

# The Chatham Record.

O. J. PETERSON  
Editor and Publisher

Subscription Price  
One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months..... .75

## THE KIND OF FARMING THAT PAYS

Below will be found a dispatch appearing in some of the state papers last week. It should be read by every Chatham county farmer. A twenty-acre farm developed as has been the one told about in the dispatch would mean a good living for any Chatham farmer. 500 bushels of that corn sold to vigorous young porkers will furnish a real cash return that displaces the necessity for cotton or tobacco as a money crop, not to speak of the dairy and poultry products that should be found on a farm growing over 800 bushels of corn and legumes galore: Read:

Lexington, Dec. 24.—Henry G. Ragan, of Silver Hill township, is perhaps the champion corn raiser of the county for 1926, the reports of the county farm agent, C. A. Sheffield, indicate. Mr. Ragan produced 815 bushels of corn on nine and seven-eighths acres of upland on his farm a half dozen miles east of here.

Six years ago Mr. Ragan purchased a farm and the first year this field produced an average of eight bushels of wheat per acre. He started growing legumes and on the next sowing the same field averaged 11 bushels of wheat per acre. Two years later, after a crop of clover had been turned under, the field averaged 34 bushels of wheat. This year was the first time he put it in corn, this following a year in which a crop of clover was turned under.

## HOW GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW

It is not always certain that any good work is originally founded on the highest motive. The following clipping from last week's issue of *Charity and Children* shows a marvelous contribution from the Lumberton Baptist church to the Thomasville Orphanage, but the great oak of the present grew from a small acorn and it was planted in as much a spirit of rivalry as in good will to the orphans. It was about 25 years ago. The editor of the Record was a teacher of the older men's class in the Lumberton Baptist Sunday School. It was the custom to take up a monthly collection for the orphanage. Superintendent R. D. Caldwell wanted to raise the sum of ten dollars monthly. The school reached that point one Sunday, or near it: A short time after that *Charity and Children*, the Orphanage paper, said that the Lumberton Sunday school exceeded every other Sunday school in the State in its contribution. The writer reprinted the item and added in a joking way that if that were true then his class led all the classes in the state, as it led the classes of the Lumberton school. Frank Gough, since a prominent state senator, was teacher of the young men's class. He had considerably more members, but not representing the wealth of the writer's class. A rivalry began. Actually, Luther Caldwell, now developed into a great worker as well as giver, gave five dollars a month. Our class still led with close to ten dollars a month. The paragraph in *Charity and Children* also put the Scotland Neck school in the race, and for years the rivalry between the two schools was strong. The orphanage benefited not only from the gifts of these two schools, but from the larger gifts from other schools, inspired or shamed by the Lumberton and Scotland Neck schools. Thus from a little more or less faulty acorn has grown a great and wide-spreading oak. Read the clipping from the last issue of *Charity and Children* and see for yourself how big it is, and remember that the files of the *Lumberton Argus* and of *Charity and Children* exist and can be appealed to for substantiation of this fishy story. The clipping follows:

Mr. James D. Proctor, treasurer of the First Baptist church, of Lumberton, writes to our treasurer as follows:

**A Welcome Letter**  
Dear Mr. Hamrick:  
I hand you herewith check for \$1,116.09 to cover our Thanksgiving offering. This makes our grand total for the year \$4,518.66, which is a little more than \$200 in excess of our 1925 total. This is particularly gratifying to me in view of worse conditions that prevail in this section this year. The east has been hard hit by the over production in the cotton crop and consequent low price.

I hope that you are now being deluged with large checks and that January 1 will find you in the clear with something over to start off the New Year.

With all good wishes, I am,  
Very truly yours,  
JAMES D. PROCTOR.

We are glad to receive this fine letter from the treasurer of the church at Lumberton. While we are not exactly "deluged" with large checks, considering crop conditions in the east, which are altogether unfavorable, the record so far from the churches this Thanksgiving season, especially the churches in eastern North Carolina, is very good indeed.

We extend to our friends everywhere our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

If it weren't for the P's a newspaper man could get along finely. Printers, paper house, power company, plate house, postage, pressman, must have cash. The last P in this case, poor Peterson, must wait for his till the slow accounts are settled. Just remember this, please, that slow payments all hurt just one fellow, and his folk.

