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

A Colyum Of Thoughts From Here There, Yonder

(By W. BRODIE JONES)

Prosperity without benevolence is a doubtful blessing.

Prosperity with benevolence is that charity which covers a multitude of sins.

A Christian people cry unto America for life. Martyrs to the faith, which Turkish cruelty could not crush, they died, after fiendish persecution, for their belief.

Their orphans are the heritage commended to the conscience of the humane, sympathetic, Christian people of this country.

What power is there in the human mind which coldly grasps units of value—the dollars—while a heart, a soul, a destiny are in the scale?

Most assuredly in our plenty no one will exercise this selfishness.

"Hunger knows no armistice" nor selfishness any nobility.

May our prosperity not add to character, greed!

May our good fortune not ingrain selfishness in our dispositions!

MAN-MAKING

We are all blind until we see

That, in the human plan,
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

Why build those cities glorious

If man unbuided goes?
In vain we build the world unless
The builder also grows.

—Edwin Markham in Jan. Natulius.

There are times when nothing exasperates so much as perfectly reasonable argument.—London Impressions.

His Notion

"I reckon that here domestic silence course for women is a fine idy," indorsed the gaunt Missourian.—Country Gentleman.

Preserving His Dignity.

Daughter (having just received a beautiful set of mink skins from her father)—"What I don't see is how such wonderful furs can come from such a low, sneaking, little beast."

Father—"I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I really insist on respect."—The American Legion Weekly.

In No Hurry

"All the little boys and girls who wish to go to heaven," said a Sunday school superintendent, "will please raise." Whereupon all, with the exception of Sammy Scraggs, rose. "And doesn't this little boy want to go to heaven?" asked the superintendent, in surprise. "Not yet," said Sammy.—Progressive Farmer.

A Cheerful Awakening

"Could you change de tune o' one o' dem cuckoo clocks?" asked Rastus.

"What's the idea?"
"I wants an alarm clock. I don't take to dese hasty an' excited alarm clocks. If you could train one o' dese to cackle like a chicken, I could wake up spry an' hopeful every time!"—Country Gentleman.

Sam Darktown—"Dat turkey we had fo' dinnah was hatched by an incubator all right, Mose."

Mose Yellerby—"How does yo' know?"

Sam Darktown—"No turkey dat ebah knowed a mother's care would 'a' turned out as tough as dat one wus."—Progressive Farmer.

A salesman was traveling a country road when suddenly he saw a house burning. Running up, he pounded on the door lustily till an old woman opened it.

"Madam, your house is on fire!" he exclaimed.

"Eh?"

"I say your house is on fire!"

She put her hand to her ear and leaned toward him. "What?"

"Your house is burning up!" he roared.

"Oh! Is that all?"

"That's all I can think of just now, madam," he gasped.—The American Legion Weekly.

Taking No Risks

After being in the family for a number of years, Mary Jane announced her approaching marriage.

"I hope," said her mistress, "that you have given the matter serious consideration."

"Indeed I have, ma'am!" said the girl. "I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and been to one of these astrologers, and they all says, 'Go ahead, I ain't one to marry recklessly like, ma'am.'"—Youth's Companion.

MENACE DUE BOLL WEEVIL

To Be Met By Intelligent Farming Methods By Farmers of The Cotton Belt

DURING FIVE YEAR RE-ADJUSTMENT PLAN OF DEPT.

Only Manner In Which Boll Weevil May Be Practically Eliminated and Cotton Crop Guaranteed.

This State is not going to quit growing cotton because of the boll weevil, and where individual farmers or groups abandon cotton, it will be for some other crop or activity which, after they learn how, will be equally profitable or even more profitable than cotton.

The coming of the boll weevil means a test of the skill and resources of the farmer, and those who can produce cotton so economically as to offset the loss from the weevil, can continue to produce cotton in spite of the weevil.

These statements sum up some of the conclusions of Franklin Sherman, State Entomologist for North Carolina, in surveying the situation in the light of known facts about damage from boll weevil. Disclaiming that he is either an economist or fitted to advise on cropping methods, Mr. Sherman, as an entomologist, outlines a program for the southern counties that were invaded in the fall of 1919, and says that the same general advice will hold for each section as they are invaded in the future.

