," across Trusty's tail. The dog instantly half rose on his fore paws, showing a seam of teeth like a row of danger-signals, and gave vent to a thunderous subterranean growl, which so intimidated the master that he turned his anger on the victim who promised less resistance. He dragged Andrew Tait by the collar of his jacket into the middle of the floor, and, forgetting in his beclouded condition what he held in his hand, he struck him once across the head with the heavy iron poker, stretching him senseless on the ground. The whole school rose to its feet with a dull, confused moan of horror, but before any one could move, Trusty had the dominie by the throat, threw him backwards over a form, and now stood guard, growling with short, blood-curdling snorts, over the prostrate form of his young master. Through the open door Flora Duncanson came flying, for the noise had told her even in the cottage that something unusual was happening.

"Go home at once!" she called to the children, and though there were many there older than she, without a murmur they filed outside—remaining, however, in whispering, awestruck groups at the foot of the playground.

"Go home, father, this moment!" she said to her father, who had gathered himself together, and now stood shaking and uncertain like one awakened from a dream, groping stupidly with his hands. The old man turned and went heavily away at his daughter's word. He even thought of asking her for the key of the cupboard, the strife for the possession of which had been the beginning of his black humor; but a moment's thought convinced him of the hopelessness of the request. "But I would be muckle the better o't!" he said, and sighed—perhaps for a moment conscious of how much the worse he had been of it.

Flora Duncanson stood over the senseless body of Andrew Tait. Trusty was licking the face. A thin streak of blood stole from under the hair and down the brow. The dog growled as the girl approached, but ultimately allowed her to come to the lad's side.

"Oh, Andra, Andra!" she said, the salt water running silently down her cheeks.

The boy slowly opened his eyes, looked at the dog once more, and then fixedly at Flora Duncanson. He always liked to look at her hair, but he had never noticed till now how beautiful her eyes were. He could not think what it was they reminded him of—something he had seen in a dream, he thought.

"Dinna greet, Flora," he said. "I'll tell my father that I fell, an' I'll lick ony boy in the schule that says I didna! Oh, Flora, but yer e'en are terrible bonny!"

This is all a very old story in the Dullarg now, and Trusty is a Nestor among dogs. He spends all his fine afternoons on a broomy knowe by himself, for what with puppies and bairns the farm is not the quiet place that it used to be when he was young. Trusty overlooks a wide prospect were his faithful dim eyes able to see, but as it is he devotes himself chiefly to the flies which settle upon his nose. Over there on the slope glimmer in the haze the white stones in the churchyard. Trusty never was much of a scholar, in spite of so long frequenting the village academy, but had he been able to read he might have found this inscription on a granite tombstone down in the old kirkyard by the Dee water:

Sacred to the Memory
OF
DUNCAN DUNCANSON,
AGED 71 YEARS, SOMETIME
MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF SHAWS,
FOR THIRTY YEARS SCHOOLMASTER IN THIS PARISH,
ERECTED BY HIS AFFECTIONATE CHILDREN,
ANDREW AND FLORA TAIT.
"TO WHOM LITTLE IS FORGIVEN, THE SAME
LOVETH LITTLE."



A Summer Day's Observations

By John Burroughs

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson

In Two Parts—II.

"Children get too much coddling nowadays. I think, in particular, all the wealthy people make the mistake of overdoing. The children of the well-to-do have such a multiplicity of things bought for their amusement; they are surfeited by them. I know boys who, it seems to me, are being altogether spoiled by their parents' mistaken care and kindness. If they were in my charge, they should be brought right down to first principles. They should have no guns, no bicycles; they should eat plain food and sleep on a hard bed at night, and be given plenty of farm-work. The desire is so strong among people to develop their children that they lose sight of the virtues of simplicity.

"I'm dreadfully afraid that all this catering to children in literature is unhealthy. They have too much. There are books by the hundred written especially for them every year. It is better to have few books than many. I would try to avoid exciting, stimulating, and unnatural stories. Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast' is a book of the right sort. It's good for any boy who's not spoilt. It's written by a man who's not thinking about style; you feel the faithfulness of the man; he wants to tell you just how this thing was to him.

