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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1915.

Dress is a becoming jewel, but ladies of the best taste do not cover themselves with it.

A World in Pawn

WILL Europe ever pay its war debt? The aggregate debts of the Powers a year ago were about 18 billions of dollars. By the end of this year they will aggregate about 30 billions of dollars. So quickly does a war of this sort put the world in pawn. In fact, should the conflict continue two or three years the annual interest on national debts would amount to as much as the debts themselves amounted to before the war. And even then the burden was so great that society had became intolerant of it.

A sort of confiscation, instead of direct repudiation, might be accomplished by a graduated income tax, although many of the national bonds are guaranteed against taxes of any kind. It is reasonably certain that the principles of democracy will receive a great impetus if Germany is defeated, and repudiation might not be unpopular to an electorate. A yoke may in time become too burdensome for a people to carry.

A world in pawn! Who will take it out? Or will it remain in pawn for generation after generation, until debt and evidences of it, wealth and poverty, our whole economic system and our civilization have been thrown into the discard?

A Foretaste of What May Be

SOME idea of what would happen if the persistent baiting of business by Government could cease can be obtained by those who read the stock market reports intelligently. While it would not have to decision of a subordinate court that the United States Steel Corporation is not a trust—in which was followed by such a boom in all the other corporation securities as has been seen for many a day. Now, if a court decision can increase the confidence of the investment community in such an extent, what would be the effect of a decision by the Supreme Court that men who are doing their best to obey the law are not criminals?

Clean Drink or None

WHEN the liquor men of Pennsylvania banned the cabaret they took a big step toward the salvation of their interests in the State. But when they declared "that false breaches of the license laws were responsible for the local option and general Prohibition waves," they told a half-truth when so creditable to their perspicacity. There are a dozen other sinister features of the liquor trade which have raised this fierce onslaught. The cabaret is only one. If the men who have invested their millions in the distilleries of America want their bacon, they must make a clean sweep of the adventitious corruptions of their business.

The Fountains of Hope

This should be the year of years for the graduate. Already the voice of the stumbling-stilled; we hear fewer jibes at the insensity of youth for reforming the world. The rough graduation orations. The pulse and not quite so satisfied with itself as it beats. Shefore last August.

"Young men are not always wise; neither are aged understand judgment," said Job. Socrates wrote: "Not by years but by discretion is wisdom acquired."

Not in such thoughts alone is to be found the infinite value of the bands of young men and women who are leaving pleasant academic shades for the Great Commencement. This year's sad tale sharpens the perception that it is not knowledge acquired which lends value to these youths. We have had it each twelvemonth these many years, and—there stands battling Europe.

Perhaps it is the fondest of foolish hopes; but whence is a new temper toward life to come if not from youth broadened by learning? How is fresh and more kindly humanity to spring into resistless being if not through the new generation?

Those who knock at the warring gates today may still nurse the venom that has made century-old tragedy of man's intercourse with man. But where else is there hope?

Why the Arms Contract Comes Here

WHEN the Remington Arms Company wanted to make a million and a half guns for Russia in the shortest possible time it knew that Philadelphia companies had with the machinery and the men fitted for the work. The reputation of the manufacturing plants controlled here is world-wide. Indeed, the metal-working men in other cities know more about the capabilities of this city than the average Philadelphian knows. The Eddystone plant of the Baldwin Locomotive Company, which is to make the guns, is admirably adapted to the work, and can turn out guns with a rapidity and a precision which would make Lloyd-George envious if he could find in England similar efficiency.

The Baldwins are said to have other war contracts, which they secured because of the fame of their metal-working machinery. The Cramp mills here, changing iron and steel into tools and machines, are as famous as Baldwin's. Their competitors are familiar with them, and with the advantageous locations of sixty-five miles of that kind. But the world does not yet know it also. They ought to understand that a city which has been chosen as the headquarters for some of the biggest industries in the nation is a suitable home also for the smaller industries.

Our citizens are standing at the door of a wider opportunity that awaits their opening. All that is necessary is for them to have the imagination to picture to themselves the expansion which is possible for them, and the courage to begin to expand. They will find the nation eager to buy their wares, just as the Baldwins are profiting by the reputation of Philadelphia for alertness and efficiency when big tasks are to be accomplished.

