

A Colyum Of Thoughts From Here There, Yonder

(By W. BRODIE JONES)

Daily one comes in contact with the philosophy of deferred happiness. "Oh, yes," one will say, "I am after money today, happiness will come then and I will truly live."

What an erroneous doctrine! The path of history is replete with its folly; that happiness is a product of wealth, that joy and contentment are the reward of material possession is a delusion and a mirage proven by daily experience.

Live from day to day to find the ideal of existence, nor does this imply living from hand to mouth, but yesterday is in the lap of Time, Tomorrow in the atmosphere of promise and only today opens a road of new vistas, a new period of life, free and untrammelled, upon which you may go forth and conquer.

And that is a day's task, not to be dimmed by the shadow of yesterday nor beclouded by the uncertainty of tomorrow.

Live well today, for the present is alone the hour of accomplishment.

"Three facts are essential for community improvement—facts, funds, and team play."

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—Francis Bacon.

F. M.—"I am going to send an invitation, by heck."

L. W.—"Oh, no. I'd send it by Uncle Sam."—Ex.

Every good and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. Nothing great was ever accomplished without it.—Emerson.

"The world generally gives its admiration not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what the multitudes do well."—Macaulay.

Not Well Versed

S. S. to Mr. B. on history of music class—"Was Hans Sachs a baritone?"

Mr. B.—"No, he was a German."—The Carolinian.

Flowery Beds of Ease.

Mrs. Hall—"Tennyson wrote very realistic descriptions; for example, in his 'Break, Break, Break,' he makes us feel just as he did when he sat on the ocean."—Clipping.

"Truth, indeed, is single, but opinions are infinitely various."

And so upon this wise I prayed—

Great Spirits, give to me

A heaven not so large as yours,

But large enough for me.

—Emily Dickinson.

M. L.—"Is that your new coat?"

M. W.—"Oh, no, it belongs to a girl across the hall."

M. L.—"Permissible borrowing, eh?"

M. W.—"Why, no. I asked her if I might wear it."—Selected.

Judge not; the workings of his heart

And of his brain thou canst not see.

What seems in thy dull eyes a stain,

In God's pure light may be a scar

Brought from some well-won field,

Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

—Anonymous.

Jesse Lee, the founder of Methodism

in New England, riding between Boston

and Lynn, was joined by two young

lawyers. Recognizing, by his garb,

that he was a Methodist circuit-riding,

they began a jocose and scoffing

conversation with him. One of them

said: "Do you not often make mistakes,

preaching without notes?"

"Yes, I do, I suppose." "What do you

do in such cases; let them go?" "If

they are important, I correct them,

if not I let them pass. If, for instance,

in quoting the text, 'The Devil is a

liar,' I should say the devil is a lawyer,

WHAT COIN DO YOU EARN?

Is The Game You Are Daily
Playing Worth Its Cost
To You and Yours?

THE FOLLY OF EXPECT-
ING JOY FROM WEALTH

What Men Who Have Made Fortunes
Have To Say and Life's
Experiences Gathered From
Source.

(By B. C. Forbes)

How much do you earn? The answer to that question is usually given in dollars. But I don't mean how much money, as money of itself is dross, inert, useless. Money is only a means to an end—happiness, health, service, etc.

How much happiness do you earn—for others and yourself? How much enjoyment does your job yield you—and yield others? How much service do you put into the world and what dividends do you draw for it? Do you make your life worth while for yourself and others?

How many men I know who are earning dollars aplenty, but who are really earning little of what counts! They are so overwhelmingly engrossed in business that they get nothing from their dollars. Their life pays neither them nor any one else dividends of the right kind. The juggernaut of dollar-making has crushed out of them every capacity for genuine enjoyment, every grace, every unselfish sentiment and instinct.

I asked a triple-expansion, busiest of the busy financiers what possible pleasure he got out of his life. He is on the summery side of fifty, has been signally "successfully," is known all over America and not unknown abroad. He replied:

"I hope to be able to quit in a few years."

"There is nothing in this sort of life." He waved his hand across his desk, littered with letters, statements, statistics, and pointed toward the small army of secretaries and under secretaries he keeps busy.

