

## CHATHAM RECORD

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## ABOUT THE SABBATH

There is no question about the consistency or the conscientiousness of our Brown's Chapel correspondent in opposing the delivery and sale of milk on Sundays, but the trouble lies in the Sunday-keeping tradition handed down from Puritan times. When the reform came four centuries ago, the Puritanic element felt bound to follow the Scriptures to the letter. They did not realize that Sunday was not the Sabbath and that if they kept Sunday in the Mosaic way they were as far from keeping the Sabbath as a boy would be from obeying his father who, told by his father to thin the corn to hills three feet apart, should go and thin the cotton patch to that distance, or from obeying the third commandment, if he changed the commandment, Honor thy father and mother, into honor thy uncle and aunt.

It was a difficult matter in the early days of Christianity to wean the Jewish Christians from the Mosaic observances and temple worship. Accordingly, the apostles, after seeing clearly the beginning of a new dispensation, killed two birds with one stone. They decided to make the first day of the week their worship day in honor of the resurrection of Jesus and thereby, at the same time, wean Jewish Christians from the temple service and dependence upon observance of the Mosaic ordinances.

For several centuries the Jews, as now, maintained their Sabbath observances, on Saturdays, and the Christians held their church meetings on Sundays. The great heathen world observed no day in the seven. Finally Constantine the Great became a convert to Christianity, and when he saw that Sunday was observed by Christians, in the overzealousness which practically compelled the heathen to profess Christianity, he made a law that Sunday must be observed by all the people. But he did not prescribe a Puritan regime for Sunday, nor did the church leaders. The latter insisted upon attendance at worship on Sundays, but, as clearly shown by the European Sunday which came down from those early days, the strictness of the Mosaic observance of the Sabbath (Saturday) was not demanded.

When the Puritans set in to reform the church, they failed to realize that there is not a command in the whole Bible directed at the observance, in the Mosaic way, of Sunday, and set in to apply the Mosaic regime to an altogether different day from that originally kept.

Constantine, himself, as pointed out some time ago, did not forbid farmers attending to the needs of their crops on Sunday. If it had been rainy they could plough; if the wheat crop needed cutting and might be otherwise lost, they could cut their wheat, etc. Before Constantine made this law for the Roman Empire, probably no Christian, unless a Jewish one, felt under any obligation to refrain from needed work on Sundays. It was worship day, but what time was not put in worship might be spent, doubtless, as they saw fit. Constantine is, then, the first real authority to make the observance of Sunday compulsory, and his Christianity was of a mighty shabby sort, judged by his actual life.

If there was any mistake, made in setting aside the observance of the Sabbath, that is Saturday, it was made by the early church. If the mistake was made, it can not be rectified by applying the Mosaic code to Sunday, but Christians must go back to the observance of Saturdays, as the Seventh Day Baptists and Seventh Day Adventists have. If any day is to be observed in the Mosaic way, it is the day Moses named, Saturday. If no day is to be so observed since the Christian dispensation began, as no

bloody sacrifices are to be made, then our correspondent need not worry about the delivery of milk on Sundays, nor need a man let his meat spoil over Sunday, or his wheat get destroyed by a storm predicted for Monday.

But our correspondent has failed to see the impracticality of his proposition. For the cities to receive no regular milk supply on Sunday would mean that they must do without milk that day, or that means must be maintained to keep every day's supply a day longer, or a part of the Monday's supply—two days—till the next Sunday. Producers, dealers, and the consumers would have to be prepared to keep unspoiled a double supply, the producers and consumers on Saturdays and the dealers every day in the week. Figure that out.

Many practices and beliefs have just about as slim foundations as the Mosaic observance of Sundays. Christianity is a reasonable religion. Jesus Christ was a most reasonable man, and in speaking of the actual sabbath—Saturday—to the Jews themselves he chided them for picayunishness, and stated clearly that even the old sabbath was made for man and not man for it.

