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This Is "Clean Up Week" Next Week Ought to be Too

The Warren Record

The Best Semi-Weekly In
★ The Old North State ★

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WARRENTON, N. C. FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1919

(Friday)

Number 24.

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

5c. THE COPY

FACTS ABOUT YOUR COTTON

DON'T LET YOUR LINT COTTON GET DAMAGED

Cotton Growers of North Carolina Lose Between a half to a Million Dollars a Year By Carelessness.

North Carolina farmers have the unenviable reputation of selling a very large amount of damaged cotton. According to a survey made by O. J. McConnell, Specialist in Cotton Marketing of the Extension Service and Secretary of the North Carolina Association, 1,070,230 pounds of damaged cotton were picked from 51,608 bales of North Carolina cotton shipped to Norfolk, Virginia, during the period from September 1, 1914 to August 31, 1917. About 200,000 pounds of good cotton were picked off with the good damaged cotton, and it had to be sold at a considerable sacrifice also. This is a known loss of approximately one-half million dollars that benefited no one and caused countless misunderstandings and disputes.

Cotton left lying around gins or on the ground in yards will rot quickly at this season of the year. Both the Cotton Association and Extension Service feel that cotton will bring higher prices later, and should be held. But, farmers who haven't a floored house in which to put their cotton should either sell it or store in a warehouse. As a rule, storage houses are the better. Chambers of Commerce and public spirited business men should see that storage space is provided for caring for all the cotton that is exposed in their several communities. Cotton is entirely too valuable to be neglected. Temporary conversion of tobacco warehouses will help the situation at number of places and should be pushed.

News From The City of Littleton

Mr. Mack Fugerson spent Sunday in Weldon.
Mr. E. P. Gray has returned home from Camp.
Corp. Charlie Patterson is home from France.
Mr. Sol Fishel, of Vaughan, was in town Tuesday.
Mr. Rodney Glasgow left Wednesday for Greensboro.
Mr. Harry House, of Norfolk, was a visitor here Monday.
Miss Edith Browning has returned from a visit to Suffolk.
Miss Rebecca Williams, of Raleigh, was a visitor here Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Keneth Kenneday are visiting friends and relatives.
Mrs. C. B. Markham and children are visiting Mrs. L. M. Johnston.
Mrs. Percy Dawson, of Portsmouth, spent the week-end with her mother.
Mr. and Mrs. Y. E. Spivey were guest of Mrs. Maggie Threewitts this week.
Mrs. M. S. Moore and daughter Miss Lizzie Moore are visiting in Roanoke Rapids.
Mr. and Mrs. Telfair Ricks and children, of Whitakers, are here for a few days.
Mrs. B. P. Cooper, of Rosemary, was the guest of Mrs. W. L. Fugerson Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Mallory Heckney, of Durham, spent the week-end with Mrs. L. M. Johnston.
Mrs. Edward Joyner and Miss Bessie Joyner are spending some time in Newport News.
Mesdames Henry Nicholson, M. Nelson and Cleve Stallings left Monday for Richmond.

DIPLOMAT.

"Sir," said the angry woman, "I understand you said I had a face that would stop a street car in the middle of the block."
"Yes, that's what I said," calmly answered the mere man. "It takes an unusual handsome face to induce a motor-man to stop like that."—Topeka Journal.



1—Explosion of an American kite balloon inflated with hydrogen gas which was ignited by static caused by a soldier's hair brushing against the silk bag. 2—Doughboys just off a transport getting their first American pie in 18 months. 3—The queen of Roumania, who plans a trip to the United States, and her youngest daughter.

Writes Sister From France

France, Feb. 15, 1919.
My dear Emma:
Your sweet letter received and I was glad to hear from you and Mary. I should have written before to you both but I have so much writing to do, it takes a long time to get around. I think of you every day and wish I could have been at home before this but we are still in France and it looks as if we will be here for a while yet. I certainly hope they will decide soon to send us home, for I am anxious to see you all once more.

We are having some pretty weather after having so much snow. The snow was on the ground three weeks, and it was some cold, I went out hunting in it, and we caught five fox. There are lots of foxes around here. We had some fun in the snow catching them.

I am glad it was a pretty winter in the United States as last winter was such a bad one.

I am well and enjoying good health. Hope you are the same. Glad Palmer and Jim liked the land in Va. I may buy some when I get home. Mother said in her letter that Jennie had bought a nice place in Richmond; hope she will like it. I will take a trip to see her and Taylor when I come home. I hope it won't be long before I can come. Sorry Sophie has been sick, hope she is well by this time.

I would love to write and tell you all about my experience on the battle field, but is too much to begin to write, so will wait until I get home and tell you all about it. We had a hard time. We were under fire 48 hours without anything to eat or drink; never will I forget those days. I went over to Chotillon Saturday on a pass and I talked to an American Girl for the first time since I have been here, believe me her voice sounded good to me. Two of our soldier boys married French girls over here Saturday, but for me, I will wait until I get back, for there is none like the American girls for me.

You said in your last letter you had not had a letter from me. I don't see why. I have written to you several times. Write often, I always enjoy a letter from you and Mary. With much love for each one.

