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## THE MAN WHO FINDS HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The man who finds his opportunity is a believer in himself. He is first and primarily a man of action. He is also, however, a believer in the world. He looks upon himself as the mere dot upon humanity which—in reality—is. But in so doing he does not diminish his own importance. His conviction of ultimate success is based on his belief that each human being is placed in the world for a purpose. He also believes that nature in the beginning, by its wise provisions, guaranteed a living to each man. "What others have done, I can do," he says, and with this belief crystallized into conviction he is ready to prove himself and the world—at the proper moment—the truth whereby he peaks. The first qualification that this man seeks in his battle toward the front is education. He realizes that he must be well equipped for his life's task when opportunity beckons to him. He knows that proper preparation makes the battle half won. But the acquiring of this education the man of today looks not to the dead languages of Latin or Greek or the higher branches of mathematics so much as he does to the thorough knowledge of the given thing. For the knowledge that will do him the greatest good he delves not so much to the higher studies as into the questions that he must face in the everyday life of today. The second great qualification the man who finds his opportunity is ambition. But in this ambition the man who succeeds looks kindly upon his fellow men in his ambition and envy are things apart—holding nothing in common, and while he draws from the lives of the leaders the secret of their success and longs to emulate their example, he sets nothing that has not been firmly won. He is anxious to evaluate himself to the fullest extent of his powers, but in so doing he climbs not on the backs of those around him. He prefers to lead—he yearns to lead—but if he finds himself unfitted for the task he is the first one to recognize the guidance of another. If he is not big enough to lead himself he is not too big to follow. And in this very submission to the laws and regulations of life he finds his greatest strength for, through the recognition of it, he makes the best of his needs. Uriah Heep endeavored to teach us that it pays to be humble. But the humbleness he employed is not the kind which finds personification in the seeker for opportunity. His is a different brand—the kind of humility that finds its worth not in the sleek, magignant form of the character of Dickens, but in the modest appraisal of his own worth. Inwardly he has confidence of a Greek god but outwardly his countenance and manner display no evidence of it. Instead, merely the honest spirit that drives him on, the sort of humble confidence which has brought into being the great figures of the past. Every man must have. Without it the best of opportunities are lost. With it nothing is possible. To the man who seeks for success the possession of energy is the elixir of life. It drives him onward and upward in the face of the most trying of odds. It gives him conviction at the time when adversity might otherwise, drive him to the other side. It gives him that mysterious strength which wins few ills and acknowledges few weaknesses. And it keeps him in the path which leads directly toward success. It is probably the one attribute without which progress cannot be made. In our present age of materialism the possession of energy has become a factor of even greater importance than at any other period in the history of mankind. For in the present and pull of the modern life there is no longer room for the man who usurps the power and who needs from another.

The day of the vampire has gone.

Courage, also, this man of opportunity must have. For the conditions of life at the present time demand fortitude, bravery and some times daring in a constantly enlarging degree. It takes courage, as well as tact, to win success in the business world.

The man of opportunity possesses also initiative. It is, in fact, his strongest card. He is not content merely to take things as they come. His is a different creed. He believes in the reward that patience brings, but he couples with it the greater law of the homely old phrase which told us that if nothing is attempted, nothing can be done. And so, with the spirit of the pioneer tingling in his veins, he is ever ready to strike out into new fields. He has measured carefully the span of life, and in doing so he has learned the importance of time. He knows the meaning of every tick of his watch and the length of every day.

Optimism, also, this man has. He has time to listen only to the complaints of others. As for himself he is too occupied in pushing forward to utter many signs of regret. Of the dark side of life he is aware, but its existence to him, is but a part of the great plan upon which man was built. A sudden disaster, an unforeseen defeat, leaves but small impression upon him for there is always enough of a brighter hue to drive from his horizon the darkness of despair. In his heart he has room for the tragedy of the world and is the first to appreciate the full horror of it. But the sustenance by which he sends red blood coursing through his veins comes not from the gloom of life. And through the nourishment the brighter side imparts he finds himself able at all times to rise up—rebel and start anew.

