

# THE WARREN RECORD

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WARRENTON, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21ST, 1917

(FRIDAY)

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

3c. A COPY

## NEW METHOD OF CURING POTATOES.

Prof. R. G. Hill, Assistant Horticulturist, Visits County In Interest of New Method.

Prof. R. G. Hill, assistant Horticulturist of the Department of Agriculture has been in the county for several days.

Prof. Hill is an expert in potato curing and was in Warren demonstrating this feature of agricultural work, and urging our farmers to be on the safe side by curing their potatoes by an improved method of drying.

To insure good potatoes careful handling, freedom from disease, a thorough state of dryness, and maintaining an even temperature while the potatoes are in storage are essentials given out by the assistant horticulturist.

There are in Warren, under supervision of Mr. F. B. Newell, who finds it to his advantage to use what he always tells others to use, sixteen houses built under this plan. One of the largest houses is the property of Mr. J. L. Tate, of Norlina, who satisfactorily cured potatoes from a twenty-five acre crop in this manner.

Prof. Hill and Mr. Newell both thought that over fifty of these potato houses would be established in Warren by next year.

As a crop the potato has increased in the last ten years over eighty per cent and it bids fair to show a large increase in the next ten as more improved methods of keeping it—the only trouble heretofore—come to light.

Prof. Hill urges that farmers use care in selecting seed potatoes. "It is a mistaken idea to think that any old potato will prove successful as seed," he stated. "Very great care should be used in this important particular."

Demonstrator F. B. Newell is enthusiastic over this new method of curing. He has a potato house on his place, and his crop speaks for the practicability and worth of this dry curing method. He will, as he always does, take pleasure in furnishing you detail in regard to this branch of improved farming, or of any other method of farm procedure.

## News From Manson Section of Warren.

Surprise Marriage; Locals and Personal of Thriving Section of Our County.

Mr. George Champion, wife and little daughter from near Louisburg, visited relatives here some days ago.

Mr. J. W. Dowling and family have moved from their home "Forest Cottage," to their beautiful home in town recently purchased from Mr. R. L. W. Watkins.

Mr. Palmer Fleming and wife, of Philadelphia, are spending some time with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fleming.

Mrs. Orville Adams, from Monroe is visiting her people here.

Mr. Samuel Miller was a pleasant visitor to his people here Sunday.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. L. N. Kimball had quite a bad fall Monday morning and bruised himself up right much, but we are glad to hear that he is getting on nicely now.

Mr. J. T. Champion spent Monday at Middleburg.

Mr. C. L. Hayes, of Warren Plains, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. Maurice Kimball with a number of other young people of our town spent Monday in Henderson.

It was quite a surprise to a good many of us to hear of the marriage of Mr. Macon Rooker, of Norlina, and Miss Annie Stallings, of this place, which occurred at Henderson Monday afternoon. We congratulate Mr. Rooker on winning so sweet a bride. She will be greatly missed in the community. She was a teacher in our Sunday school, often assisted in the Post Office, and was so helpful in the home of her uncle, Mr. J. B. Brack, where she has resided for some time. We extend to them our very best wishes and may they have a long and happy married life.

## SELECTED STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Dr. T. J. Taylor Selects Article of Deep Feeling for Readers of the Warren Record.

(By Jean Wilson)

The sun that cloudless Christmas day scattered along the hillside way his radiant light, till fields of snow shimmered and sparkled in the glow. In wayside hollows danced the beams; from bare, brown trees flashed twinkling gleams; but warmest shone the jeweled air and tenderest smiled the radiance where, half-hidden by the sheltering wood, old farmer Milburn's cottage stood. Through the cottage windows, quaint and low, crept lingeringly the cheery glow, and greeting it sweet mignonette, within the window-garden set—in dainty loveliness abloom—sent clouds of fragrance through the room where, side by side, in thoughtful chat the farmer and dame Milburn sat.