Mr. Taft Is on the Right Track

MR. TAFT is right when he says that the present is not an inopportune time for considering the prevention of wars. When peace comes the world will be ready to adopt some plan for settling international disputes more reasonable than by the use of all the engines of destruction which the wit of man can devise.

The rule of peace must come through the rule of righteousness and justice. It has come in the American federation of States through the agreement of the States to settle their differences through judicial channels. The United States Supreme Court, which is the final arbiter in all great disagreements here, has been the wonder of the world. Students of government have expressed their admiration for it ever since it vindicated its creation more than a century ago. It is the triumph of the Constitution. Mr. Taft thinks that an international Supreme Court, on which shall sit representatives of a group of the great Powers, can do for international good will and for international law what the American court has done for order and justice in a single nation. He may be unduly optimistic; but he is on the right track.

Every student of the question is well aware that the authority of national courts rests really upon force of arms. There is power somewhere to enforce their decrees. It is evident that the decrees of an international court must also get their authority from the international force behind them. International peace will be measurably near when an international army and navy is called out to enforce the decree of an international Supreme Court against the losing litigant in that tribunal.

Baleful Borrowed Bathing Suits

EVERY little while some city official goes clear out of his way to hunt for trouble. Just now it's Doctor Ziegler on the danger of strange powder puffs. He not only tells the vacation girl to stop using friend Gertie's rice powder when her nose is in danger; but, once and for all, he puts the ban on the borrowed bathing suit.

The motive is all right; but when will these philanthropic public servants learn that human nature is human nature? Gertie and Amie are going to trade clothes and cosmetics to their dying day; and it's quite possible that the next world will hear remarks such as, "Lend me the loan of your halo-polisher, Emily."

When good Doctor Ziegler says that a shiny nose is better than lumbago, appendicitis or any of the other myriad consequences of borrowed powder puffs, he simply displays his abysmal ignorance of the eternal feminine.

What Draws Us Back Home?

A BALTIMORE boy, who ran away to work on a Montana ranch, got as far as Chicago when he saw a strawberry shortcake in the window of a restaurant. It reminded him of home. He spent his last dime for a piece of what he thought was the delectable confection such as his mother used to make. Instead, it was the sham shortcake of commerce, and his disappointment was so great that he went to the police and asked to be sent back to Baltimore, where there was real shortcake and a real home for a wandering boy.

He was no different from the rest of us. The real home means comfort and satisfaction. Sometimes the satisfaction appears in the form of a juicy beefsteak, brown and crisp on the outside and pink on the inside, served hot from the broiler. Sometimes the comfort consists in a kind word spoken at the end of a hard day, and a smooth and soft hand resting on the shoulder or the brow, with a friendliness that there is no mistaking.

The home is the product of the woman in it. No landscape or portrait produced by smearing colors on a piece of canvas; no arrangement of words in that peculiar and fascinating mosaic which we call literature; no production of modulated and harmonious sounds known as music, can compare with the creation of a real home. The task is worthy the best endeavors of every woman to whom the opportunity offers itself.

The Baltimore boy's shortcake was but a type and symbol of what home meant to him. It was not merely a combination of flour and shortening, cream and berries. It was the spirit that had combined them for his delight, had placed them before him on the table and watched him with pleasure as he indicated his approval of the efforts to please him. It drew the boy back again. The same ministering of comfort will hold the husband and keep him from wandering, and make home to him the divinest place on earth, combining as a famous Scotchman remarked, "the pathos and sublime of life."

Steel now goes back to the old spelling.

Sixteen to one that Borglum's mask of Bryan is a speaking likeness!

There are evils to war against much more threatening than champagne sauce.

Sir Joseph Porter Daniels is going to investigate "the pass-examination at the institoot."

As a token of King George's 50th birthday, Russia thoughtlessly made a present of Przemysl—to Germany.

We do not know in what language Germany's notes are written, but President Wilson uses plain United States.

Cleveland will discover, as it entertains Mayor Blankenburg, that Philadelphia knew what it was about when it elected him.

That Fox Chase farmer who caressed his horses and cows with a baseball bat and had to pay $10 for it, will be more tender hereafter.

