

# Charles B. Eaton Services Today

Judges of the King County superior court and King County state senators will act as pall bearers this afternoon at the funeral of Charles B. Eaton, widely known Seattle attorney and court reporter, stricken with paralysis while serving as minute clerk of the state senate at Olympia last week.



Chas. B. Eaton

Mr. Eaton, sixty-one years of age, had lived in Seattle twenty-three years. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Miss Dorothy Eaton, and two sons, James S. Eaton of Wapato and Phillips K. Eaton of Olympia, and two daughters, Mrs. Howard Doolittle of Rimrock and Mrs. Clyde Livesley of Yakima, by his first wife.

Funeral services will be conducted by Rev. Edward Lincoln Smith at Pilgrim Congregational Church at 2:30 this afternoon, followed by private interment at Evergreen.



Funeral Services.

CHARLES B. EATON

Pilgrim Congregational Church

Seattle, Washington. March 11, 1923.

Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith,

Pastor.



Organ Solo.

"O, Rest in the Lord."

Mendelssohn.

Mr. Edwin Fairbourne.

Solo.

"No Burdens Yonder."

Mr. O. J. Williams.

No burdens yonder, not a single care,  
When home is reached nothing there to bear.  
No burdens yonder, all will be laid down,  
Before we share His glory and His throne.

Chorus.

No burdens yonder, All sorrow past,  
No burdens yonder, Home at last.  
  
No toiling yonder, and no weariness,  
No disappointments and no more distress,  
The future bright, the past all understood,  
We'll see that all the way His lead was good.  
  
No parting yonder, and no sad goodbyes,  
No pain, no sickness, and no weeping eyes,  
But best of all, my Saviour I shall see,  
No cloud will come between my Lord and me.



DR. EDWARD LINCOLN SMITH.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort those who are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.



Let not your heart be troubled (said Jesus): ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and will receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God our Father who loved us and gave us eternal comfort and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts and establish them in every good work and word.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening



it is cut down, and withereth.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:



and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beyond the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;



No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee.

Mr. Eaton was distinguished by many traits of value to the community and interesting to recall at this time. Let me note a few of those qualities.

Mr. Eaton was a man who loved simplicity and disliked display. Those people who are particularly fond of simplicity,



and who show it in their lives are among the most rugged men or women we know. Simplicity is not a trait of weakness -- it is a trait of strength. Strength needs nothing else than the simple form of expression and action.

We think of Mr. Eaton as an efficient doer of duty in all relations of life. We can say of him, as truly and sincerely as of any man we know, that he was a good citizen. He was a busy man, but always busy with things worth while and that needed doing, never busy with anything which could bring harm or unhappiness to any human being.

He was a man given to helpful service, but making no demands for himself. He has helped you -- you know how much. He has been with you in campaigns of many kinds, but always as helping you and not demanding that you help him. Helpful, then, in his life and happy in his power to be of service to other men.

A week ago today he was singing, singing through the day and through the evening. The last conscious day of his life was with him a day of merriment, singing over the old songs of youth with friends in the afternoon and about the fireside in the evening. His life, we may say, went out with a song.

Mr. Eaton was a man who was proud of and devoted to his family.



It is a strong redeeming quality of any man to be attached to his home. A man who allows nothing to take the place of his home is certainly a good citizen, as well as a good man. Clubs and orders, outdoor life, sports and companions, are all right in their places, but when they allure and detach a man from his home they are not good. They never allured or detached this man from his home. We of this community, we who knew him best, we who saw him come in and pass out of this church, we who met him on the street passing from home to car and back again, we think of him as a man devoted to that circle in the midst of which he was the sustaining and the cementing factor.

Mr. Eaton was born in Oxford, a little town in central New York, but early in life he found his way to this Coast. He belonged to that great company of venturesome men who are not satisfied to remain in the narrow circle into which they were born, or with the familiar environments of the far East which satisfied their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers. He preferred to push out into new circles, to have a part in the formation of new communities, and in establishing precedents in a new world. All of us who were not born here but came later belong to that group. Mr. Eaton has been a good builder, a good citizen, one of those who helped to make this



State and this City what they are today.