Said mother Milburn, " 'Tis today, six years since Ellen went away; and through these years of grief and care unceasingly I've urged the prayer that, in our Father's kindness, He would lead my daughter back to me. But winters come and winters go; our heads are whitened with Time's snow, and still within our lonely home our grief remains. She does not come."

In softened tones the farmer said, "My faith, sometimes, seems cold and dead; but earnestly, each passing day with you I watch, with you I pray; and when the mignonette perfume with thoughts of her fills this dear room, where she, in childhood's happy hours, tended and loved her precious flowers, I feel the trust that Memory will speak to her so tenderly she'll heed the message and will come, repentant back to her old home."

The old dame bowed her head in tears while back across the by-gone years went busy thought. Around her knee sweet children gathered; tenderly she named the darlings of her care, her buds of promise, wondrous rare, which, ere the blossom time had come, were gathered in the heavenly home. Still thrilled the mother-heart with pain as memory brought them back again, though well she knew God's sheltering care left need for neither tears nor prayer. Her dead were safe, but oh! how wild her yearning for the living child—the wayward daughter, dowered with grace in faultless form and lovely face, whose heart, aflame with passion's heat, had led the unresisting feet through paths of sin and ways of shame. Softly she spoke the wanderer's name, the while, in tears, with low-bowed head for pardoning grace anew she plead. The farmer joined with her and when dropped from her lips the low "Amen," fondly upon her whitened head his trembling tender hand he laid, saying, "We've sweet assurance our God will answer faith's strong pleas, in His own time and way. Somehow I strangely feel His presence now."

The sunshine, laden with perfume, dropped benedictions through the room as mother Milburn answered, "Yes; in His own way our Lord will bless; in His own time His answer bring. May He forgive my murmuring."

And then, the while a tender glow illumed her face, she said, "You know among the shifting crowds that come on Christmas to the Wanderer's Home, 'tis said our Ellen has been seen with softened face and altered mein, herself from others quite apart; it may be we could touch her heart with these sweet flowers—her mignonette she surely never could forget, and when the gifts are sent, to-night, to wanderers at the Home, we might a basket of these flowers prepare and send them in our dear Lord's care."

The farmer answered eagerly, "The thought is good. Yes, let there be flowers she loved, sent in His care and followed by our earnest prayer." And then he whispered, "Dear wife, pin a tender little message in. Bid her come home. The dear Christ may open her heart on Christmas day."

In changing chimes and blending swells rang out the Christmas evening bells, and all the city ways along the clear air throbbled with echoing song and merry greeting; warm and bright from windows gleamed the shimmering light, and church and

Home stood open wide in welcoming that Christmas-tide.

Within the Wanderer's Home, among the careless, crowding, outcast throng that gathered 'round the laden tree, a sad-eyed woman dreamily and unexpectant watched. As swift each hand reached out to claim its gift she stood unmoved, till full and clear, "For Ellen Milburn," reached her ear. With burning cheek and downcast eye she stood, not daring to reply, for through these years of sin and shame she had not borne her childhood's name.

"For Ellen Milburn, or a friend who will to her the basket send," the matron added, Trembling she ventured then such friend to be, and taking it the mignonette, still with the mother's tear-drops wet sent out through all the crowded room, in welcoming its sweet perfume. "The message note," the matron said, and bending o'er the flowers, she read upon a paper fastened there, "For Ellen Milburn. In God's care, Daughter, come home! We wait for you."

O, well the writing there she knew, and while the flowers with starry eyes looked in her face, sweet memories of childhood's home and by-gone years opened the floodgate of her tears, and in her heart wild yearnings woke for sight and love of dear home folk.

