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A man can have a bully good time in this world if he has nothing to ask from it.

AN EDUCATIONAL WEEK.

TO MANY PEOPLE the lectures and discussions heard during the past week in the sessions of the educational congress were the most interesting and instructive features of the exposition. Unquestionably much was said that was good seed; as undoubtedly there were many spots of good brain soil lying; the harvest shall appear in due season. The Pauls who planted may go hence—as they surely will—and the Apollons who watered, before the hundred, or sixty, or even forty fold, shall appear; but there will be those who will reap the increase. Let that be enough for us, for are we not harvesting from "the rich mould of dead men's graves?"

What is education? A broad, many-sided question, yet one that may be broadly answered in a sentence: The acquirement and adaptation of such knowledge of men—first of one's self—and of things—first those nearest—as will best aid a person to maintain a comfortable equipoise and be at least fairly successful in life. In other words, that will open up to an inquirer the knowledge of the best road to the truest success.

Now this does not mean that a college education is an advantage to everybody. It may be said to be, as a rule, a good thing to get. So, as a rule, and considering the time limits set upon mortality, it may be said that one cannot get too much of a higher education in the schools. Yet to some, it is a positive detriment. There is no rule that can be laid down to any audience or class. It all depends on the ego and the irresistible environment.

Youths are often, almost always, told that with an education they can do what they choose; that they can be anything they will to be; that there is no such thing as luck or chance or future, but that all depends, in addition to knowledge, on one's will—any one's. This is untrue. Success depends partly on fiber, perhaps ten thousand years in the making, and with perhaps a million elements, indistinguishable to the philosopher's mental microscope, therewith interwoven; but often depends partly too on adventitious circumstances.

The shoemaker on his bench, the blacksmith at his forge, the farmer in his field, may be the truly educated man, while the LL. D., the D. D., the M. A., et al., may be comparative fools.

The school, the college, the technical institute, are all most worthy and admirable institutions, great helps, yet it is as true now as ever that a pig's tail is not proper material for a musical instrument. There should be—as there is not—an equality of opportunity, of rights, of privileges—but there is and can be no equality of talents or of acquisitions or attainments, any more than there is an equality in the height of trees or mountains or the brightness of stars in the firmament. "For there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and one star differeth from another star in glory."

Success, in the world's estimation, is largely and very often purely adventitious or at least the chances to win it are. Fortune fairly falls in love with some men, worthy and unworthy, educated and uneducated, and gives them what appears to be all that mortal desire could crave; but you don't see all, nor know all. We are in Vanity Fair. What seems true success is often a miserable failure. What seems education is often a tinselled travesty, a variegated veneer.

True education is what helps a person to think, as his senses are exercised, to do what in the ultimate analysis is best for him—not another—to do, and to be as truly happy as may be, and to help rather than hurt this little world in his short stay here. Books help, are necessary; schools and colleges and universities and institutes and art emporiums and laboratories and libraries all help greatly, are necessary; but the final test is: Can the man now best do what he was best fitted to do before he gained his higher education? Has the education "fitted" with the man? Have we set him in the way he should go, or diverted him off into forests that he cannot fell and quagmires that he cannot drain? Particularly, have we given him a false idea of manual and industrial as compared with mental or professional labor? And finally, have we taught him that gold is not synonymous with and inclusive of both glory and God?

There are really educated men who know little of books or schools. There are lower animals who are more agreeable and admirable if not more instructive creatures than some "educated" men.

Yet let us recognize and appreciate the vast net value of a school education, as a rule, and of educational institutions—the common schools, the academies, the colleges; the technical schools. They alone cannot make men truly educated, but they are doing a mighty work, each in its proper sphere, in aid of education in its broadest sense—which is: To know truth; to do right.

ONE WEEK'S GREAT WORK.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE between this morning and last Sunday morning to hundreds of thousands, even millions, of people, counting the women and children interested!

Then—war; slight prospect of peace. Great armies soon to begin the dire work of slaughter. Tens of thousands of men to be killed and as many crippled; thousands of women to be made widows and children orphans; millions of money to be spent, destroyed.

