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A SEMI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WARRENTON AND WARREN COUNTY

3c. A COPY

LITTLETON NEWS ITEMS

Miss Lucy Burnett Bunn, of Nashville, is the guest of Miss Lucy Leach. Mr. J. W. Bobbitt and family, of Enfield, spent last Thursday with friends in town and at Panacea.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Johnston and daughter returned last week from Durham, where they attended the marriage of Mrs. Johnston's brother.

Miss Mary Fetter, of Raleigh, spent an enjoyable day with relatives here last week.

Mr. N. M. Shearin, of Weldon, was in the city on business last Thursday. Miss Etta Belle Stevens returned last week from a visit of several weeks to relatives at Winston-Salem and Greensboro and friends at Albemarle. Mrs. George Leach, of High Point, has been the guest of Mrs. Ellen Leach at her home on Mosby Avenue for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Snow and baby, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Snow's sister, Mrs. H. F. Bonney left Friday for their home in Norfolk.

Misses Eleanor and Camilla Yarborough, of Louisburg, after concluding a pleasant visit to Mrs. T. W. Bickett at the Governor's Mansion, came Saturday to spend a few days with Miss Lucy Leach at her home on Mosby Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jackson, of Roanoke Rapids, were here last Thursday night to attend the Red Cross Entertainment; a solo by Mr. Jackson, a very attractive number on the program.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hardy and baby, of Weldon, visited relatives here last Friday.

Mrs. C. L. Hudgins, after spending sometime here with her mother, Mrs. J. H. Harvey, returned to her home in Norfolk Sunday.

Rev. D. A. Fishel, of Vaughan, was among the visitors in town last Friday.

Miss Hattie Spruill is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Mitchell, at Irvington, Va.

Mr. Eugene Tucker, who has been in Richmond for sometime, has returned to resume his work in the Telegraph office.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fetter and Master Frederick Fetter spent the week end with relatives here.

Mrs. C. Phillips and daughter came from Sanford last Friday to join Mr. Phillips, who has recently accepted a position with The Littleton Feed and Grocery Co. We are glad to welcome them as residents of the town.

Miss Sarah Perry, of Richmond, is visiting in the home of her brother, Dr. E. A. Perry.

Mrs. T. E. Iles and daughter, Miss Maude Iles, of Aurelian Springs, were shopping in town Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Millard and children spent Sunday with friends in Warrenton, and Mr. Millard filled his usual appointment there as pastor of the Presbyterian church.

Miss Hattie Taylor and brother, Mr. John Taylor, of Aurelian Springs, were among the visitors in town Saturday.

Mrs. T. J. Miles has returned from a few days visit to her sister, Mrs. J. E. Aiken, at her home at Elm City.

Mr. D. E. Iles and son, of Thelma, were among the visitors in town Saturday.

Miss Georgie Squire came home from Raleigh to spend the week end with her mother, Mrs. C. D. Squire. She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Emma Perkins, of Raleigh.

Mrs. Fannie Bryant, of Boykins, Va., is visiting her daughters, Mesdames A. B. Hart and H. E. Boyd at their homes on Roanoke Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Thornton and children spent Sunday with friends in Nash county.

Mrs. Joseph R. Mansfield and daughter, Miss Lollie Mansfield, left this week for their home at St. Michaels, Maryland.

Mr. William Boyce, of Greenville, N. C., spent the week end here with homefolks and friends.

Little Miss Bernice Dixon, of Weldon, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. G. Coppersmith.

Mr. N. M. Harrison and daughter, Miss Frances Harrison, of Brinkleyville, were visitors in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. House, of Nashville, have been pleasant visitors among friends here this week.

Dr. A. P. Tyer has the pleasure of having with him his son, Mr. John J. Tyer, of Helsingfors, Finland. Mr. Tyer has been living in Norway, Sweden and Finland for the last eight years, and during that time had not been to the home-land. He is accompanied by Mrs. Tyer, a charming and attractive native of Sweden, and little son.

Mrs. H. C. Worthen, of Atlanta, Ga., after spending a few days with

CHEER UP!

Easy thing to get downhearted; easy to submerge in gloom. And to fancy that the nation is careering toward its doom; There was little cause for smiling in the days of Valley Forge, But the boys that nearly starved there were the boys that licked King George.

And remember, when you fancy things are black as they can be, There's another old George Dewey somewhere yonder on the sea.

