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THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1928

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

For President
ALFRED E. SMITH
of New York

For Vice-President
JOS. T. ROBINSON,
of Arkansas

For Congress
FRED M. VINSON
of Lawrence County

A CANDIDATE COURAGEOUS

Owsley Stanley, we think, epitomized the acceptance speech of Governor Smith in one sentence. Said Mr. Stanley:

"The outstanding feature which marks every line of Governor Smith's notification speech is that transparent honesty, his flawless courage."

"That," said the former Kentucky senator, "the red blooded American will admire most admires, whether he agrees with him or not." And we think that is true.

Al Smith's attitude is in refreshing contrast to the time-serving wet-dodging, dry-talking politician to whom we have become accustomed in recent years. His speech delivered at Albany last Wednesday needs no explanation, to make it intelligible to anyone who can read. It will not be interpreted one way in the north and east and another way in the south and west. You know what the man means, without interpretation. And in unequivocal terms, at times. You know that he is not afraid to speak his mind, though it costs him votes.

Josephus Daniels, in editorial correspondence from New York says that Republican leaders in the east are construing Mr. Hoover's pronouncement on Prohibition as most liberal and are hoping to catch lots of wet votes thereby. One can't imagine such construction being placed upon any paragraph in Governor Smith's address at Albany.

Alfred Emanuel Smith may go down to defeat, but even his detractors must honor him for the dauntless courage with which he faces issues. Whether he wins or not, his candidacy will have ranked the return after many years, of honesty and courage of conviction in a political candidate.

AN APPEAL FOR HELP

The Mercury is in receipt of an appeal for help from the President Vogel of the Cumberland Falls Protective Association, which has its headquarters at Corbin. It is as Mr. Vogel says, an "S. O. S." call.

Nearly everyone dislikes to "write letters," but as a Kentuckian who distains to see our water power rights, as well as one of the major scenic beauties of the nation turned over to the Power interests, The Mercury urges its friends to write the members of the Federal Power Commission, protesting against the rape of Cumberland Falls.

Mr. Vogel's letter follows:

Corbin, Ky., August 22, 1928

Dear Friend:

This is indeed an S. O. S. call.

Have you read Mr. O. C. Merrill's report on the Cumberland Falls project to the Federal Power Commission?

Now is the time for every man, woman, and child who is interested to protest against Mr. Merrill's recommendation.

The commission must know Kentucky's feeling which has been grossly misrepresented by our governor. The people of the nation's capital can only know what Kentuckians and their friends really want as we make our views known unto them.

May I then plead that even though you have written before you write again. Write now. Please do not delay. Pressure is being brought to get immediate action upon this matter and now that Mr. Merrill's recommendation has been released to the press is the time to act.

Send and influence your relatives and friends to send letters and telegrams of protest to each of the following:

Hon. Roy O. West, Secretary of the Interior.

Hon. Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War.

Hon. William M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture.

Mr. O. C. Merrill, Executive Secretary of the Federal Power Commission, all of Washington, D. C.

May the voice of the people be heard against selfish commercialism and unscrupulous politicians.

Sincerely yours,

C. E. Vogel,
President Cumberland Falls Preservation Association.

ANOTHER VANISHING AMERICAN

(Christian Science Monitor)

Within another decade, perhaps less, the covered wooden bridge, with its accompanying charm and romance will probably be a thing of the past. Like "Old Dobbin," it has seen its best days, has done its work faithfully in the service of mankind, and is now prepared to give way completely before the demands of progress which necessitate more durable and stronger materials in bridge and highway construction.

Last November's flood took heavy toll of the wooden arches in Vermont. This has resulted in an active season of bridge building. Under normal conditions the old bridges would probably have been displaced sooner or later by modern structures. But the process would have been a slow and easy one, for the covered wooden bridges, although sending out more than the usual number of creaks and rattles, were, for the most part, good for many more years.

