

THE RECORD

VOL. XXI

WARRENTON, N. C., FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 24, 1915

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NO 25

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A Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of Warrenton and Warren County.

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ABBIE HOUSE--AN APPRECIATION.

A paper read before the Joseph J. Davis Chapter of the U. D. C., of Louisburg, May 1915 by Elizabeth Person Cooke (Mrs. C. M. Cooke).

It seems to be a fact proven by the experience of the ages, that characters are developed by the times in which they live. Ancient history both sacred and profane brings out its especially equipped heroes, daring and doing, often times wonderful deeds demanded by surrounding circumstances. In every crisis of the world's history we find exalted and heroic figures towering above their contemporaries, like sublime and isolated mountain peaks.

Let me picture to you the young king of Israel, Saul a Benamite, (the smallest of the tribes of Israel) youthful and untried when the messengers were seeking him to anoint that proud and ill starred head with the prophets sacred oil. Thy shepherd boy David, watching his flocks on Judia's hills, dreaming the dreams of innocence and of youth. And called from his lonely place to sit upon the hallowed throne of Israel and to wield the scepter over God's chosen people. Joan of Arc, a peasant girl of the middle ages, a dreamer of dreams and a beholder of visions tending her geese in the green fields of the native province, yet destined by fate to raise aloft in victory the royal Lillies of fair France, and in the end to shed her stainless blood for a weak king and an ungrateful people. Mally Pitcher, too, of sunning fame in those trying days of the American Revolution, saw the vision and heard the call. That call which comes clear and strong from the throne of God Himself, like unto the vision of the Holy Grail to Sir Gallahad, which he beheld the clear silver light, and heard the voice saying, "Oh Gallahad, follow me" just so, my people, God has sent calls throughout all the ages, and unmistakable, calls to lay aside self and to lead or minister to, His people, or His cause. And in most instances, it has been like those I have just cited, the poor, the humble, the weak who have received this sacred baptism of service for truly "He hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise."

I believe such a call came to Abbie House in her humble cottage on the red hills of Franklin county in the spring of 1861. A call which was followed faithfully as ever a mailed knight of Arthur's courtly ring lived up to his deathless bow. Followed through four long years of suffering and want, and followed to the never fading glory of this lonely heroine.

The subject of this sketch was born somewhere about 1810. She owned a small farm near Franklinton, N. C., on which her little house still stands, very much in appearance as it was in her day. She died in Raleigh in the early eighties, having been pensioned by several patriotic citizens of that place, in appreciation of her devotion to the Southern cause.

At the outbreak of the war, her intense loyalty caused her to make a study of ministering to the needs of the soldiers. Was there a Franklin county boy sick, Aunt Abbie would go to the front to nurse him. Did a friend or sweetheart have a precious package for a "Johnny Reb" Aunt Abbie could be depended on to get through the lines and to safely deliver the cherished packet. Or was there trouble in obtaining a furlough, old Abbie would start at once for headquarters and invariably return with some one or perhaps several pale and raved convalescents to be nursed back to health by the loving hearts at home. From this she grew to know each commander and as her acquaintances widened, her love and service expanded, until the Southern soldier of every State was in her estimation, a hero worthy of her best service. She

would leave home for the field of battle, travelling in any way, enduring any hardships or exposure for a soldier of "Mause Bob's", as she always called Gen. Lee.

The many tender ministrations she showered on the discouraged, the sick and the dying soldier boys will never be known until that great book is opened and the record of Abigail House is revealed to the listening ears of an astonished world! She was no child of luxury. Her inspiration came from a life spent in honest toil among the denizens of the forest and field. Her chat was obtained from nature and nature's God. Knowing nothing of the conventions of life, its requirements and elegancies, she was a noble woman. She heard the call of the soldier, and marched under the Stars and Bars across the weary mountain trails, upon the fiery heights of Gettysburg and through the Valley to Appomattox.

The roll call of Southern heroes is short. The line of Confederate gray is fast fading, but there are many living today who can tell countless anecdotes both humorous and pathetic connected with the life of this brave woman, searching for the slain, demanding free transportation of the Railroad conductor; coming out victorious in verbal encounter with the witty Senator Ransom; riding on the cannon; nursing the sick and wounded and burying with her own hands by midnight torches the precious body of the Southern soldier.