Keep your jaw set; don't be worried by the rumors that you hear, Don't start flinching with the notion that the end is hovering near. Uncle Sam has seen real trouble, he has had his trial by fire. And come forth with aspirations that were holier and higher.

Don't forget that in the trenches, when our banner there we plant, Will be found the dauntless spirit of another General Grant.

Let the pessimists and croakers wring their hands and tear their hair, Do your work and keep your courage while they voice their bleak despair.

There has never been a crisis when this country of the free Didn't nobly rise to meet it; and there's never going to be! This is not a Summer picnic that we've happened to get in, It's a war, and it's a big one, but we know we're going to win!

—New York American.

OLD TIMES IN WARREN

By Dr. T. J. Taylor.

THE STORY OF BLIND CHANG

I will be absent from home this week; and, therefore, cannot write a historical sketch. The following selection, however, ought to interest every one; for it not only illustrates the power of the gospel to save, but shows that even now there are Christians who would die rather than renounce their faith in Jesus.

—T. J. T.

THE STORY OF BLIND CHANG.

Here is a splendid story I have just found in a missionary book that is full of good things—"Thirty Years in Moukden," Dugald Christie (London). Dr. Christie is one of the missionary heroes of the world, who led the fight against the pneumonia plague. His story of Medical Missions in Manchuria is of absorbing interest as the following sample will show.—H. B. M.

In a small hamlet in the remote valley of Peace there lived many years ago a man by the name of Chang, well known in the neighborhood as a gambler and bad character, and also as a member of an earnest Buddhist sect distinguished by their keen search for truth. Blindness having come upon him, he heard with interest of a foreign doctor in Moukden who could restore sight. Chang was an exceptional man, of great strength of character, and in spite of the fears, warnings, and mockery of the neighbors, he sold his belonging, tied up his money in a cloth, and started on his quest. But the road was long and dangerous, and when still several days from his goal, robbers fell upon him, and took from him his treasured hoard. Still he struggled on, but illness attacked him, and he reached our Moukden gate at last, a pitiable wreck.

Our small tumble-down hospital was already overcrowded, and there was not a corner for him, so he was given medicine and told to go to an inn until there was room. With pathetic vehemence he pleaded his cause, the 120 weary miles he had walked, how ill he was, how his money was all gone. At last the hospital preacher offered to give him his bed, and so Blind Chang was received.

His eyes were incurable, only a little glimmer of light being restored, but this seemed of small import to him, for during the month he was with us a flood of light illumined his inner vision. From the first day he listened with absorbed interest to what was told him of Him in whose name the hospital was opened.

"This is just what I have been seeking for years," he exclaimed, as he drank in with avidity all that was said. It seemed as if his mind had been ready waiting for it, and before many days he began to preach eloquently to the other patients.

Six months later, after Chang's return to his home, Rev. James Webster took his journey to the north, and from a town on the main road set out to look for the Valley of Peace. It was difficult to find, and the road was bad.

"We came to a place," writes Mr. Webster, "where it seemed impossible for the cart to cross. The cart talked of giving it up, so I dismounted and proceeded on foot, well assured that the cart would follow me somehow. When at last I reached the village, I was led with much ceremony into the house of Mr. Li, the village schoolmaster. We drank a cup of tea, he telling me the while tidings which made me forget all hunger and weariness, to the effect that when Blind Chang came home from Moukden, he began to tell the people about this religion of Jesus, going from village to village, and into as many houses as received him, and in the evenings preaching sometimes to hundreds under the shade of the willow trees; how at first everybody laughed at him, of thought him crazed, and pitied him; how when he still went on preaching and giving practical proofs of having undergone a change, people got divided about him. Some were for him, some against him; some blessed him, some cursed him; in short the whole countryside was in an uproar. Week after week passed, Chang praying daily his prayer for help from on high and singing his one hymn learned in Moukden, and then sallying forth, groping his darkened way with his staff, to tell of Jesus the Son of God. 'And the upshot of all this is,' said Mr. Li, 'that there is a large number of people earnestly inquiring

about the doctrine, and several are thoroughly convinced, and heartily believe and desire to become members of the religion of Jesus.'

"But where was the blind man all the while? He had gone to visit one of the inquirers, and I had missed him on the way. Mr. Li left his school and accompanied me. At last we met, and I accosted Chang. He stood stock still for a moment, and then his face became perfectly radiant with joy, and great tears dropped from his eyes as he said in a voice quivering with emotion: 'Oh, pastor! you promised, and I always said you would come!'

