

THE WARREN RECORD

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OLD TIMES IN WARREN

By T. J. TAYLOR, D. D.

FRIENDSHIP

You can buy, if you're got money, all you need to eat and drink. You can pay for bread and honey, and can keep your palate sweet. But when trouble comes to fret you and when sorrow comes your way, for the gentle hand and friendship that you need you can not pay.

You can buy with gold and silver things you're got to have to wear. You can purchase all that's needful when your skies are bright and fair.

But when clouds begin to gather and when trouble rules the day, your money doesn't lure a friend worth while to come your way.

For the hand that's warm and gripping and the heart that's tender, too,

Are what all men living sigh for, when they're sorrowful and blue. For there's nothing that's so soothing and so comforting right then as the gladly given friendship of a fellow's fellow men.

A hand upon your shoulder and a whispered word of cheer

Are the things that keep you going when your trouble times is here; and you'll hate the gold you've gathered and the buildings that you own.

If you have to bear your troubles and your sorrows all alone.

If you're served a golden idol, you will get as your reward

All the luxuries of living that the coins of gold afford.

But you'll be the poorest mortal and the saddest in the end,

When the clouds of trouble gather—and you're hungry for a friend.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE LITTLE BLUE GLASS DOOR

He had not been back to his old home town for three years. As he swung off the car at the old familiar station he heard something drop at his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

It was a dismembered cuff button the top having been broken from the part still in the cuff.

He frowned a little.

"Too bad," he thought; "my favorite pair, too. I'll stop in at the jeweler's on my way home and have him fix it."

A moment later he opened the door of the jeweler's shop on the avenue. A man with glasses was stooping over some repair work back of the counter. Craig had never seen him before. He had established himself in the town since his last visit.

"The broken my cuff button," announced Craig with his pleasant smile. "I wonder if you could repair it for me in a day or two? I'm only here for a little while. My firm gave me a week's vacation, and I lost no time in boarding a train for good old home."

The man with the glasses nodded and Craig noticed that his face was friendly.

"That is just it, isn't it?" he said, "It is good old home, sure enough. Nothing like it."

And then as Craig standing there took stock of the clocks ticking busily away on walls and shelves, he started a little. There on a table back of the counter, standing by itself, was an old fashioned, round faced, eight-day clock, with a little blue glass door, through which one caught a hazy glimpse of a brisk little pendulum.

Craig looked at it closely. Wasn't that Miss Narcissus clock? His old Sunday school teacher? What could he be doing here? It ought to be in the quiet little room where he had seen it last, with flowers blooming in the window, a cat asleep on the rug by the stove and the little cupboard in the corner. And then as he looked at it, a host of recollections came trooping back. How many, many times he watched the little, blue glass door, the round face, the old familiar hands traveling too quickly to the hour when he must go home. It brought him back to that period in his childhood when he had visited Miss Narcissus and she had given him a cookie, a ginger-snap or a stick of peppermint as the case might be. His old Sunday school teacher. Surely that must be her clock? He knew it by the little blue glass door.

Craig was silent a moment, then he spoke,

"Whose clock is that?" he asked. The pleasant faced man in glasses turned around.

"That," he said, "that clock was brought here over a year ago by a very small, white-haired woman, who said she wanted it repaired, I took the clock, put it in order, and it has been ticking away ever since, waiting for the little, old woman who has never come to claim it.

"Perhaps she is dead. Perhaps she has forgotten it, or more likely still, perhaps she never yet has had the money to spare to pay for it. There are many such cases. In my business one sees all kinds of poverty oftentimes hidden away under the rarest kind of refinement and gentility. I have often wondered what to do with the clock. I could dispose of it, and yet she was such a very sweet old lady I hesitate to do it. Perhaps she is asleep or dreaming, and may wake up like Rip Van Winkle of old, some day, and come to me and claim it."

Craig smiles, and then dropping the subject, he asked if he might have his cuff button that next day. The man promised him that he could, and a minute later Craig left the store.

He had a happy reunion with his parents and sisters and the one brother at home, but just as he was about to go to his room that night he turned—

"Mother," he began, "what has become of Miss Narcissus Bradley?"

