

A Colyum Of Thoughts From Here There, Yonder

(By W. BRODIE JONES)

It appears from the records of the office that Warrenton is entitled to a Government postoffice. The building edifice wouldn't cost the town anything. It would come as a gift from Uncle Sam.

We urge that the people of the town who are interested in this write to Congressman Kitchin. Your newspaper has already presented the town's claim thru a personal letter.

A manifestation of interest on the part of the citizens will cost little effort and will be the factor which will determine the matter.

Every citizen behind the move for a new postoffice building!

"Hunger knows no armistice."

The cessation of world hostilities fails to clothe and feed those of the Near East whose homes were laid waste with deliberate cruelty.

Readjustment is not made in a year. America, a big brother to the christian nation of Armenia, is asked for aid until the next harvest and until nature, staggering in the aftermath of war, provides material with which its people may work.

Warren's quota is twenty-one lives. "Hunger knows no armistice," but the Heart of America has a cure.

Sense If Not Experience

Farmer—So you've had some experience, have you?

Youth—Yes, sir.

Farmer—Well, what side of cow do you sit on to milk?

Youth—The outside. —Clipping.

"Do you guarantee results in your nerve treatment?" asked the Caller. "You bet I do," replied the Specialist. "Why, last week a man came to me for nerve treatment and when I got through with him he tried to borrow \$500 from me."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Too Common Phenomenon.

A medical paper advances the theory that "man is slightly taller in the morning than he is in the evening." We have never tested this, but we have certainly noticed a tendency to become "short" toward the end of the month.—"Books of To-day and Tomorrow."

A Family Affair

The school-teacher with the eagle eye saw a little girl chewing gum. "Mary," she commanded, "put that into the wastebasket!" The child looked as though she would like to obey but couldn't. "Did you hear me?" insisted the teacher. "Put that gum into the wastebasket immediately!" "Please, teacher, I'd like to but I can't," was the quavering reply; "it—it belongs to my mother."—Selected

Rather Hard On Father

A New York lawyer, distinguished in his profession, owns a delightful summer home in Vermont. His neighbors tell this story about his youngest child, a girl not more than ten. After much coaxing she prevailed on her father to buy her a donkey and cart. The first day of the donkey's arrival he was permitted to browse on the lawn. The child followed the little animal about, and thinking his countenance wore an uncommonly sad expression she cautiously approached and stroking his nose gently with her little hands, said: "Poor donkey! you feel lonesome, don't you? But never mind, papa will be here tomorrow and then you will have company."—Ex.

CONCERNING SUGAR

Absolute knowledge have I none, But my aunt's washerwoman's son Heard a policeman on his beat Say to a laborer on the street That he had a letter just last week Written in the finest Greek By a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo Who said the niggers in Cuba knew Of a certain man in a Western town Who got it straight from a circus clown That a man in the Klondike had the news From a gang of South American Jews, Of a certain man in Bamboo Who said his brother quite well knew A swell society female rake Whose mother-in-law would undertake To prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece Has stated in a printed piece, That she has a son who has a friend Who knows when the sugar shortage is going to end. —Selected.

The Warren Record

VOLUME XXV

WARRENTON, N. C. FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1920

Number 7

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

THOSE GRAVES IN FRANCE

LET THEM STAY OVER THERE

Ladies Who Spent Long Time Over Seas Object To Mens' Bodies Being Returned

BELIEVES HEROES WANT TO LIE WHERE THEY FELL

Pays Tribute to The Beautiful Manner In Which The Graves Are Cared For And Deplores Effort To Exhume Bodies.

(By J. E. Jones)

In Flanders field the remains of American heroes lie. Their graves are marked and every attention and care is exercised in making the resting places fitting memorials to the deeds of our boys who died for their country. The mother or father whose son lies in that hallowed spot has every reason to feel that it is fitting and proper that the remains should rest forever with the comrades who died with them in battle. A little reasoning, and an acquaintance with the greswome facts, ought to convince any relative that it would be little short of ghoulish to disturb those graves in France. For the fact cannot be evaded that men who died in battle were often dismembered and parts of their bodies were scattered, and often entirely missing. The identification tags served their valuable purposes, and quite commonly a number of bodies were placed in the same grave. To exhume one body for shipment to the United States would mean that it would be necessary to disturb the remains of all these.