There is one man in the county who knows how more about what it means

to make a paper. Mr. A. M. Goodwin and Mr. J. S. Mann were watching the make-up nursery, and Mr. Goodwin decided that he would never think \$1.50 or even \$2.00 too high for the paper. And, by the way, \$2.00 is the usual price of the county weeklies now. That is what both the Sanford and Cartage papers are also \$2.00. With larger towns furnishing advertising patronage and a higher subscription rate, they have a big advantage over some of us, and, accordingly, it should be a matter of concern to all our customers to be prompt in settlements at least.

The article of Mr. R. R. Clark, quoted in another article, not only confirms the state of affairs a quarter of a century ago, as described by us last week, but as an echo is a perfect illustration of the manner in which we asserted that a state-wide influence was exerted by a small country weekly.

We know how to spell "presumptuous" if it did appear "presumptuous" last week despite writer, typesetter and proof-reader. "Quiescence" was unrecognizable with an "n" in place of its "n". Also "ammunition" got transformed into "ambition." But read an article in the current Dearborn Independent if you wish to see the possibilities of error in newspaper make-up despite the closest scrutiny. But usually the thing we are most anxious to see appear in good form fares worst. Not only did the foregoing errors appear in our "Twenty-five Years Ago," but a column rule had to rise during the printing and dim a part of the article.

## NEWS OF BENNET, ROUTE 2

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Jones and two sons of Asheboro were visitors in this community during Christmas visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Rossie Myrick were visitors in the home of her father, H. C. Lambeth of near Beulah Sunday and Sunday night.

Miss Zada Kennedy was a visitor in the home of Miss Madie Kidd Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Merick of Carthage were visitors on this route during Christmas visiting relatives.

Miss Mary Kidd, teacher of Maness School of Moore county, is spending the holidays with homefolks on this route.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Myrick of this route are visiting her sister Mrs. Mary J. Boyd of Bear Creek Route 1.

Mr. Pate Phillips of Bear Creek is visiting in the home of his grandfather of this route.

There has been several weddings during the holidays. We extend to them our heartiest congratulations and wish them many years of happiness.

## COMMUNITY SING A SUCCESS

The joint song service of the churches, held under the auspices of the Music Department of the Woman's Club, Sunday evening, was a charming success.

The several church froups with lighted candles marched from the churches to the court house square, where a glowing star, furnished complementarily by the Carolina Power and Light Company, cast its significant beams over those of the flickering candles.

It is estimated that about three hundred were present for the occasion. Four Christmas songs, including "Holy Night", were beautifully rendered.

The service was as impressive as significant. The clear starlight sky and moderated temperature conspired with the personnel to make the occasion a successful one.

Mrs. Victor R. Johnson, chairman of the Music Department of the Club, was director of the occasion, and as usual performed her duties in a most effectual manner.

## CLUB NOTES—

On Thursday afternoon the Civic Department of the Woman's Club met with Mesdames Geo. H. Brooks and W. Lee Farrell at the home of the former.

After a short business session a delightful program was given by the Teacher-Training Class assisted by Mrs. Lester Farrell, whose saxophone playing was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

Following the program the hostesses served a delicious fruit salad and hot coffee.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Jas. L. Griffin, president of the Woman's Club, entertained the members of her executive board at a beautifully appointed buffet supper in four courses. The home was most attractively decorated in keeping with the Christmas season the color scheme of red and green being most effectively carried out.

At each plate was a beautiful hand made handkerchief and Christmas card on which was written a personal wish for each guest. Immediately after supper a business session was held, following which, bridge was enjoyed until a late hour.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Victor R. Johnson, chairman of the Music Department of the Woman's Club the first observance of the beautiful custom of singing Christmas carols was observed in the Court house square Sunday night.

More than a hundred people took part in the beautiful and impressive service. The Music Department of the Woman's Club will make this yearly Christmas affair.

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

We the undersigned business institutions of Pittsboro will start upon a strictly cash basis on January 1.

"We sell for cash  
But sell for less."  
Cornwallis Filling Station  
A. B. Filling Station  
West End Supply Co.  
Chatham Hardware Co.

