

## A Colyum Of Thoughts From Here There, Yonder

(By W. BRODIE JONES)

Monday is first Monday.  
It is upon that date the decision will either be made to retain or abolish the offices of Home and Farm Agent.

What are you going to do about it? Are you willing for your county to take a back seat with the unprogressives?

Aren't you willing to help pay one-third of the salaries when if Warren doesn't other counties receive the two-thirds?

Come to Warrenton Monday and in person present an appeal that the work be retained.

Can there be any doubt of its being worth while? If there is, are you, informed of what the agents have accomplished?

Keep the farm and home agents, commissioners of Warren county!

Play square and you play safe.

How much have you to be thankful for?

The Cotton Association is worth your support.

Catch the spirit if you can't get the Thanksgiving turkey.

Sit steady in the boat—the country will weather the storm.

Chicken has risen in dignity. Many fat hens will be served in place of Thanksgiving turkey.

He: My dear, I have just paid off the mortgage on our home.

She: I'm so glad. Now you can put on another and buy an automobile.—Baltimore American.

### Fooled Her.

Hub: This dollar I hold in my hand reminds me of a scandalous secret.

Wife (eagerly): Oh, John, do tell me about it.

Hub: It reminds me of a scandalous secret because it is so hard to keep.—Boston Transcript.

### Not Far Wrong.

The Penny and the Dollar were having an argument.

"I'm heap better than you are," stated the Penny.

"Why?" demanded the dollar.

"Cause, I go to church and you don't."

### Geographically Anyway

Hobo—Lady, will you help a sick invalid?

Lady—Why, you're not an invalid. You look strong and healthy.

Hobo—Looks is deceiving, mum.

How else could I be when my father was born in Cripple Creek, Colo., and my mother in Painsville, Ohio, and I was raised in Erysipelas, Ind?—Detroit Free Press.

### A Wiry Lamb

The Smiths were at dinner. The second course was brought on and there was a period of silence, broken only by the sound of fork and knife.

Then Smith looked up. "What is this?" he asked, pointing to the meat.

"The butcher said it was spring lamb," replied Mrs. Smith.

"He is right," grunted Smith. "I've been chewing one of the springs for the last five minutes."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Wonderful Foresight.

He was obliged to stop overnight at a small country hotel. He was shown to his room by the one boy of the place.

"I'm glad there is an escape here in case of fire," he commented, as he surveyed the room. "But what's the idea of putting a prayer book in so prominently?"

"That," exclaimed the boy, "is intended for use in case the fire is too far advanced for you to make your escape, sir."—Edinburg Scotsman.

### Hung Up the Receiver

"Well," said the far west mayor to the English tourist. "I dunno how you manage these affairs in your country, but over here when some of our boys got tied up in that thar bankrupt telephone company I was tellin' yer about they became mighty crusty."

"Oh!"

"Yes, they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

Indeed! commented the earnest listener. "Then may I ask what they did?"

"Sartinly; I was goin' to tell yer. They just hung up the receiver—Troy Times.

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

## STORIES OF THANK'GIVING

### PUPILS OF NORLINA STATE HIGH SCHOOL DO WORK

Children of Six Grade Give Good Description of Significance of Day; Printed Without Any Additions or Corrections.

(Martha Collins; Age 13)

Almost a year had passed since the first company of Pilgrims had come to America. About fifty of those who had crossed the ocean in the Mayflower were now living in their new home.

They had laid out a village street and had built a few houses in the place which they called Plymouth. Their houses were made of logs. The roofs were very steep and were covered with grass and rushes. It had been a busy summer for the Pilgrims. They had worked hard in their gardens and the fields. But the harvests were good and there would be food enough for the coming winter. How thankful they were!

"Let us set aside a day in which to give thanks for the great harvest," they said. "It is God who has sent the rain to make the seeds grow. We will have a day of Thanksgiving and ask the friendly Indians to come and rejoice with us."

So the Indian chief and his band were invited to the feast. Such a busy time as that was for the Pilgrims! The men went to the forest to hunt deer, wild turkeys, and other games, all the women were at work, and the smoke of the ovens rose from the chimneys.

Even the children helped. Some of them gathered the cranberries that were turning red in the lowlands. Some picked the wild grapes that were growing purple on the vines. Others brought home the nuts which were falling from the trees. The older boys were sent to the beach for clams. The Indians were invited to come on Thursday. At sunrise on that day the Pilgrims were awakened by whoops and yells which told them that their guests had already arrived.

