

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

VOL. XV

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1904.

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NO 67

ELKS' ANNUAL MEMORIAL.

BEAUTIFUL SERVICES IN THE MESSENGER OPERA ORERA HOUSE YESTERDAY.

Rabbi E. N. Calish, of Richmond Lodge of Elks Delivers an Eloquent "In Memoriam" Address: Program Elaborate and Impressive.

Before a large and representative audience that thronged the Messenger Opera House and taxed even the galleries to accommodate them, yesterday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, Goldsboro Lodge No. 139, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, held the annual Memorial Exercises of their order, and therein touchingly commemorated their late member, our lamented young townsman Mr. Richard K. Freeman, whose death, on November 30, is the first and only one in Goldsboro Lodge of Elks.

The stage setting was a work of art, beautiful beyond description, conspicuously observable being the emblems and colors of the Elks draped with evidences of mourning and the national colors entwined around the altar bearing an open Bible; and certainly do the Memorial Committee, who had in charge all the arrangement of program and exercises, deserve the cordial commendation they are receiving from their brothers of the lodge and the audience, as well, for the gratifying success and edification of this Memorial.

At 3:30 the organ intoned the Processional, and the Lodge entered the hall, and proceeded down the centre aisle to the stage, which they occupied and filled, forming a most imposing aggregation of Goldsboro's representative citizens in all walks and vocations in life.

The services were admirably presided over and impressively conducted by Exalted Ruler Dr. John Spicer and the program was as follows:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

"Processional"

Miss Daisy Smith.

Opening Ceremonies

Dr. John Spicer, Exalted Ruler, and Officers.

Opening Ode—"Great Ruler of the Universe"

Prayer

W. J. Gibson, Chaplain.

Solo—"Face to Face"

Mrs. Williams Spicer.

Introduction

Col. Joseph E. Robinson.

Address—"In Memoriam"

Rabbi E. N. Calish, Richmond Lodge.

Violin Solo—"Angel Serenade"

Miss Helen Privett.

Recitation—"Thanatopsis"—a view of death

Col. Joseph E. Robinson.

Duet—"Hymn of Praise"

Miss Helen Privett, Mr. E. A. Niel.

Closing Ceremonies

Exalted Ruler and Officers.

Benediction

Rev. F. W. Faries.

Closing Ode—"America"

John Spicer, Exalted Ruler

IN MEMORIAM.

RICHARD KENNETH FREEMAN

Born February 19, 1877

Died November 30, 1904.

OFFICERS OF GOLDSBORO LODGE,

NO. 139.

John Spicer, Exalted Ruler

Joseph E. Robinson,.....

.....Esteemed Leading Knight

John W. Aycock,.....

.....Esteemed Loyal Knight

John N. Johnson,.....

.....Esteemed Lecturing Knight

James S. Crawford,.....

.....Secretary

John R. Higgins,.....

.....Treasurer

William A. Wooten,.....

.....Tyler

Frank M. Miller,.....

.....Esquire

Henry G. Griffin,.....

.....Chaplain

PAST EXALTED RULERS.

E. G. Porter A. A. Joseph

TRUSTEES.

Joseph Rosenthal, Chairman.

W. J. Gibson, Sec'y, Lionel Weil

George C. Royall E. B. Borden, Jr.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

Lionel Weil, Chairman.

George C. Royall A. A. Joseph

W. J. Gibson William A. Wooten

As we are so fortunate as to be

able to give the complete text of the

Memorial address further comment

is needless from us, other than to say

that the eloquent orator fully met

the expectations of his many admiring

friends here who had heard him

before and who esteem it always a

privilege to be of his audience. Dr.

Calish spoke as follows:

EXALTED RULER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The occasion which brings us to-

gether this afternoon, is one that

excites my keenest admiration. This

"Lodge of Sorrow" is a beneficent

institution by its mere existence, for

the reason that it is an appeal to

sentiment. Our age is so essentially

an age of machines that we are in

danger of losing our best possessions,

those of the emotions. In every direction

in which we turn we are confronted

with the triumphs of mechanical and

inventive genius. Steam is the heart

of our modern existence, electricity

is its brain, and hands of iron carry

out its wishes, as they are communi-

cated along the nerves of copper wire.

In locomotion, heat and light we are

independent of our natural powers.

In the cooking of our food, in the

manufacture of our clothing, shoes

and caps, in the building of our homes

and the adornment of them, even in

the making of our luxuries, machines

are taking the place of men and

women, fingers of steel are supplanting

fingers of flesh and bone till it seems

as though our very life itself is made

up of but two straight rails, along

which runs the unconscious engine of

our being.

In view of this ever increasing

mechanical tendency of our age it is

refreshing to turn aside from the war

of wheels and the ceaseless hum of

belts and bands, and give ourselves

over unto our human side, and be

creatures of sentiment and thought

and feeling, instead of mere machines,

whether of factory or of shop.

It is a beautiful service, this

"Lodge of Sorrow" and were the

order of Elks to do no other good it

were worthy of praise for this one

thing alone, in that it makes an

appeal for sentiment in the age that

seems likely to forget all sentiment.

But in addition to this indirect

teaching the order of the Elks consciously

inculcates the virtues of Charity, Jus-

tice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, vir-

tues which arouse our admiration,

call forth our warmest approval and

demand from those that practice them

nobility of character and persevering

strength of will, and are like the

walls of a house, the sturdy pillars

upon which rests the fabric of society.

