

A Colyum Of Thoughts From Here There, Yonder

(By W. BRODIE JONES)

It is fundamentally up to you whether you are happy or unhappy. It is not actions in themselves which hurt one but the construction placed thereon. It is the intellect which treats the words and actions often thoughtlessly spoken by ones friends.

You are happy to the extent you believe that life is a glorious opportunity for service to others, that within you is an unconquerable spirit, that sufficing your life is an abundance of love which takes even the hard and unkind things as part of the game, and whose buoyancy, hopefulness and fortitude ever sees all the Golden Sands of Good.

But think that all people are against you, feel that life holds no charm for your spirit, labor to amuse your selfish whims, carry the Chip on the Shoulder and always you will find one who delights in knocking it from its perch.

All mankind is classed under these two divisions of thought. Some call it point of view. Its wage is either happiness or gloom, success or failure. The coin you collect is the Creed you elect.

The world smiles when you meet it with a smile.

Could Life be fairer or happiness more just?

Cheerfulness makes Life all beauty and weariness a name.

Optimist—Please, pass the cream.
Pessimist—Is there any milk in that pitcher?
—Tar Baby.

Mac, Shorty and many of the fellows want that swimming hole—you had just as well order that bathing suit.

She—Why is it that the man in moon has never married?
He—Because he stays out all night he gets "full" periodically.—Tar Baby

Fate has carried Weaver out of town on business some of the guys, who are now buying their own cigars, inform us.

Cholly—I say, old top why do you hammer on the bar?
Ferdie—Why, to get the bar tender, old hoss.—Widow.

Cameron Morrison, candidate for Governor, announces thru the press that he favors the Revaluation act and endorses the Bickett administration.

Dirty Work

The night was dark,
The air grew sweeter;
The lightning flashed
And killed a mosquito.
—Tar Baby.

Any Co-Ed—Something in my heart tells me that you are going to ask me to your next dance.
Stude—My dear girl, you must have heart trouble.—Froth.

"Tell me truly why you gave up drink."
"Well, dear, the last time your mother was here I came home late and saw three of her. The shock cured me."

Life's Tragedies

Her poor heart bled
She rent the air
With piercing note:
She'd found a hair
Upon his coat.
With grave concern:
The hair was red
And wasn't her'n.
—Carolina Tar Baby.

A Sententious Philosopher

An old riverman, Mac Stone, had only one short. While he lay in his bunk in the old log cabin that he and his wife called home, waiting for his shirt to be washed and dried, his wife rushed in exclaiming, "Mac, get up quick! That dratted old cow has done chewed up your shirt!"
"Wal, my dear," he replied, "those that have got have got to lose." And he turned placidly over for another nap.—Youth's Companion.

The Morning After, Etc.

In the dark last night
I met her,
And from her took a kiss.
Oh, the sweetness of the nectar,
Fair o'er swept my soul with bliss.
But, today I have a feeling—
A taste that's clear and keen,
Which tells me that the nectar
Was cold cream and glycerin.
—Tar Baby.

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

SERVICE, IDEA IN MEMORIAL

Over Four Hundred Buildings Being Considered For Memorials To Boys

WARREN IN LINE WITH NATIONAL SENTIMENT

Committees To Call Meeting In Near Future of Citizens of Entire County To Consider Building For Warren.

The following article from the Kansas City Star is interesting to Warren county people at this time when the committees are considering the erection of a forty thousand memorial to Warren county's men of the recent war.

It is gratifying that the committees are in line with the general trend of thought over the country. Numbers of people who have been approached on the subject of a serviceable memorial for the county have manifest interest and made the assertion that "it was the only kind of memorial to be erected."

It is general opinion that the committees will call a county mass meeting at an early date when the plans will be discussed in detail. The article alluded to follows:

"Occasionally someone remarks that the war is forgotten, that the deeds and sacrifices of the nation's fighting men have slipped from the minds of the people. Seemingly this is true, in the after war rush to old ways, to dollar grabbing and pleasure seeking, it is only natural that all thought of the recent dark days be put aside. The public wants a change. But underneath all the apparent unconcern for things that pertain to the late great struggle there is a consciousness of a national debt to the sons who fought, a consciousness of pride in their deeds and a desire to do honor to those who lie in battle graves.

Throughout the entire country there is a demand, and a growing one, for the erection of memorials to the nation's warriors. In general the sentiment is for community buildings or great memorial halls. The idea of utility has increasingly crept into the majority of plans. To date some 400 towns and cities have definite plans underway for the building of memorials. These include buildings of all descriptions—hospitals, club houses, school buildings, libraries and theaters—but the majority are for community houses which contain an auditorium, stage, small assembly rooms, kitchens and club rooms. In many cases American Legion posts are carrying on the campaign for the erection of the buildings.