It was in the month of November, but the weather was mild and lovely and a soft blue haze seemed to veil the woods.

Pale wild flowers were blooming. Bright leaves were falling from the trees. It was the time of the year that we call Indian Summer. A great fire was built out of doors for the cooking, and long tables were spread in the open air. When the loud roll of the drum was heard, all the people went to the log fort on the hill which was used as a meeting house. There they gave thanks to God for the rich harvest of the year. Everybody, young and old, was there. The little children must have grown very tired of the long sermon. They must have wanted to go home to the good dinner which they knew was waiting for them.

At last the Thanksgiving feast was ready.

In the middle of the long table stood a huge bowl of stew made of different kinds of game. There were great roasts of deer and turkey stuffed with nuts. There were the cakes and puddings made by the Pilgrim Mothers, and it is said that the Indians brought a large basket of pop corn which they poured on the table just as the meal began. In this way the Pilgrims passed their first Thanksgiving day in America in the last Thursday in November in 1621.

(Jack White)

The first Thanksgiving that we know anything of, was the harvest celebration of the Jews, which was held in the fall 3,000 years ago. Moses commanded them to rejoice after they had gathered in the fruits of the land.

With the Greeks this was the greatest festival of the year, being held in honor of the Goddess of the harvest.

The Romans had their holiday worshipping the harvest diety. In England it was called the harvest home.

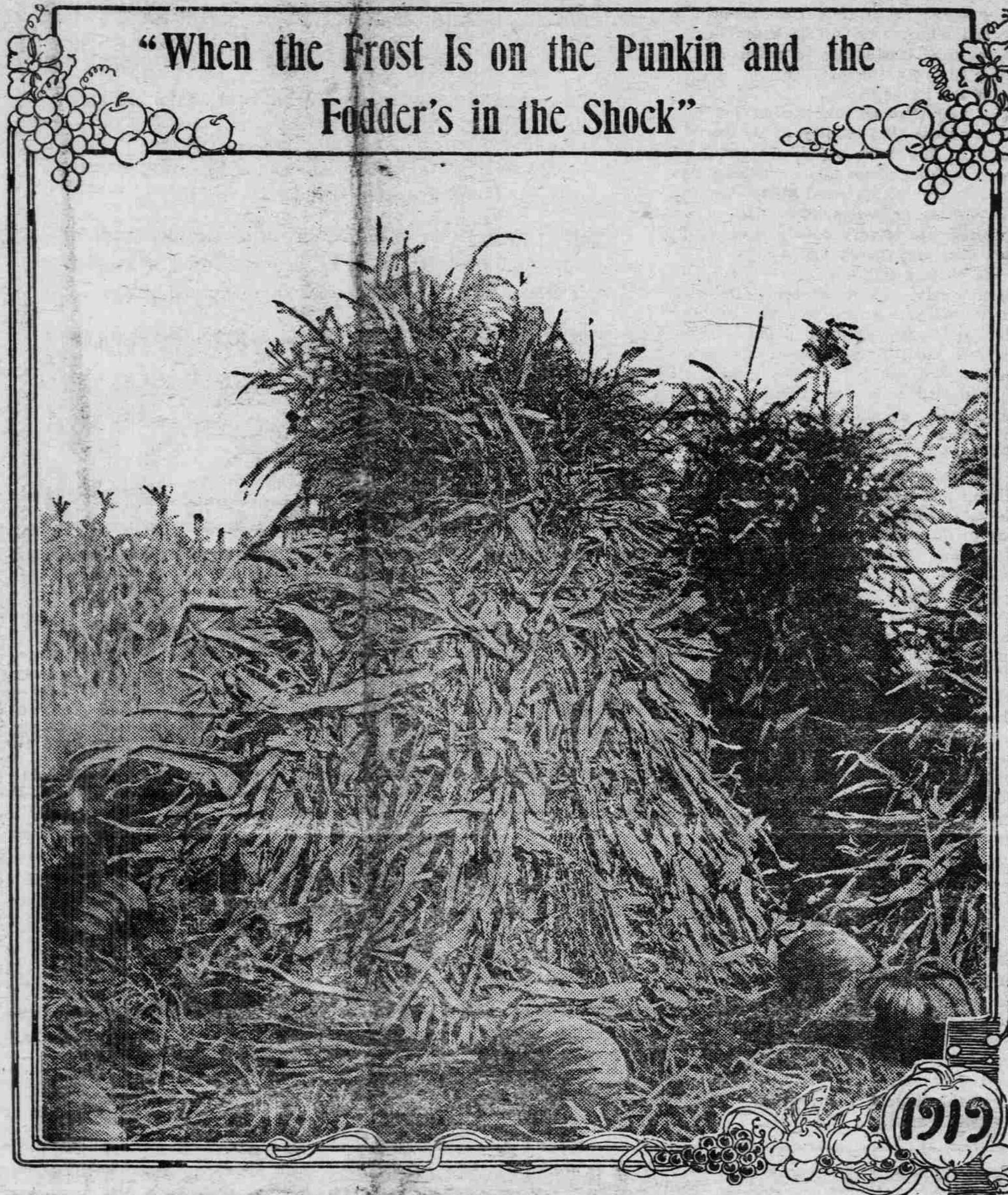
In 1621 is our first Thanksgiving in America, when the Pilgrims brought in their first crops of corn on the soil of America. They thanked God for their crops.

