

For Memorial Services Elk's Lodge

Shawnee, Oklahoma. Dec. 1st, 1929.

According to the ancient institutions of that great American fraternity of benevolent Elks this day has been set aside for the annual memorial to the departed. On such a day our hearts should blossom with the recollection of the brave and the good, the kind and the just, who have passed on. And for those who have been somewhat derelict in their intercourse with man, this great institution can well afford to drape the faibles of the erring with the broad mantle of charity. For all men, in all times, the great and the lowly, have erred, and yet have given to world much that was beneficial and worth while.

In passing I, who have never been a member of this venerable institution which has, in the main, adopted charity as its watchword, may without criticism pay this tribute: that no institution has ever excelled this in the administration to the wants of the poor, the needy and the indigent. Here the needs of the needy, help for the helpless and assistance for the worthy, have always found precedence.

In this venerable institution all men of this government who are worthy may find fellowship. Adopting no particular creed. Forbidding all sectarian discussion with its lodgerooms. Giving to each and all the privilege of his own profession and urging him be steadfast therein. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and protestant, poor and rich, may gather here in the companionship of his fellow man and do his part in the charity of the organization. Exacting of each and belief in the existence of the Supreme Being every member is led to the Holy Bible and directed to conduct his course through life by the light he shall therein find, to the end that he shall be better enabled build a foundation upon which to erect a righteous life.

And so we can all, whether we be of membership or otherwise connected, give in the fullest our esteem and commendation to the order and the great work it has done and will in the future be able to do for the betterment of humanity.

And for those who have left its circles of fellowship to join the innumerable caravan to that shore from whose bourn no traveller has ever returned, we can join in this memorial and this tribute because we each and all must know they were worthy of our

esteem and friendship.

In the death of our friends we all must feel that sadness and loneliness of a great loss. Particularly is the death of the young especially disquieting. Full of the bloom of life and the expectence of happy years to come, it is doubly sad to see them whisked out of our presence. But we are born to die. Even when we begin to live, then also do we begin to die. It is inevitable and should be looked upon as the last command in the life of our friends from Him who gaveth and who has the power to take away. But there is something tenderly appropriate about the death of the aged. After life's eventful season, after the duties have been worthily done; after a fine family has been reared; after the tired eyes can scarcely see the letters of the past, and the poor palzied muscles can scarecely respond to the needs; then to calmly approach the western horizon of life and welcome the gray messenger coming on his last request, is not so disquieting or so sad. Yet it leaves with us the tenderest memories and an aching void.

A life well spent and duties well performed are the finest monuments erected to the memory of the departed. The power of authority, the satisfaction of wealth, the charm of beauty and the distincting of great intellect do not surmount the grave. Only those things worthily done in the cause of humanity do or can surmount the grave. They are locked steadfastly in the busoms of remaining friends and will warm with glowing love the remembrance of the departed.

And so it behooves us in this life to direct our ways so that we may be of benefit to our fellow man. Governments are erected but for men's protection and security. The object of all such is to, so far as humanly possible, grant to each of its people the best of good to be had in this life. And herefore governments are of the people and for them. Partiotism is of but little avail, if it does not insure or at least look to the better interests of our people. There is as much if not more need of true patriotism in time of peace than in time of war. With the strains of martial music urging us on, with the responding hate of an injustice done or to be done; with the anxiety of dire calamity to the home and the fireside, it is not so difficult

to respond with patriotism. But in the calm of peace; the indolence of apparent security; the taxing needs of our business lives, it is of great difficulty. And yet to stabilize the state and perpetuate our institutions of government is just as necessary, if not more so, to be as constantly warring in times of peace upon the things and the circumstances and the conditions of country as it is in times of war.

What we need in office to-day is above all things men who will have the courage to speak as they think. We need men in public life who will have the courage to tell the voters the absolute truth as they see it. And then we need voters who will recognize worth and reward the same irregardless of prejudice and spite,. We want men in office who will appeal to the reason of the people, address themselves to the intelligence of their fellow man, who will have the courage to speak their mind notwithstanding the loss of a few votes.

The design of our government is to afford protection and security to the people. The further design of that government is to have the people by wise selection provide men in public life who will give the best thought and service to the country without thought to their own personal aggrandizement. This government of ours is primarily based upon an intelligent vote. When that vote is not intelligent, does not reflect the sound consideration and judgment of the voting public, then the very design of the government has become debased. The very fabric of our institution has begun to ravel and disintegrate.

