

THE CHATHAM RECORD

ESTABLISHED SEPT. 18, 1878.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., JANUARY 1, 1920.

VOL. XLII NO 2 2

FIRE AT THE OIL MILL

Three Hundred Bales of Cotton Go Up in Smoke

Fire at the Chatham oil mill here last Friday destroyed 300 bales or more of linter cotton belonging to the government and about 100 cords of wood. By hard work of the citizens with buckets and tubs the fire was kept from spreading to other buildings, although an old storage house nearby was on fire several times. Beyond this old house were about 100 bales of good cotton, several of which were finally rolled out of danger. A light wind from the southwest helped save the mill.

It is said that the fire started by some little colored boys popping fire-crackers too near the cotton shed.

While this subject is up we wish to state for the benefit of those who own property on the business street here that some of these times Pittsboro is going to have a fire right. Suppose a house were to catch and get beyond control? Five or six buildings would soon be in ashes and other buildings be in immediate danger. The citizens should see that some of these shacks be torn down and that right away. Dangerous houses in other towns are condemned and torn down, and why not the same thing here?

The Record has not a thing against the owners of any of these firetraps, but for their own protection and the safety of others, some of them should be torn away.

A Study In Tips

The average waiter in the hotels of the big cities receives \$2.28 a day in tips. The waiters of the Washington, D. C., hotels are the most favored, their average being \$3.67 a day; New York comes next, their average being \$3.10 a day.

Travelers stopping at Indianapolis hotels become quite stingy, since they tip their waiters only \$1.16 a day.

The average hotel porter picks up \$1.60 a day with which to augment his weekly salary; Pittsburg being the most liberal, with tips amounting to \$3.67; Milwaukee running a close second with \$3.22.

Again, the air, or something about Indianapolis, makes a traveler so parsimonious that he has but thirteen cents a day for his porter.

Hotel bellmen (or bellboys) fare better than the porter, though not so well as the waiter. The average tip to bellmen is \$2.16 a day; those in San Francisco faring the best with \$3.78, the average being pulled down at Louisville to \$1.27.

The chambermaids fare the worst. They receive but forty-two cents a day in tips. Travelers stopping at New Orleans are liberal with them to the extent of eighty-eight cents a day, but in Omaha their lot is a hard one. They do not get but eleven cents a day.

These figures are taken from a detailed tabulation contained in the United States Monthly Labor Review for September, 1919, covering twenty five of the principal cities of the United States.

The psychology of the thing is that one seldom sees one's chambermaid; not always the porter that rustles one's baggage. The bellman, too, is not always in sight at the moment when a tip should be due, but one cannot

BREAKING UP STILL

Three White Men Captured-- They Give Bail

The high price of whiskey these days is getting more men into trouble who have been good citizens, but who, in order to get rich quick, have tempted Fate and many have lost in the game. Witness the number sent to prison, who had to pay heavy fines and those whose trials have yet to take place.

Wednesday of last week three white men were captured at a still upon Dry Creek. They were Walker Pendergrass, Cap Johnson and Ernest Henderson. Pendergrass claims that he had nothing to do with the still; that he went to the place to get a sick friend some liquor, but while there became engaged in a game of cards, and while this was going on the officers stepped up and arrested them. Upon being searched a pistol was found on the person of Pendergrass. All three of the men gave bail.

Later in the day another still was captured near Meroney's church, and still later in the afternoon another one was captured in the same neighborhood.

The county officers and citizens have nearly cleaned up the county, and if they keep up the lick they have been making there will not be a no-eyed tiger in the county.

It seems like sticking a finger in a tub of water expecting to leave a hole there when a still is captured, because another one is soon on the ground. But,

Men will work,
Men will steal,
Men will barter and dicker,
Men will die,
Men will lie and
Men will keep making lick.

The New Year Gift

To the People of Chatham:

I wish one and all a happy New Year, hoping you have had a merry Christmas. As I write this the year of 1919 has almost passed and as the new year of 1920 comes in I think of the many kindnesses of 1918 shown me and my family in my affliction. I am not strong yet in my right hip, but I can get about on my feet and not have to be rolled around in a chair.

This is the first Christmas I have ever spent out of Chatham and I missed being at my dear old home enjoying the fun and goodies with father and mother. With best wishes for both young and old for a happy, prosperous new year, I remain a true Chathamite, and would be glad to see or hear from any one.

HENRY F. DURHAM,
Durham, N. C., Rt. 1.

Change Of Postmasters

Junius C. Wren has received an appointment as acting postmaster at Siler City to serve until a regular appointment shall be made. Mrs. Olive B. Webster, former postmaster, will leave about Jan. 1st to accept a position with the North Carolina Insurance Commission. She will have Salisbury as her headquarters, working in the western part of the State. Her duties will be speaking to schools and women's organizations on Fire Prevention.—Siler City Grit.

dodge one's waiter. He has one now in use, and next spring are to put up a brick school building on it.