There are many illustrious names to adorn our monuments to the Confederate women, and I am proud to have it so. But if the privates were asked to call a name dear to their hearts, a name that stands for service and sacrifice, it would be the name of the humble and unheralded Abbie House. A name that conjures up visions of a homely old woman in a faded black sun bonnet—a sun burnt hand strong and steady, and fashioned for the tenderest administrations to all who "Wore the Gray". This pathetic figure, without grace, actual or acquired, reared in poverty, born as lowly as the blessed Son of God, without the name or fame seemed to be led by an unseen hand to serve in places where the work of a woman was most needed, and most appreciated. Sweetly gently and heroically she set about her self-appointed task, bravely doing her best in the station of life in which it had pleased God to call her. In the language of another, her cause might be chanted "as the prologue to the most imperial theme of modern times"

"Woman's Place."

"Why are we forever speaking Of the warriors of old Women are living all around us Full as noble, full as bold. Decorations do not tempt them Diamond Stars that laugh to scorn These will wear a cross of Glory In the resurrection morn."

THE LORELEI.

I know not whence it rises, This thought so full of woe— But a tale of the time departed Haunts me—and will not go. The air is cool, and it darkens, And calmly flows the Rhine; The mountain peaks are sparkling In the sunny evening-Shine. And yonder sits a maiden, The fairest of the fair, With gold in her garments glittering, And she combs her golden hair. With a golden comb she combs it, And a wild song singeth she, That melts the heart with a wondrous And powerful melody. The boatman feels his bosom With a nameless longing move He sees not the ruf's before him, His gaze is fixed above. Till over boat and boatman The Rhine's deep waters run; And this with her magic singing The Lorelei has done! —From the German of Heinrich Heine.

MAGON.

Mr. James Watkins had the misfortune to lose a barn of tobacco by fire last Saturday morning, the estimated loss being two hundred dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison and children, of Wilson, are visiting Mrs. Morrison's parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Perry.

Mrs. R. L. Austin and son, of Littleton, are visiting Mr. John T. Kenyon this week.

Miss Rosa Perry, a teacher in the Henderson public schools spent last Sunday with her parents.

Mrs. T. B. Slade and Miss Matthews returned to Hamilton last Saturday in their big touring car driven by Mr. Douglas Egerton. Miss Ethel Boyd, of Bracey, Va., is a welcome guest in the home of Mrs. M. B. Russell.

Quite a number of our young ladies left last week to attend their respective colleges, where they will again burn the midnight oil.

Mr. Clinton Egerton, of Austin, N. C., has accepted a position as salesman in the store of Mr. W. G. Egerton.

Mr. W. E. Rodwell, an efficient telegrapher of Richmond, is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rodwell.

Miss Jessie White returned to Wendell last week, after a pleasant visit to relatives in town.

Mr. Howard Palmer, of Six Pound, was shaking hands with friends here last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Russell with several friends paid a visit to Mr. J. H. Russell, of Bracey, Va., making the trip in his automobile last Tuesday.

Macon High School has enrolled one hundred and ten up-to-date.

Dr. D. H. Hill, President of the A. & M. College, will be the principal speaker at the Macon Community Fair, the 28th of October.

Miss Estelle Perry left last Monday for Pitt county where she takes up the delightful pastime of teaching again.

Protracted services began in Baptist church last Tuesday and will continue daily through the week.

Misses Mary Rodwell, Virgie Rodwell, Core Hill Shaw, Janet Harris and Urtie Harris, all left last Wednesday for the State Normal at Greensboro.

Judging from the numerous odors that float upon the evening breezes one is forced to the conclusion that cleaning-up of pigpens, stables, and other odorous edifices would add much to the sanitary condition of Macon, and also relieve the pressure on a fellow's olfactories.

LITTLE HEART O' MINE.

Little Heart of mine, I love so much, How soothing, thrilling is the touch Of your lips at the end of day When trials and cares cloud my way! What joy is mine when in thine eyes I behold the beauty of God's skies— The hope when age its hand shall lay On my brow 'neath the locks of gray! Dear little heart, would thou couldst know The ways that I would have thee go— Some day life's throttle thou must hold, Little one, with wisdom choose thy goal! —W. Frank Booker. Apex, N. C.

MORE THAN 1000 STUDENTS

During the first week of the University year 1051 students were registered at the University of North Carolina. The number is 32 more than the entire registration of last year. The Freshman class numbered 325 or 40 more than in 1914-15. It looks like 1250 University students this year. This number taxes to the limit the dormitories and the mess hall, along with the boarding house facilities of the village. More dormitories are necessary.

