

# A Colony of Thoughts From Here There, Yonder

(By W. BRODIE JONES)

"Character is the sum total of one's daily thoughts," says Arnold Bennett. The power which shapes your destiny is the product of a daily conception of life.

There enters every habit and the result of every moment which writes its verdict and "having writ moves on nor all your piety or wit can call it back or change one line of it."

It is thus apparently important to look well to this moment; to realize that life is a succession of little things and that it is the state of mind which regards these daily forces that determine the ultimate value of your existence as well as its happiness day by day.

It is one's opportunity to constantly build character, to be the architect of that grandest structure "an honest man—the noblest work of God."

Day by day you build. Look well to the substance of your thought that it may be said of you—"he wrought well!"

We noticed in the papers the styles and prices for men's suits and we smiled—only smiled and nothing more—Sing Sing Bulletin.

"Though hand be firm and Pencil Point be fine, A Crooked Ruler means a crooked Line."

Life is too long when filled with idleness; too short when packed with business; but too happy to be judged in terms of time when spent in service.—Youth's Companion.

**Sign of a Superior Hat.**  
"Choose the hat that is most becoming to you," says a fashion hint. Why not: "Choose the hat that will make your husband maddest when he gets the bill."—Syracuse Herald.

**Precocious Lamp**  
Kid—"How old is that lamp, ma?"  
Ma—"Oh, about three years."  
Kid—"Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."—Philadelphia Watchman-Examiner.

**Touching Modesty**  
"You are sure you won't be nervous at the altar?" said he before the wedding.  
"I never have been yet," replied the widow, with touching modesty.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

**Lucid**  
A recent blizzard in Boston resulted in the following situation described in a Boston paper: A clerk who had to commute to his work in town, telephoned to his office one morning: "I'm sorry, but I'll not be able to get in town to work this morning; I haven't reached home last night, yet!"

**His Favorite Parable**  
Parson—"Do you know the parables, my child?"  
Johnnie—"Yes, sir."  
Parson—"And which of the parables do you like best?"  
Johnnie—"I like the one where somebody loafs and fishes."—Philadelphia Record.

**Soldiers Unafraid**  
Corporal Johnsons squad was advancing under a hail of machine-gun bullets, with shrapnel and high explosives bursting all around. "Hey, there, Sam," called one of the doughboys to his neighbor, "scare me, will you; I've got the hiccups."—The American Legion Weekly.

**Why Mention It?**  
Mary Ellen, "oop fro' the country," got into an omnibus. Presently the conductor said affably: "Your fare, miss." The girl blushed. The conductor repeated, "Your fare, miss," and the girl blushed more deeply. By this time the conductor began to look foolish. After a pause, he again repeated: "Miss, your fare." "Well," said the girl, "they do say I'm good-looking at home, but I don't see why you want to say it out loud."—Current Opinion.

**The "Coo's" and the Pump**  
A Scottish farmer one day called to a farm-hand:  
"Here, Tam, gang roon and gie the coos a cabbage each, but min' ye gie the biggest to the coo that gies the maist milk."  
The boy departed to do his bidding, and on his return the farmer asked if he had done as he was told.  
"Aye, maister," replied the lad. "I gied 'em a cabbage each, and hung the biggest een on th pump handle."—Current Opinion.

# The Warren Record

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

## NO DANGER FROM LOCUST

**Insect Which Alarmed Some People of County Declared To Be Harmless**

**CICADA BROODS DUE IN TWELVE N. C. COUNTIES**

**Noisy Insects Miscalled "Seventeen Year Locust" Not Expected To Do Much Damage Reports State Entomologist.**

The following letters and the clipping from the Agricultural Bulletin form interesting reading—Editor.

Arcola, N. C. June 10, 1920.

Mr. W. Brodie Jones, Editor Warrenton, N. C.

Dear Sir,  
As you probably know, this is a "locust" year, and the Periodical Cicada is appearing in considering numbers in some localities. There is quite a widespread belief that this insect lays its eggs on fruits of various kinds, especially blackberries, rendering them unfit for food, and there is a good deal of uneasiness on that account. To get the real facts, I wrote to our State Entomologist. I am sending you the reply I received and the article mentioned. I would be glad for you to publish both in your paper, as I think it might correct this erroneous belief.

Yours truly,  
RICHARD B. HUNTER.

