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PENCIL POINTS

By Bildad

"It's a pity wisdom doesn't grow on a man like whiskers. Even lazy people are perfectly willing to acquire corns in their hands from handling hard cash. When that expedition to Africa succeeds in locating the missing link, it should then go after the lost chord. Our lady friend says she dislikes the dictionary because it spells words so different from what she does. The average school teacher nowadays has to take a vow of poverty before going into her work. The salary is like some of the children—a case of arrested development. If tombstone epitaphs were reliable, Satan would be out of a job. Never judge a man by the silk umbrella he carries—he may have left a cotton one somewhere in his place. The only certainties of life are death, disappointment and taxes. It's a lot easier for a child to inherit red hair than brains. Our friends the Russians seem to be using nails in place of money nowadays, if we are to believe the latest news dispatches. Next thing we'll hear they are carrying nail scissors to cut down expenses. No, sister, not all men who wear boots are bootleggers. Sweet Marie says she has two very good reasons for wearing short skirts. Some men, like mules, do little head work and are always kicking.

Barnyard Philosophy

"Lots o' folks 'ere better off now 'n they ever was," according to Mr. Snarlygrass. "The only trouble is that the better car you own the faster you go, so it takes about the same time for good an' bad to fall to pieces."

Suggestion to Young Men

If contemplating matrimony, before you pop the question, go on a buying expedition with your girl to the grocery store, the shoe store, the hat store and the drug store, then let your conscience and the size of your pay envelope be your guide.

Get Out!

He breezed hopefully into the great man's sanctum. "Have you an opening in your office for an ambitious young man?" he inquired deferentially. "Yes," replied the great man sourly, "through that door—to the outside."

Something After All

The rich girl was haughtily lordling it over the poor girl. "We've got four cars, six horses, a big house, plenty of money and lots of servants," she declared. "What have you people got?" The poor girl, with downcast eyes, studied hard for a moment. "Huh" she snapped. "We got a skunk under our barn."

The Last Journey

Clouds on the nearing hill-crest, rifted with sunset gold, Dim winds the trail behind me, days of my life grown old; Barter and toil and conflict little my spirit heeds, Only the upward pathway that out of the twilight leads.

Into the voiceless evening, over the last divide, Go I, content and quiet, trusting that soon my guide Out of the thickening shadows firmly may clasp my hand, So shall I tread beside Him the trail of the silent land.

"TRAGEDIES"

The man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to the crossing. He Couldn't.

—Columbia State.

The man struck a match to see if the gasoline tank in his auto was empty. It Wasn't.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The man looked down the barrel of his gun to see if it was loaded. It Was.

—Charlotte News.

The man touched an electric wire to see if it was alive. It Was.

—Kodak Park Bulletin.

The man didn't bother to put on safety goggles, because "there wasn't any use."

—Safety News.

The man touched the blades of an open knife switch. "Never Again."

—Insurance Department, Raleigh.

EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

Washington—A Citizens Regional Conference on Education for the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida will be held on Monday, December 13, at the Jefferson Hotel, Columbia, S. C.

The purpose of the conference, which is one of a series of twelve regional conferences on education, called by the Commissioner of Education, is to discuss the most important and pressing needs of education in the states of the conference group from the standpoint of the citizens who own, support and use the schools rather than from that of professional educators.

Governors and chief school officers of the group of conference states, members of legislatures, mayors of cities, members of city councils, women's clubs, civic and patriotic organizations, labor unions, and ministers, lawyers, editors and other publicists, business men, city and county superintendents of schools, members of city and county boards of education, representatives of universities, colleges and normal schools, and men and women interested as citizens in the improvement of schools and the promotion of education have been invited to attend the sessions of the conference.

Set speeches and formal proceedings of any kind will be avoided as far as possible. Although a definite understanding will be reached in advance that certain persons will be prepared to speak, it is not intended to confine the proceedings to those persons. The meetings will be conferences, in reality, and frank and free expressions will be in order.

TO THE BOYS

The following article was written by Vance Hanover, the "Boy Preacher," who won distinction because of the remarkable sermons he preached before he was twelve years old. It was published in the Charlotte Observer.

A word to you, dear pal o'mine! We are boys—you and I together, we stand in the sunny springtime of life's bright beginning. Together, we see the mountain heights that are yet to climb.

We are hanging up pictures on the walls of our memory that we must look upon when we sit in the evening shadows. We are filling the cup of life with either the dregs of despair or the sweet nectar of joy but we must drink it to the last drop some day. We are composing the masterpiece of a life and its music will some day come floating back over the hills-tops of many years to grieve us or to make us glad.