Turning aside, with trembling feet she hastened out into the street; and as dark years of sin and shame in swift review before her came, so pure the profled home-love shone that from her lips escaped the moan, "Oh!

vile a thing for Christmas thought or offering. Soul-sick and shamed along the street I wandered with unheeding feet, till from a church the beckoning light bade me dare enter, Christmas night. I hid me in a corner dim, and listened while they told of Him who came to earth on Christmas day; and then I heard a clear voice say, "He came to save the erring; though your sins be scarlet, white as snow, His blood can cleanse you, and His ear each cry of sin-sick souls will hear. The message message thrilled me, and with pleas for pardon I fell on my knees, confessing all my shame and sin, and beggin Him to wash me in His cleansing blood. He heard my cry. In tender mercy He drew nigh and in my soul I feel, today, that He has washed my sins away. But mother, shame has left with me a gift you know not. On my knee a little boy with sunny eyes oft climbs for crooning lullabies 'Tis Roger's child, and when he came the father would not share my shame, but left me here, an outcast thing, alone with want and sufferin. Yet tenderly the child has been guarded and kept from taint of sin, and often from his face I see my father's pure eyes look at me. You bid your daughter come to you—Will there for him be welcome, too? On New Year's eve beneath the hill the boy and I will watch until the shadows fall, and if a light shines from the window on that night, the dear old hill top we will climb and start life new at New Year's time, trusting with heavenly help to prove

## Notice to All Registrants!

Nearly every questionnaire returned to us has been answered inaccurately or incompletely. The Local Boards begs you to answer all questions, sign your name wherever indicated, and see that all blank spaces for answers are filled in. If you will take time and thought to do this you will save yourself much trouble and time, and much inconvenience later on.

LOCAL BOARD.

## An Appeal To Patriotism

The President, through the Governor, has appointed Mr. T. Polk, Mr. S. G. Daniel and myself an Advisory Legal Board to aid and advise all Registrant as to Questionnaires. Seemingly it is thought by many that we are to Fill Out these Questionnaires and that no one else may fill them out. This is wrong we are to advise—an Advisory Board. There are upward of fifteen hundred to be filled in 20 days—we three members of the Board could not possibly fill out this number of Questionnaires. It takes at least 20 minutes to each questionnaire. Public spirited, patriotic men must aid the Registrants—and help fill the Questionnaires. Most registrants are ignorant, they need aid. Those who can ought to and are requested to help the registrants fill the questionnaires.

B. B. WILLIAMS.

mother, can there ever be forgiving for one like me?"

A wayside church, aglow with light, stood open wide that Christmas night; and as she, weeping, passed along, the cadence of the clear-voiced song, "Christ is the sinner's Friend; to-day He bids you seek the heavenly way," fell on the wanderer's listening ear, and trembling and abashed with fear the child of sorrow and of sin heard the sweet call and entered in.

The hillside cottage, 'mid the play of gleam and sheen, on New Year's day again stood smiling. In the room still sweet with mignonette perfume old mother Milburn sat—her eyes dreaming with tender memories, and on her time-worn face, again the shadow of the olden pain. So wrapped in thought she did not hear the hurried footsteps drawing near. The farmer entered; "Wife!" cried he in eager joy. "Oh! do you see what I have here? A letter writ by Ellen's hand. Quick, open it! The Lord has listened to our cry. In mercy He has sent reply."

Then bending low his whitened head he listened while the old dame read: "Dear Mother:

Your sweet message came "Christmas eve. The dear old name through all these years of sin unheard down to its depths my being stirred. The flowers with pure eyes looked at me, and 'neath their gaze I seemed to be revealed to self, too

worthy, henceforth, the dear home love.

Your daughter Ellen." Tenderly, her hand upon the farmer's knee dame Milburn laid, with soulful glance and heart too full for utterance. And while the freight's fitful glow shimmered and nodded to and fro, in silent thought they sat until the darkening shadows on the hill announced the twilight. Eager, then the farmer fed the fire again, and in the window, New Year's right, each placed a shining, welcoming light. Along the wayside shone the beams; adown the hillside danced the gleams; and in their light a little boy, with hands outstretched in childish joy shouted, "O' mama, look and see! A star for you, a star for me has fallen on the hill, to-night. Let's go and get the pretty light."

