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TRYING TO FIND A HOME IN PLANET MARS

Remarkable Trip of Several Pittsboro Citizens—Did Not Find What They Wanted But Are Satisfied

BY RAMBLER.

The whole world has been interested in Mars. The scientists say Mars is inhabited, but how to get there and explore the great planet has been the big problem.

Scientists say that Mars is full of people; that they farm, have mills, speculate, buy land, trade horses, and do everything like they do in Pittsboro.

Now, Col. Mont Bland, Jim Brown, Will Ward, H. Tom Hornady and Rambler have been talking for months about visiting Mars, explore the country and settle there.

Col. Bland said he wanted to buy some land on which to build a house, as he did not have one and wanted to go and see for himself what kind of a place it was.

Jim Brown wanted to go because he thought he might sell a horse or two. Will Ward wanted to go because he thought he might get a policeman's job. H. Tom Hornady wanted to go because he had a lot of brass finger rings on hand, warranted to cure rheumatism or money back, and he wanted to get rid of 'em. Rambler wanted to go for pure d—n foolishness.

The only way to get there was to get Bob Thompson interested. Bob is kinder skeptical, and if things don't look right to him you can't get him to budge. And Bob had the flying machine, the only thing that could be relied on in taking us to Mars, the unknown land.

Bob was told that there was no prohibition in that country and that money was not particularly needed to get what he wanted so he agreed to go.

After enough provisions, soft drinks and bed clothes were put away in the machine, the party left Pittsboro headed for Mars, Bob Thompson driver.

"Which way do we go," asked Bob. He did not know where Mars was no more than a Pittsboro untaxed dog.

Col. Bland suggested that we ask John Johnson. Jim Brown said Reid Thompson could tell us more about it than anybody else as he was a school man. Will Ward said he had seen the morning star many a time, but he thought Mars was towards Siler City. H. Tom Hornady said that people in this country did not know anything; he suggested that they go by way of Laurinburg and find out. Allthought H. Tom was trying to beat a free ride to his home and wouldn't listen to him. Rambler said he was born in Raleigh and didn't know but would ask Dr. Pilkington, as he came from England.

It was finally agreed that we go south. It was a beautiful day in Pittsboro. It was very quiet. Not a leaf stirred, nor a goose stirred and but very few people stirred. Reid Thompson came up the street bareheaded, Fred Noose sat in his buggy learning how to smoke a cigarette, Jack Lanus was hobbling around on a wooden leg, the sweet odors of

a hog pen floated in the morning air as we sailed away.

Bob was told to gradually ascend, as Mars was many miles high. Not many hours elapsed before the earth disappeared—we were in a sea of air. And for days we traveled, at night the brakes would be applied and we slept in the air. We wouldn't travel at night for fear we would pass through Mars and not know it. On the 24th day the whole shooting match were getting tired out. Col. Bland was game; he wanted to keep right on; he had to buy some land somewhere, he said. On the 30th day, when we thought we were forty eleven millions miles from earth, H. Tom Hornady espied land. And it was land.

Everyone was excited. Everybody's spirits arose. There was the new country. Each one was showing some point of interest. "They have pine trees up here, too," exclaimed one. "Yonder are some horses and mules. Jim you are in it," said another. "See any policeman," asked Will Ward.

The sun had sunk in the west. A big field was seen and we safely landed just as the eaves of night were falling.

"Well," remarked Col. Bland. "We have had a long wearisome ride but have safely landed in Mars. We can do nothing until morning."

After supper we all talked awhile about the new country, the people, &c., until we went to bed.

Next morning at daybreak we were all up and out enjoying the fresh air. About 200 yards from us we saw a man coming down a path. He looked mighty dark skinned, and was low and stumpy. "Curious looking folks they have up here," remarked H. Tom Hornady, who is low and squat and very dark skinned.

The man came along in a few feet of us when Col. Bland halted him.

"How far is it to the city?" asked Col. Bland.

"What city?" the man asked.

"The city up here in Mars," answered the colonel.

"M-a-r-s! exclaimed the astonished man. "Mars h—! This is no Mars! There's Pittsboro right over there across Robertson creek. Well, I'll be damned. Ain't that you Cousin Mont? This is Fred Lilly. I heard about you all going away."

And it was Fred Lilly sure enough. We didn't find Mars but we were all glad to get back to Pittsboro and Col. Bland had found a place to build a house, and Jack Lanus has thrown his wooden leg away.

Big Game Hunting

Friend—So you have returned from Africa? Had any narrow escapes?

Big Game Hunter—Only one. I was chased by a big lion, and, having no cartridges left, threw away my rifle and faced the lion; as he sprang at me I caught him by the lower jaw with one hand and by the nose with the other. And there I stood and held his mouth opened until he starved to death.