And keep in mind that the love of life is much the same in all human breasts even though some are more stoical than others; and that wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts and children, have much the same feelings in Russia and Japan as in America.

How anxious they were last Sunday; how relieved to-day. With what forebodings and grief they went to their devotions then; with what light and thankful hearts now!

No more fighting. No more slaughter. No more wounds and diseases of war. More than a million men who last Sunday expected soon to kill and be killed are now safe from war's dangers; and though many of them are professional or regular soldiers, many others will soon be marching home again, to engage in pursuits of peace—to humble homes in most cases, poorer than those familiar to us—yet home is home in all lands and among all peoples.

In all pulpits in all lands, and beside many family altars, will benisons be uttered today upon the heads of the men who agreed on peace; for their welfare unnumbered orisons will arise—the mikado and his counselors, the czar and Witte and Rosen, and especially our stout, clear-headed, sound-hearted president.

Blessed is the man of power who in such a case says: "Let there be peace!" And because of the peace determined on since last Sunday, the whole world is happier, richer, better.

It is only fair to the public and the court that this whole probate matter be investigated clear to the bottom so as to punish those deserving of it and at the same time to place it upon a cleaner cut and more business-like basis. District Attorney Manning does well to start the probe in operation and it is to be hoped he will not weary in well doing until he has reached the heart of the scandal.

PORTLAND NOW A SUMMER RESORT.

THE FAIR will have the effect of establishing Portland's reputation as a summer resort. It has long been known to a few people and these have come here regularly to enjoy the balmy climate but to the average seeker after the finest of fine summer weather it has been entirely unknown. Seekers after change from the higher and dryer climates to the east of us, all unknowing that there was to be found the most perfect of all climatic contrasts, passed us heedlessly by to go to California and there get little if any of the relief which they sought. The winter tourists crowding back from California rarely came this way and thus missed our springtime, that season of absolutely unsurpassed beauty. But the fair has brought so many here who never before beheld Portland and these have so widely scattered its fame that the city may now be considered to have fairly started on its career as a summer resort.

This being true we must provide means of amusement and entertainment for the people who will come here. Next year we will have no such attraction as the fair itself presented. We will have the river trips and these should be increased in attractiveness. We should have more suburban lines, one particularly leading to Mount Hood so as to take away from that trip all of its present terrors. The suburban lines we have had in operation have not only been a source of great profit to the owners because of increased business but they have been of distinct advantage to the city itself in rendering the stay of many people so much more attractive than it otherwise would have been. There ought to be arranged a number of easy fishing trips in season. The boulevards about the city should be rendered dustless through the use of oil which has proven so successful along Twentieth street. Our parks should be brought to the highest state of perfection, the fair having set a good example to imitate, and the various points of interest should be rendered easy of access.

One great source of disappointment to visitors is that they see so little of our far-famed snow-capped peaks. This is usually due to the fact that so much brush is burned during the summer months. Some provision should be made so that these slashings should be burned only after the middle of September or the first of October. In this way the aspect of the country would be vastly improved to the great benefit of everybody, whether living in the city or country.

There is no city in the country so well adapted to become a general summer resort as Portland and it is distinctly worth while to cultivate the business which it brings.

A FINE CLASS OF SETTLERS COMING.

WHILE through the agency of the fair there will be many additions to our population from all parts of the country, it is evident that they will come chiefly from the middle west. The other day the people of Iowa were startled by the discovery that in the past five years the state has actually lost in population. Yet the reason for it should be apparent. After all Iowa is most largely an agricultural state and while the land may be divided and subdivided there comes a time when these divisions reach the limit of safety. In case the younger generation of men wish to follow farming they must then go elsewhere. If they go they naturally head for a new section of the country where land is cheap. Many of them have gone to Canada, being unaware of the better lands and conditions in this section of their own country. But hereafter they are much more likely to come this way. These ranks will be swelled by older men who have done well at the business of farming but, disliking the severe winters, wish to come to a milder climate.