While Germany apologizes for the sinking of the Eldridge, she cautiously "coppers the deal" by sinking another Norse boat, the Cubano.

A natural lack of harmony is enough to account for the defeat of the Scranton Junger Mannerchor at the Brooklyn Saengerfest. The chorus included 26 Germans, 71 Welshmen and 14 from Ireland.

THE DOCTORS MAYO, COUNTRY SURGEONS

Together They Have Done Some of the Great Work of the World in a Franciscan Sisters' Hospital in Minnesota.

By RAYMOND G. FULLER

FAME went seeking the Mayo brothers and found them in the little Minnesota town where they have lived since boyhood. The Mayo brothers have never sought fame, but only success. They have won success because success is very much like doing faithful work and good. They have been visited with world-wide fame because good and faithful work will out, despite any amount of modesty.

Their work, as the Rev. Dr. Hillis has remarked, has made Minnesota "the State in which the Mayos live." The railroad, having taken cognizance of the same fact and having noted the extraordinary number of passengers bound year in and year out for the country town in which St. Mary's Hospital is located, runs extra Pullmans back and forth between Chicago and Rochester. A well-beaten path, albeit a railroad, has been worn to the door of the Mayos.

The Aphorism of the Mousetrap

Above the desk of Dr. William Mayo hangs a card bearing in illuminated print an appropriate quotation from Emerson. It is the gift of a former patient and reads as follows: "Have something that the world wants—and though you dwell in the midst of the forest it will make a pathway to your door." The aphorism of the mousetrap, which has been variously and controversially ascribed to Emerson, Elbert Hubbard and others, may have been derived from this passage, but at any rate it was in the mind of the distinguished Professor Pozzi, of the French Academy of Medicine, when he wrote, in English, after a visit to Rochester: "On the wall in William Mayo's office hangs one of those many-colored mottoes that usually reproduce Scripture texts and are so dear to the Anglo-Saxons. It bears a quotation from Emerson, which, as I remember it, runs, 'If a man can preach the best sermon, write the best history, or construct the best mousetrap, he can go and live in the woods and the throng of visitors will wear a path to his door.' A path first, and then a highway, have thus been worn to the door of the Mayo brothers. I counsel my French colleagues to make, in their turn, surgical pilgrimage."

Rochester is a mecca for wealthy and poor who suffer from the afflictions to which the flesh is heir, and a place of pilgrimage for the physicians and surgeons not only of this country, but of Europe and the Orient and South America. Great doctors travel to Rochester to undergo serious operations. Great doctors travel to Rochester to observe the methods of the Mayo brothers and their staff of specialists. The 200 beds of the hospital are kept constantly full, and as patients are moved out to convalescent hotels just as soon as their condition will allow it, an average of about 15 serious operations a day are performed. At the downtown offices in the course of a year 25,000 persons apply for treatment. Physicians and surgeons from the United States and foreign countries visit the hospital in such numbers that a club is maintained for them, and a building especially adapted for their accommodation has recently been erected. The number of these professional visitors reaches 3000 in a year. There are also in regular attendance at Rochester many scientists from universities all over the world who have gone there to do research work. Only the other day the announcement was made that through the generosity of the Mayo brothers the University of Minnesota is to establish a part of its graduate medical work at Rochester for a trial period of six years.

Why is it that the Mayo brothers have sometimes been called "the two greatest American surgeons" and Rochester "the greatest surgical centre of the United States"? Few discoveries of new methods of treatment or of surgical cures for malignant diseases emanate from St. Mary's. Professional visitors do not expect to learn principles from their observation of the Mayo brothers. What they do find to study and admire is a magnificent hospital organization and a faultless surgical technique. They find the discoveries and methods of every great surgeon applied at St. Mary's with ultimate sureness and accuracy. And so the Mayo brothers and St. Mary's Hospital and Rochester are famous.

After the Cyclone

"It is not something different from the surgery of today generally that is being accomplished at St. Mary's Hospital," says a man eminent in the medical profession. "It is only our present-day surgery, done with such care and attention to detail, with such nicety of precision as regards the observance of aseptic precautions, and such skilful technique that the best possible results are being obtained. It is not what is being done that is different, but it is the method of the doing that has been refined to the last degree."

