

IF THIS PAPER ISN'T WORTH THREE CENTS A WEEK, IT ISN'T WORTH PRINTING

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3c. A COPY

NATHANIEL MACON'S HOME IN WARREN

Place Badly Run Down and Ill Kept; No Place For Company.

(Fred A. Olds.)

Beyond any question the oddest of all North Carolina's great men was Nathaniel Macon, who has been rated among the dozen greatest men these United States have produced up to this good hour.

Mr. Macon was of the people and for the people, first, last and all the time, and was truly a near-to-nature man. The writer has just made what may be termed a pilgrimage to the home and the grave of this great American; as rugged as our North Carolina mountains at their wildest; the man who was for thirty-seven years Speaker of the National House of Representatives; and for whom many cities, towns and counties have been named.

It had been a long desire to visit this home and grave, to see the simplicity of the life and death of "Nat Macon" for that was what the called him then and yet. From Macon station, a tiny place on the Seaboard Air Line, the journey was made over roads which have changed but little since the days when Macon floundered through them to Churchill public school house, and from thence over roads of the same type to the home and grave. The writer was gravely told that he had "come into the Styx." This was a polite way of calling it the jumping off place, for as you remember the Styx was the river across which grim old Charon ferried you on your last journey, into the Great Beyond.

It is all in the county of Warren named for a stout general in the War of the Revolution, and yet time has stood very still there. Quaint old houses are here and there alongside the roads which are entirely fair-weather highways. There is a world of clay and most of the houses are unpainted and unkempt. Yet sixty odd years ago, the county of Warren was regarded as one of the most aristocratic in the State. It produced great men and some of these cut a large figure in affairs. One of them was the first governor of Texas, another was Governor Miller of North Carolina, and there were Eatons, Persons, Polks and others who were national figures.

Those were the days of big farms and many slaves in Warren. Fine folks are their now, pure Americans, whose ideals of life are good manners and hospitality. Warren has in a large degree stood still or gone backward as to farms and homes and reads but not in courtesy or kindness.

It was under such conditions and environments that the trip was made, the Churchill school, and some of the landed gentry, to use old phrase as escorts. The route led partly into the valley of a creek, marked by mud like that in an abandoned brick pit, with an absence of life astonishing in these days and presently the road climbed and there ahead were buildings and a grove of half-dead and ugly white oak trees, which folks call the "Nat Macon Place." From the home there is a far view, particularly westward. There was heard the toot of a locomotive in the distance. The place is tumble-down in the last degree, and if the writer had seen a memorial arch, there, with the one word "Legend" upon it, he would not have been startled for truly "Thy glory has departed."

Macon's dwelling house, is, of course, the central feature. It is one story and an attic, the latter shaped like a capital A and just big enough for a few children and their dolls. Down below there is one room, the dimensions of the house being 20 x 16 feet. It is built of logs and weather boarded. Underneath is a cellar or basement of the rudest fashion, the entrance to it doorless and a sort of pent-house projecting above, looking like a cave entrance. Yet below there is a fireplace.

In the one real room of the house there are as many quaint things as one can think of. There is a door and a south door, a chimney with a wide mouth and graceful arch above, and at the left of this a double-deck closet with a high door and a low one. The fireplace is in stucco. There are tiny windows, each composed of four panes of glass. The ceiling is of

rough planks, which has been white-washed again and again and are thick with the scales of lime. A stairway right at the door make one little turn and then leans like a ladder, so steep is it, and up it you climb into the "ole-timey" garret. The house was well built of its class, every nail was made in a smithy, the wood-work was well done, but everything seems so dwarfed. There is just room for two people downstairs and one child's bed upstairs. In the attic is one full-sized bed and just about takes all the space. The roof comes right down on the building in a way quite different from modern construction. The garret is ceiled with moulded plank, all gotten out by hand.

In front of this house, which by no means could be called a mansion, is what used to be the kitchen, now beaten as flat as a waffle by one of the wretched and doddered white oaks, which a little gale last year blew down. This kitchen was the same size as what the slaves in those days used to call the "great house," in fact was a trifle larger, 18 x 20 feet, and the sleepers of it are heart sweet-gum; these, like the other beams, having been hewn out. There was a fireplace eight feet wide and above this the chimney arch, a beam of white oak eighteen inches square, and perfectly sound today, like the sleepers, which are lying there, uncared for and soon, like everything else at the tumble-down place, to be only a bed of rotten wood.

Not far from this kitchen and the house was another building, of about the same size and general design, which either tumbled down or was torn down many a year ago, and from its material was constructed on the south side of the "great house" what is known as a "lean too," a little affair and this is now the kitchen. The place is now owned by negroes and the latter live in not a few other places in that community which used to be in far earlier times the abode of well known families. The whole place is so ill-kept, so unkempt, that it makes you think of a ragged boy, with uncut hair sticking through a hole in his battered straw hat. To tell the truth, the idea came into the writer's mind instantly that if Warren county and North Carolina should show no more regard for Nat. Macon's memory than this, it were far better that not one timber stood upon another and not one brick remained, but that everything should be clothed with the wild forest, and this emotion abides.