# Their Christmas Journey

By W.D. Pennypacker

THERE was the usual grinding of iron rails and a burr and pressure on the ears, as a long train, inbound from Boston, entered the tunnel and made its way to the great terminal at Thirty-third street. As is always the case immediately before or after Christmas, the cars were crowded with persons going to their homes or coming from some big holiday celebration and, as is also the case at such times, everyone was in good humor.

As the door swung open and red-capped porters met the heavily loaded travelers, there was the rush of a great, sweeping crowd past Jack Delmer, as he stood a moment waiting to get his direction. He looked up. It was but a moment he had paused. He must go with the crowd—must follow them. Soon he had traversed the long platform, ascended a flight of stairs to another train level, and found himself seated again in a great steel coach.

Passengers were coming on rapidly. Men, women and children were in the crowd. There were the well-dressed (or apparently so) as well as the poorly clad. But in spite of class, or condition, or age, the holiday spirit was still present with the crowd. But for that spirit, of course, there might have been friction and bickering and dissension among the crowd.

A man with a sense of humor and something of a tinge of irreverence once remarked that God could understand men. He was sure of that. But he doubted that He could understand a whole car full of them.

It was a motley crowd, it is true. One wondered, naturally, whence they came and whither they were going.

At last, the car was about full. It was but one minute to starting time. The sound of the testing of air brakes was heard. Conductors, brakemen and porters stood ready when the signal was given, to come aboard, close the vestibule doors and take their places.

Just as the words "all aboard" were heard along the line, a young woman entered the car. She had raced for the train and was out of breath. She was not flustered or perturbed, however. She stood in the aisle when the train started and looked toward the rear. Jack wondered where she would gravitate.

Every seat in the car, save his, as far as he could see, had its quota of two. She had passed this.

Jack instinctively said to himself: "Wish she'd come here. I'd much rather sit with a nice looking girl next me than have some crude foreigner, reeking with the smell of onions, as a seatmate for the next three or four hours."

His intentions were good. He was merely being honest with himself.

Suddenly the girl turned. A pair of quick, bright brown eyes detected the vacant seat, and the girl moved toward it. Jack's eyes were as quick as hers. In a first glance he surveyed the girl from head to foot. As she seated herself calmly beside him, he could have made an inventory of most of her wardrobe and belongings. He didn't miss the skating boots and skates, and the fine hockey stick she had with her. How could he! Instinctively he sensed that the young woman was the kind whose companionship he could enjoy. He knew she was a refined and an educated girl. Refinement was written in every motion of her body, and education and understanding in her features. She loved pleasure. He could see that, too. Her natty sports costume told that plainly.

The train rolled on. The tunnels were passed. Suddenly Jack grew more courageous and ventured: "You've been having a good time, I see."

"I have, indeed," she replied; and every intonation and inflection bespoke the lady.

Perhaps Jack's appearance betokened a relatively high social training. There was no fear or apprehension in her voice. "Just the loveliest time," she continued, "a holiday house party on the Hudson. And what could have been more fun!"

Jack learned then of the skating, skiing, tobogganing and a score of other winter-time pleasures which the girl had enjoyed.

"She has had a good time, I should say," he thought to himself, after another look in which he studied her carefully, almost analytically, "and she has helped to give a good time, too, I'll warrant."

The train sped on. Conversation lagged, and both dozed. Clinders rattled down upon the car roof with the patter of a brisk April shower.

Suddenly the girl turned toward Jack with a startled expression upon her face and the query: "Is it raining?"

Jack peered through the dirty pane. He could not determine. "I believe not," he replied.

The train sped on. Conversation became easier between the two. They felt as if they could be friends, if they were not already. The girl spoke more freely and fluently than the man. But then—it's a habit women have. When there's anything at all to talk about they will relate it in an interesting way—when there isn't they can talk about that, too. They have the genius! Anyway, she rattled along, her eyes lighting up with interest. She had had a good time. Jack knew by the incidents she related and the ray of pleasure in her voice as she spoke.

"I was expected home in Philadelphia," she said, "on the train leaving New York at six o'clock. Father and Brother were to meet me. Perhaps they're still waiting!" she exclaimed. "I hope not."