He has passed on at the comparatively early age of sixty-one, his life shortened, no doubt, by that fidelity to duty and close application to his work of which I have spoken. I sometimes wonder if the cares of these last few years, the anxieties which have pressed so hard, especially upon fathers and mothers, and upon business men during and since the war, are not responsible in a large degree for the shortening of our lives and for the death of some before their full natural life has been lived. That may be true, a part of the sacrifice made to preserve the liberties of the world and to bring us to peace.

I think of Mr. Eaton as at rest, as having passed on to meet whatever that other life contains, fearlessly and confidently. He could meet no one over there to whom he has done harm, no one who would be otherwise than glad to meet him. In that comfort let us rest our souls today.

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning at the bar,

When I put out to sea.



But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

Let us pray.

Oh, Thou eternal and almighty God, our Father, Thou who in  
Jesus Christ our Lord didst come into this world to share our lot,  
to bear our sorrows and to redeem our souls, we look to Thee in  
perfect confidence now that Thou wilt come to those who have been  
bereaved, that Thou wilt be their Father, their best friend and



counsellor, the guide and keeper of those we love. We commend to Thy loving care these friends whose home has been invaded by the angel of death, and pray that Thou wilt be the comforter of their home, and the sustainer of youth in the days that follow, granting that one and all may think with gratitude of the example given to them in the life of this dear man. Comfort them in this sorrow, and help them to live their lives as faithfully, devotedly and sincerely as he has done.

We pray that Thou wilt bless all citizens of this community, helping each one to bear his obligations well, and to learn from this event which calls us together this afternoon how insecure is man's tenure of life upon earth, how suddenly and unexpectedly he may be called to cross the bar. Help us, Father, that confidence may be communicated to the souls of Thy servants when they go forward to meet Thee.

We pray that Thou wilt bless this community and all the faithful men and women who love the good of the community, those who seek not for things which shall be comfortable and enjoyable in themselves, but for those things which shall be for the welfare of their fellows. Grant that this spirit may characterize each one who has come to this place this afternoon, and that the spirit of this man,



if, indeed, he can know or be present as this word is being spoken, may have comfort and satisfaction in knowing that his life has not been lived in vain, but that he has persuaded some other men and women to be more faithful in their duty, and more unselfish in giving themselves to the welfare of others.

We pray for those who have known this man, for those who have been near and dear to him, for all relatives and friends, those who are here and those who are far away today. Comfort and console them all with the sense of Thy presence.

We pray for those who have been associated with him in business, who have worked by his side and with him have been carrying on the business of the Commonwealth. We pray Thee to be with all men and women in this busy world; grant that day by day as we touch shoulders one with another as we pass upon the streets, we may communicate a sense of confidence, hopefulness and assurance that all things shall be well.

We cannot drift beyond Thy love and care. Let this spirit be abroad in our city, and characterize all professional life, all of commercial life, all the public and private life of the city. Hear us, we beseech Thee, in this prayer which we bring to Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.



Solo.

"Thy Will Be Done"

Mr. O. J. Williams.

My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home in life's rough way.  
Oh! teach me from my heart to say

"Thy Will be done."

What tho' in lonely grief I sigh,  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive, still would I reply,

"Thy Will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say

"Thy Will be done."

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore.

"Thy Will be done."



HONORARY PALLBEARERS.

Hon. A. W. Frater,

Hon. J. T. Ronald,

Hon. Mitchell Gilliam,

Hon. John S. Jurey,

Hon. A. C. Bowman,

Hon. W. H. Gorham.

ACTIVE PALLBEARERS.

