

creek runs near the home where fishing is good. At night, Brown, his wife and the children all occupy one bed. When they lie down ~~at night~~, they all sleep with their faces to the right. When a member of the family gets tired and wishes to turn over, the tired one simply says, "turn over" and over they all go with their faces the other way. It is a kind of mechanical process.

One day Brown and his son John went to the creek to fish. After a time when the fish refused to bite, Brown got sleepy, <sup>e</sup> stretched himself out on the log and was soon in the land of dreams. ~~John~~ John could not resist the temptation to play a joke on the old man; he touched his father and said, "turn over." Old Joe thought he was in bed, made the turn over <sup>r</sup> fell into the water and waked up a wetter if not a wiser man.

I am so much like Joe Brown that when I am asked to do anything, ~~we~~ I respond mechanically. While I am from Kentucky where eloquence is said to grow on the trees, is found in the babbling brooks and in the very air we breathe, yet I must say that from some cause I never did catch the disease, or if so the attack was very mild. I am however a man who is <sup>in</sup> earnest <sup>about</sup> ~~what~~ what he undertakes. I believe in convictions and in doing things. If from any cause I should in my effort on this occasion <sup>fail to</sup> measure up to the standard you have set, or <sup>if</sup> I fail to meet your expectations, then I suggest that you take out your spite on the committee who is responsible for this affliction.

You are however in for it for awhile. I promise you that if I am not a very great speaker that I am not a very long one ~~either~~. I shall quit when I get through. My advice to you during this time ~~will~~ will be that of the preacher who was comforting the widow Smith. Her husband had taken sick and died. The pastor of his church was called in to preach the funeral sermon. Brother Smith dead, <sup>was</sup> ~~had been~~ a good man, really better than his wife had suspected. In fact most of us our better <sup>e</sup> corpses than

we are living bodies. A few days after the funeral the parson went over to condole with sister Smith.

He said, "I know you have suffered a great loss, your life is a lonely one and words of mine are not sufficient to heal the wounds. Therefore I would ask you to read the Scriptures, for in them you will find much to comfort. Sister Smith said, "yes I have already found much to console me from the reading of the Bible." The preacher asked her what particular verse or passage had been to her, the most blessed. She replied, "Where it says, grin and bear it, ~~for a better day is coming~~ for I will send you another comforter."

If you find that my effort should be a bore, a disappointment, or an affliction, grin and bear it, remembering that the comforter will come after awhile, *that is when I quit.*

Ladies and gentlemen, I am certainly glad that circumstances are such that I have been permitted to come to your beautiful city and that while here I am to be your guest, I hope before I return home that I shall have an opportunity of meeting with more of you, of getting better acquainted and that you too shall at least not be sorry that I have been among you. I am a stranger among strange people and yet to a certain extent I feel that I am among friends, who if tested and tried would be as true as *those* ~~though~~ I have in another state. The Bible exhorts us to be careful that we entertain strangers, as thereby some have entertained angels unawares. However I am no angel, nor do I want *to* be one for a good many years yet to come. Heaven is no doubt a good place, I expect to get there some time, but just at present, Kentucky and Illinois are good enough for me or any body else.

This is my first visit to this portion of your state. I have been here only a few hours, but during that time I have discovered that you are very much the same kind of people as *those* ~~though~~ who live on the other side of the Ohio river. Your men seem to be just as brave and kind as

as those of other states. And let me say right here that all the pretty women do not live in Kentucky. You have them here and in abundance. I know of but one woman in Kentucky who is better looking than your women here and that is my wife. Of course, to me, she is about the finest and handsomest there is any where on top side of this globe.

Now when it comes to talking about women, I feel that I am approaching something that is almost hallowed. In my state, where I was in the newspaper business for many years, I was always regarded<sup>ed</sup> as the champion of the gentler sex. I am by women like I am by strawberries. It may be that the Lord could have made a better berry than a strawberry, but if so He failed to do it. It may be, and yet I doubt it, He could have<sup>ed</sup> made something better than a good woman, but if so, he failed to do it.

Six thousand yeras ago when God saw proper to speak into existence this great world of ours, he saw that it was necessary to people this globe with animated beings. In that creation, he began the first day with the very lowest order of things. The next day there was an improvement and so on from day to day until the evening of the fifth day. He was pleased with his work. On the sixth day he said, "Let us make man in our own image and likeness" Then man was created, but a little lower than the angels. He was pleased with the job, though perhaps aftewards<sup>ed</sup> it might have been a partial failure.