History tells us that these Pilgrims were farmers who came across the sea in the Mayflower and after landing in Plymouth and growing their first Thanksgiving in America.

Years afterward, Congress set aside

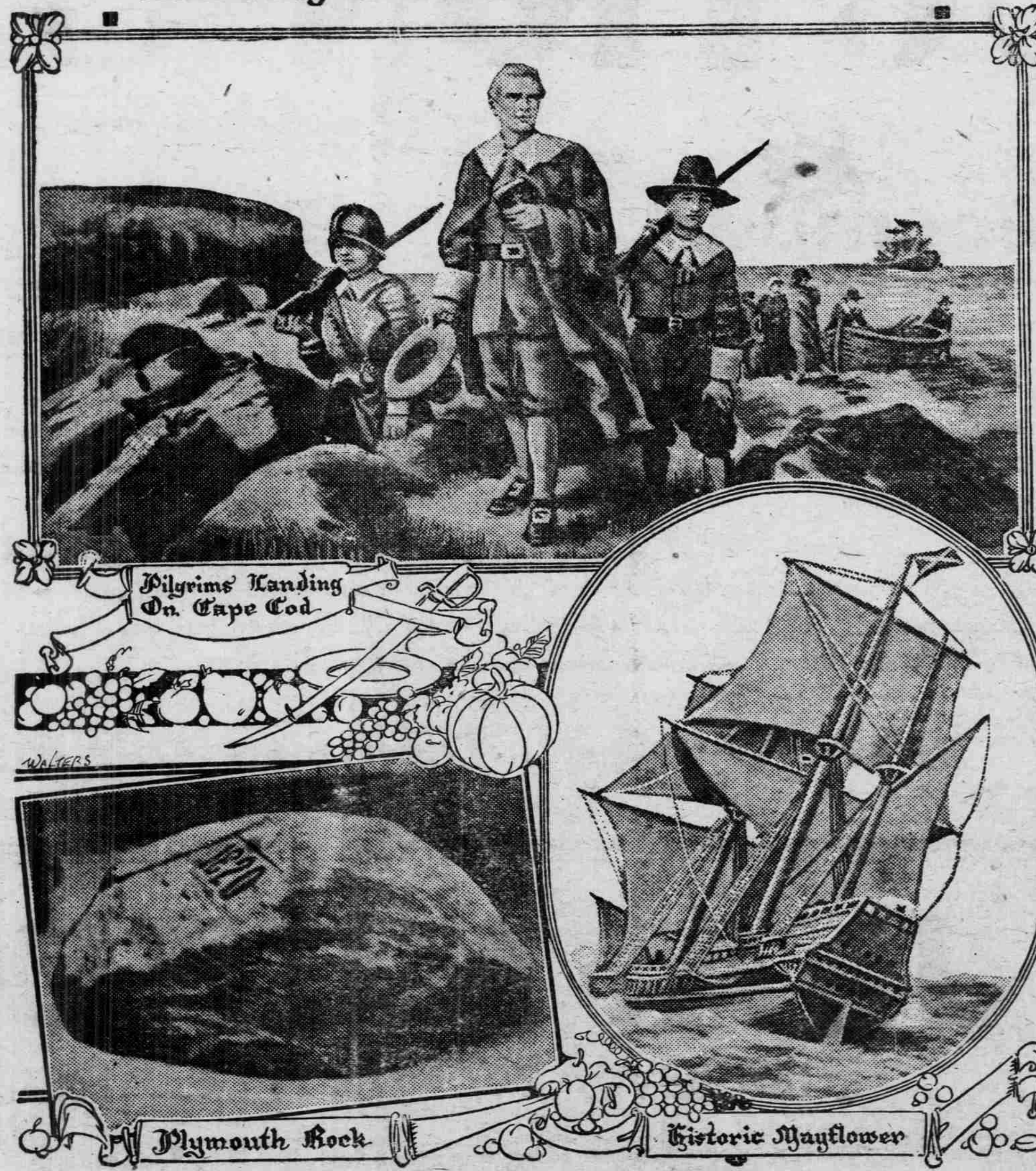
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## "When the Frost Is on the Punkin and the Fodder's in the Shock"