At this time Chang was able to see light, but unfortunately he trusted himself to a native doctor, who promised to cure him by piercing the eye with needles, with the not unnatural result of complete blindness. Some time later arrangements were made for him to join the School for the Blind at Pekin, under Mr. Murray. Here he spent three months learning to read and write, and then returned to his valley with his books in embossed type. Crowds gathered round him to see the marvel of a blind man reading with the tips of his fingers, and what he read he explained and enforced with fluent eloquence. He had a marvelous memory, and as the years went on he laid aside his cumbersome volumes and recited the Scriptures by heart. He knew the entire New Testament, chapter and verse by number, and a good deal of the Old.

One of his wanderings was to a remote valley, one hundred miles from the Valley of Peace, among the mountains in the far east which had formed the Imperial Hunting Grounds. These were open to settlers, one of whom was a relation of Chang's. To seek him out the blind man took this long journey. Here again he gathered a group of converts, and the history of the Valley of Peace was repeated. In answer to his summons two missionaries traveled for days across a sparsely populated region where the name of Christ was quite unknown, and found in the distant "Valley of Victory" a little group of believers asking for baptism. Some time later, blind Chang went again to this valley and was asked to remain there. He received no salary, and was under no one's orders, but moved about from house to house, receiving his food wherever he happened to be, and the women provided his clothes.

For two years no foreigners could visit or communicate with the valley, owing to the Chino-Japanese war, brigandage and other causes. At the end of that time there were in the district four distinct meeting-places where worship was held regularly, and a Christian school. One of the earliest of the Valley of Victory believers is now an ordained pastor over a congregation in a neighboring valley, which supports him entirely, and there are several other self-supporting congregations in the district.

It was the summer of the fateful 1900, fourteen years from that evening when a blind, sick, and penniless man moved our compassion at the Moukden Hospital gate. Chang was again in the Valley of Victory when the Boxer storm broke. It is a mountainous region where the concealment of individuals is not difficult, and he being a marked man was hidden away in the recesses of the hills, the faithful people sending him food. The band of Boxers, exasperated at losing their most conspicuous prey, threatened not only to kill the Christians, but to lay waste the whole valley with fire and sword. At last someone told Chang, and at once he came forth from his hiding-place and let himself be taken prisoner. He was brought to a neighboring town whose headmen were allied with the Boxers, and in a temple was ordered to worship the idols or die.

"I can worship only the one living and true God."

"But we will kill you."

"That is of no importance, I shall rise again."

"Will you not repent of your wickedness in following the foreigner?"

"I have repented for all my sins."

"Then you will believe in Buddha?"

"No, I believe in my Lord Jesus Christ," and he began to preach to them.

Afraid to kill him themselves, his captors sent some distance for some Boxers, and for three days Chang lay

CANNING TIME

There's a wondrous smell of spices
In the kitchen,
Most bewitchin';
There are fruits cut into slices,
That just set the palate itchin'.
There's the sound of spoon on platter,
An' a rattle an' a clatter;
An' a bunch of kids are hastin'
To the splendid joy of tastin',
It's the fragrant time of year
An' the canning days are here

There's a good wife gaily smilin'
An' perspirin'
Some, an' tirin'.
An' while jar on jar she's pilin'
An' the necks of 'em she's wirin'
I am sittin' here an' dreamin'
Of the kettles that are steamin'
An' the cares that have been troublin'
All have vanished in the bubblin'
An' I'm happy that I'm here
At the canning time of year.

Lord, I'm sorry for the feller,
That is missin'
All the hussin'
Of the juices, red an' yeller,
An' can never sit an' listen
To the rattle an' the clatter
Of the sound of spoon on platter
I am sorry for the single,
For they miss the thrill an' tingle
Of this splendid time of year
When the canning days are here.

—Selected.

THE FARMER'S CALENDAR

If the rains have put the stubble land in shape, get a second crop started on it at once. Food and feed are too high-priced to let any land loaf.

If you haven't milk cows enough to insure an ample milk supply the year round, there's no better time than right now to get them. Milk is one of the cheapest and best of all foods.

Make large plantings of cowpeas and soy beans in order that the cows may be assured an ample supply of rough feed next winter and spring.