So, Brother Durham, it is up to you to decide whether a mistake has been made in doing away with the Mosaic sabbath, and, if you so decide, to observe Saturday henceforth. Keeping a day the Bible did not appoint is not fulfilling the law. But the Christian dispensation is one of grace and not of law. However, the weightier things of the law, to do charity, to visit the orphans and widows in their affliction, to love one's neighbor as himself, these are the very essence of Christian character, the fruits of the spirit. But this is enough for a long time.

We didn't accuse our Brown's Chapel correspondent of having little commonsense, and if we had we should take it back in view of his ability to see the incongruity of violators of the hunting law reporting a still discovered on land upon which they had not got permission to hunt, even if they had not been violating the State law against hunting out of season. It is just such inconsistencies as this that encourage the general violation of the prohibition law. When people who feel that they are good citizens can choose the laws that they consider it unimportant to observe, it is no wonder that the tougher element choose to disregard the law they do not like. Mr. Durham is right when he says that the hunters were as real law-violators as the moonshiners. They should be fed out of the same legal spoon. As for our correspondent's practice of tail-splitting and horn-boring, the celebrated remark to Horatio is timely. But some of "Dr." Rufe Clark's remedies surpass our correspondent's in novelty, and "Rufe" is shore one horse and cow doctor. But don't any of you newspaper folk think we are referring to Dr. Rufe Clark of the Greensboro News staff; Pittsboro has her own Dr. Clark.

Since mentioning Dr. R. R. Clark, of newspaper fame, in another paragraph, we are minded to come to his support in a matter of words. He used "plead" as the past tense of "plead." Pronounce the former "pled." The Raleigh Times hooted at the use of the form. But plead-plead-plead corresponds exactly to read-read-read, and until recently practically every administrator's notice published in our knowledge carried the phrase "plead in bar of their recovery." In fact, we noticed that so long ago that we did not know what "in bar of their recovery" meant, away back in Caucasian days. Louis Graves hops in with the statement that he is sometimes laughed at for saying "eat" (et) instead of "ate," but it is clear that he is justified by the analogy of eat-eat-eat with read-read-read. The tendency has long existed to change the irregular, or strong Anglo-Saxon verbs to the regular form, and it is a pity. However, this writer has adopted "pleaded" and "ate" and "eat-en." Read, eat, and other forms would doubtless have corresponded before now to the

form of "lead-led-led if "red" and "et" had not been readily confused with the adjective red and the Latin et, meaning and, and in old English appearing much oftener than in modern.

One of those up-to-date American footpads went over to London and robbed a man of \$100. He was surprised to find himself convicted and sentenced to receive 15 strokes with a cat-o-nine tails and to serve two years in prison. It is a pity that the lash can not be used in this country to punish such fellows.

Two or three weeks ago the editor of The Hamlet News-Messenger was married and now of the young publishers, Mr. Neal Cadieu, has taken unto himself a wife, a Miss Williams. The youngsters are showing good sense, and especially the latter if his Williams turns out as well as the one this editor got.

Chatham had little over half a crop of cotton last year; yet the ginning up to November 14 are only a little more than half what they were in 1928, 2326 bales against 4088 last year. Mr. C. J. Morris rented a field of two or three acres of good cotton land and got his part of the money from the crop Monday, amounting to \$2.10 after the fertilizer was paid for. The tenant got \$4.20, or thereabouts, which would scarcely pay for picking the crop.

Senator Warren, father-in-law of General Pershing, the oldest man in the United States senate, died Sunday. He was the lone Federal veteran in Congress. Major Stedman still survives as the lone Confederate veteran in Congress, but he is to retire, even if he lives so long, at the end of the next session. The old soldiers long had the inside track in politics, but their day and themselves have passed.

But Pittsboro holds a unique position in the nation, in that her native son is the only survivor of the V. in Congress.