Coupled with these things and probably topping them all comes the enthusiasm which the seeker for opportunity and success must have. For, from this quality, he gives to himself the power to fulfill ambition, the ability to utilize strength, the faculty of compelling courage, the strength to create initiative and the force by which he commands and demands optimism. It is the commanding trait of them all—the weld that makes them hold. And through the added power that it gives he finds the dynamic force that tramples, crushes and carries before it every foe. From it he derives the pleasure that comes with the victory in the struggle for success. Through it he is able to discern the opportunity the world holds for him and out of the very joyousness the word conveys he is able at one stroke to make of his life what he will. Drudgery the man of enthusiasm fails to understand—he knows not the meaning of the word. Failure holds even less in common with him. For with the initiative to undertake, the ability to do, and the enthusiasm to carry it forth, there is nothing but a happy conclusion to the life story of such as this man finds himself to be.—Merchants General and Commerce.

## INEZ SQUIBS.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Alston went to Airlie Sunday to attend the celebration of the birthday of their son, Garland G. Alston.

Miss Jennie C. Alston spent the week end at Schloss.

Miss Temp D. Williams, of Rocky Mount, came here with her uncle, Mr. R. M. Williams last week, who had been down in the Rocky Mount section for about two weeks.

Mr. J. B. Williams and family will move to Warrenton about the middle of October. Their many friends in this section hate to have them leave.

Miss M. Helen Tharrington, of Henderson, visited her home the week end.

Mr. W. Marrow Cheek, of Baltimore, Md., visited his mother the week end.

## JUST HABIT.

(By Everett R. Roeder)

Habit fills the poorhouses and habit builds the big business institutions. The head of the business cultivated the habit of success. The inmates of the poorhouse simply would not let go the habit of failure. Where is your habit leading you? To an old age of independence or dependence? Are you waiting at the lack of opportunities, or getting up steam and overhauling your engine of ambition so that you can make a straight run into the city of success over the track of progress when the signal "clear track" is given? Are you ready to handle the throttle when the call does come?

Failure is a habit. Success is a habit. But you can't mix the two. The habit of study is the habit of success. The habit of killing time and shirking is the habit of failure. The habit of success is just as easy as the habit of failure, once you have acquired it; and it pays you while the habit of failure pays only the devil. This thing of "no time to learn" is a queer proposition. It is always the man the least amount of spare time who partakes most plentifully of the tree of knowledge. The other fellow uses up all his time in lamenting the lack of time and opportunity.

Your capital is time—given to you in twenty-four hour lots each day. Don't squander your capital. Make it an asset that will yield you a goodly rate of interest the rest of your life. The street car companies get rich on five cent fares. The prudent man acquires knowledge by turning to profit the odd moments of the day. No matter how busy you are, you have a few spare minutes each day. Put that into a systematic effort to master some one thing. At the end of the year you will know more and get paid more. Get a strangle hold on the habit of success.

## PRESERVING SEASON.

There's the fragrance of the orient through all the house to-day. The spicy smell of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and bay, and it mingles with the perfume of the peaches and the plums; Do you recognize this fragrance—when preserving season comes?

There are baskets heaped with apples; heaped with damson plums and pears; Jelly glasses by the dozen; Mason jars long stored down stairs, Have been washed in boiling water, and now stand in gleaming rows And neatly written labels soon their contents will disclose. Blackberry jams and melon pickles, brandied peaches, apple jelly. Preserved pears (last season's winner) and quince marmalade as well; All the sunshine of the summer for the winter time put by; All the orchard's golden sweetness ripened under azure sky. Like the squirrels of the forest women folks are full of thrift When Queen Nature in her beauty pours before us gift on gift, And I seem to read a promise in the kettle's frothy foam That the summer time will linger in the heart and in the home.

## TOO HASTY.

An apple in the orchard grew And only little Willie knew Just where it could be found; But Willie feared some other boy Would lift his slow maturing joy. When he was not around; And so he ate it, ere the stripe Proclaimed the apple was quite ripe— Hark to that mournful sound.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

## MACON.

Mrs. M. B. Russell returned from New York City last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Russell motored to Weldon last Thursday to meet Mr. Clyde Coleman, who came to spend a few days with his parents.

Mrs. Joe House, of Thelma, was a welcome visitor in the home of her sister, Mrs. S. S. Reeks last week.

Mr. Boyd Russell, of Six Pound spent one night in Macon last week.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Loyd died last Friday night and was buried Saturday afternoon in the Macon Cemetery.