Raleigh, N. C., June 4th, 1920

Mr. Richard B. Hunter Arcola, N. C.

My dear Sir:—  
In the absence of Mr. Sherman from this office, I beg to reply to your enquiry of the 2nd in regard to the Periodical Cicada.

This insect seldom does any marked injury to trees. It does but little feeding and confines its injury therefore very largely to the habit of the females in the laying of their eggs in the young twigs of orchard trees. It does not deposit its eggs on fruits or blackberries. I am enclosing an article recently prepared by Mr. Sherman on the Periodical Cicada, which you may use for publication in your county paper, if you wish.

Very truly yours,  
R. W. LEIBY,  
Assistant Entomologist.

The historic insect which bears the misleading name of "seventeen-year locust" is due to appear in certain counties of the State this year. They appear during the latter part of May or in June and remain only a few weeks. They may appear in only a few restricted localities. Thus, the records show that it is due in "Wake County" this year, and it has already appeared at Newhill in the lower part of the county, but has not been reported from other localities.

The insects which are due this year are what is known as the "13-year race," that is, it takes 13 years from the time of a swarm appears until its immediate offspring appears as another swarm. Their immediate parents were due to have been in the same localities in 1907, and their offsprings will be due again in 1923, 1946, and each 13 years thereafter.

Another "race" of the same insects develops in 17 years, and as there are several distinct "broods" of each race the actual appearances come at regular intervals, but always, if you date back, you will find that in any locality where it is present, it was also present either 13 years or 17 years before. And at the time of any swarm you can predict with reasonable certainty that it will reappear either 13 years or 17 years later—no matter what other broods may appear in the meantime.

**Noise Maker of the Species**  
They are noisy insects, like the ordinary "dry-flies," to which they are closely related. But all the noise is made by the males. They do some damage by slitting twigs to lay their eggs, but this is naturally done only by the females. In this State we have never known the damage to be serious nor lasting, and no remedies are recommended as they would not be worth the cost.

The insects are due this year in the following counties: Caldwell, Cherokee, Clay, Graham, Haywood, Iredell,

Macon, Madison, Mecklenburg, Swain, Wake, and Wilkes.

Interested citizens are requested to report all appearances of this "17-year locust" to Franklin Sherman, Entomologist, State Department of Agriculture, Raleigh, N. C. It is especially desirable to know if it appears in counties which are not named in the above list, as it is only by the accumulation of full and accurate records that entomologists may keep "history straight" on this interesting insect.

## PLAYING THE GAME -- THE WAY TO WIN

Business is as much a game as golf or baseball or football.

Life itself is aptly likened to a game.

To win, to earn and enjoy the fruits of victory, you must play fair. A cup or medal or other trophy is not the real prize the victor receives; the real prize, the real reward, is the satisfaction derived from superior, worthy achievement.

Wealth is not the real prize of life, it is only a trophy, a symbol, and may carry with it no satisfaction; indeed it does not carry with it genuine, lasting satisfaction, unless it has been won fairly, honestly, honorably.

The more I see of rich men and the closer my insight into the workings of their minds and hearts, the more strongly convinced do I become that great wealth is no passport to happiness nor proof of true success.

It is an old truth, but it needs preaching every sunrise, so many do not know it, or, knowing it, do not heed it. If they could only be made to understand, if they could only see things in their true colors, if they could only peer into the hearts of many millionaires, they would order their lives more rationally and enjoy life more thoroughly.

To win out you must play the game every time.

"Look at So-and-So; he has everything he wants, yet everybody knows that he made his money by shady practices," you may reply.

Don't fool yourself that So-and-So has everything he wants. Do you imagine that he doesn't know how you and other people regard him? And do not think for a moment that he enjoys being looked at askance, or that he wouldn't exchange most of his ill-gotten gains to stand high with you and other people—and to stand high with himself.

There have been wholesale efforts to reap more than has been sown, to get more than has been earned to tilt the scales unduly.

