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Ralph Lamar Webb - Scrapbook Obituaries

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MR. RALPH WEBB DIED YESTERDAY

Former Well Known Young Citizen of Athens Dies of Appendicitis. 1905

Our citizens regret to learn of the death of Mr. Ralph Webb, who spent several months in Monticello during the fall and winter of 1903, which occurred a few days ago. The following account appeared in the Athens Banner of Tuesday: The many friends of Mr. Ralph Webb, of Shelby, N. C., formerly a citizen of Athens, will be pained to learn of his death yesterday morning in Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Webb was taken suddenly ill a few days since with a severe attack of appendicitis, and was carried to Charlotte for operation. The operation was performed last Thursday and everything seemed to be favorable to his recovery.

Saturday night he became worse and all day Sunday sank steadily in spite of all that could be done to relieve him. Yesterday morning he breathed his last.

Mr. Webb was twenty-seven years of age and was a son of Hon. James L. Webb, of Shelby, N. C., president of the Mutual Life and Industrial Association of Georgia. He was a grandson of Rev. G. M. Webb and a nephew of Mrs. John A. Darwin of this city.

Mr. Webb was a citizen of Athens for a few years, being engaged in the cotton business here. No young man had more friends than he, and the news of his death will be a severe blow to those here who knew and loved him.

Mr. Webb's relatives left yesterday for Shelby, N. C., where the funeral will occur.

RALPH WEBB DEAD AT HOSPITAL IN CHARLOTTE

POPULAR YOUNG MAN WAS AT
ONE TIME LOCATED IN
GEORGIA AS COT-
TON BUYER.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
SHELBY, N. C., Jan. 11.—Ralph L. Webb, the popular and only son of Judge and Mrs. James L. Webb, died at the St. Peter's hospital in Charlotte yesterday. His body was brought to his home in Shelby on the noon train.

Mr. Webb had undergone an operation for appendicitis, was improving and took jaundice, which resulted in his death.

The deceased was 26 years old. He leaves his parents and two sisters to mourn his death.

Funeral was held yesterday afternoon; his body was laid to rest in the Shelby cemetery with Masonic honors, Rev. M. E. Parrish conducting the services.

Mr. Webb was a cotton buyer for several years at Monticello, Ga. He was also located at Athens, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala., at one time. He returned home to read law.

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DIED THIS MORNING.

Son of Judge and Mrs. J. L. Webb Passes Away in Charlotte.

Mr. Ralph Webb, of Shelby, died at St. Peter's Hospital at 6 o'clock this morning, as the result of complications which followed an operation for appendicitis. The parents, Judge and Mrs. James L. Webb, and a sister were by the deathbed. The remains were carried to Shelby this forenoon.

Hon. E. Y. Webb, an uncle of the deceased, arrived from Washington this morning, a short time after the death of his nephew. The Charlotte bar met in a body and accompanied the remains to the railway station.

The young man was brought to the hospital from his home in Shelby last Tuesday and on the following day he underwent an operation for appendicitis. The operation was quite successful and everything pointed to the recovery of the patient for the first 48 hours, when grave complications set in. Physicians, nurses and loved ones watched by the bedside constantly, only to see the condition of the sufferer grow worse until the end came.

Mr. Webb was 26 years old and a bright, manly young fellow, for whom life seemed to promise much. He had been engaged in the cotton business with an uncle in Georgia, but returned home some time ago to study law, the profession adorned by his father and another uncle, Congressman Webb.

The tenderest sympathy of hundreds of friends goes out to the grief-stricken ones.

Ralph Webb Dead.

Ralph Webb, son of Judge J. L. Webb, whose illness was noted in Friday's NEWS, died in Charlotte at 6 a. m. yesterday after an operation for appendicitis. The operation was performed Wednesday. Mr. Webb was the only son and was about 26 years old. J. O. Abernethy phoned to the hospital

IMPENDING DEATH OF R.

Son of Judge and Mrs. Webb in Dying Condition at St. Peter's Hospital Here.

His many friends, as well as the friends of his father, Judge James L. Webb, will learn with sorrow that the life of Mr. Ralph Webb, of Shelby, who is at St. Peter's Hospital, is despaired of. At 2 o'clock this morning he was still alive, but it was said that all hope for his recovery had been abandoned. His death was expected momentarily.

Mr. Webb is 26 years old and a young man of parts. He has endeared himself to a large number of friends. He was taken to the hospital here last Friday, suffering from appendicitis. An operation was performed, but at the time it was thought that his case had progressed too far for recovery. Judge and Mrs. Webb are at his bedside, but they, too, have given up all hope. Genuine grief will of necessity follow this bereavement, for in Charlotte there are very many whose hearts will go out to the father and mother in their sad trial.

Death of R. L. Webb.