Devoted brother,
WILLIE P. RIDOUT,
Co. D. 317 M. G. Br.
P. O. 791 A. E. F.

The Unblessed

I pity him who walks alone,
Life's prosy road, the lonesome way,
Who finds no hands to greet him home
At close of day.

But more than this I pity him
Who, after toil of day is o'er,
Hears not the lisp of childish voice
To greet him at his door.
—H. E. HARMAN.

Mrs. Dents (at the ball game excitedly): Isn't our pitcher grand, Tyrus? He hits the club nearly every throw."—Joplin Times.

In Hospital at Richmond, Va.

Warrenton Record:
For the information of those of the readers of your excellent paper who may care to know about how it is going with me, I am sending this note for publication.

I am now in the Hygeia Hospital in Richmond, taking treatment for my rheumatic trouble. I think I am improving, tho slowly.

I shall spend two or three weeks before I undertake the trip to Hot Springs, if I undertake that trip at all. I believe I can get every benefit here I could get at Hot Springs, so I may risk everything on the course of treatment here.

Letters of sympathy from dear friends since I came to Richmond are appreciated most sincerely. Heaven's blessings upon the writers of these precious messages!

Sincerely,
J. A. HORNADAY.
101 W. Grace St.,
Richmond, Va.,
March 24, 1919.

The Extreme of Simplicity.

Frank Alvah Parson, who is well known for his artistic criticism of printing and advertising, recently addressed a gathering of women and lectured them on their clothes. Among other things Professor Parson said: "The least decoration is the best taste in clothes. When in doubt omit everything."

Meet Court House Saturday Morning

The following gentlemen have been appointed members of the County conference for entertaining the soldiers and sailors of Warren. These gentlemen are called to meet and discuss the matter thoroughly at the Court House here Saturday at 11 o'clock.
Warrenton—V. F. Ward; Shocco—J. W. Burroughs; Nutbush—A. E. Paschall; Fishing Creek—A. L. Capps; Sandy Creek—T. H. Aycock; Roanoke—H. L. Wall; River—A. L. Pope; Sixpound—J. M. Coleman; Fork—R. E. Davis; Judkins—Walter R. Vaughan; Smith Creek—R. S. Register; Hawtree—M. H. Hayes.

FOR YOU

I.
Each Spring comes back with its brighter skies
That shelter the vale with a deeper blue;
But they bring not back tender eyes,
Nor the love of you.

II.
Noon walks the vale like a mystical king
Where the wild, sweet blossoms plead and woo,
But las! I miss this one sweet thing—
Just the sight of you.

III.
The white shore, sanded and wave-wrapped, lies
Where once there echoed the steps of two;
Today but the phantom of hope arise
As I pray for you.

IV.
The night bird calls to its nestling own
From yonder fragrant pine and yew,
While I stretch my arms in grief,
Alone,
For the arms of you.

A man named Stone exclaimed in a tavern:
"I'll bet a dollar I have the hardest name in the country."
"Done," said one of the company; "what's your name?"
"Stone" cried the first.
"Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

Opportunity In America

The biggest thing that America stands for is opportunity. Opportunity is the dearest treasure also to the soul of the native-born American. America is not tired. It is young, ambitious, and eager for adventure. All the American asks of the world is a chance. All he dreams of is the open door. And he hates, most of all, whatever bars his road or in any other way interferes with his progress. The uncleanest notion that ever entered into the mind of society is that certain people are "born to the purple." America tolerates no such opinion among its typical and wholesome citizens. Those who entertain it do not belong. They do not speak our language.

Americans look upon life as a great, open game. Some will win and some will lose. And Americans are good losers. We cannot feel that envy and hatred toward the successful that is generated in the windmill fighter. Americans do not want any leader to assign to every man his post and his wages, and thus, by a cast iron scheme, compel everyone to be happy. The thing that lies nearest to the American's heart is Liberty. He wants his government not to be constructed upon the ideal theory of some impractical visionary. Indeed, he does not want it to be constructed upon any theory at all, except the theory of intelligent, honest opportunism and common sense. Americans are idealists. We sent over two million men to fight—if need be, to die—in Europe, and we spent billions of dollars of dollars, all for the ideal. We did not expect to gain one foot of territory nor one dollar's worth of loot for ourselves. We would not take by force of arms the land or goods of any other nation. There was never a greater prevalent among other nations that America has no soul above the dollar.

In the ideals of true Americanism lies the real hope of the world.—Taken in part from Peoples' Home Journal

They Are Always Around

There are still a few croakers. They say they don't understand why the Victory Liberty Loan is necessary; they are afraid that the government has wasted money; they bewail the high cost of living and complain that they can't buy bonds. But the loan will be launched April 27, just the same and the nation is going to give another proof of its common sense and patriotism. For all intelligent people know that the war has not been paid for; all honorable people realize that the bills must be met; all whose hearts are warmed by the spirit of democracy understand that the victory which saved civilization is worth many times the price we paid.

