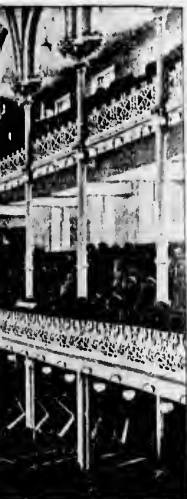


Peace all over the
While that lasted
of vituperation and

swords and cannon
Penn, the peaceful
rang his broad-brim
us? We cannot
"corners" in wheat,
eresting to turn up
oken in twenty-nine



population on Fourth

hardly a Northern
ercial establishments
ne blue and you who
of the Potomac in
the North and you
breaking each other's

ern man married a
our children are half
between the North
on proposed with the
ng half to the North

and half to the South. No! there is nothing so hard to split as a cradle. Intermarriage will go on and consanguineal ties will be multiplied, and the question for generations to come will be, how we people in America got into such an awful wrangle and went to digging such an awful grave trench.

Again! we have a better climate than in any other nation. We do not suffer from anything like the Scotch mist or the English fogs or from anything like the Russian ice blast or from the awful typhus of Southern Europe or the Asiatic cholera. Epidemics in America are exceptional—very exceptional. Plenty of wood and coal to make a roaring fire in winter time. Easy access to sea beach or mountain-top when the ardors of summer come down. Michigan wheat for the bread, Long Island corn for the meal, New Jersey pumpkins for the pies, Carolina rice for the queen of puddings, prairie fowl from Illinois, fish from the Hudson and the James, hickory and hazel and walnuts from all our woods,



NEW YORK BAY, CASTLE GARDEN AND STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Louisiana sugar to sweeten our beverages, Georgia cotton to keep us warm, oats for the horses, carrots for the cattle, and oleomargarine butter for the hogs! In our land all products and all climates that you may desire.

Are your nerves weak and in need of bracing up? Go North. Is your throat delicate and in need of balmy airs? Go South. Do you feel crowded and want more room? Go West. Almost anything you want you can have. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, plenty to read.

Yes! yes! I have seen the world for myself, and I come home more in love with America than ever before.

What a delightful time this noon to be sailing up the New York Harbor! The fact is, I am afraid of the sea. Few people confess it, but I must confess it. With few exceptions it has treated me well. But this Atlantic voyage is one of the exceptions. So also was the shaking up we got the first night out from San Francisco, and the last night before reaching