"You can't expect a child to have the same kind of feeling about nature that is possible to a grown-up person. A boy hasn't much sentiment. He's full of sap and activity. There's no ruin there, no scars, no regrets.

"The cruelty of the boy is something wonderful. He will kill birds, murder all sorts of creatures, without a pang. When I was a boy I had the common cruelty of boys. I get more tender-hearted as I grow older. I may come to the point where I can't even chop off the head of a chicken. Once I never saw a chipmunk but that I threw a stone at him. Now, when I see one, I always want to salute him, and say, 'Good-morning! come home with me and I'll give you a kernel of corn.'

"Children are mostly unthinking in their cruelty. They

have sympathies that can be aroused. When my boy was a little fellow, three or four years old, I used to go to a neighbor's in the early morning every day for milk. On one occasion I brought the boy a handful of nuts and told him how I picked them up on the ground under a tree where a red squirrel sat up on a limb and scolded me all the time. When I told how badly the squirrel felt over my carrying off his nuts, the boy was as much incensed as if I'd been stealing. He threw away all the nuts in his hand and said: 'I won't have one of them.'

"There's a good deal of fancy and feigning and make-believe about children. They have the same strongly developed trait there was in the pre-Adamite man for endowing things with life. I feel it myself. If my hat blows away, I feel like jumping on it and punishing it. I remember how an uncle of mine was taking the honey out of a hive once, when a bee stung him. He was so angry he didn't stop to think, and kicked the hive clear across the yard. That was instinct. There was no sense in it. You might think the bees would all attack him then, but they didn't. If you have to do with bees, you're safe as soon as you break the comb and set the honey running. They lose their wits then. They all gather on the wasting honey and load themselves with it. Their greed is like that of the miser whose house burns. 'Oh, I must have this gold!' he says, and he grabs up all he can carry of it. If I'm going to cut a bee-tree, I cut vigorously till I get a little of the honey flowing. Then the bees are demoralized. I've never been stung once, and I've cut down a bee-tree a dozen times. The man that stands around the edges is the one that gets stung. A bee comes buzzing around him, and he dodges and hits at it, and the bee stings him as soon as he gets a fair crack at him.

"You know it's so with other things. If you find an ugly dog in your path, walk right up to him. Then the dog says: 'Well, this man must have business here.' The man that edges off and looks for the people of the house gets bit.

"I don't know that a bold front would be very effective with a mad bull, though. I had quite a reputation as a boy for expertness in throwing stones. One day I saw a bull bellowing at me from a field, and I said: 'That bull and I are going to have this thing out.' I selected a lot of pebbles of the right size and got over into the field; but I took care not to get too far from the stone wall. My first shot took the bull on the tip of one of his horns, just where I intended it should. It's a very sensitive spot. You could see him cringe. Oh, how that hurt! I threw four times, and every shot told, but the bull didn't give in. I knew if those weren't enough for him he was going to have the best of it, and I edged along to the stone wall and skipped over. Then the bull came up and snorted and pawed up the earth and showed how he'd make mince-meat of me if I came over there.

"A sheep you can manage very well. When a buck comes for you, just step one side and grab him by his fleece. We had a buck on my father's farm that was always charging us. He'd put his head down and come for me like a catapult. 'Twould have knocked me into the middle of next week if I had been hit. But I'd always step one side, get a grip on his wool, jump on his back, and ride him all around the pasture; or I'd catch him by the legs, trip him up—anything. He didn't get any wiser by it, though. He got uglier, and I had to stop.

"We had a great country farm, bending over a big hill. There were three hundred acres to care for. The fields were very smooth and steep. We had cows and a flock of sheep, and much of the care of these creatures fell on me. If I made any complaint, father would say, 'Yes, it's "Come, John," and it's "Go, John." John is dog, fence, and pastur.'

