

# THE TWICE-A-WEEK DISPATCH

A PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE UPBUILDING OF AMERICAN HOMES AND AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

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BURLINGTON, ALAMANCE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1915.

## Turkey Soars Above the Eagle Today

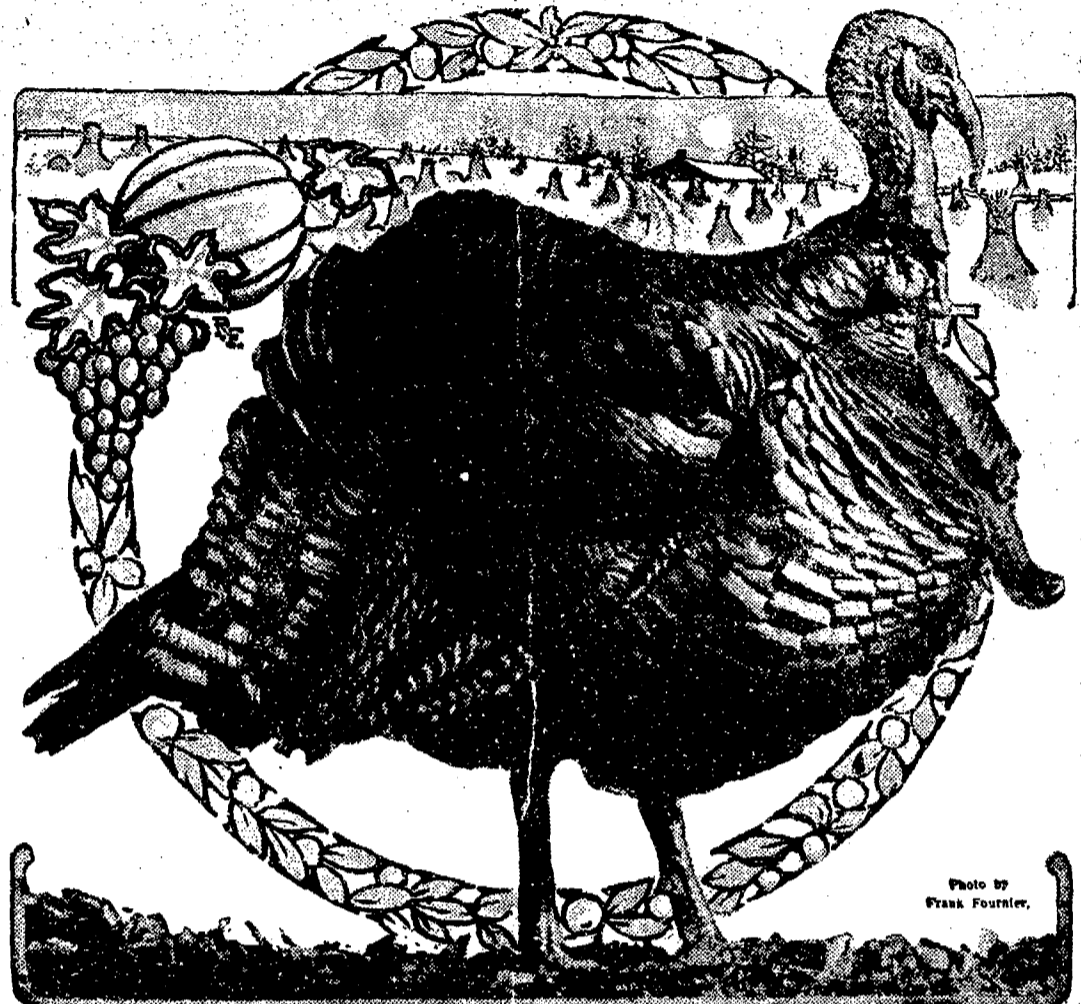


Photo by Frank Fournier.

For Thanksgiving is the day and the turkey is the viand that are peculiarly American. The eagle may appeal to our hearts, but who would swap the Thanksgiving turkey when it is a question of the rest of his body?

## An Automobile Thanksgiving

By Kate Upson Clark

"I HATE 'em!" good old Deacon Phipps was in the habit of saying, whenever he saw an automobile. From the first moment the new invention appeared, scaring his steady old horses almost to death, and breaking up one of his best farm wagons, Deacon Phipps had no patience with any kind of a motor vehicle.

