

WHICH DO YOU ENDORSE?

At the democratic state convention held in Louisville on the fourth of this month, there were two women delegates, each of whom were centers of attractions. They were women of perhaps equal intellect, both of fine address and each equally popular with the audience.

Mrs. Faulconer said in one of her speeches before the convention that she was "for the democratic rooster, no matter which way he flies or where he lights." This of course met with applause. Mrs. Sandifer followed and while proclaiming her democracy said she was "for the democratic rooster only so long as he flies straight and with all honor." This speech was also applauded.

As between the positions taken by the two ladies we very much prefer that of Mrs. Sandifer. It is we believe the more patriotic. "But our country right or wrong," as quoted from the toast given in honor of Commodore Stephen Decatur more than a hundred years ago at Norfolk, Virginia, is not complete. The perforce is "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right."

Condoning a wrong it matters not by whom or party has never as yet made a right. Davy Crocket was correct when he said, "be sure you are right, then go ahead." There has in the past with all political parties been too much blind partisan blundering. Condoning crimes in parties simply to be "regular" is liable to make such a party political criminals.

So far as we are concerned we want the democratic rooster to fly as straight as an arrow and to hit the center of the target. We have had too much wabbling in all parties in the past. The democratic party has not always lit in the right place. It has in times past fallen into mud-holes and swamps. So have all political parties. That the women are to become voters, we believe they are going to demand the very best there is, clean government. With them it will be principles first and parties after.

AS THE DAYS GO BY

Let me be a little kinder
 Let me be a little blinder,
 To the faults of those about me;
 Let me praise a little more;
 Let me be when I am weary
 Just a little bit more cheery;
 Let me serve a little better.
 Those that I am striving for.
 Let me be a little braver
 When temptation bids me waver;
 Let me strive a little harder
 To be all that I should be;
 Let me be a little meeker
 With the brother that is weaker;
 Let me think more of my neighbor
 And a little less of me.
 Let me be a little sweeter;
 Make my life a bit completer,
 By doing what I should do
 Every minute of the day;
 Let me toil without complaining,
 Not a humble task disdain;
 Let me face the summons calmly
 When death beckons me away.
 —Detroit Free Press.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

By J. J. Glenn

May 18, 1920

FUNERALS THEN, AND NOW

The last two years have been ones of deaths and funerals. The "grim monster" has taken his toll and it has been a heavy one. His visits have become so numerous and sometimes so sudden, that unless the call has been made from our own fire side, we give only a passing thought to the great throng that has gone to join the "silent majority."

These thoughts cause us to let our mind go back to the times of which the younger generation call the "long ago." Yes, people sickened and died then as they do now. But the country was sparsely settled, neighbors lived far apart and when a death occurred, the whole community was shocked. There were no strangers, all were acquainted and all were touched.

The dead was laid out on a plank, a reed or stick was cut, then on this was marked by a knife the length of the body, another notch to show the breadth of the breast and one more to indicate the depth needed for the enclosed departed. This was taken to some jack-leg carpenter who was in the habit of making coffins for the neighborhood. Caskets were unknown—they were simply coffins.

When this rude box was completed, it was taken to the home of the deceased, the body having been dressed for the occasion was enshrouded in a sheet and placed in its receptacle. The farm wagon, drawn by oxen, horses or mules was driven to the gate and friends bore the lifeless form to the conveyance and then the march was made to the grave-yard which was next the old log-church.

There was no plumed hearse, drawn by prancing steeds, no long train of flower girls to lead the procession, no lengthy discourse in which the deeds of the dead were eulogized, but with a solemnity as if in the presence of death, the coffin was lowered into the open grave that had been prepared for the reception of the former friend and neighbor. The heart-rending shrieks of the immediate family, the weeping of friends and then to saddened homes

to await the final funeral services at some future time.

It was a rare thing that any minister of the gospel was present on these occasions. He lived too far away and furthermore his services were needed later. What had taken place was simply the burial. What was known as the funeral was to take place at a more convenient season, perhaps months a head, generally at a time in the year when all could collect to pay their last "sad respects."

Then, preaching was only once per month. May and June were usually the months for funeral discourses. The preacher always made announcement before hand the date at which the funeral of brother Smith or sister Jones would take place. The timely notice gave ample opportunity for all to attend the coming event.

These funeral occasions always brought out the crowds. Perhaps sister Jones had been dead six months or more. By this time it may be the bereaved husband had dried his tears, had donned a new suit of clothes and

was casting about for another wife or perhaps sister Smith had wiped her weeping eyes, bought a new bonnet and was looking for a new mate. That however cut no figure in the case. It sometimes happened that the lonely one had become impatient and had entered into another matrimonial life.

The preacher felt it to be his duty to do his very best. Time was no particular object, therefore if he wanted to talk an hour or two in expatiating on the virtues of the deceased, no one, except the young people objected to his long, discourse. The preachers then were like some of the editors now, when it came to speaking of the dead it was necessary to overlook the faults magnify the virtues of the dead and land the subject in the middle of the city of the New Jerusalem.

There was one blessing if not more, especially for the poor; these funerals and burial expenses were almost nothing. The coffin cost perhaps ten dollars, there was no hearse hire, the farm wagon served the purpose, no funeral notices nor printing of any kind, no new clothes, the whole thing at a cost of a few dollars. Neither did the editor have to strain his conscience in writing up the death notices of departed worth. How things have changed.

THE UNEXPECTED HAS HAPPENED.

For more than thirty years there has not been a circus in Madisonville, until the one here last Wednesday, which we did not witness, generally being about the first under the tent and the last to get home. But we missed the great Wallick commotion that opened in our home town. From some cause the management of that aggregation failed to call and leave for our use the little paste-board that would secure admission. We hardly know whether to feel slighted or complimented. We are however slowly recovering from the shock.

JAMES P. WATSON, who had a half dozen aliases, and was said to have been married to more than a dozen different women and to have murdered about one half of these has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life by a California jury. If he behaves himself right well for eight or ten years, he will no doubt be pardoned and will again be on the matrimonial market. And there will be plenty of foolish women who will be ready to take the risk of mating with the racial.

THERE IS ONE OLD PHRASE IN

all political organizations that seems to have fallen into innocuous desuetude and that is, "we view with alarm" Perhaps the clapper to the alarm bell has been lost or the old bell so cracked that it will not alarm. "Denunciation" has become the tocsin of war, particularly in republican gatherings, especially if Woodrow Wilson's name occurs to the writer or speaker.

NATHAN STRAUSS, A MILLIONAIRE of New York declares that it is a "crime to die rich." Editors and newspaper men, as well as teachers and preachers have long since agreed with Mr. Strauss, as these gentlemen rarely ever leave enough property to be buried decently.