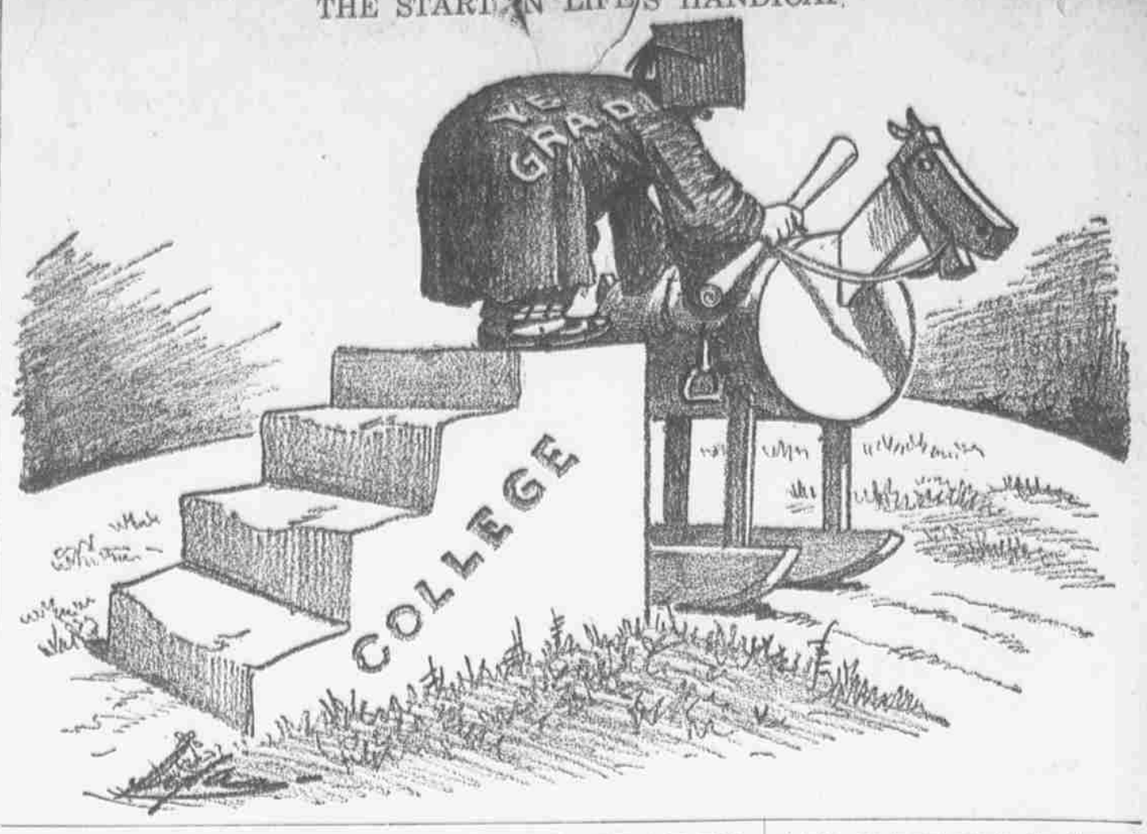
They are young men yet. Dr. William is 54; Dr. Charles, 50. Their father, W. W. Mayo, who died not long ago after passing his four score years and ten, was a country doctor in Rochester when in 1891 a cyclone struck the village. Two score people were killed and many were injured. In caring for the injured Doctor Mayo and a number of Franciscan Sisters co-operated. The next year the Sisterhood founded a hospital in Rochester, and Doctor Mayo was asked to take charge of it. He accepted. The two Mayo boys came back, William on graduation from the medical department of the University of Michigan, and Charles with a degree from the Chicago Medical College (now part of Northwestern University), to take up the life of country doctors and assist their father at the hospital.

The three had no thought of making St. Mary's famous, but only of doing their work in the very best way possible. The "boys" took turns visiting clinics in the country and abroad to acquire knowledge of all new methods. Now they keep up with the times by sending members of their staff on similar errands, and sometimes going themselves. Of course, they have made discoveries, they have improved on methods. And perhaps it is incorrect to say that principles are not to be learned at Rochester. For at least one great principle is there exemplified—the principle of thoroughness. It is displayed in the acquisition, the organization and the application of modern knowledge in medicine and surgery. It reveals itself in superlative efficiency.