News has been received here of the death of Ralph Lamar Webb, which occurred at a hospital at Charlotte, N. C., last Tuesday, where he was operated on for appendicitis. He had been in apparently good health up to two days before his death.

Mr. Webb was a native of Shelby, N. C., but spent the last few years at Loganville, during the cotton season, where he was engaged in the business of buying cotton.

He was a frequent visitor at Lawrenceville, where he had a number of warm personal friends, who are sincerely grieved by his unexpected death. His genial manners and attractive personality made him extremely popular both at Loganville and this place and many feel his untimely decease as a distinct personal loss.

Mr. West Chapman left Lawrenceville for Shelby immediately after receiving the intelligence of his friend's death, where he attended the funeral ceremonies.

BURIED AT SHELBY.

Remains of Ralph S. Webb Who Died in Charlotte Yesterday Morning Carried to His Home—Popular in Shelby.

Special The News.

Shelby, N. C., Jan. 10.—Ralph Lamar Webb, the popular and only son of Judge and Mrs. James L. Webb, died at the Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte at 6 o'clock Monday morning, and his body was brought to his home here on the noon train. Mr. Webb had undergone an operation for appendicitis, was improving, and took jaundice, which resulted in his death. The deceased was 26 years old, and leaves his parents and two sisters to mourn his death. The funeral will be held this afternoon, and his body laid to rest in the Shelby cemetery with Masonic honors, Rev. E. M. Parrish conducting the services. Mr. Webb was for several years a popular cotton buyer in Monticello, Ga., and had returned home to read law.

Died from Operation.

R. L. Webb, a son of Judge J. L. Webb, of Shelby, N. C., died in Charlotte at the Presbyterian hospital Monday morning at 6 o'clock. He went to Charlotte last Tuesday morning and was operated on for appendicitis. His age was twenty-four. His remains were sent to Shelby for interment today.

Kyle and Miss Winnie Davenport, of this city, went to Shelby yesterday to attend the funeral of Mr. Webb, who was their cousin.

The young man came home from Birmingham, Ala., to spend the Christmas holidays and took sick. He was in the insurance business in Birmingham.

Has Appendicitis

Mr. R. L. Webb, son of Judge J. L. Webb, who recently returned from Alabama to take up the study of law, was taken by Dr. W. F. Mitchell to Charlotte Tuesday. He was also accompanied by his father and mother. The operation was performed Wednesday night but as yet we have not been able to hear the condition of Mr. Webb.

The many friends of the family and also of Mr. Webb are very anxious about the result of the operation. Mr. Webb is one of Shelby's most estimable young men.

Ralph L. Webb Dead

Shelby, N. C., Jan. 3.—Special.—Ralph L. Webb, only son of Judge and Mrs. James L. Webb, died at the St. Peters hospital in Charlotte at 6 o'clock this morning and his body was brought to his home in Shelby on the noon train. Mr. Webb had undergone an operation for appendicitis and was improving, but took jaundice, which resulted in his death. Deceased was 26 years old. His parents and two sisters survive. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon and his body will be laid to rest in the Shelby cemetery with Masonic honors.

Mr. Webb was a cotton buyer for several years at Monticello, Ga., and had returned home to read law.

THE LAND OF ACHING HEARTS.

There is a land whose shadowed paths
We all must some day tread,
A darksome land o'er which the sun
Its light doth never shed.
A land enveiled in shrouding mist
And gloom that ne'er departs;
A land where wet winds sadly sigh—
The Land of Aching Hearts.

A land where song birds never dwell,
Where flowers never bloom
To cheer us as we wander in
The shadows and the gloom;
For when our feet its borders touch
All that is bright departs,
And we in dusk must struggle through
The Land of Aching Hearts.

A land where runs a river wide
Fed by the flooding tears—
That stream from eyes to whose dim
sight
Naught save the mist appears.
With mournful sound it rushes on
Mid shade that ne'er departs,
And by its banks we weep, within
The Land of Aching Hearts.

But there is One whose tender hand
Can guide us to the light,
Where once again the skies are blue
And all is fair and bright.
Oh, Father, holy, high, divine,
Whose mercy ne'er departs,
Reach down and lead us safely through
The Land of Aching Hearts.
—Annie Clay.

Then comes the assurance, "What I do
thou knowest not now but thou shalt
know thereafter."—John 13.

"Not low but in the coming years,
It may be on the better land
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And then sometime we'll understand."
"God knows the way. He holds the key.
He guides us with unerring hand.
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see
Yes, there up there, we'll understand."
But let us be thankful that we are

"WHERE IS THY GOD?"

I.
Maker and lover of men, elusive Thou art!
Panteth my soul for Thee as for the
water brook the hart,
Wounded and smitten and sore, harried
by darkening doubt,
Fain would I come to Thee, ah! when
shall I find Thee out?