Mr. John Gupton has been quite sick but is now reported better.

Misses Annie and Maggie Loyd, of Norlina, spent several days among relatives in the community last week and attended the protracted meeting at the Baptist church.

The typhoid fever man is having quite a strenuous time serving the crowd that comes on the appointed days to be "stuck".

Rev. Samuel Morgan, of Henderson, did the preaching for Brother Taylor during the series of meetings. His preaching was of a high order, and his singing was delightful.

The premium list is out for the Community Fair. Now let us have an overflowing exhibit of our resources.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coleman motored to Durham last week, where they spent several days and took in the Durham Fair.

Mrs. Walter Rodwell, of Oakville, was here attending the meeting last week.

Mr. Russell Betts, a promising young druggist of Youngsville spent the week end with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Faulkner, of Henderson, were visitors at Mr. Wesley Edwards last Sunday.

Miss Nannie Shaw has returned from Wilmington where she has been attending a teachers' institute.

Mr. W. S. Gardner, of Churchville, was on our streets Monday.

Dr. Tom Russell, of New York, accompanied by Miss Mavetta Haskins arrived last Monday night and will spend several days here with relatives and friends.

Miss Ethel Boyd returned to Fray this week, after a several days sojourn in this village.

Quite a large herd of cattle brought here Monday to be shipped to Durham. It will be a great time for this section when such shipments become numerous.

Mr. W. W. Haitcock was here the other day bringing cool weather and clothed with two coats.

## THE DAY OF ADVERSITY.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small". Of course any man can hold out in the fair and sunny day when there is nothing to hold out against. It doesn't take much of a sailor to row a boat across a mill-pond. Nearly any kind of a soldier can cut a figure in the procession. But every day isn't fair and sunny, the ocean is not always a mill-pond, and soldering isn't all dress parade. Somehow we ought to get that iron thud into our minds that we are just no good at all if we cannot match ourselves somewhat to the difficulties and problems and strenuousities of life. The hard fibre in man's soul is made for resistance and aggression, and the man who allows his to soften down into mere flabbiness is not much of a man, as the old proverb maker looked at it. What sort of Christian, he would ask if he were living to-day, is that one who falls down before the first big temptation or who runs away from the first hard job given him to do? And he would answer by calling him a little weakling unworthy of the big, strenuous name of Christian. Fainting in the day of adversity is like failing in a pinch, where failure is fatal.—The Christian Guardian.

## ODD BITS OF NEWS.

Davenport, Wash.—When Co. Prosecutor David McCallum passed a horse hitched to a railing, the animal nipped at him and began to prance around. Struck by the strange actions, the prosecutor stopped and recognized a mare which he, as a farm lad, had raised but had not seen for eight years. Bystanders declared the horse's recognition of the man was unmistakable.

St. Albans, Vt.—W. L. Plumley of North Clarendon has a pet dog which he declares climbs trees to the height of 32 feet. The dogs nails are slightly more pointed than those of an ordinary dog, and the padding on his feet is broader. Veterinarians are at a loss to understand how he accomplishes his feat.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. R. C. Nuckles, of Dallas, Tex., has a six-inch pet Chihuahua with an appetite for diamonds. A recent meal consisted of a valuable stone from a handsome lavaliere. A veterinary performed a delicate operation before the gem was recovered.

Nw York, N. Y.—Mrs. Jeanette Chwartz, 106 years old, who weighed less than twenty-five pounds died recently. She was two and a half feet tall. At a party held just before her death, she recited and danced. Of late she had the habit of awakening during the night and calling for a glass of beer.

New Bern, N. C.—A 3-gallon carboy or "monkey rum" in the office of U. S. Commissioner C. B. Hill, showed the color of the liquor to be milky and the smell like that of molasses. Moonshiners in North Carolina are making and selling it in large quantities. It is made of water, molasses and certain unknown chemicals. After working, the liquor is 100 proof, and a saucerful will burn for five minutes when lighted. The "monkey rum jag" lasts about three times as long as the whiskey jag, and will produce delirium tremens much quicker.

## ARCOLA ITEMS.

The farmers are now hustling harvesting their crops, and most especially are they saving hay while the sun shines.