When we are old men, people will be traveling to the stars, I suppose; but no man will ever be able to take us back to the land of childhood days and make us boys again. Men can annihilate distance but no man has ever been smart enough to put a reverse pedal on the swift engine of time. We may cry at sunset: "Turn backward, turn backward, O' time, in thy flight!" but he only answer will be the echo of our wailing cry from the cold cliffs of Time. The grim visage of the past never changes though the face of the present b bathed in many tears.

Lowell said it well: "Life is a leaf of white paperakakt "Leaf is a leaf of paper white Whereon each of us may write His line or two—an then comes night. Greatly begin! Though thou have time

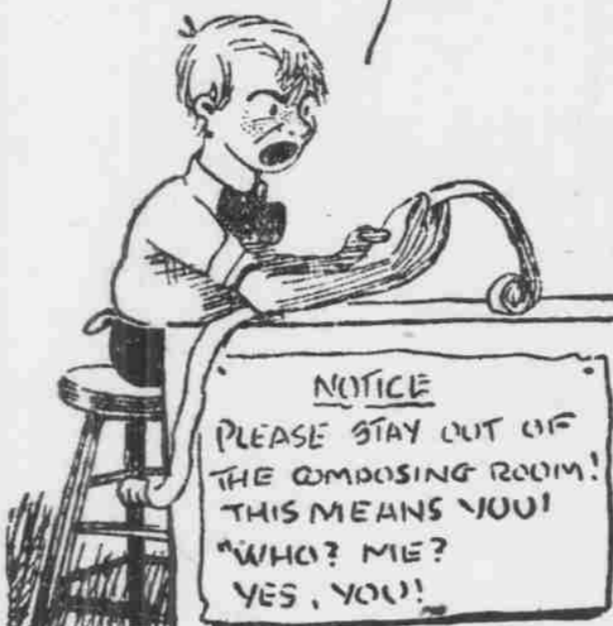
But for a line, be that sublime, Not failure, but low aim is crime!" We stand on the snow-white beach of Opportunity while before us rolls the mighty ocean of fortune Years. As we launch our frail bark on its troubled bosom let us remember: "Its the set of the sail And not the gale That determines the way we go."

Oh, That's Different

Florida Times-Union. "Esther, what did you do with mama's waist,dearie?" "Oo, mama, I frowed it in the waist basket." "In the waste basket—you naughty child." "Yessum." "Papa's waste basket in his study?" "No mama, the waist basket what the wash lady carries the waists home in."

MICKIE SAYS

THEY'S A WHOLE GANG OF SUBSCRIPTIONS COMIN' DUE THIS WEEK AN' A RAFT OF GOOD NAMES IS COMIN' OFF'N 'T' MAILIN' LIST IF SOME OF 'A DONT THINK T' SHOOT US A FEW IRON DOLLARS 'TOOT SWEET', AN' GOSH! WE SURE HATE T' THROW ANYONE OUTA OUR HAPPY FAMILY!



OUT OF GAS

Autumn was in the air and the red and yellow foliage was symbolic of the mellow fall months. Harold Weston had a car. That he was a ribbon clerk had nothing to do with the story. Mabel Neale sat beside him as they cooed and the car purred along a woodland road. That she also was a ribbon clerk has a great deal to do with the story for it explains why she found it easy to wind things around her little finger.

The car began to grumble something about shorter hours and finally joined the union altogether. All efforts to restart the dead engine were futile. Finally Harold inspected the gasoline tank. The cap was lost and all the gas had escaped. It was disconcerting news but Mabel took it philosophically. They sat several minutes in silence. A playful gust of wind whipped a strand of Mabel's hair across his face. It was over quickly with a slight struggle. She indignantly cried "Take me home at once!"

But our hero had other plans. He explained the necessity of waiting there until some car came along, then he pulled a small plush box from an inner pocket. This time there was no struggle. The diamond sat most becomingly upon her hand. A farmer's back-firing truck supplied the necessary gasoline and when they reached her apartment he again took "the full sweet measure of devotion." She stepped from the car. An object slipped from the folds of her dress and rolled across the sidewalk. It was the missing gas cap.—Carolina Tar Baby.

GOVERNOR PLANS AID FOR FARMERS

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 1.—The governor's conference, meeting here, today moved to bring to the attention of Congress acute conditions, threatening "to farmers throughout the country," with the object of securing Federal refunding of farmers' indebtedness for one year.

At the suggestion of Governor Thomas W. Bickett, of North Carolina, a committee of five Governors was appointed to study the situation, described as "tragic" and with the support of the conference to press for remedial legislation.

