

**Chatham Record**  
 O. J. PETERSON  
 Editor and Publisher

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If a man's greatness is measured by the things he cares about, as said Dean Workman of the new school of religion at Chapel Hill Tuesday, then the measure of a good man may be taken at the Tamey-Dempsey bout and at the radios and news centers. A Kentucky mule could knock out either of these bruisers.

A volume would scarcely give one a complete notion of the terrific force of the Florida storm than the mere statement that only one building, a big one, was left unscathed in the whole newly built city of Hollywood. Conceive of that and of the natural consequences of the destruction of the homes, the dead, the dying, the searching amid downpouring rain and roaring wind and swelling tide of parents for children, of friends for their missing comrades, of children seeking parents dead or injured, of long rows of the dead awaiting burial, and one has the picture. Only he must not forget the country homes in a broad belt of the Land of Flowers lying low, the fruit trees stripped or broken down, the stock dead or adrift. Forty thousand, it is estimated, are without shelter and means of sustenance in the storm swept area, except as it is furnished by charity. Verily, in such times of calamity, it seems fortunate that the present social system has allowed some to accumulate wealth, while it is gratifying that so many of those thus blessed give freely to relieve want and suffering on such occasions, and can act promptly and effectively.

Lieutenant Maury, the father of physical geography, laid down the laws of tropical storms and for many years the storms seemed to observe Maury's law almost to the letter, setting out from the tropics in a northeasterly direction and finally bending their course slightly to the northeastward. But in recent years the law seems a dead letter. The two great Florida storms of this season struck out westward, across country and up the coast as in former days. And it may be recalled that for ten years not one tropical storm has swept the North Carolina coastal region, while during the last twenty years of the last century at least a score must have blown and blustered their way to the northward, while from the northeast for two and three days at a time came gust of rain and gust, the trees swaying and many instances falling throughout all the long-strawed pine belt. Cotton in the fields was beaten out or clogged in the burs. Whole fields have been seen mottled with the sprouting seed of the locks beaten into the soil.

In another paragraph, we have spoken of Maury's law of the tropical storm's course. But many who did not study the great mariner's geography are doubtless unable to distinguish between the course of the storm and the direction of the wind. But it is simply when the storm is known to be a great whirlwind, hundreds of miles across. It depends, then, in what part of the whirl comes from. The whirl in the northern hemisphere is opposite that of the hands of a clock, and the direction of the center of the storm may be found by facing the wind and holding the right hand straight out from the body. It took two days for the Florida storm to pass from Miami to Pensacola, though the wind was blowing as fast as 120 miles an hour. The wind was making a circle around the center of the storm, and is no gauge of the rate the storm itself is traveling, any more than the speed of a bird hunter determines the rate of travel of the dog that is whipping the field around him.

The matter of the killing of turkeys by dogs is a serious one. Even if the dog tax fund does recoup the monetary loss of the birds the actual loss of wealth is not affected, nor can money repay the owners for the hurt at having their prize birds verily eaten alive. A gentleman wanted to show the editor of the Record how a dog had eaten the mother of a fine drove of 17 young turkeys belonging to his wife and in the rearing of which she had tramped miles, but the thought of the big bird being gnawed into while actually alive was enough without the sight of the body. As a mangled paragraph would have stated last week, Mr. R. E. Harris killed a dog in the act of eating out the breast of his wife's prize gobbler. The county may pay the actual monetary value, but it cannot compensate for the shock and distress or for the loss of satisfaction in the possession of a prize bird, which was expected to carry off the award at the county fair. But it will take the tax on ten dogs to pay the actual value of a 25 or 30-pound gobbler at Thanksgiving time, and it is questionable whether the dogs that do the damage are actually listed for taxation. And here we wish to suggest, even insist, that people who are bothered by marauding dogs, make a list of the owners of suspected dogs and go to the tax books and see if they are listed for taxation. If not, let the fact be reported to the grand jury, for it is a misdemeanor not to list a dog for taxation, and if the dog isn't listed, the owner may be prosecuted, we believe, for the omission, and it should be the business of the officials to see that the dog is killed if not listed. Every dog in the county is subject to this law. Because one has no other property is no excuse for not listing his or her dog. The dog cannot be included in the \$300 exemption of household goods. Let the people annoyed by these destructive curs and the officers cooperate to collect the legal tax for every dog, and there will be fewer of the worthless things. A man unable to feed a pack of mongrels will hesitate to pay the dog tax on them.