"The memorial ideas was slow in starting, but once under way the number of cities and towns appearing monthly in the list of those with plans increased rapidly.

IN LOVING MEMORY

In sad but loving remembrance of the little Bud that was plucked from our community February 21st at one o'clock, p. m.: little Myrtle James. This lovely bud, so young and fair,

Called hence by early doom,
Came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would bloom.
E'er sin, harm or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The open bud to heaven carried
And bade it blossom there.
Asleep in Jesus; sleep on sweet
Little Myrtle and take thy Rest,
"We love thee well, but God loved the best."
A FRIEND.

STATED COMMUNICATION



A stated communication of Johnston-Caswell Lodge No. 10 A. F. & A. M. will be held in the Masonic Hall Warrenton, N. C., Monday Evening, March 15th, at 8:00 o'clock. Work in the Entered Apprentice Degree.

By order of
STEPHEN E. BURROUGHS,
Master.
W. BRODIE JONES, Secty.

Arabia's Uncrowned King

A stranger must be in some way extraordinary, Mr. Lowell Thomas writes in Asia, to attract attention on the streets of the Holy City, for Jerusalem is a meeting place of East and West, and types of men and costumes are many. My curiosity, Mr. Thomas says, was excited by a single Bedouin, who stood out in sharp relief from all his companions. He was wearing agal, kuffeh and abba such as are worn in the Near East only by native rulers, and in his belt was fastened the short-curved gold sword of a prince of Mecca. His insignia marked him as a descendant of the Prophet.

"Who is he?" I asked the Turkish shopkeeper, who could speak a little tourist English. He only shrugged his shoulders.
Who could he be? I was certain of getting some information about him from Gen. Sir Ronald Storrs, governor of the Holy City; so I strolled over in the direction of his palace, just outside the old wall near the quarters of King Solomon.

"Who is the blue-eyed youth with the curved sword of a prince of—"
The general quietly opened the door of an adjoining room. There, seated in a morris chair, was the Bedouin prince who had passed me on Christian Street earlier in the afternoon. He was deeply absorbed in a ponderous tome of archaeology.

In introducing us, Gen. Storrs said: "I want you to meet Col. Lawrence, the uncrowned king of Arabia."

Quietly, without any theatrical head lines or fanfare of trumpets Thomas Lawrence, the young Oxford graduate, had brought the disunited nomadic tribes of Arabia into a unified campaign against their Turkish oppressors—a difficult and splendid stroke of policy, which caliphs, statesmen and sultans had been unable to accomplish in centuries of effort. He was the commander in chief of an army of more than two hundred thousand Bedouins mounted on racing camels and fleet Arabian horses. He was the terror of the Turks.

The outbreak of the great war found him excavating Hittite ruins in the valley of the Euphrates. Because the military authorities knew that he had lived among the Arabs, Kurds and Turks, and that he might be expected to have a fairly good knowledge of unfamiliar regions of the Near East, he was given a commission as second lieutenant in the map department, and at the time of the Arab revolt it was decided that he should be one of the men sent into the desert. The Arabian peninsula is larger than the whole region of the United States lying east of the Mississippi, and for thousands of years it has been inhabited by wandering tribe of Bedouins and Arab villagers. But although there is a population of over twenty million people in Arabia, the inhabitants have been only loosely held together by tribal alliances. That this young British lieutenant, who had never had a day of military drill in his life, succeeded in creating an army of two hundred thousand mounted Bedouins and that he swept the Turks from the Arabian peninsula and built these mosaic peoples into a homogenous nation, is a story I should have hesitated to believe had I not actually been with him in the desert.

In less than seven months he attained such unexpected success that the British raised him in rank from a lieutenant to a colonel, although he did not know the difference between "squad right" and "present arms." The Germans and Turks were not long in discovering that there was a mysterious power giving inspiration to the Arabs, and through their spies they learned that Lawrence was the guiding spirit of the whole Arabian revolution. They offered a reward of five hundred thousand dollars for him, dead or alive. But the Bedouins would not have betrayed their idolized leader for all the gold in the fabled mines of Solomon.—Youth's Companion.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our thanks and appreciation to our good friends of this community for their goodness and kindness shown to us during the illness of our entire family and the death of our beloved son and brother. MR. & MRS. W. J. JAMES & FAMILY
"Many a man doubts a woman's judgment because she married him."
RED ROSE.