His mother looked up.

"Miss Narcissus is still here, Craig," she answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Just a little incident brought her to my mind," he replied, "How is she faring, mother?"

"Miss Narcissus is so independent we scarcely know," she returned. "She never asks favors. But we all know she is poor. She is old, too and it gets harder for her all the time to do the little sewing that puts bread into her mouth. She goes to church, however, and never complains, and yet I have wondered if we were as mindful of Miss Narcissus as we ought to be. We may guess at her empty larder, but we do not really know. She is so much of a lady and so very reserved, one hesitates to be too inquiring, however solicitous one might be."

That very next day Craig went for his cuff button, and after he adjusted it in his cuff to his liking, he looked up.

"By the way," he asked, "what are the charges against the old clock with the little blue glass door?"

"Two dollars," replied the man with glasses.

Craig took out the money and handed it to him.

"I happen to know to whom that clock belongs," he said.

"I recognized it by the little blue glass door. If you will wrap it up I'll take it to the little white haired woman who left it with you. She was once my Sunday school teacher."

"Indeed," said the man, "Well, I'll wrap it up and gladly. I'm thankful to get the old clock off my hands. You can tell her it has had a thorough overhauling and keeps time to the minute. We ought to do things better, but when it comes to the making of modern clocks, we don't. You can't beat these old-fashioned time-keepers for service."

A moment later Craig was out of the shop with the clock in his arms. He walked quietly up the old family street, the one on which Miss Narcissus still lived. There it stood, the little low, brick house with the narrow porch in front. He went to the door and knocked. A second later it opened and there on the threshold facing him, was a tiny, little woman with a sweet wrinkled face.

"Miss Narcissus!" cried Craig.

"Craig Allen!" gasped Miss Narcissus. And then Craig followed her into the clean room that was just as he remembered it. It seemed to him as if time had stood still. There was the same little shining stove; the same red carpet; the same cushioned rocking chair; only the very small boy who used to eat cookies and peppermints from that little red chair yonder, was gone.

A bright tear shone in his eye, and then he looked up at the old clock which was empty. Without saying a word, he took the paper off the old clock with the little blue glass door and set it carefully on the little, empty shelf.

He turned about.

Miss Narcissus had turned pale. Then into the faded cheeks there rushed a wealth of color.

"Craig," she cried, "my old clock—my dear old clock."

"How did you guess? And then her voice broke. She covered her face with her trembling hands. Craig gently took them in his.

"Miss Narcissus," he replied. "I knew it by the little blue glass door.

AFTON NEWS ITEMS

Mr. Henry W. Williams, of Battleboro, spent the week with his brother, Mr. D. C. Williams.

Rev. J. J. Marshall, of Macon, spent Saturday night in the home of Mr. H. P. Reams.

Mr. S. E. Allen, of Axtelle, was in Afton on business Saturday.

We are glad to report little Maurice Limer, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Limer, is recovering after a short illness.

Mr. L. L. Fuller spent last Friday night with his father in Vance county.

Mr. Boyd M. Reams spent last Sunday with his grandfather, Mr. J. L. Curl at Warren Plains.

Mrs. J. P. Temple and Miss Emily Limer were in Warrenton shopping Tuesday.

Mr. George Davis, of Battleboro, spent the week end with Mr. Bryan Williams.

Mr. S. J. Williams, of Warrenton, visited his brother, Mr. D. C. Williams Sunday.

Mr. Lewis Kimball, of Manson, was in Afton Monday.

Mr. M. S. Dryden was in Afton looking after business Tuesday.

Rev. J. M. Daniel is visiting his mother Mrs. Emma Daniel this week.

BOOSTER MEETING

On account of bad weather the Stock Holders meeting of the Co-operative Building and Loan Association was postponed. The meeting will be held Thursday evening, March the 1st at 7:30 o'clock in the school auditorium.

We expect all of the Stock holders to be present, and we want everybody else to come who will. We would like to have at least five hundred people present at this meeting; we especially invite the ladies of Norlina, Warrenton, and of Warren county.

A full report will be made by the secretary. The Association has made a splendid showing since beginning in May 1915.