"Farmers may feel free to plant (this year, 1920) their usual acreage of cotton, of usual varieties, and raise it by usual methods. But they should already be studying the matter of earlier maturing varieties, and methods of fertilizing and cultivating which will hasten maturity,—and they should be laying their final plans for more hogs (or other livestock) and of other crops in the years to follow.

"In 1921 the farmers in this area should plan to reduce their cotton acreage about 10 per cent. That is to say the man who has been growing 10 acres of cotton should plan about 9 acres in 1921, the man who has been planting 100 acres should plant 80 to 90 acres in 1921.

"This slightly reduced acreage should be of the selected varieties and should be fertilized and cultivated to hasten maturity. In that same year of 1921 the reduction in cotton should be balanced, more than balanced if labor will permit, by increased attention to corn, other crops and livestock. The farm should be fully self-sustaining in the matter of meat, grain and forage, with a surplus to sell, if possible. Then, if the weevil is very destructive on the slightly reduced acreage, the farm will still be self-supporting, and if the weevil damage should be light, it may make a good profit, not only on the other things, but on cotton also.

"(1922) No matter how profitable his cotton may be in 1921, (the first year that can give a full test) the farmer would do well not to increase his cotton to the old acreage in 1922. If he has done well on the reduced acreage in 1921, he had better hold to that same acreage for 1922. If the weevil were disastrous to his reduced cotton acreage in 1921, he may reduce another 10 per cent in 1922, especially if he can again replace the cotton with other things.

"Thus, experience from year to year will guide him through the period of three to five years of readjustment."

A Financial Diagnosis

In a confidential little talk to a group of medical students an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he said, "come, of course, to the established specialist. For instance, I charge twenty-five dollars a call at the residence, ten dollars for an office consultation, and five dollars for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative and envious silence, then a voice from the back of the theatre, slightly thickened, spoke:

"Doc," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"—Chicago Journal.

Notice To All Sch'l Workers

I shall be in attendance upon the N. E. A. Superintendents' meetings during the entire week of February 22-23, and therefore request that as far as possible all business in the Superintendent's office be brought to me on or before Saturday if attention is needed before March second. All correspondence will receive prompt attention next week, however, because the officers of the Warren County Teachers' Association have very kindly consented to assist during my absence.

The Board of Health has not ordered any schools closed. All matters pertaining to the closing of schools are therefore left to the judgment of the local committeemen. If the rules for exclusion of sick children are observed carefully, children are as safe in school as at large. Where the majority of the pupils are in attendance the schools will remain open except in cases of great emergency.

J. EDWARD ALLEN, Supt.

THE GAMBLER'S LAST WORDS

(By Request)

Let me tell you of a poor young man Who gambled night and day, Then he was taking very sick, He tried but could not pray, His friends all left him one by one, And he began to cry, Boys, oh, boys, don't leave me now When I am going to die. Tell me where is that gambling man, Where is he gone, Where is that gambling man Pray tell me where is he gone.

Boys you always stood by me In every kind of game, And if you go and leave me now, You ought to be ashamed; A friend he turned and looked at him Then he said, oh, well I believe that you are going to die, I am sure you are going to hell.

Then he began to grow soweak His friends began to shake. He said to the man that ran the game I now see my mistake, I have always thought I was a fool, My conscience has told me so While I were trying to beat someone. The devil has won my soul.

His mother heard that he was dying In a gambling den; She went to where he was in haste, No assistance could she lend; The tears were streaming from her eyes And he began to groan, Saying mother, mother, oh, mother dear, I have made hell my home.

His mother heard his dying words, She said Lord let me go, My son has wrecked my heart and home

And fell dead on the floor, He said look here, go call the boys And tell them all to come here, I can hear the gamblers away down in hell, Saying, gamblers don't come here.

Don't take my body to the church, Saying nothing over my remains; Somebody might hope that I am safe, In hell I will be in chains. For my cards and dice are burning my hands I feel and know it well, And gambling friends if you don't change, You will loose your soul in hell.

Now friends these are my dying words, I want you all to know That death has laid his hands on me; I am not prepared to go, Yes that little black train And angels are standing by my side; And hell is the very first station, Oh, my Lord what a miserable ride.

Common New York Incident.

A man from the backwoods of Western America visited New York for the first time one Christmas, and went into a restaurant to have his Christmas dinner.