MICKIE SAYS

(VOICE) THIS IS MR. BLANK. I HAVE A NEWS ITEM FOR THE PAPER. "MR. WHOOZIS, WHO LIVES TEN MILES FROM HERE AND HAS ALWAYS TRADED IN ANOTHER TOWN, WAS IN OUR CITY TODAY AND PURCHASED A \$100 BILL OF GOODS AT BLANK'S STORE, AND WAS SO WELL PLEASED THAT HE ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF TRADING IN THIS CITY HEREAFTER SO HE CAN AVAIL HIMSELF OF THE HIGH GRADE GOODS AND FINE VALUES AT BLANK'S." NO CHARGE, I SUPPOSE, FOR NEWS ITEMS

PRETTY EASY! JUST WAIT TILL THE BOSS SEES THAT "NEWS" ITEM

NO-O, I GUESS NOT



ENTERTAINMENT AT NORLINA

There will be a "St. Patrick's Day" Party given at the Norlina Graded school on Friday evening, March 19, at 7:30 o'clock. Supper served by Woman's Betterment. Proceeds for the benefit of school. All are invited to attend and enjoy an evening of music and pleasure.

A CARD OF THANKS

I wish to express my thanks to my neighbors and friends for the kindness shown me and my children during our recent illness and bereavement. It was surely appreciated.
J. F. KING.

HONOR ROLL AFTON SCHOOL FOR FEBRUARY

First Grade—John Howard Daniel, Nellie G. Martin
Second Grade—Grace Burroughs
Fourth Grade—Grace Burroughs, Oliver Reams
Seventh Grade—Mattie Fuller, Martha Burroughs
Eighth Grade—Luia Belle Fuller, Ester G. Frazier.
MABEL L. ROBERTSON, Teacher.

VICKSBORO NEWS

Misses Skillman and Mayer spent the past week end very pleasantly in Warrenton.

We are sorry to report Mr. Tom Thompson ill with the flu.

Miss Lucy Eleanor Williams closed her school at Shocco last Friday because of "flu" in the homes of the children.

Mr. Harold Skillman was a visitor in Vicksboro last Sunday.

Mr. Moseley's garage, is going up in a hurry. If the weather continues favorable they will soon be ready for business.

We are glad to know that the sick in Mr. Earnest Moseley's home are much improved.

There will be service at our church next Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Gid Alston, of Airie, visited in our burg last week.

ROUTE 5 ITEMS

Messrs. Bonnie Hudson, Wilner Heuay and Frank Newson attended the dance near Airie Wednesday night.

Mr. John Roy Williams, of Oxford, spent from Saturday until Wednesday in the home of Mr. Ollie Heuay.

Mrs. India Brown is visiting her sister Mrs. Richard Madden.

Messrs. Wilner Heuay and Frank Newson attended the party Saturday night over at Miss Lady Mae Shearman's.

Mrs. Lucy Heuay is visiting her daughter in Macon, Mrs. R. W. Lancaster.

Miss Katie Warren is spending a few days with Mrs. Claude Warren.

Mr. John Roy Williams and Miss Eva Heuay visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lancaster Monday.

Mrs. Robert Pillman and children, of Grove Hill, spent Tuesday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Warren.

Messrs. Wilner Heuay, John Roy Williams and Miss Eva Heuay called on Miss Hattie Warren Tuesday night and reported having a grand time playing rook.

RED ROSE.

AFTON PUPILS COMPETING FOR THRIFT POSTER PRIZE

Miss Mabel L. Robertson, of the Afton school, expects that about eight of her pupils will take part in the prize poster contest now underway in this state and in the Fifth Federal Reserve District, according to advice just sent by her to the district War Loan Organization, at Richmond, Va.

Many different children are already at work on designs for their posters. Under the rules of the contest all the posters must be original and must emphasize the thrift idea. The posters must be completed and in the hands of the teachers not later than March 31. Printed rules have been sent to the schools, but additional copies will be mailed by the War Loan Organization to anyone wishing them.

Numerous entries are being made in other parts of the State, according to a statement from the War Loan Organization. Pupils in both public and private schools are competing, only colleges, normal and industrial schools being barred. Children in this state will also have a chance to win the two district grand prizes of ten dollars each offered in addition to the six state prizes.

NORTH CAROLINA WINS CONTEST OVER VIRGINIA

North Carolina won in the recent savings contest waged with Virginia, according to figures just announced. The contest was between the school supervisors of the two states. In all 177 new savings societies were organized. North Carolina was to organize two for every five organized by Virginia.

The supervisors of the Old North State turned in a total of 67 as against 110 in Virginia, North Carolina, therefore winning by a margin of about 30 per cent. The best record here was made by Miss Blanche Holt of Edenton, who reported 30 new savings societies.

In a similar contest North Carolina won from South Carolina earlier in the year. The North Carolina-Virginia contest was badly handicapped by the influenza epidemic which made necessary the closing of a number of schools. But for this it is believed that the total would have been much larger.