As time went on, and many of his neighbors bought automobiles, his horses became wonted to them and turned never a hair when they whizzed by; but the good deacon did not relent. Whenever one passed him on the road, throwing, perhaps, a shower of dust or mud upon his modest carriage, and leaving behind it a trail of ill-odor, he would mutter (under his breath) words which no good deacon should ever, ever use.

The deacon and his wife grew old, and their six children all married, excepting Rhoda, the youngest, who stayed at home to take care of them. The four sons were prosperous, and the older daughter had married a very rich man and lived one hundred or more miles away. Two sons had become farmers and lived quite near. One was a merchant in a large town perhaps fifty miles distant. The fourth one was a minister, settled in the same town with the merchant brother. To the infinite disgust of Deacon Phipps, all of these sons, excepting the minister, owned automobiles, and Thomas, the merchant, actually sported three or four. When his father found this out, he came almost to the point of breaking off relations with Thomas.

In the old days, the family had used to gather on the day before Thanksgiving, and the large, airy chambers of the ample Phipps homestead could accommodate them all. Now the children and the grandchildren had increased in number until such gatherings were no longer possible. The uncles and aunts had died or had become infirm. There had been some pretty lonely Thanksgivings at the hospitable Phipps farm.

It was during the week before the great day that Deacon Phipps was sitting before the open fire in his big, comfortable sitting-room, and pondering over this melancholy fact. "Tain't right," he grumbled to his gentle wife, who sat knitting beside him. "Tain't right to have families scattered so at Thanksgiving. I wish we could get our folks all together, Susan. Just once more. Here you an I are vergin' onto eighty, an' we hain't had our folks all together, for goin' on ten year now. Here's this great house, dinin' room fit to seat thirty, an' this room to spill over into for as many more, and countin' Sister Judy an' Brother Ben, all the sister an' brother we've got left, bless 'em!—except Betty, an' she's tied to the house by her broken hip, an' always will be, it's likely—all put together they only

count up forty-one, but we can't get 'em together. "Well," he mused on, "we'll try to get a dozen or so of 'em an' call it a family party, but you an' I an' Rhoda, an' the 'ol' are strong an' hearty, an' could take care of 'em all, if they would only come. But I don't see any way."

"No, there isn't any way," sighed his good wife, "but you hadn't oughter complain, Silas. You've got a sight o' blessing, an' you'd oughter think o' those we've got an' not hanker after those we can't have." Which was good doctrine, though it could not quite stop the deacon's grumbling.

Miss Rhoda Phipps was quite equal to the task of taking care of the old people. A strong woman helped her in the kitchen, and there were neighbors near by who were ready to do extra work. Job, the good middle-aged man who had taken care of the horses for many a year, was no mean hand at household as well as stable service, and at this special Thanksgiving season Miss Rhoda kept them all busy until the pantries were piled thick with dainties. Mrs. Phipps thought that there was too much food prepared.

"Why, Rhoda, what do we want with twenty apple pies and six turkeys and ten chicken pies and a gallon of cranberry sauce?" she cried.

"The deacon ahemmed, and bristled a little, but in the face of the loud merriment which greeted this perfectly true reminder, his few rather growling remarks could not be heard.

"You know there really isn't much danger from automobiles nowadays, father," proceeded Thomas Phipps diplomatically. "The chauffeurs are better taught than they used to be, the machines can be stopped more easily—oh, in every way they are improved."

"Improved!" shouted the deacon, unable to restrain himself longer. "You can't pick up a paper without readin' about some shockin' accident through carelessly driven automobiles. Improved! They can't be improved. They are inventions of the evil one himself. You can't tell me! I read the papers."

"Wait a minute, father!" laughed Thomas, amid the eager looks of all the others, who were evidently full of suppressed excitement. "We—well—we—we feel as though we all wanted to see more of you and mother than we have seen lately, but we don't feel safe to have you traveling around on the cars, an' ma'am, an' your horses can't take you as far as most of us here, so we have come together and have bought you a new car, and hand some to you, so that we could all go with you to a picnic or to the lake, or to the city for the shopping of it, and we'll let Job taught how to run it. You know he has been away a good many afternoons. Well, he has been learnin' how to run a car. You can trust him, and now you and mother can have a big soapstone and climb into your limousine and come and see us all, and we expect you to do it. Now what do you say to that, father?"

"What could the old man say? He turned red, stammered, looked at his wife, who was smiling significantly, and then had the grace to accept and thank his children for their munificent gift. All of Deacon Phipps' neighbors laugh a little when they see him riding in his splendid automobile. But they are wise enough to sober up when they catch his eye.