Miss Myrtle Stinson of Washington, who spent eighteen months in volunteer war service with the Polish and French, as well as the American armies and who was wounded in action, and decorated for gallant service, throws light on this important subject. She recalls her experiences at a hospital in the South of France where boys were sent to recuperate after having worked among the graves of their comrades, and in exhuming the bodies. Miss Stinson talked with a thousand of these boys who did the work, and she says that in every one of their countenances there lingered expressions of horror, and their eyes were windows of suffering of the anguished souls. A great many of them had lost their minds, while others were prematurely aged by their experiences. Miss Stinson says that she knows from her own experiences that if the dead soldiers buried in the fields of Flanders could speak that they would cry out against the attempt to have their comrades dig up the remnant remains that have been interred. She says that if American parents could see, as she has seen, the beautiful places where these sons are buried, and where loving care vies with the bright sunshine of France in cheering the spots where our heroes lie, they would not want their sons to have any other final resting place.

The removal of bodies from the graves in France cannot be accomplished with any degree of absolute certainty. The Army and the Government has used every precaution to properly mark the graves, and it is certain that the remains of our heroes are buried in the spots that are indicated. It is not certain, however, that they could be exhumed and transported overseas with any positive assurance that the right remains would be delivered.

And then again, it is claimed that organized propaganda for the removal of these bodies has been instituted by the undertakers of the United States, and their trade journals are reminding the men in that profession of the great volume of business that would come to them if the bodies of the dead soldiers were brought from overseas. Mothers and fathers who will allow the fullest sway to their sentimental feelings, and who will at the same time view this momentous question in its practical light, can hardly fail to answer with a positive and emphatic "no" when the question is asked of them as to whether they wish the remains of their loved ones brought from overseas.

"Most any excuse is a poor excuse." When we speak of paying our honest debts let's remember our debt to our fellowman.

News From Over County

CREEK ITEMS

There is very little to report from this community.

Nearly every family seems to be afflicted with colds, but no "flu" yet am glad to say.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pridgen have located at Norlina and seem pleased with their future home.

Miss Elenor Powell, of Inez, was a short caller here Sunday enroute to her school at Middleburg after spending the week-end with her parents.

Miss Mary Brown returned home Saturday from a two week's visit to her aunt in Virginia.

Miss Mattie Clarke visited her sister, Mrs. T. W. Harris, in Richmond, Christmas; which was enjoyed by both parties.

January has been remarkably good, but there has been very little work done so far.

Mr. B. J. Geoghegan called here a few days ago and is looking well and happy.

VICKSBORO NEWS

We are glad to say that Mrs. W. E. Turner who has been quite ill, is rapidly improving.

Mr. Clyde Stainback, who spent the holidays with his parents has returned to Windsor to resume his work with his uncle.

Mr. Gid Alston, of Littleton was a visitor at the home of Mr. C. J. Fleming last week.

The Middleburg students spent the week-end at their respective homes.

Mr. R. J. Crawley, of Littleton, was a visitor in Vicksboro Sunday.

Misses Jennie Alston and Florence Skillman, Messrs. William H. Stewart, Jr., J. M. Stewart and Geern Parish motored to Rocky Mount for the week-end.

A party of young people from Henderson visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stewart Sunday afternoon. The Cokesburg and Vicksboro teachers and friends were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Stainback last Thursday evening.

Miss Pearl Hicks returned home from the Sarah Elizabeth hospital yesterday.

Quite a crowd of young people stormed the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Alston Tuesday night.

Mr. Whit Watson the "Census Man" spent Monday night in the neighborhood.

MANSON ITEMS

Mrs. Van Dortch and Miss Nena Dorth of Drewery were in town last week.

We are glad to say that three new families have moved in our midst this year: Mr. Gollis, Mr. James and Mr. Mustian.

Miss Etta Fleming spent the week-end with her people at York.

Our hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Kimball on the arrival of a fine little daughter Thursday of last week.

Mr. S. J. Satterwhite, of Henderson, was in town a few days ago.

We are glad to see Mr. J. D. Champion out again after a long spell of gripe.

Mrs. Williams, of near Wise, is visiting in town.

Mr. L. O. Reavis returned a few days ago from Richmond with a nice car load of horses.

Miss Mamie Brack with several other young people made a pleasant trip to Henderson a few evenings ago.

Mr. Fleming Watkins, of Drewery, was in town this week.

Dr. Willis, of Middleburg, made a professional visit here not many days ago.

Mr. Gerge Wyckoff, of Henderson, visited friends in town some days ago.

Mrs. Orville Adams and Miss Thelma Brack made a visit to Richmond the first of last week.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Lewis Kimball is improving after quite a long illness.

Miss Pannie Stegall, of Drewery, spent a night with friends here recently.

Mr. Robert James and sister Miss Rosa spent Wednesday in Warrenton shopping.

Dr. D. Smith spent last week in Henderson doing professional work.