Keep up the planting of cowpeas, soy beans, peanuts and sweet potatoes for the hogs. Two-dollar corn is too good for a hog, except to finish him off.

Have a big supply of oat, wheat and rye seed threshed and carefully sacked for planting next fall. Seed promises to be "out of sight" in price.

Swat the boll weevil and weeds and save moisture by rapid cultivation.

Save men and teams by driving hard early and late, but resting during the heat of mid-day.—Seven things to do this week and next, from the Progressive Farmer.

When the deed was done, the superstitious fears of the murderers began to work. He was a blind man, and therefore specially under the protection of spirits and demons. And what did he man by "rising again?" To prevent such a possibility they burned his body and scattered the ashes on the mountain stream. Still their fears were not laid. He was a good man so much so that he might become a god. His ghost was said to be haunting the place, and the Boxers departed precipitately, leaving the Christians of that district unharmed.

Some years later the government erected a monument to Chang's memory in the county town of that district, but none marks the resting-place of his ashes, for they are scattered afar fit emblems of the gospel he loved to preach. Indeed, he and the other martyrs have already "risen again" in the many churches and little Christian gatherings which have sprung up all over Manchuria since that terrible Boxer summer. Though dead he yet speaketh.—Missions.

MEN MAY VOLUNTEER

The Registration on June 5th is no bar to enlistment prior to date set for Draft.

Young men may still volunteer for military service in the National Guard. As authority for this the following telegram from the Chief of the Militia Bureau to the Adjutant General of North Carolina is quoted: "Men who are required to register on June 5th under the selective service bill will be allowed to enlist in the National Guard after that date until the draft is actually made."

The commanding officer of the 3rd N. C. Infantry in a letter to all company commanders gives a report of strength on June 10th. This report shows that of the twelve lettered companies in the 3rd Infantry six have a greater enlisted strength and five have a smaller enlisted strength than Company H. The following paragraph from this letter is quoted:

"The War Department is urgently requesting that all National Guard Organizations be brought to maximum strength at the earliest possible date. You are hereby directed to use every possible effort to bring your organization to maximum strength not later than July 15th, 1917. The call for men under the draft is liable to come at any date and after that we can do no more recruiting."

The National Guard offers the following advantages to young men who face the necessity of service:

- Service with friends and acquaintances;
- Service under officers who are likewise friends and acquaintances;
- Better chance for promotion;
- Service with troops that bear the State name;
- Enlistment is "For the War"
- Recruiting Headquarters, Hunter Drug Co., Warrenton, N. C. Recruiting party sent on call to any point.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSES

The big gains made in membership by the public health nurse, a rather new profession, indicate to what extent this body of workers has become an indispensable force not only in public health work but in all forms of social betterment work as well. According to a bulletin recently issued by the State Board of Health, there were only 445 public health nurses in this country in 1905, whereas in 1916 there were 5,155. There are this year 1,036 nurses, an increase of 881 over the number of last year.

In North Carolina the number of public health nurses has doubled in the last year. Whereas only 25 nurses were engaged in public health work a year ago, the number this year is 50. Durham is enrolled with the highest number of nurses, having 8, Winston-Salem with 6, Greensboro with 5 and Raleigh and Wilmington with 4 each. North Carolina is one of the first States in the Union to work out and put into operation a public health nursing service. This work that is now a statewide organization has its headquarters at the State Sanatorium with Dr. L. B. McBrayer as director.

According to Dr. McBrayer, the demand for public health nurses in the State is now greater than the service is able to meet. There is not a sufficient number of qualified nurses for the towns and communities that are now ready to employ such nurses. School nurses are much in demand, as are registered nurses who are able not only to do visiting nursing but to supervise and correlate the nursing service of a city or town.

TALKS AT WARREN PLAINS

At the close of the Warren Plains Methodist Sunday school next Sunday, June 24th, 1917, Captain W. A. Graham will address the new Epworth League of that church.

It is hoped that the whole community may hear him.

A good suggestion for all woman-kind—and mankind, too, for that matter is contained in this story told by the Boston Globe: Two little girls were hurrying to school—fearful that they were not going to reach there until after the last bell had rung. One of them said:

"Let's kneel right down and pray that we won't be tardy."

"Oh, no!" said the other. "Let's hike on to school, an' pray while we're hikin'."

Swat and swat—
And bye and bye
The Summer breeze
Will bring no fly
To spread disease.