### Siler City News.

Active work at the Chatham County Fair grounds is in progress this week preparatory to the seventh annual fair which will open Tuesday, October 5. An unusual number of applications for both advertising and exhibit space have been assigned and everything points to crowded entries in every department. Despite the drought prevailing at the present time there need be no apprehension as to the water supply on the fair grounds, as the very important matter will be efficiently looked after by Casey Jones, who will run a pipe line into the grounds from a nearby never failing spring to supplement the well already in use on the property.

As for the attractions the management have provided an unusually fine free act which will give two performances daily, these being Mack and Manus a trilling aerial act which the lady and gentleman will vary with a clever comedy in the air. Furnishing midway with plenty of fun will be Page and Wilson's exposition shows which come highly recommended.

The officials and directors feel that they have this year a most capable and efficient group of superintendents to have a personal supervision over the entries. In the various departments they are: Farm and Field crops, Hugh L. York and E. R. Smith; Horticultural products, E. M. Lindley; Truck and Vegetables, N. J. Dark; Livestock, W. G. Scott and J. C. Fesmire; Horses and Mules, A. L. Johnson; Swine and Sheep, O. A. Clapp; Poultry, Carl Gilliland and Mrs. J. M. Hackney; Home Economics, Mrs. E. H. Jordan and Miss Mary Alice Ferguson; Pantry Supplies, Mrs. Coley Gee; Household Arts, Mesdames F. L. Teague and C. E. Brady; Arts and Crafts, Mesdames F. G. Brooks and W. C. Headen; Dairy Products, Miss Birdie Culbertson; Educational, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Coltrane and Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Chapman, General Superintendent, Ernest Brewer.

Anyone desiring a catalogue can obtain one from Mrs. P. H. Elkins, secretary.

### McKee Succeeds Mosher

(From the Chapel Hill Weekly)  
 William John McKee, a Ph.D. from Columbia University, has come here to succeed E. R. Mosher as extension professor of education. He and his wife and four children have one of the houses on Cobb Terrace. Mr. McKee was formerly a school teacher and official in India, and he received recognition from the British government for his achievements in elementary education. Mr. Mosher, his predecessor in the extension division, will be the director of training under the new plan of cooperation between the University and the Chapel Hill school.

### Heffner Here Again

(From the Chapel Hill Weekly)  
 Hubert Heffner, who played the leading role in Carolina Playmaker productions three or four years ago, has returned to the University as assistant professor of dramatic art in the English department. He will conduct play-writing courses, and during the absence of F. H. Koch in Europe this fall he will direct play production. After leaving Chapel Hill he went to the University of Wyoming, and for the last two years he has been in the University of Arizona. He is remembered here for his play, "Dod Gast Ye Both" and for his unusual success in the leading role of Paul Green's play, "The Lord's Will." He appeared also in "The Miser" and "In Dixon's Kitchen."

### Two Peasant Women Get Legion of Honor

Paris.—That coveted decoration, the Legion of Honor, which represents so much to the French people, has been awarded to two peasant women farmers, in continuance of a tradition established a few years ago, to encourage large families and fidelity to the land by means of France's highest honor.

The citations in the Journal Officiel accompanying these two nominations as Knights of the Legion of Honor, read:

"Madame Piron, farmer at Vieu d'Izenave (Lin department), 45 years' practice of agriculture, mother of 16 children, lost two sons in the war. Has 11 children still living, all working land from her earliest years. By her incessant toil and spirit of initiative has succeeded in making her farm a model for the district."