We want to show you what we are doing. We will have several interesting things on the program. We want all the Stock holders to tell their friends about the meeting.

—Co-Operative Building and Loan Association—R. S. Register, Secty

DEEDS OF APPRECIATION

A meeting of the citizens of the community was held last night in the Court House for the purpose of giving our soldier-boys a suitable welcome on their return from the Border.

A number were present, and the form of official welcome will be given in our next issue.

Usually I am a thoughtless fellow. Most young men are but in our hearts are little tender recollections that blossom as the rose, of those who were once good to us. And when I saw your old clock in that jeweler's store a host of memories came trooping back. I had a vision of cookies and peppermints, of soft bandages for little cut fingers; of saucer pies and kind words. I saw again my old Sunday School teacher facing me in that little class. I felt her soft touch on my head as she taught me that wonderful Twenty-third Psalm—

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Ah! Miss Narcissus, yours will be a large harvest, I imagine when you get up yonder. These memories of you were only sleeping; but the old clock caused them to awaken. I could do no less than bring it back to you. I am glad to restore it to its old place the faithful old clock that will keep you company for the rest of your life."

Miss Narcissus was crying softly. It seemed to her life had been so hard and yet in this supreme moment she forgot it all. The old clock had come back and with it her boy—her boy of long ago grown to man's estate now, and yet her still hers. She looked at him and her lips quivered.

"I couldn't get the clock myself Craig," she said brokenly. "I tried so hard but I never had the money. I got so I wouldn't pass by the door where it was."

"I know," said Craig gently, "but you should have told me Miss Narcissus. I wish you had done so."

And then something bright and shining was dropped into the old, wrinkled hand, and Craig's voice, too, shook, as he said:

"Take it, Miss Narcissus, for the old clock's sake. There, don't cry. It's just a small payment of the big debt I own you—the best Sunday school teacher a boy ever had"—Susan Hubbard Martin, in Front Rank.

WILLOW BROOK ITEMS

Mr. T. B. Fleming, one of our most successful farmers has been successful in putting both of his runners to going and is now wearing a broad smile over the many mill boys.

We failed to have any Sunday school Sunday owing to the rain. But met at prayer service Sunday night, and enjoyed a good meeting. Mr. Cecil Pope led.

Mr. C. K. Sadler passed early this morning going to his saw mill. We wish for him much success.

We are glad to know that little Hugh Sadler Haithcock has gotten about well again after being confined to his bed for some time with pneumonia.

We are very glad to see our Sunday school superintendent, Mr. H. E. Sadler out again after a few days illness. We sure did miss him in our school.

Mr. John R. James, from Macon, and little Miss Mary were in our midst Sunday.

Mr. Jim Paschall is confined to his bed with Rheumatism. We hope to see him out again soon. Mr. Paschall is one of our most successful farmers and we wish for him a speedy recovery.

Mr. W. H. Walker killed hogs a few days ago. He believes in having a plenty meat, and that is a very good decision.

Owing to the bad weather there hasn't been much farm work done in our community. —PEGGIE

U. D. C. MEETING

The U. D. C. will meet in their room over Allen & Fleming's Store Friday March 2nd, at 3:30 p. m.

MARCH PROGRAM

Bombardment of Fort Sumter, April 12th:

Who was the Confederate commander and who was in command of the Fort?

Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers to coerce the South, April, 15, and Proclamation of Blockade of the entire Southern Coast.

Virginia seceded April 17th. Baltimore Riot April 19, where the first blood of the war was shed. Tell of this conflict.

Arkansas seceded May 6th; North Carolina, May 20th; Tennessee, June 8th; uniting with the Confederacy.

Confederate Capital moved to Richmond, Virginia, May, 1861. Tell of first meeting of Confederate Congress there.

Round-Table Discussion.

Was the firing on Fort Sumter by the Confederates, or re-inforcements to the Fort by the Federal Government, the beginning of the war?

Was "faith as to Sumter" fully kept?

Why was it expedient to move the capital from Montgomery to Richmond?