—Selected by T. J. Taylor, D. D.

## PREACHING APPOINTMENTS ANNOUNCED.

If weather permits there will be preaching at Macon Baptist church on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and at Warrenton Baptist church at 7:30.

On the fifth Sunday at 11, the Pastor will preach at Brown's church.

On the fifth Sunday Rev. Walter N. Johnson will preach at Warrenton Baptist church at 11 a. m. and at Warren Plains at 3 p. m.

T. J. TAYLOR.

## MRS. HOWARD F. JONES ENTERTAINS

Tuesday Night In Honor of Miss Laura Pettway Burwell; Large Number Present.

The Colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Jones on Sunshine Height was Tuesday night the scene of a beautiful Bridal shower in honor of Miss Laura P. Burwell, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Burwell, who on January 3rd becomes the bride of Mr. John G. Ellis, popular business man of Warrenton.

The home was tastefully decorated in holly, pine and mistletoe, and the color motif of red in the reception room; pink in the drawing room and white in the dining hall were made more attractive by the soft glow of candles.

At eight the ladies began to arrive, and after all had assembled in the reception room, Miss Oliva Burwell heralded the approach of the good ship Cupid. Smoothly it sailed into the room under command of Captain Alfred Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Williams, and his able first mate little Miss Alice Littlepage Burwell, sister of the bride-elect—each in full sailor regalia—to the feet of Miss Laura Burwell, gowned in rose crepe meteor trimmed in velvet and tulle. The ship was anchored safe in port with gifts from all. Laughter, good cheer and the god Mirth hovered near as each gift was brought to light. The approach of masculine footsteps at nine, after each gift was explored, brought this pleasant feature of the evening to a close.

Attractive score cards, containing either a bride or a groom encircled in a horse shoe, were distributed, and as partners were chosen in this manner, they gathered around the tables in the reception and drawing rooms and Progressive Hearts began.

After some time spent playing this game the guest were ushered into the dining hall and daintily served a salad course by Misses Mary Burwell, Lucy Williams, Carey Batchelor, Oliva Burwell and Ella Brodie Jones. As this was finished attention was turned to the bride's cake, surmounted by a miniature bride and groom in an arch of orange blossoms, and resting upon the center table, ornamented by draperies of maline from the chandelier; to holly decorations on each corner of the table. According to the cake, Miss Laura Burwell is to be Warrenton's next bride, for she cut the ring; Mrs. M. C. McGuire is to have money, she won the dime; Mr. John G. Ellis, groom-elect, procured the thimble.

Following this, the guest repaired to the reception room where Miss Kearney Williams was awarded the prize—a beautiful cut glass vase—which, she in turn graciously presented to Miss Burwell.

The enjoyment of the evening was greatly increased by Mrs. W. D. Rodgers, Jr., attractively gowned in georgette over shell pink, who presided over the punch bowl.

Mrs. A. A. Williams, wearing black crepe meteor, trimmed with cut steel and tulle, presided over the Bride's book, and the following of Miss Burwell's friends took this opportunity and this manner of expressing good wishes:

Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lifsey, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Rogers, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Macon, Mrs. and Mrs. A. L. Williams, Mrs. Harry Leob; Misses Jennie Jackson, Mary Russell Burroughs, Sue Burroughs, Louise Allen, Lillie Belle Dameron, Jennie Jeffreys, Mamie Gardner, Mariam Jones, Sue Broom, Kearney Williams, Sallie Palmer, Elizabeth Hunter, Mary Harris, Mamie Williams; Messrs. J. G. Ellis, C. E. Rodwell, R. O. Rodwell, J. W. Robinson, M. D. Meyers, Epps Foster, William Burwell, Richard Boyd, Jr., William Boyd, Dr. C. H. Peete, J. Edward Allen, Herbert Jones, Stephen Burroughs, Alpheus Jones, Alex Macon and T. A. Shearin.

