

# The Laurinburg Exchange

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LAURINBURG, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1916.

65c PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

## PROMINENT CITIZEN ANSWERS CALL OF DEATH

After Short Illness Mr. Mark Morgan Passed to His Final Reward—Was Prominent Cotton Manufacturer and One of Scotland County's Progressive and Wealthy Citizens.

Laurinburg, Scotland county and all 1837. This section of North Carolina was saddened with the announcement of father, forced into the factory to the death of Mr. Mark Morgan, which occurred at his country home near Laurel Hill Wednesday night of last week at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Morgan was one of the most vice-president of a bank and interest-



extensive cotton manufacturers of this section, and was largely identified with numerous business enterprises in Scotland and surrounding counties. He was 70 years of age, and had been in failing health for sometime, but not dangerously ill until about a week before his death.

Mr. Morgan was born in Harnett county in September, 1837. At the age of 8 years he began his business career as a cotton mill operative in Hope Mills. A few years thereafter he removed to Haw river and worked in a cotton mill there. In early manhood he went to Laurel Hill and bought an interest in the mill there and became one of the proprietors of the mill, and from that time until his death he was a practical and successful cotton manufacturer.

Beginning his business life with but eight dollars, he had amassed a large fortune, his wealth at the time of his death being estimated at \$700,000. Besides giving a large portion of his time to cotton manufacturing he devoted a good deal of his attention to other successful enterprises in Richmond, Robeson, Cumberland and Harnett counties and elsewhere. He was the owner of three large cotton mills, was the promoter of the first silk mill in Cumberland, was vice president of Scotland County Savings bank, a director of First National Bank of Laurinburg, and was a trustee of Flora McDonald college at Red Springs, to which he donated \$10,000 and a large building there at his expense for the use of the college; from which institution his daughter was the first graduate.

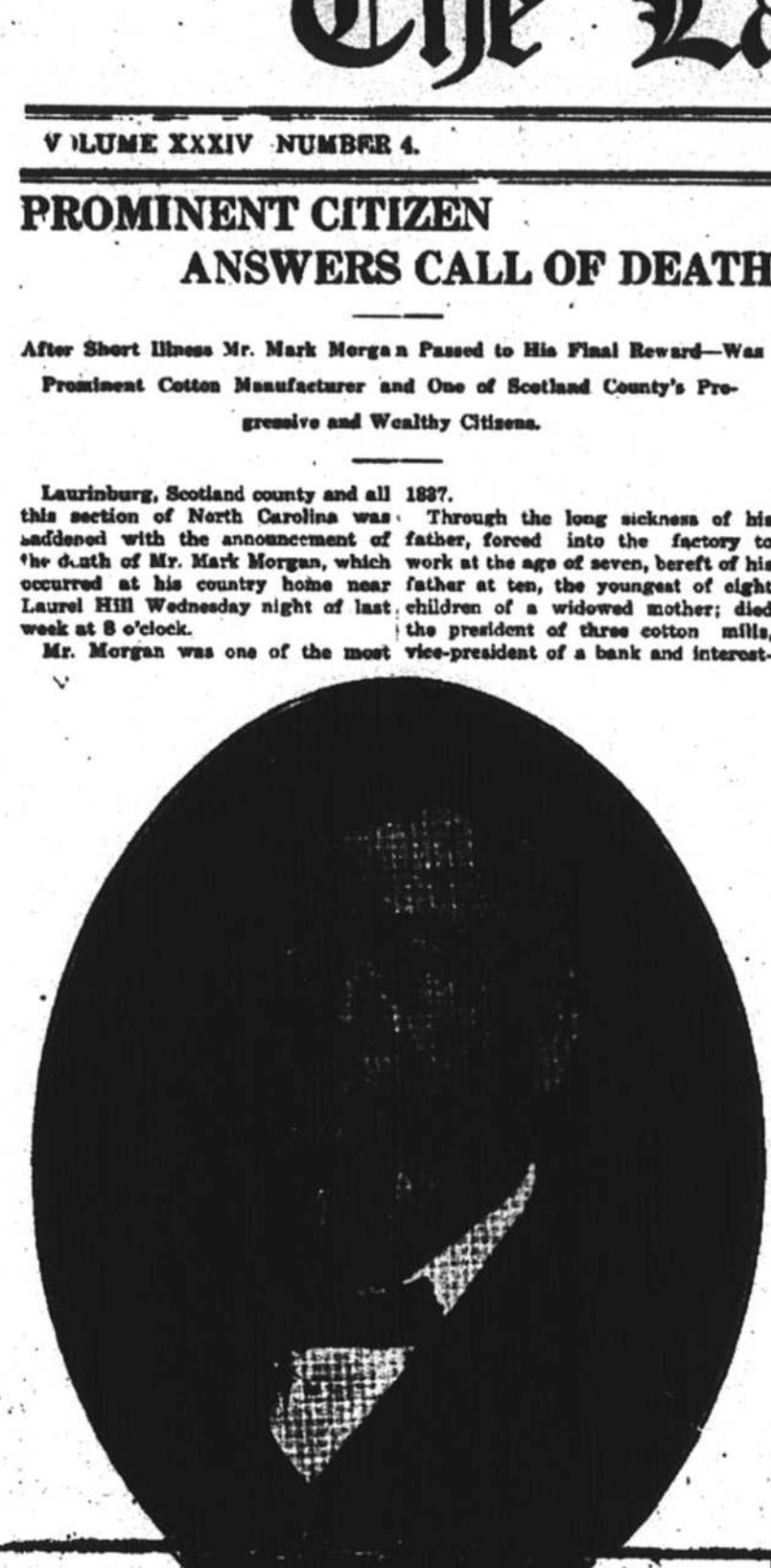
The funeral services were held with Masonic honors at the Ida Mill Presbyterian church, conducted by Rev. H. A. Guborn, of Charlotte, at 11 o'clock Friday morning last. The burial was made in the family burying ground near the Morgan home.