The conference's action was opposed by Governor Edward I. Edwards, of New Jersey, who said it was "economically wrong" to seek Federal legislation as is contemplated by his colleagues.—News and Observer.

WHILE POLICE LOOK FOR ROBBER'S, POLICE QUARTERS ROBBED OF CURRENCY

High Point, Dec. 1.—The climax to the current series of burglaries which have resulted in local merchants sleeping in their stores to guard their merchandise has been capped—police funds have been stolen from police headquarters while the night force was out in search of burglars. On Monday night when the police headquarters were vacated but for a brief period a police locker was entered and about \$75 in currency taken. The police are baffled, no clue to the identity of the thief having been discovered.—News and Observer.

Mrs. John Cushwa, of Airlie, is visiting relatives and friends in town.

PRAYER OF A SPORTSMAN

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life I ask but a field that is fair, A chance that is equal with all in the strife A courage to strive and to dare; And if I should win, let it be by the code With my faith and my honor held high; And if I should lose, let me stand by the road And cheer as the winners go by!

And Lord, may my shouts be ungrudging and clear, A tribute that comes from the heart, And let me not cherish a snarl or a sneer Or play any sniveling part; Let me say, "There they ride on whom laurel's bestowed Since they played the game better than I,"

Let me stand with a smile by the side of the road And cheer as the winner go by! So grant me to conquer, if conquer I can By proving my worth in the tray; But teach me to lose like a Regular Man

And not like a craven, I pray. Let me take off my hat to the warriors who strode To victory splendid and high, Yea, teach me to stand by the side of the road And cheer as the winners go by!

—Berton Braley, in American Legion.

CHIEF GREEN CAPTURES MURDERER IN SHOCCO

A negro, Devey Kearney by name, living in Shocco Township is charged by the authorities in Richmond with having killed a negro named Williams about 18 months ago near Richmond. Kearney escaped as soon as the murder was committed. Warren county officials were asked to be on the lookout for Kearney.

Wednesday Chief Green arrested Kearney, who denies his guilt. However Richmond officials say they have evidence that will convict him for murder. Kearney was placed in jail here and will be carried to Richmond today to stand trial.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

(L. B. Kneipp)

Good citizenship is the subordination of the common good, the faithful observance of just laws and ordinances, the acceptance of the duties and obligations of citizenship as well as its advantages and its protection, loyalty to one's family, one's city, one's state, and one's Nation.

OLD WAY AND THE MODERN

Carolina Tar Baby. Zerlinda loved a troubador Who carried her off with coach and four.

Crack went the whip, they galloped fast, But Linda's pa caught up at last.

Zerlinda to a convent hid And told her beads and pining—died.

***** Young Jones he wooed a girl with zeal And carried her off in his automobile.

Away they spun and the dust it flew; Her pa got tired in an hour or two.

Went home and killed the fatted calf, And forgave them both by telegraph.

NOTICE FARMERS

We, the undersigned citizens of Warren County, respectfully request the farmers and others interested to appear at the Court House on Saturday December 11th, 2 p. m. for the purpose of taking steps to protect our interests as farmers next year.

With cotton and tobacco selling below the cost of production, and all that we make going to pay others, for cost of making the crop, we feel that some remedy can be applied, and we believe we have that remedy.

J. B. DAVIS
R. E. WILLIAMS,
J. E. FRAZIER,
L. H. HAWKS
TOM C. REAVIS
W. C. CURTIS
W. E. TWITTY,
T. R. STRICKLAND.

Don't fail to pay your annual membership dues to the Red Cross.

MICKIE SAYS

GEE! IT SEEMS LIKE I'M BEATIN' OUTA HERE DELIVERING PRINTIN' A DOZEN TIMES A DAY. IT'S GREAT T' BE WORKIN' IN SUCH A POPULAR SHOP BUT IT'S SURE HARD ON THE HOOPS, IM PROGNOSTICATIN'!



A SIGN WORTH NOTING

News and Observer.

One thing to be observed in connection with the present situation in the cotton trade is the difference in the consumption of cotton North and South. From August 1 to November 19, this year, the mills of the South took 990,738 bales of cotton, as against 1,099,289 bales for the same period last year. This was a decline of only about ten per cent. The mill of the North in the same period this year took 514,943 bales, as just a trifle more than half what the mills of the South took. That tells that the decline in the textile trade is in the North, and not in the South, or to state it better perhaps, the South is carrying on more nearly at normal rate while the North is falling back. This is emphasized by the comparison with last year for the same period. Then the mills of the North called for 828,217 bales, or nearly 80 per cent as much as the mills took. While the mills of the South cut down in their purchase of cotton ten per cent the Northern mills reduced their taking by 40 per cent.