"I believe it's a good thing for a boy to have work, and plenty of it. If leisure and play fill his day, his pleasure, after all, is pale. It's like living on pie. If a boy does that, he doesn't relish his bread and meat; nor the pie either, in a little while. Yes, work is a mighty good thing for a boy. It makes everything about him sweet—the water, air, elements. Mental work alone isn't enough.

He must be taught to do things with his hands. My boy can knit a shad-net, go out in his boat and cast it, pick it up, take out the shad—everything—eat them, too. He can row a boat with a great deal more skill than I can.

"You remember those orchids I showed you at the house this morning? I don't let people know where they grow. They would pull up every one in a single season, and there would be an end to the matter. It's a variety that is uncommonly rare and beautiful, and it's very pretty to see them blooming there, in the dense growth of ferns, weeds, and poison sumac. If the children could be guarded against this greediness that would exterminate all our wild flowers, it would be a decidedly good thing. But their habit is, if they come across a thing they fancy, to grub it right up, all there is in sight, or till their hands are full. They seem to like bright color. If they get the flower, they think that's enough. They'll pick ten thousand blossoms, and have not a green leaf among them. The habit of purposeless or careless destruction is a bad one. It is barbarism to deface a beautiful page of nature.

"I find it dreadful hard work to cut down a tree. You can undo the work of a century in five minutes. I agonize over the necessity of it for days and weeks. You see that stump right there? I was two years cutting down that tree, though all the time it was hurting the view and spoiling one corner of my vineyard. I wouldn't spare that clump of trees down the path, half-way to the river, for anything in the world. I like its motion; it's an object to look at, and it attracts the birds.

"The cruelty of children is representative of the early instincts of the race. It's an outcropping of the traits of their remote ancestors. It's just the same as it is with some of the young birds which have speckled breasts because their ancestors had. This cruelty is a survival of the early struggle of the race, when man had to kill. The boy seems to take a savage glee in destruction. I did things myself as a boy that would almost make your hair stand on end to hear of. Once I threw a stone and killed a bird. There was this live thing on the fence with wings. 'I didn't think I'd hit it,' I said, and I was filled with remorse.

"The boy is a savage, too, in his love of noise. He likes to make discordant sounds. It doesn't disturb his sense of harmony, no matter how harsh and violent the sound is. There was one while when the boys where I lived would take oyster-cans or something of the sort and tie them with a string to a stick and whirl them around their heads and make the most horrible noise you can imagine. Finally the people complained to the police and had it suppressed. No one else could stand it, but the boys gloated over it. As the boy grows older he gets humanized and educated, and the savagery wears off. Still, I don't know that we've always got to wait until it wears off. A right feeling about things can be awakened earlier, no doubt, if one is judicious.

"I wish some one would start a crusade against noise. We shall have it in time. The Peter the Hermit who's to call us out will appear presently, and then the ear will be respected as well as the nose. I live here between two railroads. There's the West Shore over the hill behind us, and the New York Central at the water's edge just across the river. The screeching of the engines on clear days is enough to drive one crazy. There's one train over there that always stops and sends a brakeman on ahead to turn a switch. Then the engine blows three toots that are calculated to startle the invalids for two miles around. It's a great bungling sheaf of sound, full of spears and prickles. What's the use of all that sound? They'd better tie their brakeman with a string—have a rope around his neck and pull him in—any way but to blow that whistle. Why should our ears be assaulted with hideous noises any more than our noses with bad smells? There's one steamer on the river that goes up at night that has a whistle with a wild musical strain like the voice of a wild goose. When I hear it, I wish it would keep on blowing an hour. Why can't all our whistles be musical and sweet? A pure sound will go further than an impure one, any time.

"If such a man as Vanderbilt would only inaugurate the

reform, the rest of the world would fall in line. It would make his road popular. They already try to keep the smoke out of the cars, but they continue to make enough noise to make the heavens come down on you. The time is approaching when we shall have a change, when car porters won't be allowed to slam the doors with noise enough to wake the dead, and when we won't stand the infernal racket of our cobble streets. But that will be when we get more civilized.