II.
Maker and lover of men, I heavenward
cry,
If haply that Heaven be found on earth
or in sky,
Or in the deep heart of the race where
throbs of wild-ast woe,
And surge of mightiest joy, and the sweep
of Love's outflow,
Proclaim that man is more than man,
and ever his quest
Is for the touch of Thy hand, the peace
of Thine infinite rest.

III.
Maker and lover of men, come Thou to
me!
Through suffering, through heartache, if
need there shall be,
And I, in my sadness, will welcome as
weal
The sorrow that brings Thee, my doubt-
ing to heal.
MRS. F. L. TOWNSEND.
Franklin, N. C.

ONE LESS.

One less at home!
The charmed circle broken; a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed
place;
But, cleansed and saved and perfected by
grace,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away, our coming to await,
One more in heaven!

One more at home!
This is not home, where, cramped in earthly
mould,
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold!
But there, where face to face we shall be-
hold,
Is home and heaven!

One more at home!
That home where separation can not be,
That home whence none are missed eter-
nally;
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with thee,
At home in heaven!

—Exchange.

RESIGNATION.

If thou hadst given me a cross
Of mine own design,
That I might wear with airy grace
And call it mine;
If Thou hast given me power to choose
The hill to climb,
"Thy will be done," with careless air
I might have said some time.

If Thou hadst left me free to choose
The path wherein to walk,
With dear companions to beguile the time
With song and talk,
With stately trees and beauteous flowers
Brightening the way,
"Thy will be done," I might have thought,
Indifferently to say.

But since Thou gavest me instead
A cross of Thine own choosing,
Alone to walk the dreary way,
My loved ones losing;
No buds of promise blooming here for me,
No help but from above;
"Thy will be done," I have learned to say
With reverent love. —Selected.

Some Time.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been
learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most
true.

And we shall see, while still we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He needed not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see,
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to day. Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest—
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say that "God knew best."
—Selected.

POEMS BY NORTH CAROLINIANS.

BY EDWIN W. FULLER.

The Last Look

TO MARY.

Do not fasten the lid of the coffin down yet;
Let me have a long look at the face of my
pet.
Please all quit the chamber and pull to the
door,
And leave me alone with my darling once
more.

Is this little Ethel, so cold, and so still!
Beat, beat, breaking heart, 'gainst God's
mystic will,
Remember, O Christ, thou didst dread
thine own cup,
And while I drink mine, let thine arm bear
me up.

But the moments are fleeting: I must stamp
on my brain,
Each dear little feature, for never again
Can I touch her; and only God measures
how much
Affection a mother conveys by her touch.

Oh! dear little head, oh! dear little hair,
So silken, so golden, so soft, and so fair,
Will I never more smooth it? Oh! help me,
my God,
To bear this worst stroke of the chastening
rod.

Those bright little eyes that used to feign
sleep,
Or sparkle so merrily, playing at peep,
Closed forever! And yet they seemed closed
with a sigh,
As if for our sake she regretted to die.

And that dear little mouth, once so warm
and so soft,
Always willing to kiss you, no matter how
oft,
Cold and rigid, without the least tremor of
breath,
How could you claim Ethel, O pitiless
death!

Her hands! No, 'twill kill me to think
how they wave
Through my daily existence a tissue of love.
Each finger's a print upon memory's page,
That will brighten, thank God! and not
dim with my age.

Sick or well, they were ready at every re-
quest
To amuse us: sweet hands! they deserve a
sweet rest.
Their last little trick was to wipe "Bo-
peep's" eye,
Their last little gesture, to waive us good-
bye.

Little feet! little feet, how dark the heart's
gloom,
Where your patter is hushed in that deso-
late room!
For oh! 'twas a sight sweet beyond all
compare,
To see little "Frisky" rock back in her
chair.

* * * * *
O Father! have mercy, and grant me thy
grace
To see, through this frown, the smile on
thy face;
To feel that this sorrow is sent for the best,
And to learn from my darling a lesson of
rest.
February 16, 1875.

[For The Observer.] SOMEWHERE—SOMETIME.

Somewhere beneath these moonlit skies
Somebody's darling sleeping lies;
Somewhere with longings wild and vain
Somebody calls, "Come back again!"
Somewhere! somewhere!

The moon sails on its quiet way,
The stars give place unto the day
And still with longings vain and wild
Somebody cries, "Give back my child!"
Somewhere! somewhere!

O hearts that mourn, O eyes that weep,
That somewhere your sad vigils keep,
Some time you'll reach that other shore
Where you shall mourn and weep no
more—
Sometime! sometime!

For there beyond your moans and tears,
And care and pain and cruel fears,
You'll clasp your loved ones to your heart
Never again from them to part—
Sometime! sometime!

—O. H.