Mr. Earle E. Richards,

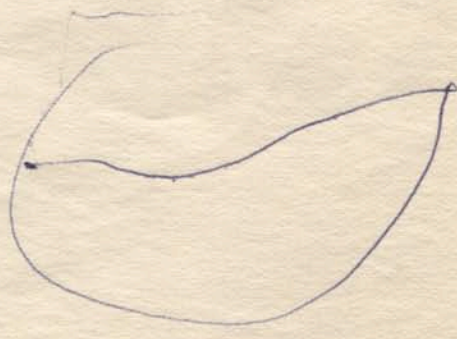
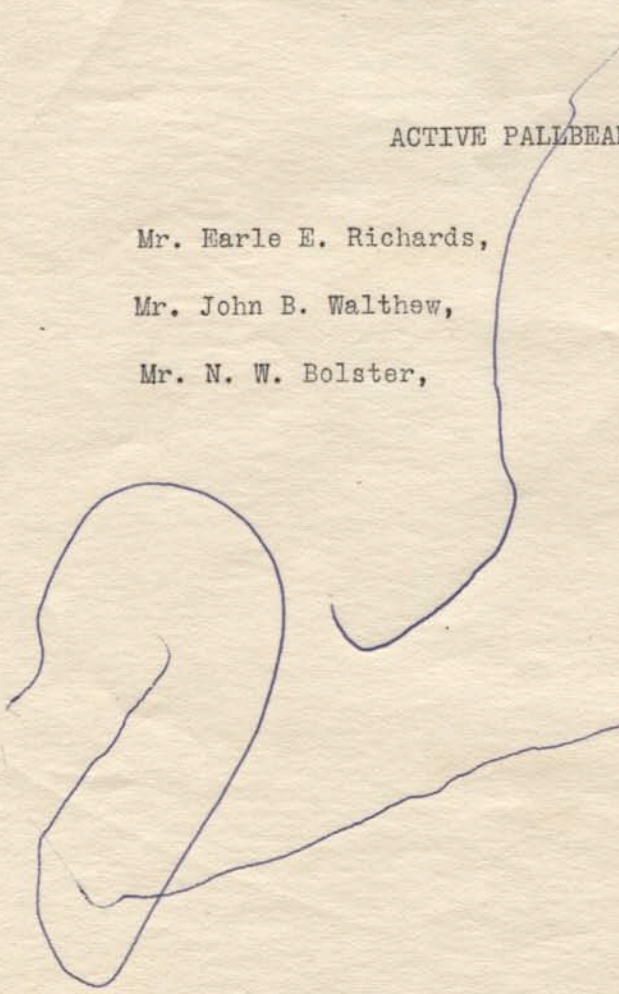
Mr. John B. Walthew,

Mr. N. W. Bolster,

Mr. James M. Palmer,

Mr. Victor Zednick,

Mr. Fred W. Hastings.





The Court Reporters of the city of Seattle take this last opportunity of paying a heartfelt tribute to their departed friend and brother, CHARLES B. EATON. We feel that nothing we could say would be in any way commensurate with our great sense of loss in the passing of our genial companion of so many years. His presence was ever as a ray of sunlight in our midst, and his absence will be long felt by those who were his associates. He numbered his friends by all who knew him, and his cheerful smile and friendly influence will be always a precious memory for future years. He lived his life well, and in the most cherished recollections of those with whom he spent so many happy hours there will be always pleasant thoughts and fond memories of our comrade who has passed to his reward. We have lost a well loved companion, but the inspiration of his friendship remains with us forever.

Hector V. Abel,	Peter A. Kimple,	Earle E. Richards,
N. W. Bolster,	O. H. Lamoreaux,	Eagan Ridenour,
A. C. Bowman,	Bruce Moburg,	Arthur Royse,
Robert R. Brott,	Charles P. Murphy,	B. F. Stuart,
Earl R. Field,	James M. Palmer,	John R. Walthew,
Sherwood F. Gorham,	Ernest R. Perry,	A. D. Williams.



## *Just Ahead*

By FLORENCE BELLE ANDERSON

BACK in the tender days of long ago  
I used to wander with my father dear,  
My hand in his; and oh, he loved me so!  
I was content; I had no harm to fear.  
One day we wandered far and lost our way.  
Well I remember what his dear lips said:  
"Child, I will find the path, and you must stay;  
I'll only be a little way ahead."