Important Notice

The law requires that after January 1st a penalty of one per cent is added on all unpaid taxes. If not paid by February, then two per cent is added; March, three per cent is added, and so on.

If taxes were paid in November, a one per cent discount was allowed. If paid in December, the not amount must be paid. Beginning in January a penalty is added.

I would like for every taxpayer to save the penalty that will be imposed upon him should he wait until January or a later month to settle. The one or more per cent is well worth the saving, so attend to your taxes NOW.

Very truly yours,
L. T. Sheriff,
Sheriff.

Few Persons Healthy

Statistics showing that less than 20 per cent of the American people are really healthy, and that approximately 45 per cent are suffering from some form of serious malady, were presented to the annual convention of life insurance presidents, by Dr. Watson S. Rankin, of the American Public Health Association.

"In the zone of impairment," he pointed out, "were nearly 1,000,000 cases of tuberculosis, not yet heeded. Also many of the 2,500,000 cases of venereal diseases that develop annually, and from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 cases of hookworm and malaria are to be included."

"You know it to be a fact," Dr. Rankin concluded, "that we have in insane asylums in the United States more men and women than we have in colleges and universities."

The Old Home Paper

Every little while there starts going the rounds of the exchanges a bit of verse, an editorial, a humorous paragraph, the source of which nobody seems to know. "The Old Home Paper" is one of these, which it is safe to say every editor of a country paper will want to print, and every friend of the country paper will want to read. The Chatham Record is glad to pass it on. We got it from the Cuba Patriot, published in New York State, and here it is:

It's printed old fashioned and homely,
Bearing name of a small country town;
With an unfeigned sneer at its wrapper queer,
The postman, in scorn, throws it down.
But I scan every line that it offers,
Each item brings something to view,
Through the vista of years, through youth's
pleasures and fears,

It serves their keen touch to renew.
The death of the girl I once courted,
The growth of a firm I once peered,
The rise of a friend I love to commend,
The fall of a man I revered.
As I read I drift dreamily backward
To the days when to live was a joy.
I think and I pore, 'till the city's dull roar
Grows faint and again I'm a boy.
Rare perfume of green country byways,
Fare music of flowers and bees,
And the quaint little town with the streets
leading down
To the creek and the low-bending trees
Around me the forms of my comrades,
About us earth's glories unfurled,
Each heart undefiled, with the faith of a child,
Looking forth to a place in the world.
And the paper tells how all have prospered,
I follow their lives as they flow,
Applauding each gain and regretting each pain
For the sake of the days long ago.
Above all the huge city dailies
With wondrous utterance wise,
This scant page hath power to spread for an hour
A fairyland sweet to my eyes!

Beautiful Christmas Tree

On Friday afternoon, December 19, before closing of the Moncure high school for the Christmas holidays, three of the lady teachers and the students got up a very pretty Christmas tree and loaded it with many nice presents. The windows of the assembly room, where the tree was, were shaded and the room lighted so that the tree and its presents made a beautiful appearance.

Before distributing the presents an appropriate exercise was given by the students, consisting of songs, readings, recitations and declamations which were well rendered and very interesting.

This school resumes its work Jan. 15th. There are about 120 pupils enrolled in this school and there is a large music class taught by Miss Emily Thompson, of Pittsboro. There are three grades—8th, 9th and 10th—in the high school department.

The trustees have secured a more desirable lot than the one now in use, and next spring are to put up a brick school building on it.

Turner's Almanac For 1920

Turner's 1920 Carolina Almanac, just off the press, has been growing of late years until now it has become a book of more than 100 pages. The edition for 1920, issued by The Raleigh Times, takes precedence over all others for size and experience. It is, of course, an almanac first and the matter of the seasons and tides, the moon and its phases, the sun, the stars, the planets, and all the various phenomena of the heavens are presented in that careful and concise way, following painstaking calculations by expert scientists that assure accuracy as to the astronomical contents. These facts and figures are the large part of an almanac and no booklet, however useful in other respects, would be an almanac without them, and not much of an almanac unless the calculations had been carefully made with special reference to the territory to be served. These calculations were made for the Carolina territory and serve the purpose which is claimed.

The book is sold by dealers in practically every town in North Carolina and South Carolina.

AN UNUSUAL HANGING

Willis Hester, White, Pays Penalty for Stealing Slave

In an editorial in this week's Record is the story of an unusual hanging—that of Willis Hester—who stole a negro slave in Orange county. The hanging took place on Gallows Hill, on the northern edge of town, on the 5th day of May, 1855, on one of the rainiest days imaginable. It is said that the mud in the streets was nearly knee deep.