SOME SMOKE.

Four Hundred Million Cigarettes for Allies.

The allies have signed a contract with a large American manufacturing firm for 400,000,000 "coffin nails." They are not metal nails to tack up coffins with, however, but are the good old "coffin nails" of the text books on physiology, the same old "coffin nails" dear Aunt Mamma warns small Billy about.

The 400,000,000 cigarettes are to be delivered to the allies on or before Sept. 31. The order will keep the factory handling it busy night and day, it is stated, in order to get the "smokes" completed on time the factory will have to turn out cigarettes at the rate of 10,000,000 a day, or about 7,000 for every minute of the day, which is "go'in some", every man who "rolls his own" will admit.

If the allies smoke the cigarette at the rate of manufacture, a cloud of smoke forty feet high would engulf the German empire statisticians figure out.

Four hundred million cigarettes would form a tobacco bridge covering the Bug river from bank to bank from source to mouth. The "papers" used would carpet Europe with a pall of white. If laid end to end these 400,000,000 cigarettes would stretch from Paris to Berlin and from Berlin to Paris nine ten times.

—Exchange.

MARMADUKE ITEMS.

A large number of friends gathered to witness the burial of Mr. S. R. Duke's son, Roper, on the evening of September 8th. Although so young, he was not afraid to die, and longed to go home to meet his sainted mother. The family have our greatest sympathy.

Doctors Sloane and Moore are doing good work in this vicinity to prevent typhoid, and we feel proud to have the good thing passing within reach of all.

Miss Maude Duke is spending a couple of days with her uncle in Arcola.

Miss Jimmie Clark will teach the school here this term.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Clark with Miss Sallie Powell spent one day last week with Mrs. Jim Cheek at Inez. If all reports are true we will have this family (Mr. Cheek's) living near by us next year. We give them a hearty welcome.

This writer thinks the wedding bells will ring in this town before many moons.

Misses Alice, Laura and Virgie Duke visited their sister at Elberon Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. M. T. S. R., M. C., and Miss Maude Duke made a flying trip to Henderson through the country on the car owned by Mr. M. T. Duke last week.

Miss Mabel Robertson will teach the Hamlet school near Essex soon.

Quite a crowd gathered at Mr. S. K. Clark's Sunday night to enjoy some delightful music suitable for the occasion.

Mr. W. H. Qualls and family were up to see their family Sunday.

RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

Whereas the Forsburg R. R. Co. has provided us with cars and accommodations, taken the officers and delegates over their road free of charge, saving no small expenses to Reedy Creek Missionary Baptist Association and whereas there has been no disaster or trouble between us, that is common between other races.

Be it resolved, that the Reedy Creek Missionary Baptist Association extend our heartfelt thanks both to the Forsburg R. R. Co. and the white people of our State, for their indulgent kindness to us, and our youth. We recommend that Pastors and teachers instruct the youths to be polite and courteous to all.

Rev. J. D. LILES,
Rev. L. J. ALEXANDER,
Rev. B. HARPER,
Committee.

KNOW YOUR COUNTY TAX LIST.

Know your home-county is a familiar phrase at the University. Among other things it means, know your home county tax list.

And so for several weeks, Mr. J. Clyde Ray, a member of the Orange County Club at the University, has been studying the recently finished Tax List of the county; comparing the townships with one another and noting the changes in total, average, and per capita values since 1913.

He is blazing the way for a similar simple analysis and comparative study of the tax digests of other counties in the State. It is direct discipline in important makers of citizenship.

The Bible alone excepted, there is no more important book in any county than the tax book; and no other book that the people in general know so little about in detail.

If its contents from year to year were familiarly known to the general public its unfairness would speedily disappear and tax payers everywhere would have less and less to complain about.

It is good to know what is on your tax list! What changes have been made and why!

It is volume of facts varied by interesting romance.

REAL OLD-TIME CLOWNS.

Will Be Seen in Henderson With Robinson's Famous Shows. In the days of the old one-ring circus the clown was the principal figure. Beyond doubt he was the most popular idol of the amusement-loving public.

When the three, four and five ring shows came into vogue, the decadence of the clown began. His audience was so far away, he was such an insignificant figure in the vast canopy, that his vocation was gone, and he became but a pantomime, with no opportunity to display the genius of the old days.