"The game is not worth the candle—after you have 'got there' and have all the money you can need."

Do you remember—I often do—that telephone wire that was trailed after Edward H. Harriman, through the Californian woods, whether he went in search of rest, not long before he died? And do you recall that pathetic picture of the buzzing-buzzing telephone above his pillow as he lay on his deathbed sinking toward the end? And do you recollect how he pleaded, almost like a child, with the photographers not to print pictures they snapped of him as he collapsed on the pier when he returned from his futile trip to Europe?

It was all so ghastly, so inhuman. And, irony of irony, when he passed away, not a ripple spread over the financial sea! Everything was as if he had never been. The unhappy man literally starved himself to death, did not give his body or mind a chance to live.

The more one sees of grand-scale money-making the less respect one has for those who let it devour them. How impotent is it all! How barren! How unsatisfying!

The dollar has been the yardstick of American life heretofore. Is it to be discarded? Is it being discarded even now? Has it been found wanting by those who cherished it most? Is there a turning away from sordid, sterile dollar-making-at-any-price? Are some of our millionaires and multi-millionaires trying to rise to more worthwhile things? Are they disposed to pull their feet out of the lucre-trough and devote some of their time and talents to living?

It may be that I have a streak of the idealist, the dreamer, the seer of visions. But I certainly believe that in the highest financial circles—among men of multiplied millions—there is now traceable symptoms of regeneration, of turning away from the mad chase after Mammon, of a realization that it availeth a man nothing if he gains millions and loses all that life possesses.

Measured by life's real standards, by the things that count, many of our up-to-the-neck, twenty-four hours-a-day slaves to business, earn precious little in a year.

They earn money, of course, but

(Continued on Fourth Page)

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Number 46

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

AMERICA'S GREATEST CHAUTAUQUA SYSTEM



Lectures!

Vigorous, convincing speakers—with vital, worth-while, entertaining messages which make you think. Your



COMMUNITY CHAUTAUQUA

presents the foremost scientists, travelers, authors, orators—men who know—men who bring to us in an interesting way

Inspiration and Education

Albert Edward Wiggam—

noted publicist and newspaper man, presents one of his great lectures, "Forty Kinds of Fools" or "How Eli Got There,"—humorous and thoughtful discourses on a subject which will be of interest to all.

Dr. J. W. Skinner—

authority on South America, offers his interesting illustrated lecture, "The Romance of South American Enterprise,"—an evening devoted to the wonder-story of a continent twice the size of Europe.

Denton C. Crowl—

The Second Sam Jones, with a great forceful message—entertaining and instructive—radiating Americanism and truth. One of the greatest lecturers on the Chautauqua platform today.

Walter Kirkland Greene—

noted southern orator and educator, in an inspiring lecture, "The Greater Pyramid."

BUY YOUR SEASON TICKETS TODAY!

Mrs. Howard F. Jones Hostess

Mrs. Howard F. Jones was this morning from ten to twelve hostess at a bridge party in honor of Miss Elizabeth Hunter, bride-to-be. The parlor of her home on Sunshine Heights was lovely in its decoration of crimson rambler and the friends present enjoyed an interesting social period.

Delicious refreshments consisting of cheese balls, fruit salad, sliced tongue, hot biscuit and iced tea were daintily and attractively served by Misses Mary Burwell and Ella Brodie Jones. The highest score was made by Miss Marie Stark, of Oxford, and the bride's prize was awarded Miss Hunter by the hostess with a few well-chosen words. The guests reluctantly departed at the noon hour with many expressions of a pleasant occasion.

Mistakes and Come-backs.

When the plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it's just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes a law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake—good night.—Credited to The Country Press.

E. L. GREEN THANKS VOTERS

To the Citizens of Warren county:

I take this method of thanking the citizens of Warren county for the support given me for sheriff—although defeated I consider it a victory for me.

I entered this campaign without any organization: I fought my fight single handed. I received a nice majority in Warren, Six Pound and Fishing Creek townships which alone makes me feel appreciative. I am grateful to the other townships which kindly felt disposed to give me a share of their votes.

I am, as usual, ever ready to give the citizens of Warren county whatever protection it is in my power to extend.