But it was not good for man to be alone, so woman was created. She was the last and the very best. When the woman was given to the man, it was that she should be a compa<sup>n</sup>ion, a help-meet and not his slave. He was strong of arm that he might protect her ~~best~~ beauty and her virtue. The two looked out upon the world, he was the king, she the queen, the authority of the two the same. By transgression the first pair lost their estate. The blame for this indiscretion seems to rest on the mother of us all and from that day until the present, too many men have been trying to excuse themselves by hiding behind the women.

After the transgression<sup>pr</sup>, time rolled on, nations came on the stage of existence and passed off while other<sup>s</sup> took their places. The dark ages came on apace at which time the women were but little more cared for<sup>or more highly regarded</sup> than the dogs that slunk at the heels of their masters. Woman was of no importance except to bear the burdens, while the lords of creation<sup>off</sup> ~~in riotous living~~ spent their time in riotous living.

There are still however ~~some~~ some sections of this glorious country of ours where the women are but very little better treated than they were centuries ago. A few years ago a man who had some money to invest in property went into the mountains of the eastern portion of Kentucky on a tour of investigation. Near noon, he rode up to a cabin by the <sup>way</sup> side ~~of the road~~, in front of which sat a man surrounded by a half dozen dogs. The stranger asked if there was any chance to get his dinner.

He was invited to get down and come in. The man said his wife would be there in a short time and would prepare<sup>a</sup> something to eat. Very soon the woman came from the field driving a yoke of half grown steers. She had been plowing and as soon as she put up and feed her work oxen she came in and was told to get dinner ready. When the table was set and while eating, the stranger asked the man of the house how he liked that country and what about it being a good place in which to live and make a living.

<sup>Mountaineer</sup>  
The ~~farmer~~ was delighted. He spoke of the fine fishing, the abundance of game and the easy life he led. <sup>The Stranger</sup> He turned his attention to the patient wife and asked her what she thought of the country. Her reply was, "it is fine for men and dogs, but it is hell on women and steers."

But woman is fast coming into her own. She is rapidly forging to the front. In the schools and colleges of the country it has been determined that mind is without sex. The brother and the sister enter these institutions of learning and it is not infrequently the case that *She*

outstrips her brother in the race for education and comes off more than victor in the contest. Women are entering the various professions and in all these they are making good. As a physician she almost heals by her touch and her presence, as a wage earner she commands the respect of all honorable men, as a trusted employe she has never been known to embezzle the funds intrusted to her care and skip to another country.

There are those who are inclined to look on this state of affairs with more or less alarm, but for myself I am glad to see the women day by day taking hold of the things of life and making things happen. While it is not my intention just now to enter into a discussion of woman suffrage, neither to urge or oppose the move, yet let me tell you very plainly and frankly that the time is not very far distant when women everywhere will be permitted to go to the polls and cast their votes for such men and measures as most appeal to their better judgment.

I believe the average woman is as well qualified to vote as is the average man. If she were permitted that privilege her vote would almost always be cast for that which is best in society and good government. Of one thing we may all rest assured, when the ballot is put into the hands of the good women of this country, the red-nosed, blear-eyed, drink-sodden politician will have to hunt for another job.

I am warned that it is about time that I were getting to my subject. I have taken up so much time in preliminaries that very little *time* is left for the subject that I wanted to discuss. I am however like John, the young man who was courting Mary. He had an engagement for Sunday evening. Like a good girl, Mary had told her mother that John would be there that night and that they would talk over matters of importance to them both. When John arrived, both Mary and the mother were in the parlor.

When he came in he was greeted and took his chair in the farthest corner. Mary got into another corner. This was a kind of blind for the mother. Very soon the mother left the room, as all good mothers do.

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Her room adjoined the parlor. She could hear the talk, though could not understand what was being said. The young people soon discovered that they were sitting just a little too far apart. Very soon the chairs began to move to a common center. As the <sup>4</sup> got closer together, the <sup>was</sup> lower the conversation and by the time the chairs got right up side by side, the mother could hear nothing.

She came to the conclusion that Johan had gone. She walked into the hall, listened and could hear ~~nothing~~ <sup>No sound.</sup> Then she said, "Mary, is John there yet?" Mary very sweetly answered, "no, <sup>Ma,</sup> but he's getting there as fast as he can." I am perhaps not there yet, but I am getting there ~~as~~ as fast as I can.