References: "Rise and Fall of Confederate Government," Vol. I; "History of the United States," (Andrews) Chap. XXVIII; "Wrongs of History Righted," p. 5.

MRS. S. D. TWITTY, President.

MRS. BOYD ENTERTAINS

The last pre-Lenten meeting of the Card Club was held with Mrs. Henry Boyd in her handsome home on Ridge-way street Tuesday afternoon from three to six o'clock.

Those present and playing were: Miss Lizzie Davis, of Massachusetts; Mesdames Edmund White, William Dameron, R. J. Jones, William Graham, John H. Kerr, Henry Falkener, Clement Hunter, Milton McGuire, Peck-Bradley, Howard F. Jones, A. E. Jones, A. A. Williams, Buxton Williams, and Mrs. Henry Boyd, hostess; Miss Elizabeth Hunter.

Delicious stuffed dated, candies, salted peanuts, plum pudding with whipped cream, hot coffee, crackers, and cheese were served at the conclusion of the games. Every one present enjoyed Mrs. Boyd's hospitality, and the social pleasures of the afternoon.

REPRESENTATIVE KITCHIN

Representative Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, shows up big in the house of representatives, and in debate. We are now convinced, more than ever, that he is the biggest democrat in that branch of the congress. The mantle of leadership is on worthy shoulders.

We have just read his speech on the revenue bill—the bill to provide increased revenue to defray the expenses of the increased appropriations for the army and navy and the

extension of fortifications, and for other purposes—as reported in the congressional record, and a clearer and more convincing exposition of the subject we have never seen. His head was full of figures and they rolled out like they were coming from a Burroughs adding machine; and his facts came like volumes from a library. His arguments rang as clear as a set of chimes and, at times flashed like the sunlight on a new Damascus blade. He was courteous throughout to his colleagues, who seemed to be camping on his trail, and the tone and tenor of his repartee was like the rubbing of precious ointment on a boil before the lance was inserted. The incision of his well chosen words cut to the quick, and every time turned the laugh on his republican inquisitors to their discomfort.

It was a remarkable speech, in that Representatives Platt, Reaves, Smita, Fordney, Austin, Hull, Fess, Elston, Denison, Butler, Kearns, Ferris, and others, plied him with questions throughout his speech—some for information but most of them to embarrass him; but his temper was splendid—true as the truest steel to democratic principles, and a veritable electric flash-light on the inconsistencies of republican pretenses, and it was like his holding a pepper box of facts and figures, which he sprinkled over them much to their chagrin.

It was a great day for Claude Kitchin; a wonderful speech under the circumstances of its delivery, and he enveloped the house in the folds of "old glory." No mistake was made when Claude Kitchin was made majority leader. And he leads.—Old Hurraygraph in Durham Herald.

"HUMAN HEARTS"

So strong an impression did "Human Hearts" make upon a prominent Clergyman in New York, that he wrote to Grant Allman, the Gentlemen who impersonated "Tom Logan", vigorously endorsing the play and informing him of his intention of trotting all the Orphans of a local asylum out to see it at his own expense—and he did it.

"You cannot conceive" said Mr. Allman "of the appreciation of these youngsters at the chance of the sermon thus offered them unless you had listened to the gallery the day they attended!" "With the Gods," he continued, "as often as I have myself enjoyed sitting through it, it was doubly enjoyable. Quite often since we have City schools, whose principals were aware of the good merit in the play, been given half a holiday that the youngsters might enjoy a Matinee, and what outspoken critics the tots have been. You can't get a favorable criticism or a padded eulogy for love or money from a Juvenile, you must give him the goods, or he denounces you broadcast, and I am really grateful to the tots of America for their appreciation of what all now agree to be one of the best American plays."

"Human Hearts" comes to the Warrenton Opera House, Wednesday February 28th. It carries its own Band. Special Scenery and is in every way "an up to date attraction." This is one of the few opportunities, you will have this season of seeing an up-to-date play here. Don't miss it. See advt. in another column.

MISS JONES ENTERTAINS

The Norwood Hotel was a scene of much enjoyment on Tuesday night when Miss Mariam Jones delightfully entertained the Sewing Club.

Music set to the tune of "Needles and tongues" created merriment throughout the evening.