If a few dollars were needlessly spent, what of it? Even if millions might have been saved, we won the war. That was the big thing, and we were prepared to pay ten times as much, if need be. After the fire is out and the factory has been saved it's easy to fret about the quantity of water used and the splashes on the office rug. But as a matter of record every dollar spent in this country weighed against the German morale. We made stupendous preparation. Two million men were sent to France. More were on the way. Germany, terrified, surrendered.

Had we not made such plans the war probably would have lasted six months or a year longer. The money spent here saved countless lives in France, and who can say that the policy was not a wise one? Now the bills must be paid; the men must be brought home; the sick and wounded given proper care.

Yet there are still a few croakers. They think we have already made so many sacrifices. But how do our casualties compare with those of England and France? Where are our devastated farms, our wrecked homes, our factories destroyed, our towns and cities in ruins? Has not civilization been saved? Is victory to be reckoned on a cash register? Those who went to France did not go as a business proposition; they did not go to clip coupons. They went to destroy militarism and to save the freedom of the world. They smashed the Hindenburg line and with it the Hun's hope of world dominion.

Now there is the bill to pay, but still there are a few croakers; perhaps there always will be. Not so the rank and file, the bone and blood and brawn of the nation. The people have never yet fallen down when they had a big task ahead. But when the Victory Liberty Loan has gone into history the man who only croaked when everybody else was whooping up the big campaign will have a lot of explaining to do, and, worst of all, it will be a matter of life-long humiliation, a bitter, galling shame, for him to know that he cannot prove an alibi even to his own conscience.

MICKIE SAYS

(VOICE) PLEASE TAKE OUT THAT "FOR SALE" AD OF MINE RIGHT AWAY! I SOLD THE REFRIGERATOR BEFORE THE PAPER HAD BEEN OUT TWO HOURS, BUT PEOPLE KEEP CALLING UP ON THE TELEPHONE OR RINGING THE DOOR BELL AND I WISH TO GOODNESS I KNEW SOME WAY TO STOP THEM

PULL DOWN ALL THE SHADES, LOCK THE DOOR AN' DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE 'N AFTER WHILE THEY WILL QUIT THEM LIL ADS OF OURS ARE EASY TO START, BUT THEY AINT NO WAY OF STOPPING 'EM



Many a man has passed as a Solomon just by simply keeping his mouth shut; on the other hand the jackass might have passed for the lion if he hadn't brayed.

INFORMATION IS NECESSARY

WILL AID EVERY KIND OF BUSINESS INTEREST

The Farmer Could Use the Information So As to Plan For Planting, Holding and Selling His Crop.

Raleigh, N. C., March 26—The action of the Agricultural Extension Service in asking for the listing of all crop acreages in each county of the State is a very wise move, according to the statements of prominent farmers, bankers and agricultural workers recently interviewed by Mr. Frank Parker of the United States Crop reporting service. The Extension Service is now having printed a blank form for listing the acreage devoted to the different crops on the different farms in each county of the State. A supply of these blanks will be sent to the Board of County Commissioners of each county with the request that the matter be handled by them so that the list takers may secure this information in every township.

Mr. Parker has been in at least 12 counties recently, and has found, in every case, where the matter has been explained to the Board of Commissioners, they have seen the importance of the move, and have agreed to make a small appropriation to cover the expenses of the work in their counties.

This report of crop acreage, combined with the Governments Crop Report on estimated yields, will give to any county the most accurate data and the most dependable facts and figures that could be secured. These could be used not only by the farmers in figuring the amount of different produce which would be grown; but, would also aid all business interests. The farmers could use the information so as to plan for planting, holding, selling and in determining the crop production of the county. The county as a whole could gain valuable facts for comparison with the production of other counties, for attracting settlers, for advertising and boosting, and, in addition, would furnish the State and Nation with greatly needed basic information.

The action seems to be a wise one and is meeting with general approval according to reports received. It is hoped that every county in the State will provide for the work.

Items of Interest From Marmaduke

Miss Myrtle Duke is spending this week with Mrs. Harry Leonard.
Miss Ruby Clark entertained a number of friends at her home Wednesday night.

Mrs. Davis has been quite feeble of late with an unusual attack of severe neuralgia in her face.

Mr. William Benson and his two oldest daughters are visiting relatives in Edgecombe this week.

Miss Sally Powell accompanied her sister, Mrs. Pridgen, home in the afternoon. She spent the week with her.

Mr. Hugh Davis, of Henderson, with his new Overland car and that full of his gentlemen friends visited his mother near here Sunday.

Mrs. J. D. Riggan and sister Mrs. J. C. Pridgen with their families were here with their parents last third Sunday.

Mr. S. K. Clark, his wife, sister and a few of his children motored to Vaughan Sunday afternoon to see his nephew Mr. Willie Clark.

Mr. Dave Hall passed thru our burg Sunday and called at the home of Mr. S. H. Clark a short while. Mr. John Powell attended services at Embro Sunday.

Misses Ruby Clark and Bessie Powell spent Saturday night very enjoyably with Mrs. M. C. Duke. They visited Mrs. Mary C. Davis and the people of the Buffalo section Sunday. Mr. Jim Clark went to bring them home that afternoon.

Spring—a time when a young man's fancy turns to base ball.