"The Americans are a very patient and long-suffering people. The English can give us points in this respect. I went to a reading when I was in London that was announced to begin at eight o'clock. The hour came and not the reader. The audience got uneasy at once, and within two minutes there were men on their feet wanting to know why the thing didn't start; and it began without further delay. An audience in this country would have sat half the evening waiting before it would have made a disturbance. The American hates to make a row.

"There's our telegraph monopoly, that needs attention. They have it all their own way, and take their own time about delivering. I usually find, when I send a message, that if I'd gone afoot and carried it in my hand 'twould have got there quicker.

"I think our American women tend more to simplicity than they once did. Yet it's remarkable how they run after fashion and befrizzle and bedeck themselves. There's a lack of seriousness as compared with the men. I went to a boys' school commencement the other day where there was a military parade. It was a beautiful sight. I was charmed with it. But when I glanced around to see what the rest of the people were doing, I found the women were mostly looking at each other's rigs. That's a little thing, perhaps, but it only takes a straw to show which way the wind blows.

"At the same time I think tight-lacing and paint and powder have had their day, and that there is not the fear there has been of a tanned face and hands, and of being seen doing outdoor work. I had a letter from a Vassar girl one year who wanted to come and work at grape-gathering. It was not so that I could take her, but she got a place near. She was a real worker, and she got tanned and strong, and an added store of health and vitality. She had been taught to run, and she could run like a deer, and gracefully too.

"Want of taste and simplicity is one of the curses of wealth. Poor people have to be, by necessity, comparatively quiet and homely. But let them make money and they get gaudy at once. It's astounding—the vulgarity of the rich. I suppose, when a rich man makes some country place his summer home, the people there rejoice. But if he comes, as they frequently do, just to display his wealth, he is a curse. What he should do is to show people that a rich man can live a simple, contented life. The worst thing he can do is to build one of these million-dollar houses. If he'd repent when he gets it done, and sees it there cumbering the earth, and would blow it up with dynamite, he'd show some sense. But he doesn't; and there it must stand for scores of years, to corrupt the taste of everybody, and very likely be a burden to those who come after him. How any one can want to live in marble halls and be passing up marble stairways all his life is a mystery.

"The vulgarity of wealth should be sat down on in this country as often and as hard as one can. If you built a house that reached to the moon, you could only live in it, eat in it, sleep in it. All those who get sudden wealth seem to feel as if to build a house like a lord was to make them lords. But the result is simply a monument to their own lack of taste. Wealth should be used more for the common good—to make two blades of grass grow where only one grows now, to bring to the masses more comfort and refinement.

"It seems to me strange, the antagonism many of our writers, especially the younger men, feel toward Mr. Howells. I think, in his views of literature, he is unimpeachable. The artist must be true, the first thing he does. He must make the thing like, to begin with—then he can give

his imagination rein. If you have a feeling about anything, let us have it. You may not be an artist, and your work will fail on that account; but, however that is, it's only your own impressions that have any value. Talk about the ancients! Why should we pattern after them? They painted things as they knew and saw them. They produced themselves. They looked inward, not outward. That's why their work had power. They didn't go tagging after some bygone civilization. Neither should we.

"In the first place, a book must be real; and there should be a charm, besides, that comes from the personality of the writer. An artist must have an atmosphere of his own that bathes the scene he describes. This must come from the artist—his individuality. I've just finished reading Mr. Howells's 'The World of Chance.' The reality of it is astonishing. I could smell New York. I could hear the rattle of the streets. There were just such people in the book as I see on the elevated trains. But he doesn't make me care for them. I wish we had more of Mr. Howells there. He can afford to give himself to his readers much more freely than he does in his novels. I love him a good deal more after reading that New England sketch of his recollections in 'Harper's.'

"I wish Howells would come out here to live. I think he might if it wasn't so far from New York. He's fond of the country. See that colony of canal-boats in tow behind that tug down on the river. There's families living on board them; you can see the washing flying. If Howells lived here he would use that life in some way. What a pretty romance a man with his delicate perceptions could make out of it!