But above all is that which claims

our attention to-day, reverence to the

memory of our forgotten dead. The

appeal to-day is made unto our hearts,

and after all, as the ancient king has

said, "Out of the heart are the issues

of life." Man's horizon has broadened

of late. His thoughts have widened

with the process of the suns, he has

and tended.

But one dead lamb is here,

There is no fireside, howsoever de-

fended,

But has one vacant chair?"

Our departed dear ones. For them

the busy of earthly tenement has

been broken, and the soul has winged

its way to the exhaustless source of

life whence it had come, there, in the

clearer light and the nearer knowl-

edge, to pass the unrun ages in the

bliss of immortality.

Why do we go believe? There is no

palpable proof, there is no material

demonstration, there is no evidence

save by analogy. It is a hope, unver-

ified, save by faith. Yet we cling to

because the very incompleteness of

this life demands it. Job, the man of

sorrows of old, asked the question,

"If a man die, will he live again?"

and that question has been put on

every generation, by every class and

condition of men, and the heart

speaks where the intellect is dumb,

faith answers where knowledge is

ignorant.

"If a man die will he live again?"

asked the savage of yore, as he saw

his fellow fallen by the way, and the

tongue that was wisest in counsel, the

eye that was keenest to see, the foot

that was swiftest in the race, the arm

that was strongest and surest in the

hunt, were silent and visionless and

still. "If a man die, will he live again?"

he asked, and he answered him, "aye,

he will." And so he buried his fallen

fellow with his spear and his shield,

and gave him food for his journey,

and his horse and his wife, so that he

might not miss the pleasures of hunt

or of home in the realm to which he

had gone.

"If a man die, will he live again?"

asked the Egyptian, and he answered

him, "aye, he will" and he embalmed

the body with great care, with spices

and with drugs and fluids, and swath-

ed it in cloths and bandages, that it

might be ready for its sojournant

when he chose to come back again.

And thus asked and answered the

Greek and Roman, and they placed

the obol on the eyes or the mouth of

the dead—that he might have passage

money for Charon to cross the Styx.

And thus we ask again to-day, as we

stand in the presence of that ever

unfathomable mystery, when we see

some loved form borne to the tomb

and know that some dear voice is

hushed to mortal ears forever, and our

tear-blinded eyes and grief numbed

mind strain to pierce the veil, thus do

we ask, "If a man die, will he live

again?"

And every heart string is vied with

reply, every fibre of our being gives

answer to declare, "aye, he will." And

reason corroborates this hope. We

know that in all the world of matter

not an atom is destroyed. Nothing is

doomed to annihilation. A thing may

be crushed, burned, drowned, de-

stroyed or swallowed up in the air, but

it is not absolutely eradicated. It

assumes new shape, new being, new

properties and modes, but it is not

wiped out of existence. Shall the jewel

be less than the casket, the kernel

more valuable than the shell? The

spirit weaker than the clay?

We know that in the world about us

death is ever the stepping-stone to

life. The flower fading and perishing,

the leaf falling from the tree, the

body rotting in the ground, all give

impetus to new existence—birth feed-

ing on death, life evolving from

destruction. Shall this rule cease

when man is approached, and what is

true of lower forms of life be not true

of the highest?

And we know that every want has

its satisfaction, that for every desire

there awaits its gratification. For

hunger there is food, for thirst there

is drink, for all the senses there are

the avenues of their satisfaction, for

their proper needs there are air and

sunlight, and water and earth. Shall

there be no fulfillment of the highest

and holiest hope of which man is

CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS

WILSON IS THE NEXT PLACE OF MEETING. THE FINAL SESSION.

Elders and Deacons Ordained. Assessment of Two Thousand Dollars on Conference For Next Year In Aid of the Greensboro Female College. Churches Assigned.

Henderson, N. C., Dec. 5.—With the selection of Wilson as the next place of meeting and the reading out of the appointments of the pastors, the North Carolina Conference closed one of the busiest, most encouraging, most heartily enjoyed annual sessions it has ever held.

No small portion of this enjoyment is due to the splendid open-hearted hospitality of the people of Henderson, who have made the members of the conference feel at all times as if they were sitting around their own firesides.

Much of it comes from the meeting and sweet communion of men consecrated to the same noble work, and much from the encouraging reports that fell from the lips of nearly all as to the labors of the past year crowned by such gracious "showers of blessing."

The appointments as read out by the Elders are as follow:

WILMINGTON DISTRICT.

W. H. Moore, Presiding Elder.

Elm Street, R. P. Bumpass.

Central, F. A. Bishop.

Brooklyn and Macedonia, G. W. Earl.

Spworth, C. L. Read.

Cary, G. B. Staring.

Crofton, G. W. Fisher.

Shelton, N. E. Conrath.

Belton, J. C. Guthrie.

Kealy, to be supplied by R. H. Wilkner.

Wilmington Mission, supplied by F. P. Earl.

Millbrook, G. R. Rood.

Youngville, G. T. Simmons.

Franklin, J. H. Shore.

Louisburg, L. E. Massey.

Tar River, A. L. Ormond.

Granville, J. D. Pegram.

Oxford Station, E. M. Shamburger.

Clyde Circuit, W. H. Puckett.

Editor Raleigh Christian Advocate, T. N. Ivy.

Wilmington Orphanage, J. W. Jen-

kins, Superintendent.

BERHAM DISTRICT.

J. T. Gibbs, Presiding Elder.

Trinity, R. C. Bannan.

Main Street, T. A. Foy.

Car Caution, M. D. Giles.

West Durham and Cunningham, J. H. McCracken.

Wilmington, E. M. Hoyle.

Durham Circuit,