As the motorist speeds along the roads of the Green Mountain State he notes reconstruction going on everywhere. There is no need to enlarge the advantages of steel and concrete in the building of roads and highways in that State. Everyone will admit them, even those who take the greatest delight in all things pertaining to the old-fashioned. Bumping through or over the old structures has a fascination, to be sure, but the enjoyment of speeding smoothly and safely, unhurried and more substantial crossings is far more in keeping with an advancing age. This rapid and radical changing from the old to the new is bound to result in a greater, more progressive and more accessible Vermont.

However, the passing of so many of the covered, variety during the last year is not without its reminiscent side. These silent, wooden sentinels, standing at their posts in somber vigil for many years, deserve at least a word of farewell before they finally take their places in the ever-lengthening line of things which number among them the one-horse shay and the bicycle-built-for-two.

OLD FAVORITES

WHICH SHALL IT BE

(Mrs. Ethel Lynn-Beers)

A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor relatives who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John; John looked at me.
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.

"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter." "I will give
A house and land while you shall live
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care.
Which I, Oh God, could most bear?

I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this, "Come, John, said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So walking hand in hand
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First came the rosy-lipped Sue,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stopped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way.
When dream or whisper made her stir.
And huskily he said, "Not her."

We stopped beside the trundle bed
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the bed of the boy fair haired.
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on James' rough red cheek
A tear unbired. Ere John could speak,
"He's all we have," said I.
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"No, not for a thousand crowns, not
him."
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick, bad Dick, our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay. He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be."
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not
thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.

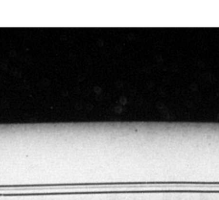
Only one more, our eldest lad.
Trusty and truthful, good and glad;
So like his father. "No, John, no.
I cannot, will not let him go."
And so we wrote in a courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
Happier seemed the days we gave
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

A CHILD'S LAUGH

(Robert G. Ingersoll)

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, O world musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft teacher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O ripping river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

THE REAL "FOE OF MORAL PROGRESS"



—Courtesy of Louisville Times

WHAT BRYAN SAID

Commoner's Eloquent Plea Against Religious Issues

(Hookinsville New Era.)

When the "religious" plank of the platform was under debate in the Democratic convention in Madison Square Garden in 1924, William Jennings Bryan made a "last word" to that convention as follows:

"In this country it is not necessary to protect any church. I have such confidence in the Catholic Church, which was for 1500 years my mother church as well as yours, that I deny it needs political aid. It was the Catholic Church that took our religion from its founders and preserved it—it was the only custodian for over fifteen centuries. When it did this for Catholics it did it for me and every Protestant. The Catholic Church, with its legacy of martyrs' blood and with its testimony of its long line of missionaries who went into every land, does not need a great party to protect it from a million Klansmen.

"The Jews do not need this resolution. They have Moses, they have Elijah and they have Elisha, who drew back the curtain and revealed upon the mountain tops an invisible but greater than a thousand Ku Klux Klans. The Catholic Church and the House of Israel have their great characters today who plead for respect for them whose pleading is not in vain.

"I am not willing to bring discord into my party. The Democratic party is united on all the economic issues. We have never been so united since I have known politics and nobody has had more reason than I to regret past discord. Now, if we are united and prosperous politicians with dauntless courage and with enthusiasm never exceeded, these people tell us that we must turn aside from this titanic task and divide our party on a religious issue and cease to be a great political force.

"The Democratic courts have never taken the side of our church against the other, the Democratic party must remain true to its traditions; it must not surrender its rights to exist; it can not be false to its mission that it had in the days of Jefferson, to which it remained true in the days of Jackson and to which it was still loyal in the days of Woodrow Wilson.

"My own conviction is that I am not willing to divide the Christian Church, because if I do religious hate will be aroused and people who plead for respect for their own religion will be in fact, therefore, placing a ban on the faith of religious people.