"If one doesn't look out in these days he gets snowed under—completely clogged—with periodic literature. It seems made for people who have an idle hour, and people are getting so they do no serious reading. There will have to come a great reform in our newspapers. They will be much more compact, and will publish news and nothing else. We shall be given less gossip and be spared that same old story with details day after day of how 'John Smith eloped with Mary Ann.' The editorials won't be so long-winded, nor have such an air of infallibility. What do newspaper editorials amount to, anyway? Oftener than not they are written by men of no real convictions, but who are paid to have opinions on that particular subject. We've gone through the juvenile stage of flatulency and gas. It's as if a man's tongue had grown till it hung to the ground and wagged all the time. He'd better get it back in his mouth. He wants to learn to see a thing as it is and state it as it is.

"Recently I had a letter from a man in my native town that inquired for the titles of my books and their prices. I have letters from all over the country, and there are places in the West where they have 'Burroughs Days,' but that's the first sign of interest in my writing that ever reached me from my native village. It was a great while before my neighbors here knew I wrote books. They saw me go around with my big shoes and rough clothes, and never suspected it. The fact is, the people in this State read nothing but dime novels and the Sunday paper. We have no real readers. The moment you strike New England you strike a different atmosphere. The people are alert; they discuss, they have literary clubs. They have a great capacity in the West for reading and devouring things. I get letters a great deal more from the West than from the East. There's new blood out there, that's going to be heard from, I tell you. They have more sky-room, a new environment, and they are destined to be an improved New England in scope, liberality, and enthusiasm.

"I don't feel as if there was anything we could be very dogmatic about. If you observe closely, you find you know so little and you find such contradictions! Storms in the southern hemisphere whirl in the direction taken by the hands of a watch. In the northern hemisphere they take the opposite direction. Well, I notice the little whirlwinds we have, and they whirl just as the storms do. Then I notice the bean and the bittersweet and numbers of other vines, and I find they climb in a right-to-left spiral that corresponds to the storm motion, too; and I think I've

discovered a general law. Then I find that the hop goes the other way, and so does the wild buckwheat, and you can't make them do any different.

"We know how much children in the same family will differ. There were nine children in our family, and I was an odd one among them. When we had visitors, they'd get to asking the children's names and ages, and when they came to me they'd say to the folks: 'That ain't your boy, is it?' I used to feel as cheap! Well, I wasn't like the others. I was different, and always have been—not better, only different.

"I remember a traveling phrenologist or mountebank came along one day, and he fingered my head and said, 'This boy is going to be rich.' I suppose he knew that was what the people would like to hear; yet he wasn't so far out as he might have been, for if he'd gone to the next house he'd have found Jay Gould. Gould and I sat near each other at school, and we were quite chums. He was a small, wiry fellow, aristocratic in his feelings, and not inclined to mix much with other boys. He easily stood at the head in his studies. At one time there was a boy came from another town and inoculated the whole school with a mania for 'wrestling.' Jay and I used to 'wrestle.' He and I were about of an age, and were very evenly matched. We'd 'wrestle' by the hour, till we'd pant like dogs. I was a little more muscular, and had the most science. But Jay had infinite wind and endurance. He was like a boy made of india-rubber and steel; you'd think you had him down when you hadn't, and then you'd find him on top. He wasn't particular about rules. The one point with Jay was to get on top.

"A person is not religious just because he has a definite scheme of theology. He may have that, and not feeling. The lover of nature, of the good and beautiful, is the truly religious man, and you find such in every church and outside of any church. I have no patience with these people who know all about God and his plans—as Arnold says, 'speak of God as if he lived around the corner, where they interviewed him daily.'

"It doesn't make you religious simply to have a definite notion about heaven and hell. I think Renan's was a truly religious nature. Smite him on one cheek and he would turn to you the other. Take away his coat and he would give you his waistcoat. He wouldn't return evil for evil. That's the true test of a Christian. If you can't return good for evil, it's a mockery to call yourself a Christian. To give a soft answer when we have received a wrathful one is the most difficult thing in the world.