This is true of Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, western Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming; it is true, though to a much lesser degree of other states in the northern Mississippi valley. Nearly all of these people have not only made money enough to make a fair start in their new homes but they have behind them a record of success, brought about through thrift, intelligent work and full knowledge of their business. They will therefore prove notable additions to our population and the effect of their coming will soon be appreciated in developing and in raising the standards of efficiency in various communities in the state. That men of this stamp should be heartily welcomed and that every reasonable inducement should be held out to get them to remain it should not be necessary to say. If the influx is as great as we expect it to be in the next five years, they will have a very appreciable influence upon the public life and character of the state.

NOW KNOCKING THE HEROINES.

FOR 127 years the people of this country have regarded Molly Pitcher as one of its firebrand heroines, everybody, down to small school-children knows the story—how she kept with Washington's army and with her soldier husband, carrying water in a pewter pitcher—from which she got her name, it really being Molly Hays—to the soldiers and otherwise serving them in battle; and especially how, at the battle of Monmouth, June 27, 1778, a torrid day, while carrying water, her husband, a gunner, was killed, and she immediately sprang to the gun and took his place. All this has been believed, and millions of Americans have thrilled with pride and pleasure that there was in those times that tried patriots' souls such a specimen of courage and devotion as this young Irish-American woman. General Greene believed the story, and introduced her to Washington, and he believed it, and made her a sergeant, and at his recommendation she was granted a half pay pension for life.

But notwithstanding all this historical evidence, a few Paul Prys of a Pennsylvania town, where Molly Hays lived after the war, on no evidence that would convict an old stray cat, so far as the public is informed, declare that she drank grog and swore, and one gallant fellow says she was rough in appearance and manners, and had bristles on the end of her nose! Another says that (in her old age) she drank and swore. One woman says the same. And Molly's granddaughter, while admitting that her grandmother drank grog and used language not the most polite, says she was a kindhearted woman and helpful to the needy and the poor.

The Pennsylvania legislature had passed an act appropriating \$2,000 to erect a monument to Molly Pitcher, but on this evidence, believing these prying, tattling old busybodies instead of General Greene and General Washington and congress, and Historians Lossing, Bancroft, Greene and others—all who have written histories of that war—Governor Pennypacker vetoed the bill. This, however, might be expected of Pennypacker, who has proved before that an exceedingly small man can rattle around a little in quite a large place.

This evidence against Heroine Molly Pitcher necessarily relates to her conduct and speech as an old woman, after a life of who knows what hardships and trials and temptations subsequent to the time when in the midst of shot and shell, 22 years old, she jumped to the gun and served it in that blistering heat beside the dead body of her young husband? Probably these old scandal-mongers exaggerated her faults, but what business is it

of Pennypacker's or anybody else if she had these faults? They did not alter the fact of the heroic deed. Did the old scoundrel who said she had bristles on her nose—which it is a thousand to one she hadn't—suppose that mar to physical beauty detracted anything from the merit of her deed? And even if she was a saucy and unconventional young woman when with the army, what difference does that make either? The deed was all the same. The army was not an opera nor a Sunday school convention.

If Molly Pitcher drank grog, we are willing at this late day to forgive her that weakness; if she swore, we imagine that as in the case of Uncle Toby the Recording Angel as he wrote the record blotted it out with a tear; but if in that awful, crucial day at Monmouth she was going back and forth amidst shot and shell as an angel of mercy, and only left that work to carry on her slain husband's fight, she shall be to us, and we wot to the American people, spite of the talebearers and Pennypacker, an American heroine still, and always.

A CHIEF CAUSE OF CRIME.

WHAT class of news is the greatest in volume day after day? Crime. Wrongdoing of one degree or another, all the way from petty pilfering or begging to murder. People who pursue the even tenor of a lawful way usually do nothing to make news. Therefore crime, at least perceived crime, is abnormal, out of the ordinary, and so is news. But there is an immense amount of it, so that unless a crime is itself unusually atrocious, or in some way unique, it is only minor news; little attention is paid to it.

How many readers of the daily papers ever stopped to consider this dark flood of crime to which every city and many villages and rural communities daily contribute their several murky and malodorous rills and rivulets; the vast number of violent and unlawful deeds that go so far to make up the sum of the world's news? And if many readers have done this; did they consider further what caused a great proportion, perhaps we might say a majority of these crimes?