Surviving him are Mrs. Morgan, who is in very feeble health, two daughters, Mrs. Lula Williford, of Laurel Hill, and Mrs. A. F. McGuire, of Fayetteville, and eight grandchildren. He is also survived by one brother, Mr. Matthew Morgan, and two sisters, Mrs. W. M. Cameron and Mrs. J. W. Winkert, all of Hope Mills.

### Sketch of His Life.

Mark Morgan, manufacturer, banker, legislator and agriculturist, of Scotland County, was born near Lumberton, in Harnett County, North Carolina, on the 2nd day of October,

(Continued on page 8.)



## THINGS PERTAINING TO LIFE

By Harry M. North.

### OUR LOVED ONE WHO LEFT US LAST YEAR.

We will stop for an hour this evening to think of those who once walked with us, but are now no more upon earth. We would bring their faces before us again and dwell for a while upon the excellent things found in their lives. To some of you it has been desolate and lonely since this sorrow came, while others have taken new hope and inspiration and have made over again solemn vows of faithfulness to God.

I wish that I might be able to direct your gaze away from the past and fix it upon the eternal future. Your loved ones are not in the past. It was there that you last saw them, but they dwell now in the glorious future. As time passes this grief which seems so new will become a holy memory in your soul while you look back toward it through the vista of years. You can then speak of it calmly, and know that instead of having been robbed of all that is worth living and striving for, your life has been enriched beyond measure by this strain of suffering which has been wrought into the character.

I hear you say in subdued voice, "Father died last year." And now for the first time you have been thrown entirely upon your own resources, but does he not live over again in you? How many times since then have his words and warnings come to you. Somehow all the strength and example of his life rise up to help you in this new experience. Not a day passes but there is cause to thank God for his memory.

But in this home it was mother who died. You say that you can not get used to seeing her place vacant. No, I am sure that you can not, and may be never will. Yes, I know that neither you nor I appreciated her as we should have done while she was here. Thousands must testify the same things in their own experience. She was so close to us, and was so good and gracious that we took it for

it matter of course and it would always be with us. The fine love of her soul has been the making of you, and her fair hand will rest forever in benediction upon your head. When you pray let these be your words: "Lord, help me to live a life worthy such a mother."

And you, my sister, have lost your husband who was the comrade and strength of your life. It has been a hard year for you. The burden sometimes seemed more than could be borne. But for the sake of the children and in memory of him who loved you and them it has been possible for you to manage this far, and you are facing the future with all the bravery of a woman's heart.

And what shall I say to him whose wife comes no more to greet him on his return home? How empty the house and all things beside; how futile and hopeless his toll now that she is not here to share his benefits with him. Yet who can measure what her companionship and love have done for him? How they have sanctified his life; how her white soul has purified his.

But my heart is sorely touched for you who have had to give up the little ones. They did not live to know either sin or shame. Just long enough they lingered to partake of the world's love and to share in the inevitable suffering of men. As one would gather rose buds from their parent stem and carry them to adorn the palace of the king, so were these tiny creatures of promise taken to their Father's house, and there I am sure they will flower forth into perfect beauty under the warmth of His genial smile. Each one of them brought its message to the home where it was a transient guest, and whispering it into the ears of those who had come so soon to love it, hastened away.

In my fancy I have seen their baby feet run up the shining pathway attended by their Guardian Angels, and welcomed at the gate by Him who loved them and gave Himself for them. The home can never be the same after an experience like this. What happens there now takes its date from the time that baby came and the time that baby left.