The Federal Court at Raleigh has sent about 35 prisoners to the Atlanta Penitentiary terms aggregating about 60 years. This is the largest number ever sent from Raleigh at one time.

THE RECORD ENLARGED

The Paper to Be Improved—Is Enlarged to 8 Pages

The Record appears this week in an enlarged form—eight pages. It has been known for some that the paper would have to be made larger on account of the increase in its advertising patronage. This fall has been the best season for advertising that has ever been known in the paper's history, and like everything else, printing material is higher but the price remains the same. Readers who pick up The Record these days of high prices, would be surprised if they were told how much it costs to publish the paper one month.

We have had much complaint from subscribers of the scarcity of reading matter for the past four months, and we do not much blame them, but if it were not for the advertising patronage, there would not be any Record, nor would there be any paper in this county or in the state.

The issue of The Record this week is not what we wished to make it, but the close proximity to the holidays and the short time given in which to get it out before Christmas, caused several articles to be left out. We hope to make the paper more readable in the future.

We wish for all our readers a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Bringing in the Stills

There is an old song about "Bringing in the Sheaves." That has been changed to "Bringing in the Stills." Last week three stills were broken up in Chatham. One was from beyond Goldston, one from another part of the county and the third was found about two miles from town. The last one could be hardly called a still as it was made from two galvanized tubs, one tub being used for the cap. A hole had been cut in the bottom tub for the pipe, and mud was used to hold the cap on.

Men who make liquor in such contraptions as that for people to drink ought and should be reported, and if caught should be convicted and given a heavy sentence.

The high price of moonshine is causing many men to take chances at making whiskey and being caught. Liquor is quoted around here at \$15 to \$25 a gallon.

Terrace Demonstration

Up until this time I have done a great deal of terrace demonstration work on the farms in different sections of the county. The following are a few of the farmers on whose farms such work has been done:

M. M. Bridges, R. M. Gorrell, Joe White, Charley White, R. L. Edwards, Banks Teague, A. R. Norwood, R. M. Connell, H. A. Harrington, E. C. Mimms and others.

For the information of farmers who desire my services in either terrace work, orchard work or anything that comes in my line, which includes general practical farming, that I am receiving applications for engagements to be filled after Christmas. I shall be away until after the holidays, but I expect to return by the first of the new year ready and willing to work for the farmers' interest in Chatham county.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to each of you.

Yours for service,
HORACE M. KINSEY,
County Agent.

DIES IN CHICAGO

Jonathan Worth Jackson Passes Last Friday

The old friends here of Mr. Jonathan Worth Jackson, of Chicago, will learn with deep regret of his death which occurred last Friday afternoon at Michael Reese hospital of that city, following a long illness, the result of an attack of influenza last winter.

The following old friends of the deceased were honorary pallbearers: C. C. Hamlet, J. R. Milliken, Spence Taylor, Arthur H. London, D. Lacy Alston, G. R. Pilkington.

He was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jackson, of Pittsboro and a grandson of the late Gov. Jonathan Worth. He was in his 60th year at the time of his death. His remains were brought here last Tuesday and were interred in the family plot in the Episcopal churchyard. Simple but impressive funeral services were conducted by Rev. William E. Allen, in the presence of a large congregation of friends and relatives. The nephews of the deceased acted as pallbearers.

Upon graduating from the State University in 1882 he was associated with Prof. Hugh Morrison for two years in conducting the Raleigh Male Academy. Soon afterwards he entered the insurance field in Nashville, Tenn., where he rose rapidly, removing in 1895 to Chicago to accept the state agency for a large life insurance company.

Possessing remarkable business judgment, combined with strong personal magnetism and striking appearance, he drew around him a large circle of friends and admirers both in the business and social world in the city of his adoption. He was married to Miss Salene Childress, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., who survives him. He is also survived by one brother, Mr. Samuel Spencer Jackson, of Chicago, and three sisters, Mrs. Henry A. London and Miss Carrie M. Jackson, of Pittsboro, and Mrs. J. H. Currie, of Fayetteville.

He was a faithful and devout communicant of the Episcopal church, for many years being a trustee of the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago.

Among those from a distance attending the funeral here Tuesday were: Mrs. J. W. Jackson and Messrs. S. S. Jackson and Wade Childress, of Chicago; Miss Camelia London, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. London and Rev. E. S. Currie, of Raleigh; Mrs. J. H. Currie and Messrs. David, Spencer, Murphy and Jonathan Currie, of Fayetteville.

The Atwater Building

Mr. Atwater, of Cheshire, Conn., who is chairman of the committee appointed at the recent Atwater family reunion in Chapel Hill to erect an Atwater memorial building at the Methodist Orphanage here, is in the city looking after plans for beginning the work early in the year. The Atwater building will be devoted to a modern dining room and kitchen and will cost \$50,000.