Yes, you have read it, heard it, given it a passing thought, and are ready with the answer—whiskey. Meaning by whiskey what the early temperance advocates meant by "rum"—any liquor that intoxicates. If nobody ever became intoxicated in the least, crimes would still be committed in the land, but they would be comparatively few, and news would be scarcer. This is the debt of the press to "whiskey."

At A. a man was stabbed and perhaps fatally injured, after a carouse. Whiskey. At B. there was a drunken brawl and one man had an eye gouged out and another his teeth knocked down his throat. Whiskey. At C. two men who had quarreled and parted met again and

The President's Submarine Trip

From the New York American. The president took his place beside Lieutenant Nelson, who held the wheel during the first part of the maneuvers, and the lever was opened which allowed the water to rush into the fore and aft chambers. Down shot the submarine, and she did not stop until the keel rested upon the bottom of the sea, where she remained fully 20 or 25 minutes, while the marines eagerly inspected the gearings and asked the functions of each particular lever. The water at this point was about 20 or 30 feet deep, but it was quiet, and the submarine rested without the slightest motion.

When the president had satisfied his curiosity Lieutenant Nelson again moved the lever, and as easily as she had sunk the Plunger rose to the top again. Then followed a series of maneuvers, in which the boat dove in the fashion of a great fish, now prow first and then the "tail," now prow first and then the "tail."

As he became accustomed to the action of the vessel, President Roosevelt expressed a desire to control the wheel, and Lieutenant Nelson complied with his request. In order to accustom him to the working of all the gearings, the boat was first raised entirely to the surface, and President Roosevelt drove her ahead for a distance of nearly 200 yards. The realization that he was really at the helm of a submarine boat, and that she was obeying his command as swiftly and perfectly as it had those of Lieutenant Nelson, caused the president intense enjoyment, and he laughed with the glee of a boy who had acquired a new toy.

Again the boat was allowed to sink to the bottom, and the president himself moved the lever, which filled the front and rear compartments. Lieutenant Nelson never left the executive's side, however, and it was at his direction that Mr. Roosevelt moved the levers. Then followed a series of maneuvers called "porpoise diving," which in actual warfare would be one of the most important movements against the ships of an enemy.

In executing this the possible swiftness of the peculiar craft was vividly demonstrated and accurately carried out. The intention was to show the president how it was possible to sight a distant battleship and then disappear before the guns of the other craft could be trained to any sort of aim. With incredible swiftness and with hardly a quiver the Plunger rose to the top of the waves, and then, turning nose

Sentence Sermons.

By Henry F. Cope. Care calls to prayer. Waiting works wonders. Some men think that grace grows by grumbling. Most doubts would die if we did not dodge them. Love and laws rule the world. Only those who love the world can live above it. Happiness rests on thoughts more than on things. Many of our crosses come from our crooked ways. Some churches that claim to be working for men are only working men. Nothing hurts the feelings of the stuffed martyr worse than letting him alone. Holiness without heart is but a hindrance to humanity. The robe of righteousness is not the same as the cloth of the clerical. Never put off to tomorrow the meanings you might as well give up today. Giving with grunting may be worse than withholding. It is always much easier to get interested in making art dollies for Hot-

both shot, one or both being killed. In the meantime they had loaded up on—whiskey. In D. a man in the presence of his family of small children cruelly beat his wife because she had no money to give him to buy more—whiskey. At E. a young man of good family and education was arrested for getting money on a spurious check. His downfall was due to—whiskey. At F. a man was hanged, and on the scaffold he warned his auditors to beware of what took him to that fatal circumstance—whiskey.

And so it goes. As everybody knows, eliminate whiskey—using the term generically—and we largely eliminate crime. There is no doubt about that. So that the prohibitionists need make no apology for their existence. Yet we are not for wholesale prohibition, because for practical and potent reasons, which have often been stated, it is not yet practicable. The saloons in large communities at least, is as yet a necessary evil.

