

A NATION LOSES.

By Austin Callan.

That Ambassador of Good Cheer to the hearts of America has been recalled.

Millions mourn the loss of Will Rogers.

No other person ever so completely acquired the affection of a whole people. His life was written in the smiles of youth; his death was told in the tears of old age. King and pauper, industrial leader and newsboy, educated and unlettered alike were patrons of his rich humor and benefactors of his fine philosophy. With a single word he could send a ripple of laughter around the earth.

That clean, sympathetic, soothing spirit flashed like a ray of morning sunlight that kisses the foliage on the loftiest tree and brightens the petals of the smallest bloom. No loss was ever felt by so many to be a personal one. The entire continent misses its inimitable wit and great commoner of comedy as a panting fawn misses the cooling draught at the empty brook.

Will Rogers flew the flag of simplicity on a level with regal banners; he converted his homespun genius into a key that unlocked the doors of the mighty; he matched the pomp of power and the pride of princes with the homilies of the cattle range, proving that nothing beneath the starry dome transcends the glory of a great soul.

We must say good-by to him but the dew is thick on our glasses and the words are choking our throats.

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