The cornstalks stand like sentinels against the sunset gold,  
As if to guard the autumn days from winter's biting cold;  
The pumpkins round have gone to deck some gay Thanksgiving board,  
And every growing thing has graced the harvest of the Lord.

## Liberty's Foundation Stones



Pilgrims' Landing  
On Cape Cod

Plymouth Rock

Historic Mayflower

## CAPTURE AN ILLCIT STILL

CAPTURE COLORED MAN  
WHO IS UNDER \$300 BOND

Deputies Enjoy Supper Which  
Distillers Had Prepared; One  
Man Whistled Up Makes Rapid  
Flight Thru Undergrowth.

Two dispensers of the mean branch corn have had their plans materially interfered with in the last week and much of their goods confiscated by Chief E. L. Green, W. C. Ellington, D. L. Robertson and W. T. Felts who have brought the goods home on two recent raids in Warren.

Last Friday Chief Green, W. C. Ellington and W. T. Felts made a raid in the Arcola neighborhood. A sixty gallon still was captured, much beer and 'shine' destroyed.

Yesterday the above named deputies with the assistance of Mr. D. L. Robertson left town on another trail. Going to the Odell neighborhood they searched and found the still just as the two white men, operators of the still, were sitting down to a rabbit supper and as a colored man was serving. Their approach was observed and the white men made their escape, but Haywood Williams, who was aiding and abetting by keeping the fires going, was captured and brought here.

The men were hungry and after placing Williams under arrest enjoyed the supper prepared for the whiskey makers. While at supper a whistle was heard, Felts answered and up came another member of the gang. He approached within twenty yards before discovering new faces in a familiar spot and despite the "Hands up!" order made a hasty retreat thru the undergrowth. He was fired at two or three times but did not slacken his pace.

The outfit was found on the Old Billy Long place and was a sixty gallon galvanized still with an old copper worm and cap. Twenty gallons of whiskey and 400 gallons of beer were destroyed and the still brought here last night at ten o'clock by the returning raiders.

Williams was tried Wednesday morning by J. W. Allen and placed under a \$300 bond.

## Pretty Home Wedding Is Solemnized

(Special to the Warren Record)

One of the prettiest weddings ever solemnized in this section of the county, was that which took place at the home of the bride's parents near Warrenton Wednesday afternoon Nov. 19, at 2 o'clock when Miss Jennie Mae Limer became the bride of Mr. Henry Carrol Montgomery. The parlor was beautifully decorated in white chrysanthemums, evergreens and fern, which made a lovely setting for the impressive ceremony that was performed by the bride's pastor, Rev. T. J. Taylor.

A short musical program was rendered before the entrance of the bridal party, with Mrs. Peter Gill sister of the groom as pianist.

The bridal party entered to strains of the wedding music from Lohengrin's Bridal chorus.

Miss Sadie Limer, of Wilmington, sister of the bride entered first as maid of honor, gowned in white georgette and satin trimmed in silver lace, carrying a lovely bouquet of white chrysanthemums and ferns. Next came the bride on the arm of her father by whom she was given in marriage. She was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Mr. M. S. Dryden of this county.

The bride who is a blonde of unusual beauty never looked lovelier when gowned in a creation of white shadow-lace and pearls over satin to match costume and carried a corsage of white chrysanthemums and fern.

The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of relatives and friends of the young couple who are from two of Warren's most prominent families.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Limer. She is a young lady of great personal charm and is popular both in New York City, where she has lived for the past few years, and this State.

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