The thing to do then is to encompass the whiskey-selling business with rigid regulations, and require strict compliance with them, under the certain penalty of loss of the license to sell the stuff that produces so much crime—and the higher the license, up to a pretty stiff figure, the better. Let the whiskey-selling business, continue to be a legitimate business, for thus only can drinking and consequent crime be handled and restricted, but compel those engaged in this business to toe the mark of the law exactly at all points. This is the best that can be done; this much society owes to itself.

We know that it will be said: "You are all wrong; it isn't whiskey that causes crime, but the misuse of it; you might as well say that there should be no pistols because by one's use a man may commit a crime." We don't care to split hairs about this; the whiskey is here, it is misused, and crime results. We cannot prevent men from misusing the stuff any more than we can eradicate it from nature; so, again, we should do the best we can to make those who dispense so dangerous a substance comply with stringent laws for the regulation of their business.

When the fair is over the streetcar company should seriously consider the question of running hourly cars on the principal lines of its system. There is a large and increasing number of night workers employed in the city and unfortunately these cannot always catch the midnight or last 12:30 car. Unfortunately, too, most of them live at a considerable distance from the center of the city and therefore find it too far to walk to their homes. As a result they are obliged to stay up until the first car at 6:30 starts forth, which is a great hardship. We know of no innovation the company could introduce which would be more popular with more people than the owl car.

downward, plunged with a breathless motion down into the deep again. The sinking and falling of the craft was so bewildering that it produced a sort of seasickness among those in the hold. It was the only time Mr. Roosevelt felt any discomfort, although it was not serious enough at any period to conflict with his enjoyment. At times the president was compelled to hold lightly to the sides of the cabin, and he realized then, if he did at any time of the voyage, the terrible dangers to which the crew of a submarine boat is subjected on all occasions. As in the previous exhibitions, President Roosevelt himself later took the wheel and made it rise and dive a few times.

Barre details of the method of a submarine's plunge eclipse in interest the fanciful evolutions of Jules Verne's Nautilus. When the order to dive is given the chimney and airshaft are withdrawn to the interior in a dozen seconds and the opening is hermetically sealed. Water is taken into compartments designed for that purpose, changing the specific gravity of the boat and causing its nose to sink into the water. The depth to be attained is regulated automatically. When the boat dives valves are opened from the tanks which contain air condensed under a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. In this way the air inside the boat is kept in good condition for many hours. When the air gets hot it is necessary for the boat to come to the surface, for the foul air can be pumped out. Even when the tanks holding condensed air become empty a float with a hose attached is released. When the nozzle reaches the surface of the water the tanks are refilled under pressure.

A tube with a simple arrangement of lenses and mirrors enables the members of the crew to examine the surface of the water in every direction while the boat remains entirely concealed. Special devices provide against every conceivable accident. When it is necessary to check the downward movement of the boat quickly the touch of a button connecting with a compressed air compartment releases the air and drives the water out of the compartment, thus lightening the boat.

While the submarine boat is able to stay for a long time under water, its field for maneuvering is necessarily limited, as, despite the clever arrangement of the mirrors, it is necessary to be nearsighted while it remains below. When a hurried ascension is desired compressed air is released in the various compartments and the water in the outer compartments is expelled.

Indians Not Farmers.

From the St. Louis Republic. After many long years of earnest effort to make farmers of the Indians the government has finally been compelled to acknowledge that the experiment has proven a failure. Today less than 5,000,000 of the 20,000,000 acres of tillable land in Indian territory is under cultivation, and even that small proportion is cultivated in a crude, haphazard manner that gives only a hint of the bounteous returns which its marvelous fertility is capable of. It is evident folly to withhold this magnificent empire of agricultural and mineral wealth from development, so the bars have practically been lowered and a new field of untold wealth opened to the advance of civilization and progress.

The result is that thousands of ambitious Americans are turning their eyes to the Indian territory. Large numbers of them have already gone there, either to inspect or locate, other hosts are on their way, and multitudes are getting ready to go. The total land area of the Indian territory is 31,400 miles, about that of the state of Indiana. The population in 1890 was 130,132; in 1900, 282,000, or an average yearly increase of 21.67 per cent. At this rate the population at the close of 1903 was 550,000, and at the end of 1904, 800,000. Unquestionably, however, these figures are far below the mark.