I waited for him very patiently;  
I knew no fear—I was so confident  
He'd only gone to clear the way for me;  
He would return the very way he went.  
When he came back he found a tired child;  
He carried me safe on his loving breast;  
He spoke to me; his voice was sweet and mild:  
"Dear little one, we're going home to rest."

Father, the years have borne you in their flight  
To God's Own Land. They say that you are  
"dead."

I know you're searching for the Path of Light;  
You've only gone a little way ahead;  
You'll come for me. Ah, very well I know!  
My feet are tired, heavy is my load.  
You left me waiting. Dear, you loved me so,  
You'll come back for me when you've found  
the Road.



NEWSPAPER OBITUARY

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MR. EATON, sixty-one years of age, had lived in Seattle twenty-three years. He leaves a widow and one daughter, MISS DOROTHY EATON, and two sons, JAMES S. EATON of Wapato and PHILLIPS K. EATON of Olympia, and two daughters, MRS. HOWARD DOOLITTLE of Rimrock and MRS. CLYDE LIVESLEY of Yakima, by his first wife.

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Funeral services 11 March, 1923

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(Copy of ) SENATE RESOLUTION.

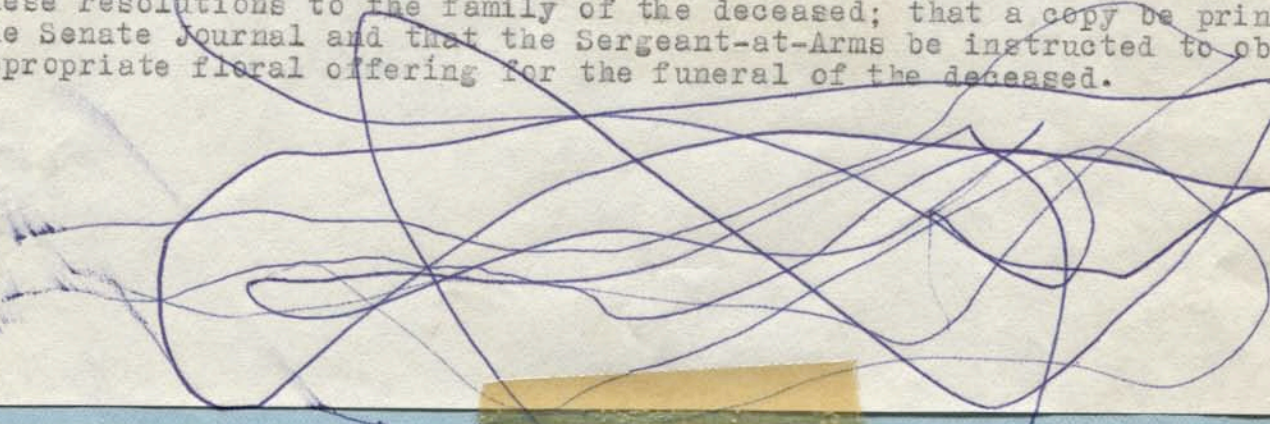
By Memorials Committee.

WHEREAS, The Divine Providence has, in His infinite wisdom, seen fit to remove from his sphere of usefulness and activity among us, Charles B. Eaton, the efficient Minute Clerk of the Senate; and

WHEREAS, Charles B. Eaton was widely known and loved throughout the State of Washington, and we desire to pay tribute to his memory because of his sterling character, high integrity and strong devotion to duty; therefore be it

RESOLVED, By the Senate, that we hereby express our sympathy to his bereaved family; and be it further

RESOLVED, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Secretary of the Senate be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased; that a copy be printed in the Senate Journal and that the Sergeant-at-Arms be instructed to obtain an appropriate floral offering for the funeral of the deceased.



Away.

James Whitcomb Riley.

I cannot say, and I will not say  
That he is dead.<sup>2</sup> He is just away!<sup>1</sup>  
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered ~~bet~~ into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there,  
And you-- O you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old time step and the glad return,

Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There, as the love of Here.<sup>2</sup>  
Think of him still as the same, I say!<sup>1</sup>  
He is not dead-- he is just away!<sup>1</sup>