There are about four hundred members of the Atwater family living in Chatham and Orange counties and while in the city Mr. Atwater is looking into the matter of preparing a history of his family, making his investigations through the Historical Commission.—Raleigh Times.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER'S BIRTHDAY

An Interesting Story of Mr. Robert M. Burns—Born a Democrat and Will Die a Democrat

R. H. BURNS.

Dear Papa:

It seems to me that I have heard you say that on or about the 19th day of October, 1835, there was born in Chatham county and nigh the banks of Richland creek, a robust boy who had stamped upon his forehead the word "Democrat." That this same boy grew upon the farm or his father and gave good service and was an obedient child until he reached his majority. He knew every stream and nook of the woods in his neighborhood, hunted and fished in them, and here, surrounded by the native forest filled with game, and birds to make music, he learned lessons of truth, virtue and honor. Whether with the axe at the "cutting frolic," under the hand-spike at the "log rolling," with the peg at the "corn shucking," or kissing the gals at the "quilting frolic," this boy was always willing and did his part.

However, those days could not always last. The dark days of '61 and '65 came, those days which tried men's souls. When the war drum sounded to arms, and the youth and young manhood of the South were called to the defense of Dixie, this same happy hearted, robust youth marched away in obedience to the call, and rendered that same faithful service which he had given to the folks at home.

During these years there was a little girl who lived not so many miles from his old home. She, too, was faithful to all the duties of home, and while this young man was enduring the hardships of war, she was at home making blankets and other useful articles to make as comfortable as possible the life of the soldier. She was a soldier of the Cross as well as a ministering angel. In her heart there was a secret which some day this young man should know.

The war ended and the young man came home. In due course of time he wedded the Bear Creek maiden. They established a little home in the midst of the forest not far from the place of his birth. Here for thirty years or more they labored and loved. God blessed their union with two boys and two girls. These boys and girls are now fathers and mothers of interesting families of their own, and this Richland creek youth and this Bear creek maiden are the best loved mother and father, and the dearest grandmother and grandfather in all the land.

May they live a thousand years less one and then some more.

Your devoted son.

11 Cents A Day Enough

Cost of food need not add to the terrors of the high cost of living. Every man can live well on 11 cents a day, says Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture.

"Any man can live on 11 cents a day. A pound of cornmeal a day, at the rate of \$1.50 a bushel, would amount to three cents and added to this eight cents worth of milk to give sufficient nourishment."

Answers Article

Our attention has been called to an article in your last week's issue entitled, "New Hope Township Road Bond Election Called Off," which article purported to be signed by CITIZENS OF NEW HOPE TOWNSHIP, ADVOCATES OF GOOD ROADS.

The premises of the article are false. It seems that the author of the article desires to leave the impression that the Board offered to give this township \$25,000 from the county road funds, provided that township would issue \$25,000 road bonds, but after the call was made for an election to vote on issuing the bonds, that then the board "backed out" of their proposition and offered only \$10,000. The Board has never promised or offered to give this township, or any other township \$25,000, or \$10,000, or any other specified amount from the county road funds. But the Board of County Commissioners have made a fair and very generous offer to New Hope Township, and there is absolutely no disposition on the part of the Board to "back out" from this offer. At the mass-meeting, spoken of in the article, the Board made a proposition that it would have surveyed and build a good gravel road from Moore's Mill through New Hope Township to some convenient point in the Wake County L. (having in mind to get a State Highway from Pittsboro to Raleigh some day over the same route); and also another road to tap this proposed road and run in a northerly direction; that it would build both of these roads PROVIDED New Hope Township would pay for one-half of the construction work and pay for the right-of-way, the county to bear all of the engineer's expenses, etc. The Board of County Commissioners are still ready to do this. Your printer advises us that he did not run the notices of election in the Record on account of having received the article you had printed in your last week's edition, he thinking that the election had been called off by us. We have not called off the election, but we have ordered that same be continued until we can re-advertise same. So the election will not be held Jan. 30th, as it was to have been.

—Board of County Commissioners of Chatham Co.

Moonshiners Defy Law

The moonshiners' business in the United States has doubled during the last fiscal year, according to the annual report of Daniel C. Roper, commissioner of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. A total of 5,903 illicit stills was seized by revenue officers during the year ending June 30, compared with 2,739 for the preceding fiscal year.

The largest number of seizures was made in states that have been "dry" longest, Georgia heading the list with virtually one-third of all seizures made. North Carolina accounted for one-fourth. Both states have been legally for ten years. Revenue officials believe that the ratio is increasing despite the exercise of all vigilance.

The increase in moonshine activities is credited largely to the high price of whiskey. This leads men to run the risk of arrest and imprisonment, federal officials assert.