Deacon Phipps Was Restlessly Peering Up the Road.

### Thanksgiving

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand  
That love held out in welcome to our own,  
When love and only love could understand  
The need of touches we had never known.

LET us be thankful for the longing eyes  
That gave their secret to us as they wept,  
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,  
Love's kiss upon their lids, and, smiling, slept.

AND let us, too, be thankful that the tears  
Of sorrow have not all been drained away,  
That through them still, for all the coming years,  
We may look on the dead face of To-day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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#### MR. ISLEY PASSES.

Mr. Leonard Isley, a highly respected farmer of Cobles township and the father of our fellow townsmen, Mr. J. A. and C. L. Isley, died last Thursday night and was buried Friday at Friendship. Rev. Mr. Tuttle conducted the funeral services. Mr. Isley was 85 years of age and had lived an exemplary life. He leaves five sons and one daughter, and will be sadly missed by his neighbors.

#### MR. SIMÉON THOMPSON DEAD.

Mr. Simeon Thompson died on the 9th inst. at his home near Snow Camp, aged about 71 years. He had not been well for many months. Mr. Thompson was a Confederate veteran and a good citizen. A few years ago he was the Supt. of the County Home. His widow, four sons and one daughter survive him.—The Gleaner.

#### S. & D. L. MEETING.

The local council of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty will be honored with a visit from the National Councilor of that order, Hon. Wm. H. Jeffrey, of East Burke, Vt., at the regular meeting of the council next Saturday night, November 27th. This will be the official visit of Mr. Jeffrey, who occupies the highest office in the order. He is a speaker of national reputation, and will deliver an address to the council on the general work of the order throughout the nation. There will also be present Mr. J. C. Kexier, State Councilor, of Salisbury, N. C., who will speak of the work and interests of the order in North Carolina.

Both these gentlemen are distinguished speakers and will doubtless bring to the local council interesting and inspiring addresses that will serve as a stimulus for action along the lines of extending and perpetuating the principles for which the order stands.

The members of the local council are making elaborate preparations for the coming event, and an invitation is extended to every member of the order in the county to attend the meeting and hear these noted speakers and energetic exponents of this fraternal organization.

A social feature has been planned for the meeting and light refreshments will be served.

#### MARRIED

at the residence of Rev. J. W. Holt, the officiating minister, November 18th, 1915. Mr. J. W. Simpson to Miss Bobbie Story. Both parties are from Morton's township, Alamance county.

#### A LARGE CROWD PRESENT.

There was a large crowd present Sunday afternoon at the Episcopal church to hear the address of Mr. W. A. Erwin of Durham. The lecture was to men only and his subject was higher ideals in Christian citizenship. The audience was attentive and those present say it was the best they ever listened to. Mr. Erwin was at his best and delighted his hearers, tainly missed a treat. Our people will be only too glad to have Mr. Erwin again at some future date. The ladies of the town are already saying that it is their turn next, and many are very anxious to hear him. We trust they may have the pleasure in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Garrison of Faucette township were in the city Saturday shopping. Mr. Garrison is a good farmer, who tries to raise all he needs at home in addition to a good tobacco crop.

#### MEDICAL INSPECTION OF THE SCHOOLS.

Dr. Jordan began the second week of medical inspection of school children Tuesday at Maywood, the Stony Creek school asking that he pass them on Monday for the present on account of diphtheria in the community and they fear that because of that fact, their attendance might not be up to standard. However, Dr. Jordan can promise them nothing earlier than in February after other appointments are complete.

Dr. Jordan reports interest in the work by patrons where he has been and says that Alamance folks are good to him.

He wishes to suggest to teachers that compositions by the children entering the contest for the prize be written with pen and ink upon good paper, since doubtless, the committee to be appointed to settle that contest will take into consideration everything entering into careful and in-

telligent work. Dr. Jordan says that he has no information as to the personnel of the committee, but that it will be composed of citizens of Alamance county.

#### M. P. CONFERENCE CLOSES.

Mr. J. E. Brown returned last night from C. censusboro where he represented the M. P. Church at this place in the annual conference which was held at that place. The conference adjourned last night with the reading of the appointments of ministers to the various churches and fields over the State.

Rev. J. E. Pritchard, who was pastor of the Thomasville M. P. Church for the past year, was assigned to the Burlington church for the coming year. Mr. Pritchard is a comparatively young man, having been ordained to the ministry at the annual conference which was held here three years ago. He is a man of splendid attainments, a consecrated minister and is one of the best ministers in the conference.