We are pleased to see Mr. Van Dorth at the store again after a week's illness.

We are sorry to say that Mr. J. J. Seaman has been quite sick for the past week.

Mr. John Brack, of Raleigh, visited his people here Sunday.

THE STAR OF THE EAST

DEPICTS HOPE IN AMERICA

Armenian Children With Faith Turn Eyes To Great Democracy For Its Human Aid

WARREN ASKED TO PROVIDE FOR 21 ORPHANS

In Campaign of American Relief; Statements By President Wilson and Herbert Hoover Tell of Conditions There.

Christmas Even in Armenia. In the doorway of a hut, peering through the darkness, down the road which winds to the distance sea, a little girl in garments, sits and dreams, and dreams, and dreams.

Around her, likewise dreaming, are other little children. They know it is Christmas Eve. They know what it means. "Christ was born on the morrow," they tell each other gravely.

For these are children of Armenia, children of the faith, children of Christ, who died that the world might be saved.

For their faith these little children have suffered, are suffering now. Some have seen their fathers, because of faith, fall at the hands of the brutal Turk. Others have known the terror of that moment when their mothers were dragged away, never to come home again. Sorrow has set its darkening cloud on their childish faces.

And yet their eyes are still alight with hope and their little hearts beat resolutely with the warm blood of faith.

They have been told the story, the never-dying story, of Jesus, born in a manger, in Bethlehem—not so many miles away—and of the Three Wise Men who came out of the East, following the Star, and bearing gifts of frankincense and myrrh.

Star of the East, whither wanderest thou tonight?

They gaze into the heavens, and there, even as it was two thousand years before, the Star still is shining—a beacon of love and hope, unchanging through the centuries.

And the children peer again down the road toward the sea in the darkness, waiting, waiting.

Where, oh, where, tonight, are the Three Wise Men, bearing their precious gifts and led by the shining Star?

The road from the sea is long, and to him who journeys there, the way is a weary one, and the road across the sea, where travel the ships, is longer still, and the way there, too, is a weary one.

But, across that sea, at the other end of that long, weary road, is a Country and that Country is great and big and warm of heart.

America! There, in this magic land, dwell now the "Three Wise Men." There, too, are other little children—happy children, thoughtful, kindly children.

And these little children of America also know the story of the Star and of the Babe. They know, too, that there, in that saddened, stricken land, across the sea, peering down the road through the darkness, the lonely little children of Armenia are waiting.

And they shall not wait in vain. From the Land of joy and plenty, from great, generous America, bearing the gifts of the children, the Wise Men, once more, as they did when Christ was born, follow the Star.

The banner they hold aloft bears the words, "Near East Relief." It is a banner of hope, a symbol of service, to the suffering peoples of the Bible Lands. They know their magic message. It has saved them before; it shall save them again. It shall more than save them, by the help of the men, women and children of America—it shall build them up into a nation, strong and independent.

And the little children of Armenia, the lonely little, hungry, shivering orphans,—wait hopefully, confidently.

They know that the "Three Wise Men" will come. They know that the great and generous people of that mighty mother-land, America, will be true to them, will stand by them, even as they themselves, through all the black reign of terror and oppression, have stood firm in the faith of Him, whose Star the Wise Men ever follow.

"Great populations are driven out

upon a desert where there is no food—and can be none, and they are compelled to die. Then men, women and children are thrown into a common grave, so imperfectly covered up that here and there is a pitiful arm stretched out to heaven; is there no pity in the world? When shall we awake to the moral responsibilities of this great occasion?—President Wilson, in address on Armenia, at Kansas City, Sept. 6, 1919.

"In my opinion, in the Near East is the most desperate situation in the world."—Herbert Hoover, in a statement, Oct. 15, 1919.

TO THE MEN OF AMERICA (Rose Trumbull, Scottsdale, Arizona, You talk of your breed of cattle, And plan for a higher strain, You double the food of the pasture, You heap up the measure of grain; You draw on the wits of the nation, To better the barn and the pen; But what are you doing, my brothers, To better the breed of men?

You boast of your Morgans and Herefords, Of the worth of a calf or a colt, And scoff at the scrub and the mongrel As worthy a fool or a dolt; You mention the points of your roadster, With many a "wherefore" and "when," But ah, are you conning, my brothers, The worth of the children of men?

And what of your boy? Have you measured His needs for a growing year? Does your mark as his sire, in his features, Mean less than your brand on a steer? Thoroughbred—that is your watchword, For stable and pasture and pen; But what is your word for the homestead? Answer, you breeders of men!

State Sanitary Inspector Here

Mr. L. G. Whitley, State Sanitary Inspector, district number two, has been in the city this week and will be here thru Saturday morning in the interest of the State Board of Health.