IN LOVING MEMORY

In sad but loving remembrance of little Master Eddie Perry James, who departed this life February 22, at 9 o'clock, a. m., 1920:
Good-bye little Eddie; you are gone
But not forgotten.

Fresh my love will ever be,
For as long as there is life and memory

I will always think of thee;
It was so hard to have you die,

But I hope some day to meet you,
Some sweet day, bye and bye.

When the angels brought the message
That our Loved One had to go,
None but those who have lost loved ones

Can our grief and sorrow know;
Oh, how hard we tried to save you,
Prayers and tears were all in vain;

Happy angels came and took you
From this world of toil and pain.
And now though the circle is broken
And parting thought fills us with pain,

We hold as a glorious token
The bright hope of meeting again.
Sleep on, little loved one, take thy Rest,
I loved thee, but God loved thee best.

KATTIE ROOKER.

CRICKET FIGHTING IN CHINA POPULAR WITH U. S. MARINES

San Francisco, March 10.—Cricket fighting is a very popular sport in China, according to U. S. Marines who just returned here from a tour of duty in the Orient.
"The most celebrated cricket fights are those at Fa-to, near Canton," says one of these sea-soldiers. "A number of sheds are provided, made of matting, and are divided up into compartments. Each compartment contains a table with a vessel standing on it in which the encounters take place.
"Big contests are waged, the attendance is large and betting is heavy. Final results are posted conspicuously. Crickets are matched according to weight and color.

"When a cricket with a long record of victories dies its owners put it in a tiny coffin and buries it, believing that funeral honors will assure him good luck in finding good fighting crickets."
RED ROSE.

MR. GRAHAM GIVES VIEWS

Heavy Penalties Should Be Imposed For Failure To List Intangible Property

VALUES AT PRESENT TIME ARE FICTITIOUS

If Lands Are Increased So With All Corporation and Railroad Property; Inflation Will Exist Until War Pledges Redeemed.

Editor Record:
Your Associate Editor's articles and the extracts from Carter's Weekly deserve and receive high considerations. All the people of Warren want is a fair deal. I believe our assessors are trying to do their sworn duty. It is an undisputed fact that land values as well as other values in Warren and in the State were far below their true value.

About eight years ago one of our tax assessors stated to me that they had raised the price of a piece of land that I had to \$10.00 an acre. I told him that I had no right to complain, that I had paid \$20 an acre for it.

Now, on account of the depreciation in the value of the dollar, and the high price of cotton, corn and tobacco, attributable to the same cause, property has a fictitious value, and this fictitious value will continue for several years until the Government reduces on a large scale its outstanding indebtedness.

Now the expenses of our State have to be met. The people are demanding larger expenditures than those in vogue before the world war, for our colleges, our public schools, for the protection of our health, for agricultural development, for the care of our Insane, Blind, Deaf and Feeble-minded. Now, how can these increased expenditures be met without increased taxation. We are about at the Constitutional limit of taxation. A true value of our property is just. The scale of taxation on a fair valuation can and must be reduced. So much can be said for revaluation.

But, if the farmers' land is trebled or quadrupled in value, so must all other property. All the real property in our towns and villages, all the property of corporations, all the railroads in the State Heavy penalties should be imposed for failure to list solvent credits and intangible property of every kind. And right here I would that Income and Inheritance taxes should be levied and collected and that regardless of the recent decision, five to four, akin to the previous infamous decision of five to four in reference to the National Income tax when first proposed by Congress and necessitating a Constitutional Amendment.

Our North Carolina Legislature should enact a law forbidding the payment of profits by corporations in stock of the corporation instead of money and test the same in the Federal Court.

Truly yours,
JOHN GRAHAM.

All Ready For Him

At a political meeting held in a provincial town in England a crowded audience had assembled to support a Parliamentary candidate. During the speech of the candidate a man put his head in at the door and shouted in a stentorian voice, "Can anyone here sell me six pennyworth of sense?"

The speaker halted, evidently quite dumfounded; but the chairman of the meeting immediately silenced the intruder by retorting, "Yes, but you have nothing to put it in."—Youth's Companion.

Chautauqua Or Circus

The manager was strolling about the big Chautauqua tent, which had just been set up in a small Missouri town, and the boys were laying the plank seats, when the whir of engines was heard, and two automobiles appeared, racing furiously toward the Chautauqua grounds. They stopped side by side in the dust and smoke of heavily set brakes, and the drivers leaped from their seats and ran at top speed toward the astonished Chautauqua manager.

"I'm a butcher!" gasped the first.
"I'm a butcher!" cried the second.
Then both together they shouted, "I want the contract to furnish meat for the animals!"—Youth's Companion