As this is a re-union, a kind of a home coming of old soldiers who were engaged in the struggle of the sixties, it is expected that something shall be said in regard to these perilous times, which are a memory to many of us. But I do not propose to deal in war stories, or recount the deeds of heroism <sup>of that</sup> who engaged in the struggle, the one side for the preservation of the Union, the other for the establishment of another and a newer government. All this is history and may be found in any of the libraries of the homes of the people. This can be read and studied at leisure.

We cannot afford now to live in the past. The past is gone forever and it comes back to us only in memory, bringing thought<sup>s</sup>, which we would gladly forever banish from our minds. We are living in the present<sup>s</sup> with bright hopes of what the future may have in store for us.

The war between the states, the Rebellion, or the Civil War, call it by what name you please, was not a war that brought with it only evil. I believe there was more good than bad in it. It took some of us a long time to make this discovery, but it is none the less true.

We might briefly refer to conditions as they existed prior to the war. There was then a real North and a real South. The two sections

of the country were separated by a wall of prejudice, of misconception and of bitterness that was almost as formidable as the great Chinese wall. The northern man who visited the south either for business or pleasure was regarded <sup>with</sup> suspicion by the people with whom he came in contact; while the man from the south met with but very little more favor or affection if he should make a trip into the north. It was a part of the religion of the southern man to believe in slavery as a divine institution, while the religion of the north believed that human slavery was the works of the devil.

This is illustrated by an incident that occurred on a train in the state of Ohio some time in the fifties. Wendell Phillips of Massachusetts, an orator of national repute and an abolitionist was on his way to Cleveland to make a speech in support of his <sup>peculiar</sup> doctrine. On the same train were several preachers who had been attending a conference. One of the preachers made bold to approach Mr Phillips and introduce himself.

Said the Preacher, "you are trying to free the negroes?" "Yes said Mr Phillips, <sup>my heart</sup> I am on my way to Cleveland to speak for the cause that is so dear to ~~me~~." "Are not most of the <sup>peculiar</sup> ~~preachers~~ where you are going already abolitionists" was asked by the preacher. The answer was "yes." Then said the preacher, "Why don't you go south where the people need the teachings of your doctrine? Try to save the south."

Mr Phillips looked at the man rather quizzically and said, "I believe <sup>2</sup> you are a preacher?" "Yes <sup>2</sup> sir" was the reply. "You are trying to <sup>lost</sup> save souls are you not?" "Yes sir" said the preacher. Then said Mr. Phillips, "why don't you go to hell <sup>to preach</sup> where there are plenty of <sup>lost</sup> souls?"

Had Mr. Phillips gone to Charleston, South Carolina to make his speech, instead of Cleveland, Ohio, there would in all probability have been a funeral, with Mr. Phillips as the man in the hearse. Had some fire-eating southerner gone to Cleveland to deliver a slavery speech the probability is that he would never have returned to his home in the south with an unimpaired body. Neither section of the country could, or would tolerate the other.

This state of affairs could not continue forever. It was a country divided against itself. War was the result and for four long years ~~it~~ there was the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the shedding of blood, the loss of life, the expenditure of millions of dollars, all attended with a feeling of doubt as to what would be the final outcome.

It is not my province to discuss the merits or the demerits of this strife. Neither shall I attempt to either justify or excuse any for wrong position taken, nor apologize for the mistakes of my friends. The time for recrimination has passed, we must forgive and be forgiven.

"There <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ so much good in the worst of us,  
 So much bad in the best of us,  
 That it ill behooved any of us,  
 To speak ill of the rest of us."

We of Kentucky feel proud of the two leading characters ~~during~~ who were prominent figures during the troublous times of the sixties. Abraham Lincoln ~~was~~ was born in LaRue County, Kentucky February 12, 1809 and at the age of about 21 became a citizen of your state, afterwards being elected president of the United States. His body rests at the capital of your state. There is not a true Kentuckian who does reverence the memory of this great man.

~~Jefferson Davis, who became the president of the Southern Con~~



Jefferson Davis, who became the president of the Southern Confederacy was also born in Kentucky. His birthplace was in Christian County. He was born the 6th of June 1808, being nearly one year the senior of Mr. Lincoln. He in early age went to Mississippi where he was prominent in the affairs of his state and of the nation. His memory too is revered by all good Kentuckians. Neither Lincoln nor Davis has his defamers on Kentucky soil. Their memories are alike sacred to us.

