

Today's SMALL TALK

By MRS. RENN DRUM

DEATH IS NEVER AN EASY VISITOR TO MEET. EVEN WHEN those who watch his coming have long expected it, even when they have known that within the day, or within the hour, he must surely come, they shrink with sick hearts at his approach. No way has ever been devised by human heart or mind by which one may stand by without intense suffering while death walks through a home and takes out with it the beloved spirit of some member of that household.

The human race, forever beating futile fists against that which it cannot understand, has always been, and will forever be, rebellious against death as it stalks its ruthless way across the earth, claiming for its own "the beautiful, the tender, the kind."

However, death must be, and so people have learned to accept his decrees, when they must, and comfort themselves as best they can with the the sympathy of friends and with memories of a life richly and fully lived.

It seems to me the best comfort one can have when someone one loves has died is the surety that that one has lived a long and useful life, and that she has "gotten up from the table of life" content with what her span of years has brought to her. And surely the family of Mrs. J. L. Webb, who died at her home here Tuesday, in her 81st year, must have that comfort in rich measure.

Her life has been much more than a long span of years, desirable as length of life is in itself, for within that span of years she has packed all the elements of a good life. Throughout that period in which Shelby has grown from a little town into a small city she has wielded a considerable influence upon the religious, the civic, and social life of Shelby, and her home has been consistently a pivotal point for the growing city's various activities.

The home created by her and her husband, the late Judge Webb, continues to be "home" to her children and her grandchildren and she has mothered the latter as solicitiously as she did the former.

She has found time in the midst of her busy life to be charitable and kind and to speak frequently an encouraging word to those whose lives have gone awry and who have stood in need of encouragement.

Through the years she must have found life good. Having put good things into life and having gotten good things in return, she could leave it at the end of her allotted time, with serenity, and leave to her family and friends a heritage of comforting memories.

Dirge Without Music

I am not resigned to the shutting

away of loving hearts in the earth.

So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind: Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely.

Crowned with lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave

Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;

Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.

I know. But I do not approve

I am not resigned.

—Edna St. Vincent