THE FIRST THING TO DO

A workman bent on good work will first sharpen his tools.—Confucius.

THE START IN LIFE'S HANDICAP



IN BEHALF OF JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES

He Isn't a Horrible Example, After All; At Least, Not to Mrs. Jack—Though He's the Butt of Efficiency Experts, His Lot Is a Happy One

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE Jack-of-all-trades has always been the butt of the moralists and proverb-makers—nowadays we should say of the efficiency experts, since efficiency seems to be the new morality. The Jack-of-all-trades is supposed to be master of none, and to furnish a horrible example for all aspiring youth who feel the itch to do about 75 different and equally fascinating things. But there are two people whose ideas on the subject might be somewhat different—the Jack-of-all-trades himself and his wife.

Let us take up the latter first. Consider the advantages, from her point of view, of being married to a man who can tend the furnace, install new batteries in the doorbell, put on the double doors, mend the screen doors, hang the pictures, relay the stair carpet, raise all the family vegetables in the back lot, repair the clock, thaw out the plumbing, mend the wringer, help John with his algebra, teach Sue to spell, glue the broken round into the dining room chair, fix the sitting room table, hook her up before the dance, put new hinges on the front gate, weed the pansy bed, make a cement spillway for the base of the water spout, construct a bird bath, suggest a program for the Thursday Morning Club, make little William a bow and arrows and a willow whistle and a box for the new pigeons, raise hens, glue the head on Sue's doll, make a baby house out of an old "commode," rig up a stand for the geraniums in the window, and so on and so forth, including the driving, cleaning and general care of the automobile.

A Great Comfort Is Jack

The Jack-of-all-trades doesn't earn as much as other men. He doesn't have to! Think of all the money he saves his wife in household expenses, to say nothing of telephone tolls and the annoyance of waiting for the men to come! A Jack-of-all-trades must be a great comfort 'round the house.

But the person who is most unconsidered in all this moralizing over the Jack-of-all-trades is that person himself. Has it ever occurred to anybody that he may be quite satisfied with his lot, and is getting something out of it that the moralists never dream! Nevertheless, he is. You and I, who if we can sell bonds couldn't mend a clock to save our souls, or if we can argue a case in court couldn't grow sweet peas with 16-inch stems if our lives depended on it, or if we can keep books couldn't build a bookcase, may be extraordinarily proficient each in his line, but we have a very limited command over the whole of our environment, and if we are scornful of the Jack-of-all-trades, way down deep in our hearts, perhaps, that is rather due to a sneaking envy of his superior attainments. At any rate, he, Jack himself, is serene in his creative joy. He is master of his environment. He is artist in any medium, from mahogany to manure. He is not the helpless slave of a gardener, a carpenter, a plumber; he is gardener, carpenter, plumber.

"Do one thing well," says the efficiency expert.

"Rats!" says Jack-of-all-trades. "Do a dozen things well! Why stop with one? Is my garden any less successful than my neighbor's, which he has to hire tilled? Isn't the edging of the cement walk a good bit neater than the work which is done by the village mason? And you ought to see the cedar chest I built for my wife!"

"But meanwhile what becomes of your business?" asks the efficiency expert triumphantly.

Jack Explains Himself

"I might say, that is none of yours," replies Jack, "but I won't. It is getting on very nicely, thank you. And right here I'll tell you something which perhaps you never guessed. When I come home from my business I forget it. I bury that side of me. I bring out a new side. I become an artist in cauliflowers, or I go to my work bench and create things with wood and nails and varnish. I don't do this because it is 'efficient' (a horrid word, nearly as bad as 'duty'), but because I like to. I like to feel that I'm not a poor, helpless, one-sided ribbon clerk or ticker-tape worm, but a man with hands and feet and brains who could have done what Robinson Crusoe did. As a matter of fact, when I go back to my particular bread-winning job Monday morning, however, I find I'm rather more 'efficient' than some who've been worrying over it all Saturday and Sunday. Still, that has nothing really to do with the case."