All went well until the waiter brought him a napkin. The eyes of the backwoodsman flamed and, pulling a six-shooter from his hip-pocket, he told that waiter his mind.

"You take that blamed thing away at once," he said, evenly. "I reckon I know when to use a handkerchief, without having them darned hints thrown out!"—London Tit-Bits.

GREAT YEAR FOR MARKET

Almost Two Million Dollars Expended For Weed On Three Warehouse Floors Here

GREATEST YEAR IN HISTORY OF LOCAL MARKET

Farmers Pleased With Prices Which Were Best In History; \$1 Pound Tobacco No Novelty—Average Over \$55.

The Warrenton Tobacco market closed last Friday after a most successful year. The farmers who patronized the warehouses here were satisfied for tobacco has truly been King of farm produce this season.

Close to two million dollars was expended for the weed on the floors here and the great bulk of this was for the product of Warren county soil and went into the pockets of the citizens. The prices reached a peak late in the fall which was practically equalled after the holidays and at no time was the market off to any great extent. Dollar a pound tobacco ceased to be a novelty during the past season and the product was verily the "golden weed."

In 1918 the market sold 3,893,842 pounds of tobacco for \$1,354,998.90 or an average of \$34.79. This year the market sold 3,454,076 pounds for \$1,938,456.03 or an average of \$55.69. It was a year of light weight tobacco and this is responsible mainly for the decrease of 439,773 in volume of sales. This condition was effected by the heavy rains of early summer which seriously threatened the crop.

The season may be classed as the most successful from all standpoints for the warehousemen, producer and general public.

IN LOVING MEMORY

Pearl Mumford Halthcock, daughter of Mr. Earlie D. Halthcock was born May 21, 1907, and died February 1, 1920. She had been ill only a short while with pneumonia. Though she was never very well she seldom complained and was always sweet and gentle in her disposition. Since her mother's death she had, in a way, borne the responsibilities of caring for her sister and two brothers, which she did lovingly and willingly.

Last summer she made a profession of faith in Christ Jesus, but being so young and in feeble health the baptism was deferred. She attended Sunday school whenever she could and always knew her lessons well.

The interment took place Monday afternoon at her father's home.

You are gone but not forgotten, Never will your memory fade, Loving thoughts will ever linger, Round the grave where you are laid.

Letter From Rev C A Jones

During the two years we lived in Warrenton and served the Warren Circuit, there were more than a few endeared themselves to our hearts. Warrenton, N. C., is a great place to live. Besides being one of the healthiest locations in the State, the people there are of a very fine type. The Warrenton people from the beginning, made us feel at home. Those business men would meet me on the street and say we want you to know that we are glad to welcome you to our town. Some one might say there is not much to a statement like the above, but let me say, to the itinerant, it means much.

On the Warren Circuit can easily be found some of the salt of the earth at each church on the charge. There are too numerous to mention. We spent two successful years there. All financial obligations were met. In two years the salary advanced from \$1250.00 to \$1850.00 and last year paid \$2000.00. During the two years one hundred and thirty were added to the membership of the Church.

I have not forgotten the real friends to the cause, on the Warren Circuit. May I ask that each one of the charge work with and pray for brother Draper. He will do you better service with your prayers and cooperation than any other way.

For seventeen years I have waited and now I have it. Have what? you say. I answer, the Jones Circuit. The Parsonage is located by side of the Methodist church in Trenton the county town of Jones county. We have a fine people here. There has scarcely been a week since we arrived but that we have been remembered in a substantial way.

February 6th was our first Quarterly Conference occasion. The Steward unanimously made the preacher's salary \$2,500.00, which places the Jones Circuit on record with the first circuits of the North Carolina Conference. Rev. F. M. Shamburger, P. E., preached two excellent sermons and is perfectly at home in the Elder's chair. Our people are very fond of him. Our congregations are fine and the best prayer-meeting I have attended in years. There is plenty of work to do here, but it is much more compact than some of the larger circuits. Twelve miles is my longest drive, nine and three. I preach three times a month in Trenton and hold prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.

Best wishes to all the people in the Warrenton section. Be good to my good friend Dr. Gibbs. Success to the Record,

CHAS. A. JONES,
Trenton, N. C.