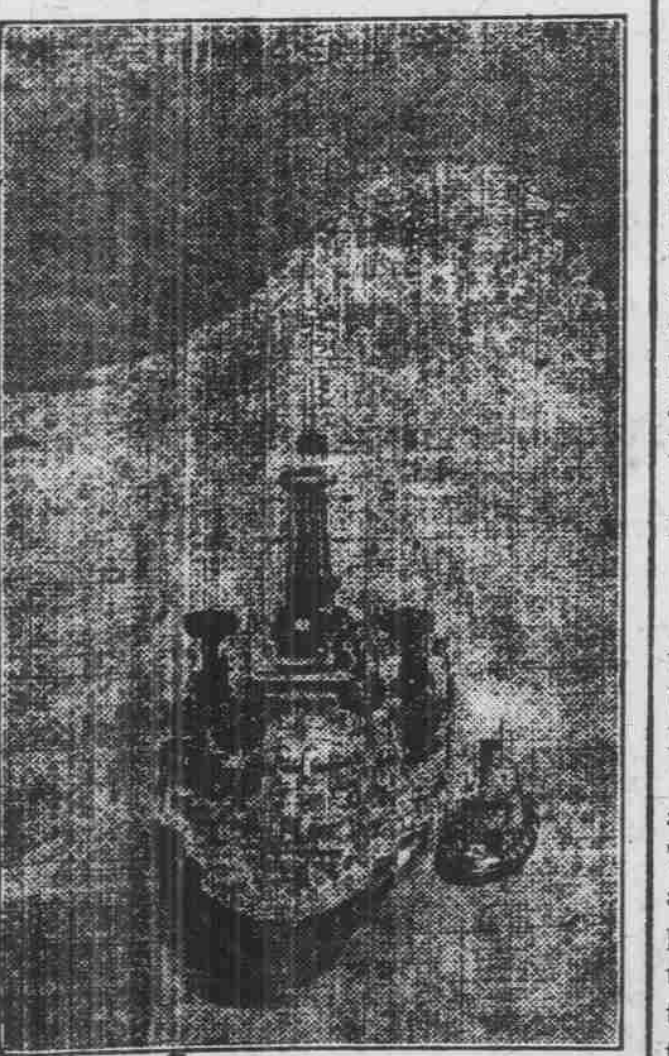
Sooner or later the profiteers and labor slackers will get their just reward.

The call is for the fellows who can be depended upon, under any and all circumstances, to play the game.

The things that count are the things that last. Playing the game lasts.

—B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine

### NEARING CULEBRA CUT.



One of Uncle Sam's battle-wagons going through the Panama Canal. This view was taken near Culebra Cut from a Navy seaplane.

The little tug hardly looks large enough to chaperon a battleship, does it? But then the tug is a part of the U. S. Navy too.

Size isn't always the most important thing. The men of the Navy have learned that brains amount to a great deal more.

### MICKIE SAYS



JUST LIKE A LETTER FROM HOME THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY MICKIE

### THE COUNTRY WEEKLY

I am the Country Weekly.

I am the friend of the family, the bringer of tidings from other friends; I speak to the home in the evening light of summer's vine-clad porch or the glow of winter's lamp.

I help to make this evening hour; I record the great and the small, the varied acts of the days and weeks that go to make up life.

I am for and of the home; I follow those who leave humble beginnings; whether they go to greatness or to the gutter, I take to them the thrill of days, with wholesome messages.

I speak the language of the common man; my words are fitted to his understanding. My congregation is larger than that of any church in my town; my readers are more than those in the school. Young and old alike find in me the stimulation, instruction, entertainment, inspiration, solace, comfort. I am the chronicle of birth, and love and death—the three great facts of men's existence.

I bring together buyer and seller, to the benefit of both; I am part of the market-place of the world. Into the home I carry word of the goods which feed and clothe, and shelter, and which minister to comfort, ease, health and happiness.

I am the word of the week, the history of the year, the record of my community in the archives of state and nation.

I am the exponent of the lives of my readers.

I am the Country Weekly.—Adams.

It was Arthur's first visit to the zoo.

"What did you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Frank after the return home.

"Seem to me," said the boy, thoughtfully, "that the kangaroo and the elephant ought to trade tails."—The Truth Seeker.

Being proud and powerful, Hayti disregards all the danger-signals flying from the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington and announces its adherence to the covenant of the League of Nations, confident that in well-disposed world society it will be able to hold its own. A weak and timid country like the United States has to depend upon its Lodges and Johnsons to keep it out of trouble.—New York World.

### DR. BOBBITT CONDUCTS SUCCESSFUL CLINIC AT WISE

A very successful free dental clinic was conducted at Wise June 7 to 10th by Dr. S. L. Bobbitt for the State Board of Health.