The torn down building alluded to was built by Macon for his two daughters. What he did with his company, and he had a great deal of it, puzzles the people today. What did he do with his brother great man, John Randolph, of Roanoke, that proud Virginian, as slim as a rail and near seven feet high? Did they sleep in that little attic? If so, one can almost think of Randolph, with head out of one little window and feet out the other. Did these gentry, old and young, for Macon was very fond of young men, sleep around the neighboring houses, and neighbors were not there, or did some put up in the splendidly built granary, which is much the largest building on the place?

It seems that Nat. Macon was going to build a real "great house," and had the timber hauled for a mansion sure enough, but just then his wife died and the scheme ended then and there, for he loved her dearly and publicly said that the house was good enough for her and so good enough for him; plain but substantial and well put together.

Mr. Macon was devoted to fox hunting and loved the great out-of-doors. The fact has been mentioned that he was fond of company, especially young men. He used both tobacco and whiskey, but constantly advised his young friends to abstain from both as being what he termed bad and unnecessary habit.

Every building on the place was looked at by the writer with special care. The second in size is the corn crib, built of logs, its only door being six feet from the ground, and is two and one-half feet square. The

great overhand were the light beams. The granary, the best built of all, except perhaps the "great house," is a partial wreck. It was for small grain, and its second floor is yet a superb room, with floors of sweet-gum, the planks eighteen inches wide, which looks as though they had been polished with wax, and with joists of sweet-gum. This big room would have been by far the finest sleeping-place of all, and perhaps long and lanky John Randolph, of Roanoke, stretched himself there. Another old building standing is the smoke-house. Nat. Macon, like other sensible folks of his day, and quite unlike a vast number of pitiful North Carolina farmers of the year 1917, raised all of the provisions which could be possibly needed, and was therefore a century ahead of fully a third (and maybe half) of the farmers of today, and they have no reason to laugh, but only to hide their heads in shame, for they have not followed the example of one of the dozen greatest Americans—patriot, lawmaker, farmer, and good in all of these capacities.

What grand white oaks those were in their prime, in this once splendid grove at the Nat. Macon home. It was the dear fashion in that day for a gentleman to live in such a grove and to keep it up, but now the pitiful trees make you think of those tottering men you see now so near gone, but once so sturdy and fine at the Soldier's Home. The eyes almost cloud with tears at the sight of this Macon place. The writer confesses to much more than a touch of sadness there, and others, even little children, felt it too.

The whole farm looks barren and is today a melancholy example of how not to farm. The grave of Macon is set in the fringe of the woods, quite near the corn crib. Do you know why Macon, most methodical of men, chose that particular location for his grave? He himself gave the reason, saying it was on account of its barrenness, and yet nature in that bit of forest is far kinder than on the poor farm, where man has ignored her.

Macon thought of everything, planned everything and ordered that his grave should be unmarked except by rough stones. Many of these were gathered, for they are surely thick, and at his death were thrown upon his grave. Friends and visitors have added to the pile or mound, and there are now upon it perhaps four two-horse wagon loads of all sorts of stones to be found nearby. The only other monument is a post oak a foot in diameter, and on this was rudely carved the letter "M," now nearly obliterated; this of course having been done long since Macon died, for that was 1826, and this tree is surely not over thirty years old.

The grave is perhaps about three hundred yards from the house and on either side of the road are some other graves, the total being four or five, each with its mound of rocks, his grave being covered with a far larger mound than any of the others. An acre of land, taking in the grave has been quite recently bought, and the writer had a conference with the Woman's Club at Macon in regard to properly marking the place, suggesting a wire fence with privet as a hedge, the use of rough stones in making a rectangle at the Macon grave upon which the stones from the vicinity should be placed as now, and with ground-ivy planted among the stones, and with a granite boulder, all in the rough, from the vicinity, with a bronze shield upon it; just the sort of head-stone Macon would have loved; rude rugged, native; the larger tress to be reserved, and the shrubs removed of course. The club will act upon this suggestion and it may take up a plan of buying the old home and restoring it.

Macon had some novel ideas. He surely was a lover among lovers. With him love was the compelling passion and his devotion to his wife was wonderful in these degenerated days to many a man who considers some other man's wife superior to their own. It is set down that he played the game of whist with his greatest rival for the hand of a young lady of the county of Warren, that hand being the stake. The rival won, but Macon refused to abide by luck's decision, and married the lady straightway, justifying himself by declaring, "Love is superior to honesty."