"The preacher says, 'Trust in Christ; follow him: come to the baptismal fountain.' It's the Christ within us we should trust; it's the voice of conscience we should follow; it's the love of truth, the doing to others as we would be done by, that we should aspire to. That's Christ. Religion is a life—a feeling. Christ himself exemplified that.

"It's curious what disgusting beliefs are associated with beautiful lives. I've been reading Miss Merriam's 'My Summer in a Mormon Village.' All the glimpses you get of the Mormon women in this book appeal to you. The men seem more selfish—like hogs. I said all through the book as I read, 'How sweet and good and human this book is!' One of her characters she calls 'A mother in Israel,' and rightly too. This mother in Israel really believed in the revelations of Joseph Smith—and a most religious woman she was. Life counts for so much more than the creed!

"When you look back on the history of humanity, think how we've been blundering along, sometimes knee-deep in blood! The babe that might be the savior of his race has the smallpox or whooping-cough, and dies just as quickly as the most worthless. In nature the struggle for place and life is unending. That maple there will drop a hundred thousand seeds to one that will ever grow to a tree. Accident and destruction and death are nothing to Nature. She has infinite time to perfect her ends. What Nature's ends or God's ends are I often have but a faint idea. Our preachers seem, most of them, much too sure and much too ready with their explanations of these

things. Some eminent Englishman once said he wished he was as sure of anything as Lord Macaulay was of everything. I feel the same way about the preachers.

"It's always in order to preach the gospel of beauty in the commonplace. Look about your own place and find heaven in that. There's the grand and beautiful there if you have the eyes for them. We musn't expect the extraordinary—a miracle. We should look at our feet. We gaze at the stars—we forget we are on a star."



A New Branch of the National Civil Service

By James H. Canfield

Chancellor of the University of Nebraska

During the first week in July I had the honor to draft and forward to a friend in Congress a suggestion for a new branch of the National Civil Service. The pressure of business at Washington rendered it quite impossible to give this proposition as much attention as it might otherwise have received; and we both felt that it would be better to place it before the public for general discussion before bringing it into legislative halls. Very briefly, then, it is outlined for the columns of this journal.

There is a constant and wise tendency to throw around public service of any kind the sanctions and restrictions and general supervision of State or National authority. The examination and licensing of steam engineers under city ordinances; the regulations of the pilot service; the statutes governing the enlistment and service of seamen; the care with which the States protect the public in the matter of the practice of medicine and the dispensing of remedies; even the examination and licensing of members of the bar and of teachers, are all illustrations of this principle.

Following this, it is proposed to establish a United States Railway Service. Those enlisted in this service should include at least engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, and switchmen. The conditions of enlistment, the term of service, the methods of withdrawal, the compensation of the members of each class, the mileage or hours that shall constitute a day's service, the conditions of overwork and overpay, the exact responsibility of employers for injury to the employees, the methods of possible pensioning—all these details should be determined by the general Government and be constituent parts of the general plan. Then it should be made unlawful for any transportation company to employ others than enlisted men; and these should be employed, of course, under the conditions prescribed.

To those who have had any acquaintance with either Government service or that of any great system of transportation, the details of such an organization are not at all formidable. The Government assumes no financial responsibility whatever. It may very properly make provision, however, that the pay of members of this service shall constitute a preferred claim against the corporations employing. It would not be at all difficult to enlist in this service all the men that would be needed, as they are already in the employ of the various railroads. Care should be taken to enlist none but the best of men. There would be very little difficulty as to a scheme of wages, since wages on the various railway lines do not differ much at present, service considered. With such a service there would be no more danger of serious complaint or of strikes than there is now in the mail service.

Such a service, under such regulation and supervision, is needed, if for no other purpose than to make absolutely certain the transportation of the mails. But it is just as much needed to make travel safe, and to preserve life at great centers where the daily supplies must be regularly received. More and more does the entire commercial and even physical life of the Nation depend upon regularity and efficiency in transportation. Because of inter-State relations, the care of this cannot be given to the States. National superintendence is all that is left us.