It is unnecessary at this time to more than casually refer to the days of reconstruction, readjustment and reconciliation. The war of course left many wounds, but time has healed these and in most instances even the scars have been obliterated. No longer are the two sections of the country arrayed one against the other. No longer is there ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> North and the South as they were in the days of long ago.

The terms North and South are now used, not so much to designate the people occupying these two parts of the country as it is to describe a united country geographically. There is now no North, no South, no East, no West, except as a term of geography, but a united country ~~people~~ <sup>are</sup> whose people all loyal to one flag and whose interests are the same.

That the people of the South long ago accepted the situation as it was forced upon them by the terms of surrender are as loyal to this government as ~~any~~ any of the people of the nation, was demonstrated during the Spanish-American war. When the news was flashed round the world that the Maine had been blown up in Havana harbor and war was declared against Spain, the old rebel of the South in his gray and tattered uniform was just as eager to avenge the insult as was the Federal soldier who had laid aside his blue coat and returned to <sup>his</sup> fireside after the fall of the Confederacy. ~~Side by side~~ ~~the old soldiers~~

Side by side fought the men who forty years before had been arrayed in deadly conflict against each other, and by their side fought their sons who were inspired by the heroism of their fathers. Loyalty to the flag, loyalty to the government, loyalty to our institutions is not confined to any one portion of the country, to any one political party, but is the heritage of every good citizen of the nation.

We have the greatest country with the greatest opportunities of any upon the face of the ~~globe~~<sup>earth</sup>. It is frequently the case that these blessings are not appreciated as they should be. We are also living in the greatest and best of ages of all the ages past. There is an opportunity for every one who will take advantages of these as they present themselves. The humblest citizen may by his own efforts become the president of the United States. The young man, and even the young woman, though handicapped by poverty may rise and become the future millionaires of the land. Our possibilities are limited only by the energy and good judgment put forth in the effort to succeed.

It is said that one time a few years ago a number of statesmen were collected together at <sup>a banquet in</sup> one of the European capitals. In that body of men the leading nations of the earth were represented by some one or more who were able to speak in defense of the country of his birth or adoption. Toasts were being drunk. In response to these each speaker lauded his country and boasted of its greatness.

The Italian boasted of <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ blue skies and the Eternal City; the Frenchman spoke of the fine wines and his beloved Paris that furnished the fashions for the world; the German claimed the greatest universities of learning of the age; the Russian boasted of his country, though apologizing for her cruelties; the Chinaman spoke of his walled city and his ancient institutions; the little Japanese of course boasted of his

proress in wars and of his advancement in civilization; the Englishman, always boastful, bragged of his navy, the extent of his territory and of his conquests by sea and by land.

In the assemblage were three American citizens from different portions of the United States. The first one to respond was from New York and he said, "Here is to the United States the greatest country of them all. We are bounded on the East by the Atlantic, on the West by the Pacific, on the North by the Lakes and on the South by the Gulf of Mexico!" He sat down, when a Californian ~~rose and said~~, "Here is to the who felt that justice had not yet been done his country rose and said, "Here is to the United States, a country that is bounded on the East by sun ris<sup>e</sup>, on the West by sun set, on the North by the North pole and on the South by the South pole."

A Kentuckian who had up to this time kept in the back ground felt that he could add more to the glory of his country rose and said: "Gentlemen, I have listened with interest to what you have all said in reference to your various countries. I am glad to see such loyalty on your part. Since this banquet ~~has~~ commenced the United States has been growing at a rapid rate. My friend from New York is a century behind time, my friend from California has awakened from a dream. Here's to the the United States, greater than all other countries on earth, ~~greater greater~~ greater than all other worlds ~~combined~~. It is bounded on the East by the beginng on time, on the West by the end of eternity, on the North by the aurora borealis and on the South by the ~~australalis~~ australalis."

I have no patience with the man who lives in this country and who is its enemy. We need that every citizen shall be a loyal citizen. Ex-president Roosevelt recently while on his great trip to other countries, in delivering an address at Oxford University, said among a other good things, "while we should be vigilant against foes from without,

yet we need never really fear them so long as we ~~are~~ <sup>our</sup> safeguard households from those within."

The man who lives in this country and who does not appreciate his opportunities and the blessings that are his, is a fool. He is almost the kind of a fool that Parson Earle described in his text one night while preaching for / the edification of his congregation. The parson is a colored citizen of Madisonville. He was born in slavery and never had an opportunity of attending any of the schools and colleges of the country. The other colored preachers who have come on of late are educated and they are inclined to turn the cold shoulder to brother Earle. It is a rare thing he can get to occupy any of their pulpits.