One of the things he loved was his spring, not far from his house, but this is now a ruin and unused, truly a type of everything else in that tumble-

SHALL THE SOUTH SUFFER FOR FOOD.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY:

We call your attention to the calamity which threatens the South. In War the problem is not one solely of men and munitions, but of food supply. The South can furnish men, and to a certain extent munitions, but of food in the matter of food supply we are helpless, unless there is a heavy increase of food crops at once. We do not even feed ourselves. As matters now stand, we are fed from the hog pens and the stock farms and the granaries of the West. Many people in the South have felt it necessary to deny this or gloss it over. This may be all very well in times of peace, but when this War comes the truth will be exposed. We will be face to face with absolute want. Not only will we be unable to furnish food for the armies, but we will be unable to feed our people at home. We will become a burden upon the Nation, because the Nation will find it necessary to supply us with something to eat.

It has been estimated that \$600,000,000 of food stuffs, including animal products, are brought into the South each year in addition to what we, ourselves, produce. When all this food is needed for the armies and for the civilian population in other sections of the Country, to say nothing of the exports to Europe, how are we to be fed? There is but one answer to this question. We must take immediate steps to produce upon our own farms something that will support man and beast, or we shall suffer. This issue can be avoided no longer. We must face it face it at once.

Every well informed man knows that food is scarce the world over, and food crops under these conditions are sure to bring high prices. Corn is selling at the highest price ever known in the history of this Country.

A man in position to know predicts that no wheat will be available in this Country by July 1st for any purpose whatever. It will be well nigh criminal for our farmers, and for the men who control the great plantations, and for the bankers who finance these men, and for the merchants who have been accustomed to supply them, to follow out their present plans and put every available acre in cotton. Our grain crops were practically destroyed by the cold a few months ago.

It is understood that farmers have determined to plant all this oat and wheat land in cotton. Every means should be exerted to prevent this. The big farmer and the little farmer throughout the South ought to be shown that it is his patriotic duty to grow sufficient food stuffs upon his farm, not only to feed his own family and his own stock, but to give some assistance at least to the Government in taking care of the men in the army and the navy. Let it not be said that in these critical times the South has become a burden upon the Nation, is unable to sustain itself and unable to be of any service to the Country.

H. Y. McCord, Chairman
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LEE ASHCRAFT
H. G. HASTINGS
J. N. HARPER
B. H. GROVER, Asst.
Com. of Agriculture.
Committee On Food Supply.
Atlanta Ga., March 31, 1917.

One brother was tall and slim,
The other was chubby and short.
Teddy sat looking them one night,
Apparently lost in thought.

"Mamma," he asked at length,
"Which would you like the best,
For me to grow North and South, like Tom
Or, like Willie from east to west?"
—Youth's Companion.

ble-down place. The only thing there today he could have endured were the trees, the shrubs and the stones in the bit of forest where his bones lie.

A pilgrimage to the grave of a real American is worth while in these degenerated days, when one has to plead with some folks to be Americans and when so very many people put not "America first," but the letter "I"; pitiful people these, who care not one whit if their country decays so they, meanly, survive.

EVERY MAN A SANITARIAN IN THE ARMY

One of the wonders of the European war has been the health of the men at the front. As a matter of fact, the advance made in the science of disease prevention during this war has reversed the records of past wars. Despite the horrors of trench life and war conditions, the death rate of the British and French soldiers from sickness has been as low as 3 per thousand as compared with five per thousand among males of military age in times of peace. It is remembered in this connection that the army consists of picked men, that there is no illness and deaths due to conditions such as bad hearts, etc., but even this fact does not account for the good health of the soldiers under war conditions.

There is a reason, however, and in the main it is because each officer and each man is required to be a sanitarian. For example, if an order demanding cleanliness in the trenches is issued it is sent from officer to man and each is required to see that his particular "dug-out" or section of trench is kept clean. Thus each individual keeps his section and the whole army area is kept clean.

In France the station bath house plays an important role in the prevention of diseases, particularly typhus fever. When a battalion comes out of the trenches after perhaps a two week's stay, it is dirty or infected with lice. The soldiers are marched in squads to the bath house and are given so many minutes to luxuriate in these baths of hot water and soap. Afterwards they are given washed, sterilized underclothing and socks, and their uniforms which meanwhile have been disinfected with hot steam. This suffices to kill lice and their eggs which are deposited in the seams of the clothing.

The amount of typhoid in the British army has been almost negligible. This fact is attributed mainly to anti-typhoid inoculation and sanitary precautions taken in regard to the disposal of excreta which is burned or buried. Other precautions taken in the army against diseases were the chlorination of water, prevention of breeding places for flies, inspection and care of all food, rapid removal of all cases of infectious disease, and rest stations.