"Madame Peres, widow, farmer at Kervin-en-Scaer (Finistere department), 44 years' practical work on the land. Mother of 13 children, had six sons mobilized, three of whom were killed in action. With the help of her seven daughters kept her farm in good state of culture during the war. May be cited as an example of courage and of dignified life."

## OLD MARK'S STRATAGEM

By H. M. EGBERT

(© by W. G. Chapman.)

"A ND I wish you joy of him," repeated Mrs. Phillip Adams, pursing her lips and looking angrily at Lucy Smith.

It had always irritated the wealthy farmer's wife that her cousin, the wife of ne'er-do-well Frank Smith, should have offered a home to their mutual uncle, Mark Evans.

Mark Evans had owned a prosperous farm of his own a few years before, but when his wife died the old man of eighty was unable to keep it up. At eighty-two his niece, Mrs. Adams, fearing that the depreciating property would leave her only a trivial legacy, persuaded the old man to sell out.

"Pay the money over to me and Phil," she said, and we'll take care of you for the rest of your days."

The old man did so, but the farm realized less than a thousand dollars. The Adams family was furious.

"If I'd known the old skinflint wasn't worth more than that, I'd have seen myself swished before I'd have got stung for a home," said Phillip.

"What's he done with all his money? He used to be rich," said his wife.

"However, he won't last long." But he did last. Old Mark flourished amazingly, and at eighty-four he was as vigorous as many a man of half his age. In vain his niece watched for signs of breakdown.

"We can't go on feeding the useless old cuss forever," muttered her husband. "If it wasn't for what the neighbors would say, I'd turn him away to the poorhouse. He's stung us fair."

Old Mark heard that. He had resigned himself without complaint to the attic room, to a separate table where he received the scraps that fell from the family's leavings. He had borne the taunts of the ill-bred Adams children. But it stung him to the quick to be a burden, to be accused of dishonesty.

"My niece Lucy Smith wants me to spend a week with her," he announced the next day. "Guess I'll pay her a visit."

"Guess you'll pay the fare, too," sneered Phillip Adams.

However, Lucy had paid the fare, and the old man duly departed. The week's stay had extended to a year, and Old Mark was still there, an honored guest.

"Yes, I wish you joy of him," repeated Mrs. Adams, who had gone to pay her cousin a visit. "Eats his head off, don't he?"

"He has a good appetite," admitted Lucy. "We like to see uncle eat."

"Humph! Well, it's more than I do," answered her cousin. "And don't you think we're going to take him back after the way he's acted to us, because we ain't?"

"Frank and I have offered Uncle Mark a home for the rest of his days," answered Lucy quietly.

That was true, and the old man was welcome. No longer living upon grudging charity, he sat at the table with his relatives. The best bedroom in the house had been offered him. However, Old Mark would not take that, but he was certainly more comfortably accommodated than before.

"One thing had always distressed Lucy. Old Mark insisted on going out to work.

It might seem that a man of eighty-four is incapable of active labor. But Old Mark, though he had not been able to keep up his farm, had by no means lost his muscular activity. As labor was scarce in the neighborhood, the farmers, incredulous at first when the old man offered his services, were glad enough to allow him to dig in their gardens at two dollars a day. Besides that the old man did odd chores.

"He must be making a mint of money," Lucy said her husband jocularly.

"It's all coming to Frank and you," Old Mark would say, when they reproached him. "I got to do something to earn my keep, seeing as Niece Jane has got my farm and I've got nothing to pay you with."

"But it isn't necessary to pay a penny, uncle," Lucy would say, half crying. "People will think we make you work for us."

"I guess not," answered Old Mark. "I tell 'em that I'm doing it against your wishes. But it's all coming to you."

That sounded well enough, but nobody had seen any of Mark's money. The postmistress stated that the old man had bought money orders recently. But to whom was he sending his money? To a bank?

"Pshaw, Lucy, let the old fellow have his way," said Frank. "If it makes him happy, and he feels less under an obligation to us, it doesn't do him any harm."

"But I'm eighty-five next month, and I ain't going to do a stitch of work after I'm eighty-five," said Mark, chuckling.