Inspector Whitley is here under the act of the last Legislature condemning open surface privies and requiring protection of public health by destroying the insanitary breeding places of flies. He states that the great majority of our people are in sympathy with the law and that the new privies constructed as a whole meet the requirements. There are still some open surface privies in town within the prohibited three hundred yard radius of another inhabited dwelling. No bills of indictment are to be filed upon this visit, but if the cause is not removed, a resort will be made to law upon the next visit of an inspector.

A license of forty cents upon each privy is due according to section 10 of the act and Mr. Whitley is collecting this in every instance where the owner can be found. A receipt is issued and the funds are devoted to the enforcement of the act. The inspector complimented the general condition as being better than that of many towns he had visited since October 1st.

WILLIAM WALTER SQUIRE

PASSED TO HIS REWARD Vaughan, N. C., Jan. 19.—The Grim Reaper has once more invaded our community, and on January 1st William Walter Squire passed into the Great Beyond. He had been afflicted all his life, being an Epileptic, and as he grew older, it grew worse until the end came. He has been watched over constantly for thirty years or more by his sister, Mrs. Anna Collins, and no baby ever had better attention, he was devoted to her and for a number of years could hardly bear for her to be out of his sight.

His great hobby in his latter years was for making walking canes and whip staffs of which he had quite a collection, all of which were buried with him. He was fifty years of age. A FRIEND.

"Certainly a man shouldn't have over one wife" argued the orthodox brother with his polygamist friend. "But, why, brother?" "Simple, friend, there is a Biblical reason—no man can serve two masters."

MORE PAY TO BREAK STILLS

COIN WILL CUT-OFF SUPPLY

Noted Officer States That More Pay For Capturing Stills A Solution of Problem

AMPLE REWARD DUE FOR ALL BOOTLEGGERS CAUGHT

Sheriff Stafford, of Greensboro, States Views of Law Enforcement Upon Request of South Carolina Officer.

Greensboro, N. C., Jan. 14.—Sheriff D. B. Stafford of Guilford County, is recognized as one of the most efficient officers anywhere, and has been repeatedly named by the head of the Federal Prohibition Department as a fine example of active and everlasting pursuit of the moonshiner. Asked his opinion of the proposal of Federal Prohibition Director Gant of Georgia that the state should provide a special reward fund for catching not only moonshiners, but bootleggers, he had this to say and consents to its publication:

"The present payment of twenty dollars for a cut-up still alone, does not pay the sheriff's expenses. At least my expense of keeping a regular raiding force, with automobiles, etc., trips at night costs more than the income, because many trips are made that result in nothing except letting blockaders understand we are always on the job. We get not a cent, except when a still is delivered for being cut up." Now it must be next to impossible for the sheriff of county having a small town to go to this absolutely necessary expense of having a raiding force, besides every mve made by anyone of them is noted in the smaller places and operators informed. I think a reward for bootleggers would be a capital improvement, for they can be more easily nabbed, if it were made an inducement for them to be confidentially reported. Cutting out the moonshine is well, but the quickest way to do it is to put the middlemen and bootleggers in front of the legal firing line is my best judgement, and the moonshiner will be starved out. "Mr. Gant's suggestion would suit me better if it also provided that where a sheriff co-operated with the Federal Force, giving first aid I might say, the Federal Prohibition Department ought to lessen the states strain for rewards by splittly fifty-fifty, or something like that."

IN MEMORY

of my Grandmother, Mrs. Bettie Overby, who died, December 29th, 1919.

When Old Age is snatched away, By Death's resistless hand, Our hearts the mournful tribute pay Which pity demand. After the light of a day on earth Had fled from the western skies Came an angel to gather a lonely flower; Then away to its Saviour it flies.

Thou hast gone to a glorious clime, With a faith that's lovely and sublime; Gone to the home of peaceful rest Where throughout eternity all are blest.

Bright as the morning dew, Lovely as the sweetest flower, So bloomed the human face divine That we on earth called ours, Till Death spread his with'ring wintry arms; And beauty smiles no more. But hope looks beyond the bounds of time

When what we now deplore Shall rise in full immortal prime And bloom to fade no more.

Grandmother! dear, we miss your bright and cheerful smiles, Your voice, too, that is now still, But we know it is only for awhile For soon we too shall obey His will.

Saviour, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won, While we are now filled with mourning, Mercy still is on the throne; By Thy hands the flower was given, Thou hast taken but thine own; Ruler of Earth and Lord of Heaven, Help us to say "Thy will be done." A loving granddaughter, EDNA CLARK.