Forty one children between the ages of six and twelve were examined. Two needed nothing done. Eighty amalgam and four cement fillings were put in. Fourteen permanent and thirty-five temporary teeth were extracted and twenty-two children had their teeth cleaned.

In dollars and cents the work was worth \$272 to the community. It will prove, however, to be worth much more than that in improved physical condition of our school children.

This, our first free clinic, was much appreciated by both parents and children. Dr. Bobbitt did his work quickly and efficiently, and his pleasing personality won him many friends. He will be at Macon this week.

### KITCHEN SHOWER IN HONOR MISS HUNTER

Misses Louise Allen and Jennie Jeffress were charming hostesses last Friday afternoon at five o'clock in the home of Mrs. E. S. Allen at a kitchen shower in honor of Miss Elizabeth Hunter who tomorrow becomes the bride of Mr. Ray Wesson, of Swan Quarter.

The hall was decorated in roses merging into the lovely sweetpea decorations of the parlor and forming an artistic setting for the interested game of Rook which followed the arrival of the guests.

The accompanying good wishes of each present was read in winsome manner by Miss Jennie Jeffress and received by the bride-to-be with appreciation and thanks.

Delicious ice cream and cake were served as refreshments.

### THELMA ITEMS

Mrs. Jennie Hale, of Roanoke Rapids is spending a few days with Mrs. C. D. House.

Mrs. L. J. House, of Richmond, Va., arrived Sunday to be with Mrs. J. H. House who is on the sick list. It continues to improve.

Miss Mary House left Monday to attend summer school at Asheville, N. C.

Miss Sallie Copeland is spending several days with relatives in Norfolk, Va.

Miss Sue House, who has been teaching music in a girls preparatory school at Kenansville during the past term, is now at home. Her many friends are glad to have her back. She, Mrs. D. E. Isles, and daughter, Estelle motored to Littleton last Monday on business.

Messrs. Hugh and Norman House were at home last Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Scoggin and family, of Warrenton and Miss Olivia Brame, of Macon, spent the day with Mrs. J. A. House last Wednesday.

"Children's Day" will be given in the Thelma Baptist church next Sunday night at 7:30. Public cordially invited.

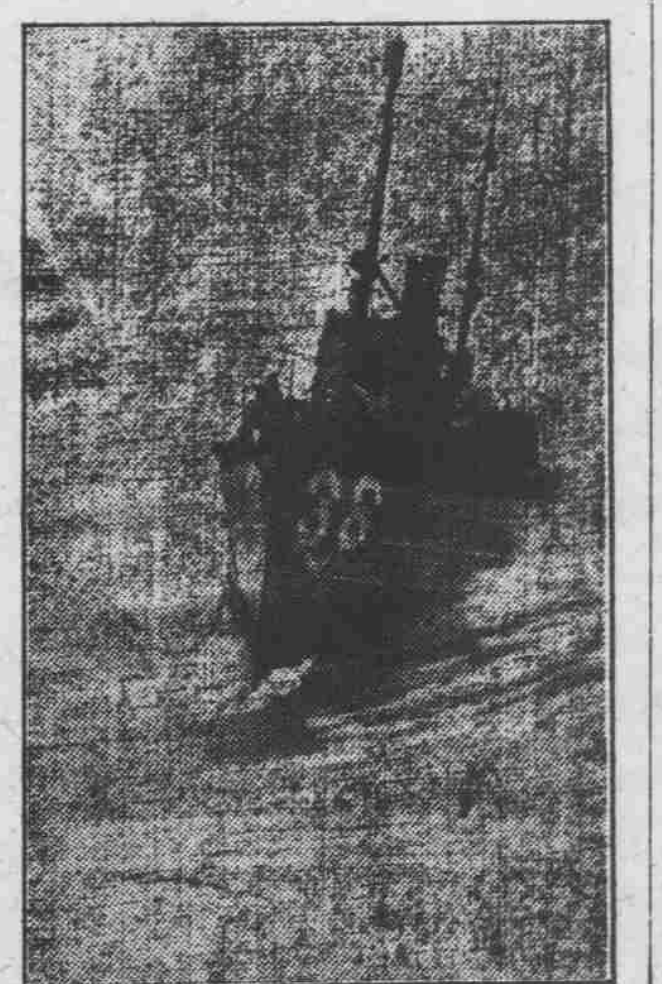
### THE GREAT PROBLEM (By H. G. Wells)

The great problem of mankind is indeed nothing other than a magnification of the little problems of myself is a problem in escape from grooves, from preoccupation and suspicions, precautions and ancient angers, a problem of escape from those spiritual beasts that prowl and claw, to a new generosity and a new breath of view.