I know a very wise and famous medical specialist, who is certainly highly successful at his trade. But if you go up into the attic of his house you will find a room fitted up with tool benches, metal lathes, and every appliance of a machine and carpenter's shop. Here he spends many hours of his time, forgetting his patients, and manufacturing steamboats 3 feet long—both hull and engine, furniture, rifle sights and a hundred other things. If he wasn't a doctor he would be a machinist. If he weren't a machinist, he would be a carpenter. If he weren't a carpenter, he would be something else, from a stonemason to a big game guide. The reason he is such a good doctor is because he has the capacity to be something else, because his command over his environment in other lines gives him increased command over his specialty.

The old-fashioned Jack-of-all-trades, who made his living first by one and then by another, may have been a rolling stone who gathered no moss (there is something to be said for the rolling stone, too—think how much more of the world it sees, and the polish it gets!); but even he usually had a charm of character and a delightful resourcefulness. And he was father to the modern Jack, who is the better in his specialty because he rides so many other hobbies well—or shall we say that he rides so many other hobbies well because he is a broader, bigger man than his fellows? At any rate, this much is certain—he has a much better time, he gets more out of life!

SAN MARINO CASTS THE DIE

Thirty-eight Square Miles of a Fourth Century Republic Added to War Zone

SERVIA, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Germany, France, Luxemburg, Belgium, England, Montenegro, Japan, Italy, and now—this crowning entry in the National All-Comers should be printed in great primer—SAN MARINO. Thursday the smallest republic in the world, the oldest State in Europe, and the most contented land in civilization, joined in the international outdoor sport of casting the die for war.

Some people may think the matter of small import; but historians will set immense store by the act, because it is technically impossible. San Marino has never been at peace with Austria; how can it now declare war? In 1870, when the dual war of Italy and San Marino against Austria was patched up, the violent little republic absolutely refused to sign the treaty of peace. It showed its martial temper clearly enough on January 8, when it refused to receive the commissioners that Germany proposed sending to inspect its wireless stations and see why they were not strictly neutral.

The material effect of San Marino's entrance into the war on the side of the Allies must, of course, be discounted, however the morale of the late occupants of Przemysl may be bolstered up by the news. For, in spite of conscription from the ages of 16 to 60, the army of San Marino numbers only 950 men and 38 officers. According to some authorities, this means one officer to every square mile of territory. Others, however, put down 30 square miles as the area. In estimating so small a space with such cumbersome units of measure, mistakes are natural.

At any rate, San Marino puts Luxemburg to scorn. The Duchy has 998 square miles, and offered no resistance to German advance. San Marino's 11,439 people (counted, by the way, on the last day of December, 1906), are up in arms to a man. Much more densely populated than Andorra in the Pyrenees, where 5332 people are spread over 125 square miles of land, San Marino has given a prompt and decisive answer. Germany hasn't yet dared to advance.

What does the future hold for this land, set on a precipitous cliff of the Apennines? If Austria-Hungary takes a day off to conquer it, the proud independence of 1600 years goes under. If the army of San Marino captures Vienna the corruptions of that "Paris of the East" may leave the simple happiness of this historic land blighted.

Democratic and paternal, individualistic and yet tinged with Socialism, the Government of San Marino has brought peace and harmony to its citizens. There we find no chance for autocracy. Not one President, but two. Not two terms, but a single one of only two months, with two years between officeholding. As for the Socialism, the Government employs two doctors who supply free medical service to all citizens. The Presidents—or regents, as they are called—exercise a monopoly in salt. The Republic has its own stamps and coins, as well as seven policemen. Finally, the two official uniforms of the regents are owned and furnishedto the incumbents by the State. If they don't happen to fit—well, that is the fault of the electors.

If the curbstone cabinet is at all inclined to underestimate the importance of all this, the vital meaning to the Teutons in the rediscovery of this enemy of forty years' standing, let it remember that San Marino is just about the size of the 35th Ward of Philadelphia. Napoleon respected its integrity a hundred years back. Italy did not try to absorb it in the unification of 1860. Look out, there, Franz Joseph! K. M.