Those present: Mesdames James C. Moore, Davis Peck, Milton McGuire, Misses Louise Allen, Jennie Jeffress, Sue Broom, Mary Harris, Julia Council, Ethel Chandler, Sallie Palmer, Josie Hall, Rowe Jones, Laura Burwell, Elizabeth Hunter, Mary Russell Burroughs, Sue Burroughs, Beulah Foster, of Burlington, Mamie Gardner, Annie Downtin, Mariam Jones, and Byrd Jones.

Delightful refreshments were served, and after an enjoyable evening the guest left for their respective homes.

UPWARD COURSE FOOD PRICES

"The retail price of food in England on January 1 showed an increase of 87 per cent over July, 1914. The increase in Germany was 111 per cent, and in Vienna no less than 177 per cent. Prices in Norway in the same period rose by 82 per cent, in Canada 54, and in the United States by 18 per cent."

This is taken from the London Board of Trade Labor Gazette, an official publication.—Current Events.

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP

By DR. FRANK CRANE

A GOOD RECIPE FOR LIFE

It is wonderful what you can do if you will only keep your chin up.

This is a strange world, and one of the strangest things about it is the way it sympathizes with success.

We are supposed to sympathize with failure and grief, but we don't.

I am going to tell you the truth about this naughty world, and the truth is that which every way you're going, up or down, people want to help you along.

If you are going up we all want to boost; if you are going down we all want to push. That is what we call sympathy.

You hear complaints that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. That has always been the case, simply because it is human nature. Society has always been organized to increase the wealth of the wealthy and the power of the powerful; also to make the weak weaker.

The rule is that "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

There's no using whining about it. It is simply one of the flinty laws of nature. The only thing to do with nature's laws is to adjust oneself to them and not to complain.

This might be called the law of the inertia of prosperity.

You are guilty yourself. Whom do you want to see? The man everybody wants to see. And you read the book everybody's reading and go to the store where it is "the thing" to go.

"Follow the crowds," says the advertiser, with his shrewd knowledge of our makeup.

If you have a hundred dollars ahead to whom do you want to hand it? To the poor man who needs it? Not at all, but to the rich banker who doesn't need it.

If I ask you for the loan of a quarter you will pass it over to me without a word if you think it is a trifling matter to me; but if you suspect I really am in want and need the quarter to buy a little food with, that's quite another affair; you can't encourage that sort of thing; I should go to the Associated Charities.

Now, the way to use this law is to feign prosperity even if you have it not. Keep your chin up.

Wear good clothes. Don't withdraw from the society of the prosperous. Look pleasant. Don't let yourself get down at the heel. Don't get that poor beggar look on your face.

It isn't hypocrisy. It isn't pretense. It is sheer courage. It is letting the world know that while you live you propose to fight, and that like old General Taylor, you don't know when you are fished.

Keep smiling and an unfriendly universe will not know what to do with you; so it will crown you.

Says Alfred to Vigny: "All those that struggle against the unjust heavens have had the admiration and secret love of men."

Fate is a bluff. Face her, defy her, and she will fawn on you.

Fate is cruel, but only to the quitter.—From Merchants Journal and Commerce.

MRS. ALLEN ENTERTAINS

Mrs. T. V. Allen delightfully entertained a few of her friends on Tuesday afternoon complimentary to her sister, Mrs. B. W. Gardner.

Those present were: Mrs. H. A. Moseley, Mrs. T. B. Gardner, Misses Mary Louise Allen, Jennie Jeffress, Mamie Gardner, Mrs. William Rodgers, Jr., and Mrs. B. C. Hilliard.

A delightful salad course was attractively served by Misses Gayle Tarwater and Cate Monroe Gardner.

ALL RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG

The president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has offered President Wilson the support and services of the society's 100,000 members "in whatever manner they may be available in the Nation's present crisis." This organization is composed of women who are descendants of Confederate soldiers.—Current Events.

NOTICE

According to the custom, night services in all the churches of the town from the first of March to the thirtieth of April will commence at 8 o'clock. First bell will ring at 7:30.

—T. J. TAYLOR.