COMPARISON OF SOYBEANS AND COWPEAS

Experiments shows that soybeans are better yielders, when planted in rows and cultivated, than are cowpeas. The beans are also a more certain crop for hay and seed than are cowpeas. Not only is this true on well-drained land, but it is true also on land which is only fairly well drained, when once a stand has been secured.

On the black soils of the eastern portion of the State it has been found that soybean usually thrive when the peas many times meet with failure, or with very poor returns. Not only this, but in sections of the State where, during the late spring or early fall, the nights are cool, the soybeans will be found to be much better adapted than are the cowpeas. This being so, soybeans may be sown earlier and be expected to grow later in the fall than the cowpea. This is of particular interest to those farmers whose places are located under conditions which require such crops as will thrive with cool nights and complete their growth in a comparatively short time under these conditions.

In most cases the total growth produced by soybeans will be equal or larger than that produced by cowpeas. The cost of growing the two crops in rows will be practically the same. This may possibly be a little in favor of the beans, however, because of the ease with which the cultivations may be conducted, due to their upright habit of growth. Particularly is this true when compared with the variety of cowpeas that have a strong tendency to run.—Extension Farm News.

"We plan and plan, then pray
That God may bless our plan;
So runs our dark and doubtful way,
That scarce shall lead unto the day—
So runs the life of man!
But, hearken! God saith, 'Pray!
He will show His plan,
And lead in His shining way
That leadeth on to perfect day,
Each God-surrendered man!"

WALKING BEST TONIC.

Drugs, Pills and Purgatives Harmful. Give Nature a Chance.

Walk some every day has been prescribed as a preventive of spring fever. But this does not mean walking in and about the house or standing on your feet while at work. It means going for walk in the open air and sunshine, relaxing mind and body, leaving cares behind, and enjoying walking for the good it will do.

As spring comes on the body requires extra attention. It needs toning up in order to properly adjust itself to the change of season, and to completely recover from the bad effects of high temperatures and 11-hour living during the winter. But drugs, pills and purgatives are not needed. They do more harm than good. Spring tonics that are worth while are exercises that will take you out in the open air, sufficient and regular rest of mind and body, and a diet mainly of fruits and vegetables.

Walking every day in the open air is particularly recommended, whether it be walking to work or walking for health's sake. As to the health value of walking, Dr. William A. Howe says: "This means of improving health, like fresh air, is within the reach of most people. Its energizing influence should be more widely utilized. A reasonable distance should be walked every day, regardless of weather conditions. It is not well to walk so rapidly or so far as to induce fatigue from which one does not promptly recover. Neither is it advisable to walk rapidly in the face of a strong wind, or on a rough road, or in ascending a hill. Unless already accustomed to walking it is far better to begin by going a short distance each day, at a moderate pace, gradually increasing the distance and speed."

THE HALIFAX-WARREN CLUB

The Halifax-Warren county club was organized at the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1916. The purpose of this club is to foster a love for the University and its future welfare, and to create a closer acquaintance among men from the same section of the State. This idea of County Clubs was originated at the University a few years ago, and now there are many such clubs here.

Mr. R. W. Madry, of Scotland Neck, was elected President of the Club; Mr. Forest Miles, of Warrenton, Vice-president; Mr. Brodie Jones, of Warrenton, Secretary-Treasurer. Since the organization of the club, we have had several smokers—social gathering where refreshments are served, and members on time—and where various topics relative to the welfare of the club have been discussed.

There are twenty members of the club. Warren county is represented by Messrs. Edward L. Davis, J. Boyd Davis, Keppel Falkner, Forest Miles, Morton Miles, William Polk, and Brodie Jones; Halifax is represented by Messrs. Sidney Allen, A. W. Anderton, Donald Daniel, Charlie Doniet, Kelly Jenkins, R. W. Madry, V. B. Mountcastle, C. E. Matthews, A. Z. Travis, E. T. Travis, L. G. Travis, R. S. Travis, and A. Z. Zollicoffer.

In accordance with a plan formulated by the Greater Council, a form of student government, and sanctioned by President Graham that each county club should select a member of that club to represent the club and the University at the county commencement, the Halifax-Warren County Club selected Mr. Sidney B. Allen for the Halifax County Commencement and Mr. Forest Miles for the Warren county commencement. The Club pays one-half the expenses of these gentlemen, and they will be glad to entertain any question in regard to expenses, the various courses, athletics, or any other feature of college life.

Boys who are interested in coming to College—as almost all boys are—will be surprised to learn how cheaply a college education may be obtained at Carolina, and they will do well to make it a point to see our representative on County Commencement day.

Secretary.

PHILATHEA CLASS WILL SERVE REFRESHMENTS
The Philathea Class of the M. E. Church will serve Hot Coffee (5c.) and Sandwiches (5c.) on the Court House Square, Thursday April 5.