Work for Wizard Burbank. From the San Antonio Express. When Wizard Burbank has avoided from his experimentation in agriculture a colossal corn and a seedless watermelon, he might turn his attention to an odorless onion.

Sermon for Today

THE SENSE OF THE UNSEEN

By Henry F. Cope.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—II Cor. 4:18

LOOKING at things not seen. The sounds like the faintest of a gong. Yet it is plain fact, not a fiction, and certainly essential to any success. He is blind who can see only with his eyes, and he only is sensible who knows things are many things beyond his senses. Practical men consider all the factors to every problem and things are not less real to them because they may change to be intangible. The unseen things are imminent to the blind there are many things there are pigeon-holed by our science, not catalogued by our philosophies. You can dissect a daisy and enumerate its parts, but you never know a daisy until you have seen it. Many things are not seen until you have felt the subtle appeal of its beauty. Bobbie Burns says more of the daisy than the greatest botanist without his spiritual eyes.

The danger is that our hard work away we shall forget the reality of the unseen, we shall get to think that gold and steel and laid are the only real things, and we shall shape ourselves by the things that are seen, of gold, and steel, and laid. How easy it is to make every man by his possessions intangible things. How easy to make these our chief end in life, to slight the real prizes, the unseen things that are so close at hand or already possessed while we rush and strive for the rain bow of riches.

Deep within us we know that he is rich, and he alone, who has wisdom. The danger is that our thoughts, which create kindly thoughts, whose life with simple joy abounds. Once again and often do we need to see Bunyan's picture of the man bonding over his life, the hands are falling helpless by his heedless of the angel holding the crowd that only waits his taking.

A man is wealthy according to what is within him. His greatness is of the things that are unseen. There are limits to the possession and the use of the things that are seen; but who shall set a limit to a man's possible wealth in love and honor, his wisdom and in loyalty. In all the things that make up the soul of man? Fear is the thing that a man may hold for his own all the days of his life, and fewer still are those he may grasp with pleasure when his hands are falling helpless by his heedless of the angel holding the crowd that only waits his taking.

Many a man walks through the fields penniless and yet richer far than they who hold the things that are seen, the flowers bloom, to his eyes there are beauties in the blue beyond all words and all the loveliness of the fair land lifts his heart within him. The other side of the hill the little seeds are nothing beside them. Possession is wholly a matter of appreciation. The earth is the Lord's and he gives it to those who have eyes to see. It is the eyes to see the unseen that give wealth to the seen. Values depend on vision. Appreciation does not prevent possession; it makes the possession actual. And the vision of the realities behind things keeps a man from a sense of desolation when all things are taken from him. He cannot be destitute. He may lose all his felicitous, but he cannot be friendless; the Father of Spirits cannot lose him, nor can he hold the things that are seen, who who die more.

The seeing eye is the stimulus to the worth while endeavor. The inventor who has enriched the world, endured desolation behind things, keeps a man from a sense of desolation when all things are taken from him. He cannot be destitute. He may lose all his felicitous, but he cannot be friendless; the Father of Spirits cannot lose him, nor can he hold the things that are seen, who who die more.

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HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Still, Still With Thee.

By Harriet Beecher Stowe.

[Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe, Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1812—Hartford, Connecticut, July 18, 1895.] While the fame of Mrs. Stowe will always rest on her first novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she is the author of three hymns which have passed into general use. "Resting in God" as this one was first called, made its appearance in 1852 in the Plymouth Collection, a hymnal prepared by her celebrated brother, Henry Ward Beecher, for use in his services. While perhaps hardly ranking among the foremost hymns, it is found today in all the great collections. It is especially suited to smaller gatherings and to family devotions. Still, still with thee, when purple morn'g breaks, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee; Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Darest thou meet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows, The solemn hush of nature newly born; Alone with thee, in breathless adoration, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber, His closing eye looks up to thee in prayer; Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings, But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee; O, in that hour, and farther than day's dawning, Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee!

Curious, Isn't It.

From the Kansas City Times. It is remarkable how much more a receiver can learn about a bank's affairs than the examiners are usually able to find out.