A few ~~was~~ years ago one of the pastors of one of the colored churches was going to be absent one Sunday evening. Parson Earle sought the opportunity to fill the pulpit on that occasion. Before going to the church that night he invited two or three of his white brethren to go to hear him. They went out of respect, more than for the purpose of being edified. After a song, then followed a long prayer in which the preacher prayed for every body and everything.

When it came time to preach, the parson rose in all his dignity and said, "Brethren, I can't jest remember where my te-xt may be found, but it is as follows, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not is a damned fool.'" ~~==~~ After the sermon was over one of the brethren said to him, "Parson, you did not quote that text correctly. It should have been, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, while he that believeth not shall be damned.'"

"Ah, well," said the parson, "What am de difference? If a fellow dont believe and is damned, aint he a damned fool any way?" While I would perhaps not use <sup>the adjective</sup> just exactly the expression used by parson Earle, in speaking of those who do not believe this is the greatest country in the ~~world~~

could

yet I am free to say that he is anything else than a desirable citizen.

I am glad that I have lived to see the day when the people of this country are more nearly one than ever before in the history of the nation. We are living in a day of union and oneness when it comes to making this a greater and better place for the habitation of man. The religious denominations of the world, while differing in forms and ceremonies are more nearly united for taking the world for Christ than ever before since Christainity was first known.

With but few exceptions the people of the North and the South have laid aside ~~==~~ their animosities and they now meet as friends. Occasionally ~~there is to be met~~ we meet an "un-reconstructed rebel," who perhaps never fired a gun during the war, unless it were from ambush, who seems to regret exceedingly that the southern army did not succeed in killing every fellow who wore a blue coat and was found south of Mason and Dixon's line. In the north there are a few "unsatisfied belligerents" who stayed at home and fought with their mouths, who seem to think a mistake was made in not killing every rebel found in the United States. They are however growing scarcer year by year as the good Lord is taking them out of the world.

These fellows are being side-tracked by those who smelt the powder and felt the steel of battle. They should meet the fate that befell Deacon Jones. In one of the small towns of Kentucky a few years ago there was a man who owned a newspaper. He wanted to make it a power in his town and county. In order to learn something about how to run a paper he went <sup>to</sup> a city to get some ideas. While walking the streets of the city he passed by the office of one of the large dailies. In front of this was a bulletin board, some-thing that was entirely new to the country editor.

He asked what it meant and was told that the latest news was bulletined thereon. It was not long before a dapper fellow came out with

with a piece of chalk and wrote, "10 o'clock-Col. Smith very sick." This was followed ~~in~~ in a short time with another bulletin which said, "Later 1030 o'clock, Col. Smith dying." After a half hour this was followed by another bulletin which said, "Latest, ~~at~~ 11.00 o'clock, Col. Smith, dead."

The country editor went home with a new idea. He prepared a bulletin board so that he might be ready in case any prominent citizen was sick or dying that he could let the world know it. It was not long before Deacon Jones of the Baptist Church was taken seriously ill. Here was the opportunity of a life time. The editor wrote, "10 o'clock, Deacon Jones very sick." at 10.30 another bulletin <sup>was</sup> ~~made~~ "later", said, "Deacon Jones dying." At 11.00 o'clock the bulletin read, "~~at~~" "The latest, Deacon Jones gone to heaven."

At 12 o'clock a wag passed by and wrote, "Still later, great excitement in heaven. Deacon Jones not arrived yet." ~~At~~ At one o'clock another wag added ~~this~~ this information, "Deacon Jones ~~lost~~ side-tracked and lost in the shuffle." I feel that it is time to side-track and lose in the shuffle, not only the "un-reconstructed rebels" and "unsatisfied belligerents," but men everywhere who are not willing to do their part in making this world better by their having lived therein.

I have perhaps wearied your patience almost past endurance. A few more words and I am done. The brave men who fought for either the stars and the stripes, or the stars and the bars are rapidly passing out of this world. Their ranks are being thinned by the unconquerable enemy-death. It will be but a few years at most until the last one shall have answered the last <sup>old</sup> call and will go into the great beyond where all differences shall be healed and where there shall be a re-union that shall last through all ~~ages~~ <sup>eternity</sup>

I know of no words more fitting with which

to bring this address to a close than the closing words of William Cullen Bryan's Thanatopsis:

"So live that when thy summons comes, to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About <sup>and</sup> him lies down to pleasant dreams."