AMERICA, AMERICA, ...
OH! OH! AMERICA!

Jimmy Arroll, who was field director in Russian Armenia, said recently: "I want to bring you a picture before I leave. It took me from July to November to get home. As I stood on the platform of the crude train and saw nearly 300 line up at the track side, I look down into the face of Tommican, the Armenian poet. He knew how to say only a few words in our language—'Hello' and 'God bless you'—and I know a few words only of his language, but we had managed to make ourselves understood to each other. I looked down into the eyes of the man who used to take care of my horse, and further down the line stood the man who had been one of the leading bankers of Eastern Turkey, yet who for months had been opening my office door and saying 'bread.' He was there with these others, and as the train pulled out a cry went up from these 300 throats words that are ever with me—five words—and I give them to you, to be yours as they are mine—'America, America; Oh! Oh! America!'"

A Humble Veteran

In an Irish courthouse an old man was called into the witness box, and, being confused and somewhat nearsighted, he went up the stairs that led to the bench instead of those that led to the box.

The judge good-humoredly said, "Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?"

"Ah, sure, yer worship," was the reply. "I'm an old man now, and mebbe it's all I'm fit for."—Youth's Companion.

NAME MEN REFERRED TO

Howard F. Jones Asks Headlight To Name Man To Whom Editorial Refers

IN WHICH STATEMENT OF POLITICAL FRAME-UP MADE

Editorial Reprinted And Replied To By Mr. Jones; Charges That Candidate Picked To Increase Salaries.

Under the caption of "County Politics," the following editorial appears in the HEADLIGHT of the 13th inst. As it is "news" to the folks we will give it general circulation:

"COUNTY POLITICS"

"This is county politics year we can already hear mumble of what is going to be done. There has been somewhat of a get-together meeting of the present county officers and a few of their henchmen, and they agreed they want office again and they have gone a little further and selected their candidate for the legislature, knowing 'ull well if he is elected their salaries will be, in most cases doubled, and that our county schools will again be thrown back into politics. But those who are doing the planning and the scheming care nothing for the schools—just let me stay in office by hook or crook and draw a larger salary."

"WILL THE PLAN SUCCEED?"

Not a single county officer is left out—they and some of their "henchmen" (the men who support them) have held a meeting, according to the Headlight, and "all agreed that they want office again," and (here is the milk in the coconut) have selected their candidate for the Legislature, who is to "double their salaries in most cases" and "throw the schools in politics."

That is a terrible dose for the patriot and tax-payer to look forward to—double salaries and throw the schools in politics. The only trouble about this scheme that the editor of the Headlight has unearthed, is that he has his crowd mixed. It was another set of schemers who got together on the first Sunday of February in the town of Norlina, and not "our present county officers."

Another little matter he skipped over blithely—the folks have been given a dose of double salary and new office and raise in salary already, and (don't tell it) by the very members of the Legislature editor Hardy helped to send on this errand. We don't say a thing and then not give our authority: So here goes: County Welfare Officer—\$1500 and expenses; Sheriff changed from salary of \$2000.00 to Fee basis amounting to approximately more than double salary. Superintendent of Schools raised ten per cent or \$180.00 additional.

And some more, but that will "point a moral and adorn a tale" for the present.

Name your men, Mr. Headlight, and name your candidate for the Legislature who is going to do so much worse than his predecessors. Do this and we can get down to the guilty schemers, for seriously no candidate for the Legislature will ever get the support of the folks of Warren who would do even one half as bad as you say the "County Officers' candidate" will do—we would not vote for him ourselves. In fact the Warren Record and its associate editor will fight any man or set of men who will undertake to disregard the will of the voters, as expressed at the Polls in school or any other matter.

HOWARD F. JONES,
Associate Editor.

COL. CUNNINGHAM PAYS WARRENTON A VISIT

Col. John S. Cunningham, Federal Prohibition Inspector, visited Warrenton this week and consulted town and county officials in regard to the enforcement of the Federal Prohibition Law.

Col. Cunningham states that he finds "the people are in favor of the enforcement of the Law, and the officials are active in breaking up stills and the illicit sale of spirits."

"Our judges are placing heavy fines, and heavy penalties on those who violate the laws. All of the people should realize that the Law must be obeyed."

A FRIEND.