

OBITUARY

J. B. Morton Jr., better known as Budgie, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Morton, Prairie Grove, Ark. Born July 2, 1905, died April 14, 1925, age 19 years, 9 months, 12 days. He was taken suddenly ill Friday night with appendicitis; was carried to the hospital and underwent a serious operation the next day, but despite all the medical skill and friendly hands could do, death claimed his victim Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Funeral services were conducted in M. E. Church, Rev. Downs of Van Buren officiating, assisted by Rev. Bidwell and Bro. Harrison. The pall bearers, a group of noble young men, Mac Henson, Jeff Baggett, Raymond Winstead, Raymond Gibson, Wallace and Wayne Stone; Flower girls, Martha Hill, Viola Strawn, Marie Baggett, and Clara McConnell. The floral display were beautiful in the extreme, also the beautiful song by Marie Taylor was well rendered and an inspiration to the vast crowd of broken hearts who listened with bated breath.

Then we decked his grave with flowers,

The fairest ever seen,

And with our tears as showers.

We'll keep them fresh and green.

We pray that Budgie's parents and the two precious sisters, Opal and Lucile may ever find grace to bow the knee and kiss the rod that chastises them.

Somewhere the path of tears will have a terminus and the storms of life will cease to blow, and from the great light that pours from the throne of God, the mist will clear away and we will be permitted to understand just why this promising young life who had won so many friends and who was the first to break the circle of the great army of young people who loved him dearly.

But when blooming youth is snatched away,

By death's resistless hand

Our mournful hearts the tribute pay,

Which pity must demand.

He was just standing in the threshold of life so full of promise God only knows what that life would have been possessed by a happy loveable disposition and high moral character. He was loved by all who knew him.

"He is not dead, this boy of our affection, but gone into that school, where he no longer needs our protection, and Christ himself doth rule." A family circle has been broken, mist and gloom has cast its shadows all about, we can not understand why this has come upon us.

"We see not, know not, all our way

Is night; with Thee alone is day.

From out the torrents trouble drift

Above the storm our prayers we lift.

Thy Will be done.

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,

But who are we to make complaint,

Or dare to plead, in times like these,

The weakness of our love or ease

Thy will be done."