Indeed, Mark's industry afforded the farmer and his wife less time for meditation than formerly. The season had been poor, the crops had not ripened—it was the wet summer of a few years ago; finally, the price of corn had gone shooting down. The struggle of the "ne'er-do-well" Frank Smith had long excited the derision of his relatives. He seemed an incapable farmer, and they knew nothing of the

crushing mortgage which was with difficulty met each interest day.

At last Frank and Lucy had to face the prospect of selling out and moving to the city. "We'll take Old Mark," they said.

Old Mark, learning of his relatives' difficulties, did not appear greatly concerned. "It's life," he said. "That's all. It happened to me. I guess I can go to the poorhouse." "You certainly will not go to the poorhouse so long as I can work," said Frank.

At last the farm was advertised for sale. Nobody was surprised, but several people were pleased. The Adams family were very pleased.

And he thought he could feed an extra useless mouth," sneered Phillip. "It serves that woman right," said his wife, "for trying to reproach us with not looking after Mark. Why don't you buy the farm, Phillip? It'll trample them into the dust. And I'd like to know what they'll do with Old Mark then."

"I'm going to bid for it," answered Phillip shrewdly. "If it goes for a song, I'll take it."

The day of the sale arrived. Frank and Lucy, very subdued, but bravely meeting the inquisitive gaze of the neighbors, sat by the auctioneer. They had decided not to run away, but to hold up their heads to the last.

"What bids for this property?" snapped the auctioneer. "Fifty acres of first-class farming land—"

"Ho! Ho!" roared a voice from among the audience. It was Phillip Adams, who chuckled and nudged his wife. "That's good, ain't it?" he said.

"A house and barn in fair condition, an orchard with fruit trees in bearing, chicken houses and two hundred hens. What bids?"

"Ten dollars!" shouted Adams exuberantly.

"Be sensible, gentlemen," pleaded the auctioneer. "One-third cash and the remainder on mortgage. What offers?"

"Five hundred dollars," said a bald-headed city clerk, who was trying to get back to the land.

"Six hundred," said Adams.

"Seven," said the clerk.

"Seven fifty," grumbled Adams.

They ran the price up to twelve hundred dollars, at which the city clerk subsided. Frank watched the scene in humiliation. Lucy, impassive, regarded the sneering face of Phillip, as he wrestled with another bidder at fourteen hundred.

"At fourteen hundred," said the auctioneer, nodding to Phillip. "Going—going—"

"Fifteen!" snapped Old Mark, standing up as spry as a young man.

"Eh?" grunted the auctioneer.

"Where's your money?"

Old Mark advanced to the auctioneer's desk and slapped down an enormous wallet choking with bills. The auctioneer peered inside. He saw several hundreds.

"He can't bid—he's too old!" shouted Phillip wrathfully.

"There ain't no age limit," said the auctioneer. "Any higher offer?"

"I tell you he's a faker, and I stand by what I bid, and I take the farm," shouted Phillip in a rage.

"At fifteen. Going—gone! It's yours," said the auctioneer to Mark.

"One-third cash and—"

"I'll pay the whole fifteen hundred," answered Old Mark, counting out the money.

It was done. Mark owned the farm, and Lucy and Frank found themselves one on each side of him in the open. Round them gathered a curious crowd, including Jane and Phillip Adams. The situation was preposterous—incredible. Hush! Old Mark was speaking.

You see, my dears, you were kind to an old man," he said. "You thought I hadn't no money, but there was my life insurance, which I took out fifty years ago last Wednesday. Four thousand dollars it were, and cost me something over a hundred a year. I had the premiums put by when I sold the farm, but I got a little short, so I had to work a bit to make up the last year's. But I cashed in Wednesday, and I've still got a tidy sum over. It's my farm now, and you and Lucy are going to work it till I die, and then it goes to you."

He turned toward the stupefied Adams.

"But I don't play no favorites," he said. "You and Jane is welcome to be my guests whenever you want to—only, of course, seeing as I gave you my other farm, this one'll be Lucy's."