Cordially yours,

E. L. GREEN.

Warrenton Loses Game to Norlina

The Warrenton Sons of Promise sadly out of practice and with drug store kinks in their joints lost by a core of 9 to 10 in a loosely played game to the county aggregation representing Norlina yesterday afternoon.

The Norlina team connected with the horsehide as offered by Bennett and coupled with some wild throws by the Warrenton crowd camped on the big end of a five to nothing score which could not be overcome. A seventh inning rally by Warrenton, ably backed from the sidelines by a bevy of charming and interested supporters, almost turned the tide and brought the score to a close margin.

Lynch for Norlina pitched a good game. The Warrenton team had no member to shine in a stellar role. The line up for Warrenton follows: Moore, c; Bennett and Coleman, p; Falkner, 1b; Booth, 2b; Boyd, E. W. Jones, ss; Macon, lf; Bennett, rf.

The next game is scheduled for Saturday afternoon against the Warren Plains aggregation.

A Shower in Honor of Miss Elizabeth Hunter

The home of Mrs. Adele Jones, elaborately and artistically decorated in Dorothy Perkins roses, was last Thursday afternoon the scene of an enjoyable shower and bridge party in honor of Miss Elizabeth Hunter, Warrenton's coming bride.

Hidden beneath a mass of roses was a table covered with shower gifts each of which the happy bride-to-be received with expressed thanks. The highest score in the interesting bridge contest was made by Miss Lucy Burwell. Delicious neapolitan cream and cake were served and much enjoyed.

Those present and playing were: Mrs. C. C. Hunter, Miss Rowe Jones, hospitable hostess, Misses Jennie Jeffress, Louise Allen, Lucy and Edith Burwell, Janet Hall, Josie and Belle Dameron, Susie Hill, Kate White Williams and Mamie Williams, Mesdames J. G. Ellis, M. C. McGuire, J. B. Boyce, J. W. H. Dameron, E. W. Baxter, and Mrs. Adele Jones.

WASHRAGS AND DOLLS MIXED

Atlanta Ga. June 5.—General conscription seized members of the Junior Red Cross of the Mooresville, N. C., chapter recently when it was discovered an error of billing had resulted in a switch in two shipments sent out by the Juniors—one to Europe and one to the government hospital for tubercular soldiers at Oteen, N. C.

In the shipment prepared for Europe were fifty rag dolls made by the boys and girls of the Mooresville chapter for their little friends across the sea, the kiddies of France and Belgium. In the shipment intended for Oteen were 252 washrags made by the Juniors for use in the hospital.

When it was learned that the dolls had gone to Oteen and the washrags were en route for the other side, the secretary of the Mooresville chapter immediately sat down and wrote an apologetic letter to the Red Cross director at the hospital, expressing keen regret for the error and requesting the return of the dolls.

This was the answer she got: "Return those dolls? Not for all the washrags in the world! In the first place, I couldn't if I would, for there's not a man of these 700 soldier-patients that wouldn't fight me to the death if I tried to take away his doll. And in the second place, I wouldn't if I could, for of all the things the Red Cross has distributed at Oteen, nothing has been such a regular hit as those fifty rag dolls. The boys are crazier about 'em than a kid over his first Christmas, and if you've got any more, for heaven's sake, send 'em!"

The secretary of the Mooresville chapter is contenting herself now with the fond hope that the washrags will make as big a hit in Belgium as the dolls did at Oteen.

Dr. S. L. Bobbitt Does Good Work

Dr. S. L. Bobbitt, dental inspector of the State Board of Health, who is conducting a two months campaign in Warren to correct all remediable teeth defects of school children between the ages of eight and twelve inclusive, completed a successful week's work last Saturday at Norlina.

The reports shows that Dr. Bobbitt examined 58 children, treated 55 and found three who did not need anything. Fifty teeth were extracted, twenty-nine children's teeth were cleaned, ninety one cavities were filled, and eighteen other treatments were made. Thirteen were referred to private dentists for further treatment. The total cost from dental offices amounted to \$336.50.