For all of us, as for each of us, salvation is that. We have to get away from ourselves to a greater thing, to a giant's desire and an unending life, ours and yet not our own.

If you would be agreeable company respect the wishes and opinions of others—you are not here simply to please yourself.

### Mine Sweeper No. 38.



This little boat was one of the fleet of 59 which cleared the North Sea of 55,000 mines.

The Fleet has just returned to this country and was given a big reception in New York City.

These boats would sometimes be out for as long as twenty-five days in the storms and seas for which the North Sea is noted. The work was declared impossible by other navies, but the United States went ahead and completed this work before the scheduled time.

The U. S. Navy once again did the impossible.

## PUBLIC ENJOY CHAUTAUQUA

**Dr. Albert Wiggam Opens With Splendid Address On "How Eli Got There"**

**LOCAL MANAGER MAKES NUMBERS OF FRIENDS**

**Junior Chautauquans Have Fun In Abundance In Variety Of Games; Thanks To Local Guarantors and Others.**

The Community Chautauqua after four days of entertainment at the academy completes on tomorrow its stay in our city. The crowds which have attended have declared the attractions clean, wholesome, instructive, uplifting and essentially worth while.

The opening performance of Saturday afternoon fortunately was completed before the windstorm which tore the tent from its supports and brought disorder in a mass of canvass, chairs, tent poles and paraphernalia. The damage of the first afternoon, necessitating use of the academy, did not reach the proportion indicated by first view and the faithful tent men and local assistants had the canvass theatre, little the worse for the unavoidable and unforeseen of the yesterday, ready for the second day's attractions.

During the chautauqua Warrenton has had the pleasure of having an efficient, courteous and obliging manager. He has conferred with the guarantors upon all occasions and has in every manner made the local folk feel that he was their humble servant, "yours truly, Jack Tutt."

It would be impossible to give in this issue the extensive account which the program numbers merit. The public, however, has been forcibly struck by the lectures, the peer of which came last evening in Denton C. Crowl's outline of the problems of the day and the need for men who could rise to measures.

It would be an incomplete story should credit not be extended the faithful local workers who have made the chautauqua possible. Of these guarantors special thanks of the public are due Mr. W. A. Connell, Jr., for work upon the academy grounds, to the following members of the ticket committee who worked faithfully to reduce the guarantor's fee to the \$2.50 mark: M. C. McGuire, able exponent of the freedom of speech, and his efficient committee of Mrs. McGuire, Mrs. W. D. Rodgers, Jr., Misses Alice Rooker and Cate Monroe Gardner; to Messrs. Clem Overby, John Daniel, J. K. Pinnell, W. N. Boyd, Mrs. J. E. Rooker, and W. Brodie Jones. Appreciation is also due Treasurer T. B. Gardner for pursuing the even tenor of his way despite the clamor at every ticket-checking period and for safely conducting the money that makes the mare go to crowd which makes the chautauqua show.

Thanks are extended as well to Mr. W. L. Royster for loaning a piano, and to Mr. Raymond Modlin for furniture for the "Fine Feathers" entertainment.

The event has been much enjoyed by all the people and the indications are that tomorrow as the final day will be a gala occasion for music lovers and will close a five-day successful and enjoyable get-together period of social comminglement.

"Twixt now and fall on that vacant spot, in garden or chicken lot, the spuds you raise, if stored away, will help you through that rainy day, on which, for peck or two you'll pay, enough to buy a ton of hay. The late potatoes are the ones the people eat with meat, and buns, from fall to spring, fried, baked and stewed, or mixed and cooked with other food they keep the old world going." So if you would do all you could to save your ribs from showing, put in some spuds and in old duds go out and keep them growing. And old friend Walt, though lean and halt, will wish that he has done it, for in the fall he'll surely stall and probably say "dog gunit." As in his jeans he digs for beans to buy a quart or two, you'll hear him howl and likewise growl, and in the verse he'll do,—you'll find some lines that will rhyme well—because he has no spuds to sell.—WOAL.

Keeping everlastingly at it brings success—it does for others: it will for you.