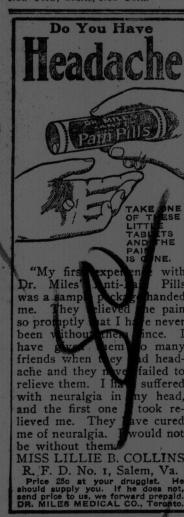
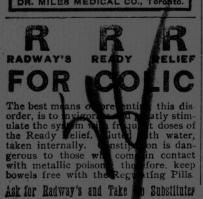
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

PORT OF ST JOHN.





n, Aug 6-Ard, str Philadel. Sir Wilfrid's Special in Collis-

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

KANSAS By John J. Ingalls

ANSAS is the nucleus of our political system, around which forces assemble, to which its energies converge, and from which its energies radiate to the remotest circumference. Kansas is the focus of freedom, where the rays of heat and light concentrated into a flame that melted the manacles of the slave and cauterized the heresies of state sovereignty, and disunion. Kansas is the core and kernel of the country, containing the germs of its growth and the quickening ideas essential to its perpetuity. The history of Kansas is written in capitals. It is punctuated with exclamation points. Its verbs are imperative. Its adjectives are superlative. The commonplace and prosaic are not defined in its lexicon. Its statistics can be stated only in the language of hyperbole.

The aspiration of Kansas is to reach the unattainable; its dream is the realization of the impossible. Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Kansas, having vanquished all competitors, smiles complacently as she surpasses from year to year her own triumphs in growth and glory. Other states could be spared with irreparable bereavement, but Kansas is indispensable to the joy, the inspiration, and the improvement of the world. It seems incredible that there was a time when Kansas did not exist; when its name was not written on the map of the United States; when the Kansas Utopia were unknown.

I was a student in the junior class at Williams college when President Pierce, forgotten but for that signature, approved the act

Utopia were unknown.

I was a student in the junior class at Williams college when President Pierce, forgotten but for that signature, approved the act establishing the territory of Kansas, May 30, 1854. I remember the inconceivable agitation that preceded, accompanied and followed this event. It was an epoch. Destiny closed one volume of our annals, and, opening another, traced with shadowy finger upon its pages a million epitaphs, ending with Appomattox.

Kansas was a prologue to a tragedy whose epilogue has not yet been pronounced; the prelude to a fugue of battles whose reverberations have not yet died away.

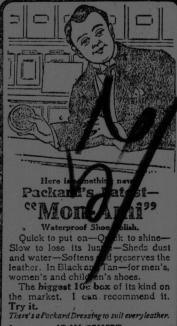
Floating one summer night upon a moonlight sea, I heard far over the still waters a high clear voice singing:

To the west! To the west! To the land of the free.

To the west! To the west! To the land of the free. Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea; Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil, And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.

THE ALBERT GATE MYSTERY

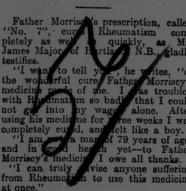






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