It is to be acknowledged that in the South a considerable amount of cotton is taken by spinning mills that make yarn for the mills of the North to weave or use in other forms, yet that being conceded it is still evident that with the mills of the South reducing their purchases only ten per cent while the mills of the North cut down 40 per cent the South is running not very far behind her usual amount of business while the North is far short of the usual figures.

The cause for this may be one for conjecture. But it looks as if the South is able to stand the gaff somewhat longer in the unsatisfactory trade conditions than the North is. Not many years ago such a situation would have been regarded either in the North or South as absurd. Then the North had the textile trade in its fingers and the venturesome Southerner who undertook to make cotton goods was accepted as a bold interloper who might hang on to the edges under favorable circumstances. Now he stays when the man in the North lets go. It may be prophetic. Perhaps it is, and that the fate of the textile industry is running our way. This is not a coincidence. It is based on some cause. Figure it out to suit your own notions. But keep in mind the fact that the South is spinning now almost twice as much cotton as the North and that the section that is the quitter in adversity is not our section.

A BARBER-IOUS AFFAIR

A weezed old dub went to sea in a tub With many a chuckle they say, What he saw was a joke, for the tub it got broke, He was left in extreme negligee. His whiskers were hairy, altho' a bit airy, He draped them around like a cloak, "Aw, this is a joke," quoth the fuzzy old bloke, He laughed, and they heard him say, "For wearing apparel these sure beat a barrel." With a sigh, then he went on his way. —Tar Baby

The Warren Record for Christmas.

NORTH CAROLINA FIRST

Commissioner of Agriculture, extracts all the comfort possible out of the situation in which the farmer finds himself at the present time. Of course, the major's optimism puts nothing in the pocket of the disconsolate farmer but it does add to the pride of us all, including the farmer.

North Carolina is shown in the report to be first in the production of cotton per acre, in the value of its tobacco crop, in the production of soy beans and in the development of home economics. Primacy of the State in each of these respects should occasion lively satisfaction to all those who are loyal to the State and who delight to see it forge ahead. Each achievement is evidence that our farmers are applying themselves, that they are making much if not the most of their opportunities. To be sure, the fourth of the excellences, the development of home economics, is not so much farm achievement as it is an achievement of administration, the credit going to Mrs. Jane McKimmon whose reputation is far more than statewide, but it counts in the general appraisal of the farm record for the year.

The State on more than one occasion in the past, has, we believe, won the distinction of leading in the production of cotton per acre. The fact is indicative of most commendable industry no matter if King Cotton is somewhat under a shadow now. Leaping in the value of the tobacco crop speaks well for the North Carolina farmer as tobacco is a troublesome crop and it takes pluck and energy to grow it on a surpassing scale. Taking first place in the production of soy beans is a good token of the ability of the North Carolina farmer to get on to the new things. The soy bean is a crop with a feature. The farm experts bank on it heavily. That North Carolina has gone in so decisively for the soy bean is proof that North Carolina agriculturists are studying and acting on the advice of the experts.

The State is second in four important respects, third in three more and fourth in the total value of all crops. In this last respect it is where it was last year. The decline in prices has hit other states the same as it has fared severely by the slump in the farm product markets. But he is making the best he can of the situation and the feeling is general that another year will find him in better shape with profitable lessons learned from this year's unpleasant experiences. There is no question that he is much better than he would be if he had been without the leadership, assistance and constant co-operation of the State Agricultural Department.

HOGS ON HOOF BACK

TO 1913 PRE-WAR PRICE

Chicago, Ills., Dec. 2.—Hogs on the hoof have returned to what is practically their 1913 pre-war price, judging from figures obtained today from one of the "big five" packers. Pork and the pork products at wholesale, are on their way toward that same level, the monthly report of the Institute of American Meat Packers indicates and have reached the scale prevailing in April, 1917, when the United States entered the war.

Beef is also on the downward path, the wholesale price of carcass beef having dropped 17 per cent since September 1, according to the Institute's figures.

The biggest drop recorded, however, is in live hogs. The packing house figures show pork on the hoof brought eight cents a pound in November 1913. During the war the farmer was virtually guaranteed a minimum average of 17 1-2 cents. In July, 1919, the price reached 23 cents a pound. Today hogs are back around 10 1-2 cents. Retail prices, however, have not kept pace with the falling wholesale market, the packing house officials said, but he declined to quote directly on the ground that retailers might boycott his company.—Associated Press.

Thrifty

Tar Baby. Mary was a thrifty girl Her debts made her sore So she married Douglas Fairbanks To keep from Owen Moore.