What difference does it make when people were born, how long they lived or of what malady they died? The all-important question is what was there of worth in their lives? How much of love? How much of fidelity? How much of usefulness? Was there anything which we would like to remember, and after which we would like to pattern our lives?

Who could have told us last January that these, and these alone,

should be taken? What prophet will dare say what names will be read from the list twelve months from now?

### M. J. N. WILLIAMS PASSES.

Death Claims Highly Respected Citizen of Laurinburg.

In the passing of Mr. J. Nelson Williams, Laurinburg loses another of its good and most highly respected citizens. It was not an unexpected messenger that came to the Williams home at the Dickson Mill Saturday at noon to call away the father, but its coming has cast a shadow of sorrow over the whole of Laurinburg and vicinity.

Mr. Williams came to Laurinburg 15 years ago when the Dickson Mill was being built and assisted in placing the machinery in the mill, and since then had been one of the most trusted and honored employees of that corporation. He came to Laurinburg from the Richmond Cotton Mill, where he worked from his boyhood until he came to Laurinburg. The first work that he did here after the mill began operation was that of overseer in the card room, and so well and faithful did he discharge his duties that when he was called away he still had charge of that department.

About a year ago his health began to fail, and his illness developed into that of cancer of the stomach, and although suffering much and greatly weakened by his affliction, he fought off the idea of giving up the work he loved and not until one week before the end did he consent to take his bed and give up his life's labors.

He was a consecrated member of the Laurinburg Methodist church, attended upon its services regularly and gave liberally of his means for its support. He was an honored member of the Masonic Order affiliating with the Right pricing Lodge No. 306.

He was a beloved and resolute man, and it was right, and always deserving what he considered was manly and honorable. He treated his fellowmen with great kindness and consideration, and because of his amiable and unflinching temperament and his strong manhood, had drawn about him many friends and admirers.

The funeral was conducted at the family home Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, by his pastor, Rev. R. F. Maples. The burial was in the city cemetery and was conducted by the Masonic order.

Mr. Williams is survived by his wife, one son, Rassie, and two daughters, Misses Marie and Nellie Williams.

The Exchange joins the many friends of the stricken family in expressing sincere sympathy.

### M. J. N. WILLIAMS PASSES.

Death Claims Highly Respected Citizen of Laurinburg.

The death of Mr. Howard Peden, which occurred at the family home on McLaurin Avenue, early Monday morning, marks the passing of one of Laurinburg's most beloved and highly respected women. Although she had been a long sufferer from heart trouble and was at all times, of late years, considered in a dangerous state of health, the announcement of her passing caused a great weight of sorrow to be visited upon the hearts of Laurinburg and vicinity, where she had lived with the exception of three years during which time she lived with the family in Monroe, spent her entire life. She like many others in Laurinburg, had suffered from grippe, and this was a contributing cause toward hastening the end.

Before her marriage to Howard Peden she was Miss Jennie McLaurin and was the last surviving member of a large and infirm family. She was 80 years of age, was a good neighbor, a tender and loving mother, and spent her life in doing good for her loved ones and friends.

The funeral was conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. M. Rose, at the family home, Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, the burial taking place at the city cemetery.

She is survived by two sons, Mr. John Peden of this city, and Mr. W. M. Peden of Hoke county. Three daughters, Miss Lizzie Peden of this city, and Misses Eliza and Dickson Peden of Hendersonville. She is also survived by six grandchildren, three of whom made their home with her, these being Misses Annie Lure, Margaret and Master Malcolm McPeden.

"How many doors has the church?" asked Maj. Smith.

## WHEN A. D. CURRIE FINANCED LECTURE TOURS

During His Life in Georgia He Planned and Managed Lecture Tours for Bill Arp and Dick Maples—Enterprise a Failure and a Disappointment to Mr. Currie.

Once upon a time, our friend and fellow citizen, A. D. Currie, took a notion that he could make a few fifty dollars and some reputation by financing lecture tours for prominent men. This was in the old days when he lived in Georgia.

"Only one," replied Mr. Currie. "Why," said Maj. Smith, "that's unusual. The Methodists usually have two dours, one to take them in and one to turn them out."

The hour of the lecture came. Arrangements had been made to have Dr. Palmer, a prominent local citizen, to introduce the speaker. According to Mr. Currie's memory, the climax of the introduction went something like this: "Fellow Citizens, if the whole earth was a scroll and the Atlantic ocean was ink, it would be sufficient to write all the good Bill Arp has said and written. There are but three Bill's—Bill McKinley, Bill Bryan and Bill Arp." Here was the climax and the end of the introduction, and the lecture was on.

Maj. Smith first told his hearers how he came to call himself "Bill Arp." It was at the beginning of the war when things were getting tight. He had prepared a speech which he was to read on a certain occasion in his home town on secession. The day came and the speech was read. The house was filled to the doors, and just as he finished, a tall, broad-shouldered

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