Mr. C. J. carrier from B. were Monday, said he counted 976 cars in two hours while they were returning from a game earlier in the fall at Chapel Hill. Probably the same kind of thing will be seen today, and it looks like the height of folly. There will be enough money spent on the game today, and by people who know precious little about football, to pay all the deficits of the orphanages in the State and give them a big start toward next year's expenses. Some folk seem to think they are proving themselves sports by driving a hundred miles or so to see a game of football, when they could hardly tell a touch down from a tumble.

## A VISIT TO MT. VERNON

STARTS ON PAGE ONE  
as are many in this section, two story houses and fine old oaks and a gray soil that is fine for almost any crop, and particularly for tobacco. For instance, a little later we are told by Mr. J. L. Dorsett that he has received checks for \$1600 for tobacco grown this very year on seven and a half acres. With a good home, plenty of wood all about him, and home-grown hog and hominy, a man with \$1600 this year ought to feel mighty good. At the first good Welch home the owner was gone, but a little further on we find Mr. W. D. Welch, a fine fellow who would have us warm and who along with the most of the folk named in this article will read The Record from now on.

A visit to the Bray estate, a real model farm, convinced us of the necessity to make a special visit to it and to note the developments and the modern methods. The farm is a little village in itself. Mr. Bray, the owner lives in Greensboro, but in Mr. H. J. Barker, the manager, the place is a real farmer in charge. Offing a little southward, we found an old renovated home into which Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Andrews have just moved. Mr. Andrews was away, but Mrs. Andrews went into her own purse and got the money for a subscription. But the weather said get back home and we hustled back to the depot, stopping near the Springs at Mr. Kirkman's and running in a minute to say howdy to our good friend Mr. R. L. Edwards, and there meeting his charming daughter Miss Irene. Back at the depot, Mr. E. A. Foust told us about his monkey-faced owl and up the hill to the Houston place Clarence whirled us to see a real curiosity. But we are going to give a special paragraph elsewhere to that owl. It is evident that all The Record lacks covering the county is a visit to all the homes of the county, and more money among the people. The people are becoming confident that The Record is no pussy-footer and that while it will not raise a disturb-

ance just for the sake of a disturbance, it does have its own opinions and does not hesitate to express them. That is the point we have wished to reach in the county. In Robeson and Sampson we early reached it, the point where an editor can express an unpopular view and yet not be hurt by it simply because the people realize that he is sincere and unafraid.

## THE BEST ITEM

When we had finished the story as above, we found that we had omitted at the proper place the best item of all. Writing without notes, we were thinking the first stop was at Mr. Foust's at the Springs, and following the itinerary through the omission occurred. And that was a visit to the home of our good friend Mr. R. M. Gorrell. It had never occurred to us to ask whom he had married, and a brief visit to the home to say howdy introduced us not only to Mrs. Gorrell, a daughter of the heroic Col. Lane, but also to the widow of the famous Confederate Colonel herself. Such an occurrence as this is what makes a trip worth while.

Mrs. Lane is about 85 years of age, but is surprisingly well preserved. One could hardly think now of Col. Lane without thinking of him as a middle-aged man during the war. And there is his portrait, showing a stalwart soldier in gray with heavy beard, which might confirm the thought. But he was a mere boy when he led his matchless company at Gettysburg—scarcely thirty. He looks as old with his beard as General Jackson; but General Jackson was only 35, we believe. Whiskers used to make it almost impossible to judge age, and now lack of beard makes seeming youths of men above fifty.

Have you ever noticed that all the presidents before Lincoln were clean-shaven, not even a moustache, we believe, and that from Lincoln to Harrison, with the exception of Cleveland all were well whiskered? Andy Johnson, we believe, was another exception. Yet the average countryman grown before the war wore beard from his youth up. But few of those who were 15 or under in 1860 ever wore a full beard.

But we are leaving the Gorrells. Mr. Gorrell himself had been sick for several weeks, confined to the home but not to his bed. They have a lovely old homestead and we only regretted not being able to tarry longer.

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## FORDFAX

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