"She told of the good time she and a large crowd of friends had enjoyed on the snow-clad hills above Newburg, of coasting parties, and skating, and of dances that followed. She explained how, missing an earlier train, she had run over to Brooklyn to visit

an aunt and uncle, and how, because of this, she had missed still another train.

Now she was troubled. Could Father and Brother be waiting yet—all these long hours—at the station for her? Her bosom heaved with a sigh. "Would they scold her?" she wondered. Of course, they must be annoyed, but would they understand? She feared they might not. She became restless. As the train reached the station she became more so.

When the train slowed, preparatory to making its stop, she smiled at her traveling companion, remarked something about the monotony of a tiresome journey being broken by her meeting him, picked up her neat bundle of sporting paraphernalia, including her new hockey stick, and passed out.

As she stood on the platform waiting for an elderly couple to precede her, she gave another look back towards Jack; their eyes met in a sort of understanding, and she passed out to the dimly lighted station platform.

"There," he mused, "goes a fine girl, and one I would like to know." They had not exchanged names or told anything intimate about themselves. Propriety had prevented that, and Jack felt sure—they both did, in fact—that they would never again meet.

It is a small world. Often in its revolutions the "spot" falls on the same actors. One scarcely dare think, let alone say: "I will never see him or her again." As soon say when you cast your dice: "It will never fall with a six up." It will. You cannot say where, but you know that it will fall that way some time again.

Jack didn't know this then, but months afterward, as guest at a house party in the Poconos, he looked into a face that seemed very familiar. Simultaneously there was a sign of recognition and an expression of gladness.

We will not carry the story further. The reader knows what happens under such circumstances, when youth meets youth with a complete understanding. There may be tiny differences in expression, but the chief incidents in the chapters are similar.

It was the outgrowth of a Christmas journey, but it brought to Jack the beginning of one of his happiest New Years.

(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)



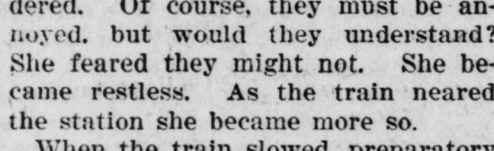
She Gave Another Look Toward Jack.



The Car Was About Full.

## Christmas Thoughts

He—You wouldn't marry me for my money, would you, dear?  
She—N-no, but around Christmas it's awfully tempting.



He—You wouldn't marry me for my money, would you, dear?  
She—N-no, but around Christmas it's awfully tempting.

### Let's Cooperate.

At the beginning of the new year it is essential, in view of the circumstances, which are unusually difficult, that institutions and individuals lay plans to tide over the unpromising period of depressed prices.

If this bank can help you in any way, we shall be only too glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity.

Our one counsel to all may be expressed in two words—save and work.

It is our wish that the year may prove better than we can now hope, but due regard to economy and earnest endeavor will do much to save the situation however unpromising.

## BANK OF PITTSBORO

### The Best and the Cheapest

The BEST FORD Ever Built at the Lowest Price DELIVERED!

Touring, Balloon Tires, Self-Starter	441.12
Runabout, Balloon Tires, Self-Starter	420.64
Coupe, Balloon Tires, Self-Starter	554.64
Tudor, Balloon Tires, Self-Starter	564.88
Fordor, Balloon Tires, Self-Starter	616.08
Truck with starter	427.00
Truck without starter	317.00

We also have on hand several good used tourings, runabouts, and used trucks, at Bargain Prices.

## Chatham Motor Company,

PITTSBORO, N. C.

### When It's Time To Buy Roofing.

For Chatham and surrounding counties, Budd-Piper Roofing Company in Durham is headquarters for all kinds of roofing.

The Budd-Piper Roofing Company can supply you, and supply you at the right price, with anything from 5-V Crimp Galvanized Roofing to the best grades of roofing for good homes, churches, schools, factories, stores and other structures.

Get our prices before you buy.

## The BUDD-PIPER ROOFING CO.

DURHAM, N. C.

### More than the Money's Worth.

MORE THAN THE MONEY'S WORTH  
Is the sense of independence and security that a savings bank account gives. Even if it be only a small account one knows that it is growing steadily, and even a small account frees one from the "hand to mouth" feeling.

A Prosperous New Year to all Record readers.

## The FARMERS BANK

PITTSBORO, N. C.