At a late hour the guest departed with many expressions of thanks for such an enjoyable evening.

"Leslie," said a school teacher, "can you tell me how iron was discovered?" "Yes, ma'am!" "Well, tell the class what you know." "I heard father say that they smelt it."—Clipping.

## NORLINA REPORTS NEW MEMBERS.

Auxiliary Now Has 190 Members and Out For 250 Before the Membership Drive Ends.

Dr. F. S. Packard, Chairman Publicity Committee, Norlina Auxiliary of American Red Cross, reports the following new members:

John H. Fleming, Mrs. J. H. Fleming, Mrs. L. E. Burton, Miss Lucy Pridden, J. P. Williams, Miss Mollie Divine.

Mrs. E. G. Hecht, J. L. Watson, Mrs. E. B. Watkins, David Adcock, Mrs. L. T. Walker, Mrs. J. E. Miles, Agell Kustopooly, Dennis Prevos, Hugh Drafm, B. H. Hawks, Boyd Burchette, A. N. Ayers, Mrs. H. L. Bobbitt, G. K. Marshall, Mrs. G. K. Marshall, Dr. T. W. Harris, R. M. White, Mrs. G. N. Mumphord, Mrs. M. O. Tucker, Mrs. Z. M. Newman, O. A. Rose, Mrs. O. A. Rose, Mrs. E. G. Gupton, P. H. Spain, J. E. Redford, Mrs. T. K. Harrellson, Tom Hicks, Miss Julia Winston, Sam Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. T. Loyd, R. L. Spain, Mrs. J. H. Galvin, Miss Etta Sales, Mrs. A. B. Rodgers, Mrs. J. C. Winston, Mrs. V. T. Threatt, Miss Ethel Wiggins, Mrs. W. A. Smith, Tom Duke, Mrs. Charlie Seay, M. J. Rose, W. D. Thompson, Marvin Rooker, Walter Stephenson, C. B. Ranson, Mrs. C. B. Ranson, L. T. Foster, A. J. Spain, Virgil Hicks, J. F. White, Miss Alma Paschall, Ray Rodgers, Mrs. W. P. Latta, George Henry Fleming, Mrs. F. D. Wilson, M. C. Johnson, Dorothy Jennette, Charles Jennette, Jr., Robert Jennette, Roy Hardy, Mrs. Roy Hardy, Joe Northcott, F. B. Wiggins, Mrs. A. G. Spain, T. H. Cheek, W. Z. Tingen, Mrs. W. E. Burchette, Miss Edna Pratt, Wm. Rogers Fleming, Raymond Bobbitt, E. J. Hecht, W. E. Bugg, Mrs. W. E. Bugg; Magazine members: F. W. Williams.

This list makes 106 members enrolled since Nov. 16th, and increases the total membership of the Norlina Branch of the American Red Cross to 190.

Let us have 250 members by Christmas Eve, a candle in every window, and a Red Cross Service Flag in every home.

"Let a greater Red Cross be your Christmas gift to America, to our boys, to humanity." Are you a member? Is your wife a member?

## Burwell-Ellis Marriage January 3rd.

Popular Warrenton Couple To Marry At Six O'clock In Methodist Church Here.

The following invitation is of interest to the many friends of this popular couple:

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pettway Burwell request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Laura Pettway

to Mr. John Gary Ellis on Thursday, the third of January at six o'clock at Wesley Memorial Church Warrenton, North Carolina. No invitations issued in town.

## RURAL CARRIERS EXAM. AT HENDERSON

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for the county of Warren, North Carolina, to be held at Henderson on January 26, 1918, to fill the position of rural carrier at Ridgeway, N. C., and vacancies that may later occur on rural routes from other post offices in the above-mentioned county. The examination will be open only to male citizens who are actually domiciled in the territory of a post office in the county and who meet the other requirements set forth in Form No. 1977. This form and application blanks may be obtained from the offices mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C. Applications should be forwarded to the Commission at Washington at the earliest practicable date.