Appointments of Dr. Bobbitt will be announced as they are made available and it is being urged by the county and State that all children be shown the advantage of this treatment and urged by their parents to accept the opportunity which is free at this time to all Warren children between eight and twelve.

PRIMARY VOTE JUNE 5TH, 1920

Register of Deeds
J. A. DOWDIN 714
S. M. GARDNER 618

Sheriff
R. E. DAVIS 853
E. L. GREEN 447

County Commissioners
C. C. HUNTER 1108
WALTER ALLEN 980
J. M. BURROUGHS 978
J. H. MYRICK 962
JOHN POWELL 791

For Governor
W. J. PINNELL 713
H. C. FLEMING 690

For Senator
O. MAX GARDNER 541
CAMERON MORRISON 485
ROBERT N. PAGE 315

For Senator 16th District
(Vance and Warren)
R. S. MCCOIN 606
C. F. TANKERSLEY 300

Demonstration Work
FOR DEMONSTRATION 344
AGAINST DEM. WORK 740

Candidates for other County offices not having opposition were not voted for in the Primary.

The above is the official vote. We hope to give the vote by precincts in Friday's issue, but cannot do so until the official vote is filed by the Election Board.

WHO HELPS MIDDLE CLASS

Labor Organized and Protected
Through Organization
And Cooperation

MIDDLE CLASS CATCH IT
FROM BOTH OF OTHER TWO

Writer Thinks Public Should Be
Protected and Organization To
Fight Other Organizations Is
Practical.

In all the strife of the last three or four years, in all the schemes for benefit of particular classes, who has heard of anything being done for the great middle class, from which have come the greatest thinkers, statesmen, captains of industry, educators and others who have done constructive work for America from the Declaration of Independence down to the present day?

It seems that labor is represented by a lobby at Washington, Capital is represented by its spokesmen, women's suffrage is represented by its advocates, other interests are represented by their respective, if not respectful, adherents and all of them have given vociferous expressions to their views which would have drowned out the protest of the middle class against conditions, even if such a protest had been made.

Buffeted from pillar to post by the high cost of living, slapped on one cheek by the profiteer and on the other by the workiteer, they have silently borne their burdens, bought their share of Liberty Bonds, sent their sons to the firing line, their daughters to the Red Cross hospitals, and uncomplaining performed their duty as they conceived it, because they believed that "duty is still the sublimest word in the English language, the same it was half a century ago when the sentiment was voiced by the South's gentlemanly leader of her lost cause."

This great class knows that the time is out of joint, that the present turmoil is the aftermath of every great war, but they have not lost their sense of mental and moral proportions even if in their finances they are ground down by the economic situation.

With intellectual capacity and moral perspective of the highest order, with a latent ability for organization not yet expressed, all they need is organization and a leader.

Capital has had its heyday; labor has had its holiday. They have both drunk the cup of prosperity to the dregs; let the middle class see to it that the cup is not refilled at the expense of further suffering on their part. The great American middle class does not believe in Socialism, Communism, Bolshevism, Syndicalism, or any other "ism." All that they sincerely believe in is good, old-fashioned American Democracy, carried out in the spirit of that famous and uncompromising advocate of true Democracy who voiced the sentiment: "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

It is high time that every class, including labor and capital, should realize that no other foundation can a sound democracy exist.—Merchants' Journal and Commerce.

LOCAL MENTION

We are pleased to welcome to Warren Miss Freda L. Hinnah, as County Health nurse under auspices of the Red Cross and State Board of Health. She will inform the public of her plans within a few days.

Miss Lucile Windette, of the Community Chautauqua has arrived and will remain thru the opening date.

Mrs. G. H. Macon and children are spending the month of June in Marion and Murrell Beach, S. C.

Mr. John H. Fleming paid our office a pleasant call this week on business.

Mr. W. G. Powell, of Trenton, is a pleasant visitor here.

Mr. John G. Ellis is attending the bankers convention in Rocky Mount.

Mr. John Nicholson was in town this week.

Saved

"We tried to buy some rope to hang a profiteer."

"Well?"

"But the dealer wanted too much for it."—Philadelphia Reformed Church Messenger.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DAY
At Jerusalem church next Sunday
at 3:30 p. m.
C. R. PERKINSON, Supt.