### The Mad Book

Why doesn't somebody write a Mad Book, dedicated "to all the poor people who have lost their tempers and don't know where to find them?"

A few suggested chapters: To have your feet stepped on. To have a conductor abuse you before a careful of people.

To have a cross voice on the telephone tell you to "Butt off the line." To see what you want on the counter and have a clerk tell you, "We don't keep it."

To ask for the Mad Book and have a clerk say, "It's never been published."—Los Angeles Times.

### In Trouble

At a church fair at the candy counter an elderly lady was seen poking frantically under the table with her umbrella. A gallant young man stepped forward and, stooping to assist her, asked what she had lost. She mumbled that she had dropped a piece of taffy she had been eating.

"Oh, never mind looking for that piece, madam," said the gallant young man. "I'll buy you a whole new bar."

"But," she further mumbled, "my teeth are in it."—Everybody's Magazine.

Dr. W. H. Fowler, V. S.,  
 Pittsboro, N. C.  
 Can be found at Exllne Hotel.  
 Bring your sick stock to him.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT The Farmers Bank vs. M. L. Harris, North Carolina, Chatham County.

The defendant, M. L. Harris will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Chatham County, North Carolina, to collect two promissory notes in the sum of \$500.00 each:

1 note executed on the 29th day of April 1923, in the sum of \$500.00 principal with interest due from March the 27th, 1924, until paid;

1 note executed on the 4th day of December, 1924, in the sum of \$500.00, with interest from the 20th day of December, 1924, until

paid; and the said defendant further take notice that he is required to appear at the office of the Clerk for the Superior Court of Chatham County in the County of Pittsboro, N. C., on the 11th day of October, 1926, and answer to the complaint in said Superior Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

The defendant will also take notice that a warrant of attachment was issued by the undersigned Clerk of the Superior Court of Chatham County, North Carolina, at the time and place named for the return of said defendant, when and where the said answer or demurrer to said complaint will be granted.

This the 10th day of Sept., 1924. E. B. HATCH, Clerk of the Superior Court for Chatham County. Sept. 16, etc.

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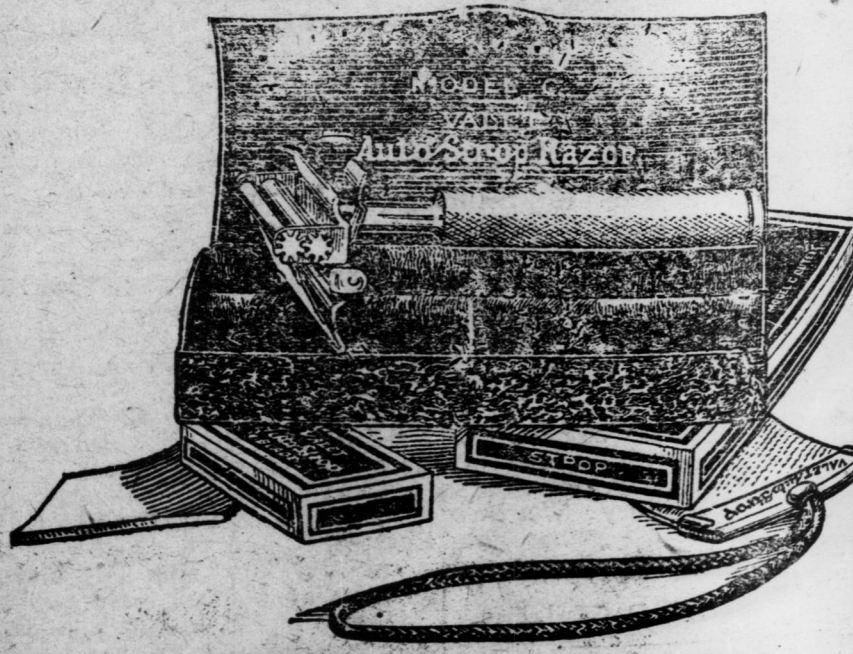
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