When men come before you seeking office because they are in need it is high time to look with suspicion upon their claims. When men put forward their own personal wants instead of the greater benefit to be afforded the people then they are selfish and not worthy of our consideration.

I am not one of those who hold to the belief that the world is growing worse in this days of ours. I consider them much better than any others in all the history of the world. We have more enlightenment, and enlightenment makes better people. Ignorance cannot be good. Innocence may be appealing, but it cannot be construction or very helpful. Knowledge gives us greater scope to become helpful to ourselves, our families and to our fellow man. And no one will deny that the great majority of people to day are more enlightened than in any past period of history

Three stages of man
Roberts

There are certainly certain derelictions we should strive to correct. Perhaps less care is being given to-day to the rearing of the young than should be the case. Perhaps we leave too much to the law and forget the benefits of early inculcations of high principles of moral conduct in the young mind. We are going to seed on legislation and not planting enough good teachings of things worth while in the youthful mind. The youth of the land is entitled to the best we have to give in the way of living a life that will be of service to humanity rather than obstructive. This perhaps is being neglected during these days of fast living and in reality; change of living. We are fast progressing from the agricultural stage of man into the industrial or machine age. And in the transition perhaps we forget the duty we owe to the young people. For statistics show that seventy two percent of the crime of the United States is committed by boys and girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty three. This is an appalling indictment, not of the young, but of the parents. It must be the result of a too lax regulation in the home, a too thoughtless care of the whereabouts, companions and conduct of our children. The lack of discipline in the home and in the schools is taking its toll. By a sort of fallacious sentiment the world has come to believe that it is wrong and injudicious to correct the errors of the young. That for some reason it is wrong to use either fear or force to attain an object that means the betterment of the race and our institutions. I grant you it is better to waive punishment of our children. That it is more pleasurable to indule than to chastise. We parents get a great pleasure out of giving to our children the best there is to be had, but I submit that there is grave doubts as to its benefits for the children. All throughout life we must be amenable to some law, some regulation. In early childhood it should be the home, and later the schools, and in maturity the laws of the land and always the laws of nature. How much better it is to send our young into the channels of business and professional life disciplined and under proper restraint than it is to send them forth without a smattering of restraint. On the very threshold of manhood they meet with rebuffs, and then become bitter and mean.

By indulgence they have become soft and unselfreliant. By indulgence they have been taught to expect something that the world does not readily give, and especially so when each and all are given the same indulgence in childhood. It is unfair to the child, it is unfair to the man and the woman that isto be. They have been deprived of the greatest lesson of life, to give and take. By discipline and restraint the children go into the world better prepared to meet the demands of that world. And if adversity comes to them, as it most always does, that discipline will be a staff upon which to lean, and instead of the bitterness that comes with defeat, they can better gird their loins for future battles. This life is a battle, a fierce one at best. The boy in the street selling his newspapers never recieves my sympathy for the things he may be missing; it is the boy in his father's car, indulged and petted, that is being imposed upon. When his time comes to met the problems of life he is unsuited and must build himself over again. And too often it is true that in seeking the easier quicker way, he robs a filling station or pilfers a cash drawer. It is not because we are unjest that we should discipline the youth of the land, but because we are thoughtful of their future and their future frame of mind. By overcoming adversity we are made strong and selfreliant. If we have the advantage of such teachings in early youth we are to the same extent strenghtened for the struggle of life. And by such traing we are made more considerate of other people's rights and ideas. A boy that has been led to believe that he can have whatever he desires at the hands of his parents, is to that extent made unfit for his ~~ifax~~ problems of life. He must solve those problems himself, his parents cannot always be there to do it for him. We must teach the young to be self reliant. We cannot keep a picket fence about them all through life, for jus as as sure as life, and breech will be made, and then we fin the young inexperienced, unfitted to cope with the problem confront ing him.

