Some gatherings!
The writer met an elderly railway
man a short time ago in a
young man full of health,
Niger & ability. We were
together in a Pullman car for
several hours. At first
he told me of his father's career
as an officer of volunteers and
when he discovered that I
was a soldier also he drew
me out on some war
experiences: as a form of
leisure he had found
a new listener to his old stories.

The last remark this young
man made to me was to this effect: "Oh, Sir, there is
nothing heroic left for us
to do!"

What brought this interchange to
The writer met the occasion

Frisco's great triumph on the

We're doing more than just

Helping in a delightful way

 settled a formidable can

for ambitious leaders. The plan

for the war of peace indicates a

to make the war of revolution

eternally.

We have a God who calls us

patience.

and the future of

under its own guidance for the

to form a new

and demand

and freedom.

to its instruction to do so.

was

now free from

to the

wrote: "At that moment I

the

in the

Mark Twain. The

I am

Mark Twain. The

I am
mind was a talk I had on the elevated road yesterday evening with a highly spirited young man quite another type.

So thin every day is filled with heroic chances even the densely populated streets of New York City afford constant opportunities for the highest reaches of heroic endeavor.

Here is an instance which be cited in graphic pictures and fierce words than my sketch.

Substantially he said: On the night before Christmas I was walking down the street just at twilight. I passed an old woman bent with age and roughly clad, carrying a large
The notes are too illegible to transcribe.
bundled on her head. I was wondering at the peculiarly shaped burden it might be old clothing, or it might be new coats or mantles which she was taking home to finish. The bundle was a big one and as she started to cross the street she 

heaved and tottered in dodging canning, cable car and carts that kept blocking her way. Suddenly before she could reach an opposite corner, a clean space appeared for her comfort. Men drove safety around that corner a large wagon, hauled by two strong horses. The wagon was loaded to the brim of high. The cannon once more struck the poor woman down
Greatly in need of work on our new
preparation equipment. The 7th is a
particularly critical date. We must
have a usable instrument by then.

The need for more personnel is
becoming more acute with each
passing day. We cannot allow our
research to fall behind because of 7th
July.

Insufficient supply of materials is
also a problem. We must ensure a
continuous flow of supplies to
continue our work.

Please expedite the shipment of all
necessary materials as soon as
possible.

We look forward to your timely
response.
fell bundle & woman in front of the left front wheel. Quicker than a
sudden burst, or calling wagon.
Two young athletes (I half suspect that my informant
was one of them) sprung
forward, caught the team,
stopped horses & wagon, as if
an air break had been
applied to a locomotive. Then
one acting as tendere.
Now gently & tenderly as if
it had been his own mother
raised the poor gnat
lady, while the other put back her
bundle into its place.
As I glanced at the two. These
young gentlemen men serving
her to the safety of the curbstone
side walk.
"Sir," says my informant I can
you beat that mile green.
old war stories!"

"No, I did not attempt to do so. For ten minutes
more he regarded me with
other heroines.

He showed how high-minded
healthy youngsters can
daily during wounds
in saving women with
baldies whose horses in
hedges are running away
in fury & fright; how
children & even nurses
are constantly rescued
from water grasps.

"Yes, he said; 'what is more
these heroic actions are so
customary among American
boys that they never think
they are doing anything worthy
of note or record.'
I don't know why.

After this, the main problem remains.

I think we should move forward.

Let's consider the following options:

1. Option A
2. Option B
3. Option C

We should evaluate each option carefully.

I would suggest we start with Option A.

Let's make a decision.
After an instance had been brought forward when a splendid young woman, Irene Mc— with ease stopped a runaway team by seizing the halter of the nearest horse, & rescuing a terrified family from imminent destruction.

Thus railing in quickness, nerve & gallantry the 
'male-sep. the 'flying
station was called &
mine heroic tale was
served.

Behold a soldier's epitome:
as I went down the long
stairway I said to myself

The spirit of the brave men of
of 1861 has descended to their
children.