THE GERMAN TOUCH

Poultney Bigelow, in the New York Times, quotes a letter which he has received from "the man who, more than any other, insured the success of America at the last Olympic gathering of athletes in Stockholm. He is universally respected as a captain of industry; an enthusiastic patron of amateur sport, and a man of wide travel and sound judgment."

The letter refers to incidents at Stockholm:

"Germany was represented by an exceedingly strong, able and very delightful set of men, all highly educated. All three could speak with equal fluency in the official languages of the congress, namely, English, French and German, and you would pick out that delegation prima facie as the one wielding the greatest influence in the convention. Yet, through some lack of tact or delicacy of touch, they could do nothing with the convention. When they presented some amendment to our rules, using as their sole argument that the Kaiser or Prince Max wanted it, one did not wonder that it was voted down. As they had on their list a number of propositions, some of which we in the United States were in favor of, I suggested to them that, as they had a great many things to look out for, it would perhaps save time if they would let the United States take charge of at least part of them. At first the suggestion was received with surprise—almost as an insult; but after a little further experience with the temper of the congress they agreed to turn them over to us, and we had them rushed through the congress as noncontentious matters. Our good services were recognized, and after the congress adjourned the German delegates gave me a dinner in acknowledgment of my services.

"I tell you all this to make this point: That, with all their ability and many good points, the German delegates never once sensed the reason why they themselves could not carry things through the congress. They antagonized people, not knowing that they were antagonizing them, precisely as they are doing now in the United States."

SOME NOTABLE ARCHERY

In the days when the buffalo was found in vast herds on the Western plains there were Indians who, while riding at a gallop, could send an arrow through a buffalo's body. Remarkable as this archery was, it did not equal that reached by the archers of ancient times. It is of record that the MacRaes, of Gairlock, Scotland, were such skilled archers that they could hit a man at the distance of 500 yards. In 1794 the Turkish Ambassador at London shot an arrow in a field near that capital 415 yards against the wind. The secretary of the Ambassador, on hearing the expressions of surprise from the English gentlemen present, said the Sultan had shot 500 yards. This was the greatest performance of modern days, but a pillar standing on a plain near Constantinople recorded shots ranging up to 800 yards. Sir Robert Ainslie, British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, records that in 1797 he was present when the Sultan shot an arrow 972 yards.

HUMAN EFFICIENCY AT PANAMA

General Goethals, in Scribner's.

That contentment leads to efficiency was fully recognized at the beginning of the enterprise, and had resulted in the adoption of a broad, generous and what seemed to me a very wise policy in regard to the force.

OLD CAMPMEETIN' SINGIN'

I.

We don't have stylish music here, to heaven's
high gates a-ringin',
But high an' low the joy we know of old camp-
meetin' singin'.
It has more music than the bells you'll hear in
many a steeple
An' when it soars to Zion's shores it elevates
the people!

II.

Sweet hymns of hope to souls that grope where
shadows dark are driftin',
While light shines down from Zion Town an'
all the clouds are liftin'.
We sing the shore that lies before, to which the
lights are leadin',
The Promised Land of shinin' strand, the fairer
fields of Eden.

III.

We sing the fine, old-fashioned hymns to tune-
ful numbers given—
The ones the angels of the sky must love to
hear in Heaven;
The hymns our mothers used to sing, that tell
the old, sweet story,
That bring the comfort of the Cross and glimpse
the Land of Glory.

IV.

It's then you see the brethren rise from Life's
surroundings dreary
To read their titles in the skies where rest is
for the weary;
They sing with voice an' heart an' hand, set
free from all repinin',
On Jordan's stormy banks they stand, but see
the lights a-shinin'!

V.

An' comes a cheerin' word from far, Love's
message to deliver,
Of where the many mansions are, beyond the
last deep river;
An' on their souls it's then it seems the greater
blessin's fallin',
They see the bright, celestial streams where
Home an' Heaven are callin'.

VI.

An' when our time has come to go—when
earthly ties we sever
With all the friends we're lovin' so, 'twon't be
good-by forever!
For we'll wave hands from brighter lands,
they'll hear the home-bell ringin',
An' there we'll welcome them at last with old
campmeetin' singin'.

—Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.