The Robinson's Famous Shows have revived the real clown of the days when he was in his glory. There is just as much talent, just as much genius, given the chance to display it, as there ever was, and the genuine comedians who don the white and harlequin with the Robinson's Famous Shows are given full play, and never fail to create roars of merriment that convulsed our forefathers in the days of the old wagon shows.

Billy Lightfoot, the most droll irresistible genius that ever ambled about a circus ring, heads a bunch of twenty carefully selected fun-makers, who will make every moment one of uproarious fun during the entire performance.

Don't miss this great exhibition at Henderson, N. C., on Tuesday, September 28th, 1915.

OUR TROUBLE WITH MEXICO.

Arrangments are under way to have a conference of the United States and the A B C nations, with Gen. Carranza, the conference not to be held on Mexican soil.

Great Britain and France are again making inquires of our State Department as to what the United States intend to do in Mexico.

Our troops are having hard work to prevent or suppress Mexican outbreaks along the Rio Grande. A number of U. S. soldiers have been killed.

A PRAYER.

"Backward, turn backward, Oh Time in thy flight, give us a girl whose skirts are not tight; give us a girl whose charms, many or few, are not exposed by too much peekaboo; give us a girl no matter what age, who won't use the street for a vaudeville stage; give us a girl not too shapely in view; dress in skirts that the sun can't shine thru." —Selected.

"There are many races and tongues of men, but the sobs of mothers speak but one language." —Current Events.

THE TAR RIVER ASSOCIATION.

To Meet With The Louisburg Baptist Church Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, October 5-7, 1915.

The following is the order of business that will be followed.

Tuesday Morning Session

11:00—Introductory sermon by Rev. S. L. Morgan, of Henderson.

Organization, Appointment of Committees.

12:30—Adjourn for dinner.

Tuesday Afternoon Session.

1:30—Report on Periodicals by T. H. Sledge.

2:00—Report on Orphanage by Ivey Allen.

2:30—Report on Aged Ministers by W. B. Morton.

3:00—Report on Colportage by J. J. Marshall.

3:30—Report on Woman's Work by A. P. Mustian.

3:45—Adjournment.

Tuesday Night Session

7:45—Address or sermon to be provided for.

Wednesday Morning Session.

9:00—Devotional meeting.

9:30—Report on Sunday Schools by R. S. Register.

10:00—Report on State Missions by A. B. Harrell.

10:45—Report on Associational Missions by G. M. Duke.

12:00—Adjourn for dinner.

Wednesday Afternoon Session

1:30—Report on Systematic Beneficence.

2:15—Report on Home Missions by W. M. Gilmore.

3:00—Report on Foreign Missions by T. J. Taylor.

4:00—Adjournment.

Wednesday Night Session.

7:45—Address or sermon to be provided for.

Thursday Morning Session.

9:00—Devotional meeting.

9:30—Report on Temperance by T. B. Weldon.

9:45—Report on Education by G. M. Beam.

10:45—Miscellaneous business.

11:30—Adjournment.

At the request of the Rock Spring church, with which the Association was to have met at this session, and by the authority of the Moderator, G. M. Duke, the meeting place has been changed to the Louisburg Baptist church.

—The Franklin Times.

OTHER DIPLOMATS SENT HOME.

Dr. Dumba is the ninth foreign diplomat to be sent home by the United States since our Government was formed. Three were British, two French, two Spanish and one Turk. Citizen Genet of France was the first. He was sent back by President Washington for being too zealous to encourage Americans to fit our privateers to prey upon British commerce. In 1809 the British Minister, F. J. Jackson, became "persona non grata" by charging the United States with bad faith. Forty years later the French Minister, Pousin, was dismissed for using impertinent language to our Secretary of State. In 1855 the British Minister was sent back because he was concerned in a plan to raise recruits for the Crimean War, although the actual enlistment was to take place in Canada. Lord Sackville-West was sent home by President Cleveland in 1888 because, in answer to a request from an American citizen of British birth, he had written to that citizen and advised him to vote for Mr. Cleveland. 1893 the Spanish Minister, De Lome, received his passports for writing a letter disrespectful to President McKinley. A few months ago the Turkish Ambassador, A. Rustem Bey, departed suddenly on the plea of needing a rest, after our Government had decided to ask for his recall. When our Government inquired about the alleged massacre of Christians in Turkish Armenia, he publicly replied that the United States had better look to its own "atrocities", mentioning lynchings in the South and the "water cure" in the Philippines. —Current Events.