Mr. Robert M. Burns gives The Record a bit of his experience. He says he witnessed the hanging, being 20 years old at the time. Mr. Burns says that he was so eager to witness the performance that he walked along with the sheriff, Richard Paschal, in order to be near the scaffold; that he had just bought him a new pair of boots, and with his breeches stuck down in the tops of them he waded thru the mud, ruining his boots. A young boy 11 years old came to the hanging with his mother's shoes on and lost one of them in the deep mud. This boy was the late Maj. Wm. A. Guthrie, of Durham.

Rev. Wm. Taylor, a relative of Messrs. Spence and Harlowe Taylor, of this place, read the burial service to Hester, who was in his shroud, and preached a sermon as he stood on the scaffold, the words of the text being "It is once appointed unto men to die and after death judgment."

Mr. Burns says at the jail Hester in his shroud came out with the sheriff and walk to a wagon in which was his coffin, got on top without aid, and rode to the scaffold, got off the coffin and took a seat on the scaffold.

It was a very exciting time among the large crowd present who watched the man with such a wonderful nerve.

Hester was buried near where he died. This is the first and only case on record in this state or probably in the United States where a white man gave his life for stealing a negro.

Hit by Automobile

Monday morning, while standing by the side of the road, just north of Moncure, waiting for Dick Ramsay's car, Mr. Spence Taylor was struck by a car driven by Mr. James Brown and knocked down. Besides being bruised, it is said two of his ribs were broken. Dr. Strickland attended the wounded man.

The way the accident occurred our informant said that Ramsay's car had slowed down for Mr. Taylor, when Brown's car, which was rather close behind, struck Mr. Taylor before it could be stopped. It was purely accidental. Mr. Taylor was taken to the home of Mrs. John Taylor where it is hoped he will soon be able to be out again.

Good Farming

From the Chapel Hill News we learn that Ernest Riley, who resides near Elland, this county, and his 10-year-old son, Cohen, and Jack mule, raised this year 400 bushels of corn, \$420.72 worth of tobacco, 30 bushels of sweet and five bushels of Irish potatoes 20 bushels of peas, three bushels of beans, and four fine porkers, and during the time Mr. Riley had off from his crop—he being a good weaver—worked in Eno cotton mill and made \$100. How is this for a one-horse Orange Co. farmer?

A SOCIAL ATTRACTION

Young Men of the Town Give a Delightful Dance

The greatest social event of the holidays for the younger set in Pittsboro, was a dance given in Womble hall last Monday afternoon and evening by the young men. The hall was made attractive in decorations of holly, mistletoe and pines. Music was furnished by Fletcher orchestra.

The afternoon dance was from 4:30 to 6:30, and while the evening's dance started at 9:30, we will not say just when it ended, but somewhere in the wee sma' hours, for merriment ran high and at midnight sandwiches and punch were served.

Those dancing were Misses Myrtle Pilkington, Emily Thompson, Margaret Womble, Elizabeth Milliken, Louise Brooks, Allie Peoples, Susie Bell and Misses Carrie and Inder London, of Raleigh, Barbara Cockman, of Baltimore, and Misses Pearl Kent and Vestal, of Sanford, Mrs. Jas. Thompson and Mrs. Bennet Noce, Jr. Messrs. W. F. Hunter, Will and Arthur London, Jas. Thompson, June Peoples, Will Rose and Ralph Womble, Lee Cockman, D. L. Bell, James Milliken and Philip Cross, of Sanford, and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. London, of New York.

The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. London and Mrs. John London.

Married

Last Friday evening, at seven o'clock, at the Methodist parsonage, Durham, Mr. Ernest Harmon was united in marriage to Miss Annie Electra O'Bie. They left on the 8 p. m. train for Greensboro where they will spend a few days with the bride's sister. They will make their future home near Apex.

On the evening of December 24th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Atlas Farrell was united in marriage to Miss Sadie Yarboro. On Christmas day a sumptuous dinner was given the bridal couple at the home of the bridegroom's mother at Moncure which many of their relatives and friends enjoyed. The young couple will make their home in Moncure.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 25, at the Methodist church in Moncure, Miss Nell Strickland, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Strickland, became the bride of Mr. Edward Gregory Sammons, Rev. W. A. Waff officiating. After the ceremony a luncheon was served, after which they motored to Sanford and boarded a north-bound train for an extended trip.

Probably Overlooked

In the bill to fix the salaries of the county officers of Chatham, section 11 says: "That it shall be the duty of the Board of County Commissioners to employ an expert accountant at least once a year to examine the books of any of the county officers whose duty it is to receive and account for or disburse public money."

As the law has been in force since the first Monday in December, 1913, and no accountant has gone over any of the books, the County Commissioners have probably overlooked the matter. This item, perhaps, will jog their memory.

A total of \$700,000,000 was realized by the sales of America's war material in England, France, Belgium, Italy and Germany.