A short time ago I visited one of the great art galleries of the world. And there I saw upon the walls the greatest paintings of all time. Saw the reproduction of the illustrious dead, and saw reproduced the beauty spots of the world. What a weight of patient toil it represented. Toiling with the pleasure of production; a production that meant happiness and joy to many millions. Not perhaps the millions of the artists time, but of the future and yet the coming generations. There in oil and paint reposed the features of those dead heroes of ages gone. There in paint and oil bloomed forth the landscapes of the earth; the flaming sky, the soothing green of the forests and the flashing silver of stream and spring and brook. And patient, loving toil had left it has a heritage to coming generations. I thought it the acme of accomplishments. And then I passed on into another room and with a feeling of awe saw the sculpture of physical beauty from marble and from stone. There in the magnificent symmetry of form I saw animal world reproduced in marble. There I saw the shapely contour of limb and body, the beauty of feature and the ecstasy of grace carved from cold stone. And I saw the artist at work with chisel and hammer making the cold stone blossom, almost, into life. Saw men mould from common clay the features and the forms of the living. Almost they seemed to breathe the breath of life. And I said: here is something greater, better and more perfect. What can there be more worthy than this patient toil; toil that gives to the world the pleasures of such beauty? It, undoubtedly, is the highest calling, the finest thing in life. And I moved on. And as I trudged down the great broad steps to the street below I passed a mother speaking to her child; chastising him for some simple infraction of her rules for his guidance. In tender, motherly manner inculcating into the little mind the principles that were to make the good citizen and the honorable man. Implanting in that young, tender and retentive memory a lesson that would go through life, and make that life better for its having lived. And then I knew. Knew that here was the greatest thing in all this life. The most enduring, the most efficient, the most noble. Where the artist had painted on canvass the reproduction of the form; where the sculptor had wrought from marble and stone the delights of form feature and figure, the mother was moulding the intellect, the

moral life, the character, to be of service to his kind. And no doubt remained, this mother was the supreme artist, the artist that had worked for progress, enlightenment, civilization and advancement in all ages. It takes but a few months at most for the artist and the sculptor to do his work, work that brings such delight and happiness to humanity. But the patient toil of the mother with her young goes on for years. The lessons that she gives in early youth travel on down the pathway of life with her children. However we may, through forgetfulness, stray from the better ways of life, yet in time we will all drift back to the principles inculcated in tender years by the patient, loving mother. She is the bulwark of our great structure of government. So long as she functions with zeal and love and thoughtfulness for her children, just so long will our governments survive and the progress of humanity be forward bound. And a lapse in such duties on her part, on the other hand, will bring disaster, strife and disorder. The finest thing there is in this life is the loving mother in the home. Inculcating into little minds the principles upon which to build a righteous life. Teaching little souls to speak the truth, to honor the elders, pay their debts, both moral and financial, to be God fearing and to do unto others as we would like for them to do unto us. Teaching them to be patriotic to their country and loyal to the principles of truth. For in the home the character of the nation is moulded and built. In the home the hope of this, and every other land, rests. If there we find the proper influence and training, then we can rest assured that the welfare of humanity is assured. But if there we find neglect and thoughtlessness, then we should shudder in fear for the results and strive to rectify the condition.

And another thing; it has been said from time to time that the world will never be really civilized until the nations settle their differences otherwise than with cannon and bomb, battleships on the seas and battle planes in the air; submarines under the waves and countless thousands of fighting men upon the land.

The barbarian still settles his disputes and differences with the club but when he learns to submit his controversies to his fellow men, leave them to an impartial arbitrator, then we call him civilized. But today the nations sustain the same relations

to each other as the barbarian sustains; that is, they settle their differences by force, each nation being the judge of its own righteousness and that judgment depending upon the strength of its arms, and always it remains that the strongest nation is the nearest right.

Now it can well be contended that until the nations settle their differences in a world court, backed by the united armies and navies of the world, pledged to sustain that court, to police the world as it were, this world of ours will remain, to that extent, uncivilized. And just here, too, the mothers of the earth can do their part. That never was a mother, nor ever will be one that raises children for cannon fodder. Yet in time of need, from invasion or extremity, she is as patriotic as the greatest hero. But in her lessons to the children and the youth of the land, she may here inculcate into little minds the things that will eventually do away with war.