Miss Lula Hunter, the bright and attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hunter, left several days ago to enter school at Littleton College.

Mrs. R. L. Capps and children have returned after a pleasant visit in Rocky Mount, the guest of Mrs. Robert Shearine.

Mr. Willie King, the popular salesman at Fosburg Camp, was in town Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Davis has returned from a trip to Florida.

We are sorry to report Miss Mabel Conn ill at this writing. We hope she will soon be convalescent.

The whole community, with a very few exceptions, have taken the Typhoid vaccination, and are all getting along nicely.

Mr. Robert Jones, of Katesville, was the guest of Miss Viola Arrington last Sunday.

Mesdames Scull, Arrington and Hunter, and Misses Elizabeth Davis and Arnie Duke were in Warrenton Saturday at the Fruit Exhibit. The future alone will tell the value of the training the country girls are now receiving in this work. It should receive our hearty support.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Davis, Miss Maude Duke, and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Pleasants and children, of Laurel, visited in the home of Mr. J. W. Duke a few days ago. Mesdames Linda Arrington and T. S. Tharrington spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. John R. King and family.

The fox hunters have had several chases recently. It seems that Brother Reynard is as sly as ever in saving himself. Several from here attended services at Reedy Creek Sunday and enjoyed hearing Miss Sue Kelly.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dameron, of Warrenton, were here for a short while recently.

Mr. Roy Duke was in Warrenton on business Monday. —INCOGNITO.

## A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

The General Assembly of nineteen hundred and fifteen amended the insurance laws of North Carolina, and, among other things, enacted:

"It shall be the duty of the Insurance Commissioner and Superintendent of Public Instruction to provide as far as practicable for the teaching of 'Fire Prevention' in the colleges and schools of the State, and, if the way be open, to arrange for a text-book adapted to such use. Also by adding to said section as section four thousand seven hundred and twenty-one (b) the following: 'The ninth day of October of each and every year shall be set aside and designated as Fire Prevention Day, and the Governor shall issue a proclamation urging the people to a proper observance of the said day, and the Insurance Commissioner shall bring the day and its observance to the attention of the officials of the municipalities of the State, and especially to the firemen, and, where possible, arrange suitable programs to be followed in its observance.'"

Now, Therefore, I, Locke Craig, Governor of North Carolina, in accordance with this statute, do issue this my PROCLAMATION and I do set aside and designate Saturday, the 9th day of October, 1915, as Fire Prevention Day and do urge all the people to a proper observance of this day in obedience to the law of North Carolina. I urge the public schools of the State and the municipal officers thereof to give proper and formal recognition of the day and its meaning, and request the citizens generally to give special attention on that day to the condition of their premises, to the end that the waste and loss of property and life by fire may be reduced in this State.

The loss by fire amounts approximately to three million dollars a year in North Carolina. A large per cent of this loss is unnecessary and can be prevented. Human life, too, is needlessly sacrificed.

We should remedy the conditions that entail this enormous expense and loss suffered, not only by those whose property and lives are destroyed, but by all citizens in the high rates of insurance caused by unnecessary fires. The prevention of the needless destruction of the fruits of our labor and of human life is a duty dictated by economy and humanity.

Done at our City of Raleigh, this the sixteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, and in the one hundred and fortieth year of our American Independence.

—LOCKE CRAIG, Governor.

By the Governor: —JOHN P. KERR, Private Secretary.

## OUR AMAZING COMMERCE.

Stupendous figures of our foreign trade have just been made public by the Department of Commerce. In the twelve months to August 31 our exports amount to more than three billion dollars. This is an increase of about 30 per cent over the figures of the previous year. In the same time imports have fallen off from 1.9 billion to 1.6 billion, in spite of the lower tariff which was expected to increase imports.

The greatest part of the gain in exports has been in the recent months. August, 1915, shows exports of almost 262 millions, against 110 millions in August, 1914, August imports, too, were higher, 141 millions in 1915 and 129 millions in 1914.

The predicted "billion-dollar balance of trade" has come, and a balance of a billion and a half seems not far distant. For the year ending August 31 the excess of exports over imports was \$1,365,334,346. That sum must come to the United States in some way—either by shipments of gold, or return of American stocks and bonds, or by Europe going in debt for it.