But that thing so much wished for will never be ours until more of the great nations of the earth set the worthy example., and until that is done I, for one, am in favor of the United States being armed. Until that thing has been accomplished it shall give me joy to know that another armored fleet has been launched, that another armored fleet of the aid has taken wings. The olive branch, that token of friendship, to be of any force or importance must be offered by the mailed fist. At least that is true until the coming generations have been educated up to a higher and better way of thinking and of living. For the individuals make up the nations, and the ideas inculcated in youth bear fruit in manhood and in womanhood. Peace today must be offered by the nation that has the force back of the offer. When offered by a weakling it becomes ludicrous, and meets only ridicule. The powerful, the imperial, must offer that olive branch, and by the offering it in such a way establish an example for the world to profit by. In such a manner it will be accepted in the true spirit, otherwise it cannot be. So, for me, until the world is more nearly civilized than it is to-day, I am in favor of the biggest guns, the largest fleets and the fastest and most efficient battle planes in existence. I do not want a navy or an air fleet unless it is the best, for otherwise it will be but a gift to the enemy when the dogs of war

are loosed. It is imperative to ~~mix~~ my mind that we must be ready at all times to defend ourselves against the world. Unless we are able to so defend ourselves, being the richest nation on the earth, we become the enviting bait to the hungry wolves of the world. The powerful nations are sitting ~~there~~ now envying us our wealth, and in such envy engendering hatred and ultimate war. Until the whole world enters into the spirit that makes for universal peace, we must be armed, and armed better than the others. Any other conclusion, any other action on our part, will be but an invitation to the bloodshot eyes, and greedy, jelous maws of the war torn nations of Europe. Never can we depend upon persuasion, what would persuasion profit us when the enemy fleet steams into our harbours or the tramp, tramp of many feet across our shores: when the enemy fleet steams into the harbours of our land no talk will save the treasury, we must be armed.

When the savagery of military power and pomp and the insanity of imperial power confronted the civilization of the world what availed the treaties of the earth? Our country could not stay out, the question was: " Shall the great republic take its stand to uphold the civilization of the world, and protect the helpless nations of that civilization?" That question was answered at St. Mahiel, at Bellou Wood and in every trench. And the answer was irresistible.

The young men of this land of ours were grested away from homes and business, from their families and loved ones, to do battle for civilization. They were not seekers after vain glory, because the mothers of this land had taught them otherwise. They fought not to acquire wealth and landed interests. They were neither animated by the lust for plunder nor the love of conquest. They fought to preserve the torch of liberty and that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity and of civilization; they destroyed military pride and pomp, and in the name of the future slew the monster that menaced the peace and contentment of the world. Peace could only be had by fighting for it and we fought. They put the finishing touch to what the Revolutionary fathers started in 1776. They broke the shackles from the feet of France and gave embattled England respite from her woes. Mightier than the Greek, noblier than the Roman and more persevering than Hannibal. With a patriotism as vast as the

air itself, they battled for the rights of others. Fought that mothers might save their babes, that arrogant military tyrants might not trample down the helpless and set the foot upon the neck of patient toil. Blood was water and flowed in great rivers and human life was but the pebbles on the beach until the flag of the allied powers floated in peace over war torn Europe.

And those boys of ours came back to us, some maimed and poisoned, came back to their homes, their families and their friends. They came back ennobled, not demoralized. They came back to be as patriotic in times of peace and they had shown themselves in times of war. To be as good ~~xxxxxxxx~~ citizens as they had been soldiers. To be as brave in governmental matters as they were on the field of battle. And we love them for it.

We wonder if all the wounds of war will be healed. We hope so, but we doubt. The nations they fought have not thoroughly learned their lesson. We hope they have but fear they are falling back into their own ways. They poke fun at us to-day, we who saved them but yesterday. But perhaps the coming generations will learn the text, it is our sincere wish that they may, and that wars shall vanish from the earth. But until that day has more nearly approached, we must be watchful, armed and ready.

And such men as those are what the membership of this great order of Elks is composed. Those for whom we hold tribute to-day we the excellent citizens who must preserve and keep our nation. From those who have gone we have the heritage of right living, true manhood and good citizenship. It is fit and proper that their brothers memorialize them, for no greater gift has any man than that he has love and consideration for his fellowman. In the words of the great poet.

Abou Ben Adam, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night from a deep sleep of peace;
And found, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.

Now, exceeding peace had made Ben Adam bold,

And to the angel, writing in the book of gold,
He said: what writest thou? The vision raised its head

And in a voice made of all sweet accord, answered:

The names of those who love the Lord.

And is mine one, quoth Abou? Nay, not so the angel said,

Abou, spoke more low, but cheerily still, and said: then
Write me down as one who loves his fellow men.

The angel wrote and vanished.

The next night it came with a great awakening light

And shoed the names of those that the love of God had blessed
And lo! Ben Adam's name led all the rest.