

The Warren Record

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SET FORTH THE FACTS

The following article was sent to us by Mr. Nat. Hayes, of Chapel Hill, with the request that we publish it. Feeling that this is a cause worthy of public support we take pleasure in placing it before our readers:

Chapel Hill, N. C., Dec. 14.—Students of the University of North Carolina have started a campaign to tell the people of the state the conditions under which they are forced to live because of the overcrowded dormitories and inadequate eating facilities. In the biggest and most serious mind-mass meeting of the year held several weeks back one thousand of them resolved that if living conditions, which were characterized by student speakers as unfit for men, were to be better, it would be by the efforts of the students themselves.

They gave a thundering vote of unanimous approval to a program of what they called "Giving the people of North Carolina the facts," as outlined by their student campus cabinet and they prepared and voted again unanimously to send a message to the people stating their case.

"As part of the large company of your sons and daughters, who today crowd the North Carolina colleges, we wish to face facts with you," said the message. "The main fact is that the public schools are turning out graduates in far larger numbers than the colleges can take care of in a decent way. Over 3,000 will graduate from the high schools next spring. Even now students eat in shifts in Chapel Hill boarding houses and are packed three and four in the dormitories. Our congestion here is but representative of the congestive of the congestion in all the North Carolina Colleges."

"We present these facts to you with their simple story of present urgent need of room in which to eat, sleep, and study. We hope the churches will build more buildings at the denominational colleges and the state will build more buildings at the state colleges."

"The main fact is not our present congestion, critical as that is in fact and significance, but the larger concern is to make room for the boys and girls who even now are treasuring in their hearts the hope of going to colleges in North Carolina. With belief in her greatness we trust that North Carolina will not close the door in their faces."

"We send this message of hope to the people of North Carolina with confident faith that the people, armed with the facts, will rise up to meet a big problem in a big way."

The student body has not been so stirred in many years as it has become over its present overcrowded condition, the recent meeting, arising spontaneously from the students and backed by the leading men in college took on the character of a crusade.

A committee has been organized composed of John Kerr, Jr., chairman, W. R. Berryhill, T. C. Taylor, W. H. Bobbitt, B. C. Brown, Boyd Harden, C. B. Holding, and R. L. Thompson to direct the student's part in the fight to give the cause of higher education in North Carolina a chance. Similar student meetings have been held at A. and E., State College for Women, and the Eastern Carolina Teachers Training School. The student bodies of all these schools are working together in this move. They feel that North Carolina, fourth from the top in the nation in agricultural wealth, should come to the aid of her sons and daughters, and give them a chance to train themselves properly for future leadership in the state, industrially, educationally, socially, and politically. The County Clubs are aiding the move. The Teachers Assembly and the State Parent-Teacher Association, in conjunction with numerous Rotary Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Kiwanis Clubs have all called upon the people of the state to realize the situation fully and come to the aid of its university and colleges. They all realize that if North Carolina is to maintain her fourth place, and even go beyond that, in the nation, then her boys and girls must be properly educated to a degree worthy of their state's leadership.

Orphanage Collection at Warren Plains Baptist Church next Sunday.

MICKIE SAYS

BOOST A MAN IN TH' PAPER 'N HELL FERGET IT IN TWO DAYS - BUT PRINT SOMETHIN' HE DONT LIKE 'N HELL KNOCK TH' PAPER FER TWO YEARS! WUNST THERE WUZ AN EDITOR WHO STARTED OUT TO 'PLEASE EVERYBODY OR BUST.' HE BUSTED!



SMILES Curator

Favoritism

"She bane rotten sermon," grumbled the big Swede from one of the Twin Cities, when he returned from his first attendance at an American church, "all the time the minister bane talk about St. Paul and never a word about Minneapolis.—American Legion Weekly.

THE MAN WHO LOVES A DOG

(By Howard F. Jones)

Mr. P. L. Perry of Martin county came into Warrenton this morning and was introduced by Mr. Register, of Norlina, as a representative of one of the large Fire Insurance Companies. He is a young man of pleasing appearance—an attractive young gentleman.

In the course of conversation in the presence of the writer he said "I love a dog. I have never seen a dog (unless he was a mad-dog) that I was afraid of and that I could not make friends with in a few minutes. The most intelligent dog I ever saw is in Winston-Salem. I was standing near a street corner there a few days ago and heard the jingling of a little bell—jingle, jingle. Looking around I saw a large Scotch Collie with a strap around his shoulders to which a bell was attached and a long leading strap. Holding this leading strap was an old blind man with a cane in one hand and this strap in the other. The dog reached the curb at the corner and stopped and turned back and rubbed against the legs of the old man and stopped him.

"I looked up and saw that a street car was coming and several automobiles were passing. I waited and watched, and the moment the street was clear this faithful friend—this intelligent Collie pulled upon the strap and in that language said 'Come on, the way is clear.' I followed on to the next block and saw the same care taken and the same result. I never saw greater intelligence in a dog."

THE WRITER'S TALE OF A DOG

My father when Sheriff of this County had a bird dog named "Nat." On one occasion my father was off attending to his business of Sheriff and had his saddle-bags behind his saddle with valuable papers therein; "Nat" was with him, as usual. All at once he heard the cry of a pack of hounds in full chase of a fox; they dashed across the road. On the spur of the moment my father wheeled his horse and followed at a gallop, with "Nat" at his heels. After riding for an hour or so he missed his Saddle-bags. He called the attention of "Nation" and motioned with his hand—"Back Nat.—Lost!" He went on after the hounds, and saw no more of Nat until he reached his home that night and found Nat lying on the porch with his saddle bags across his front feet.

On another occasion he was at a "Deer-Stand" a cold day which became very cold. Nat was with him. He wrote a note and sent it home by Nat asking to place a long chunk of fire in Nat's mouth and send it to him. This was done and Nat came on a run with the fire stick.

The late Mr. Nat Allen told me these and other remarkable stories of "Your father's Dog Nat."

What is the smartest thing Your dog has ever done? Write it for the Record.

SUCCESSFUL WITH 'PLANE

Dr. William Whitney Christmas addressed a very intelligent audience in the court room last Friday night at 7:30 o'clock. He should feel proud of the fact that he had an unusual attendance, for as a rule Warrenton folks don't go out to public gatherings. They seem to prefer the comforts of home a good magazine or book and the pleasure of home companionship. On this occasion, however, Dr. Christmas had not only a large audience, but an interested and intelligent one.

He gave his early experiences, his progressive steps to the final goal success; told of his association with Prof. Langley, the Pioneer in Aviation, and of his own years of experiment. He predicted that navigation of the air will become the common mode of travel and would supercede both the passenger train and passenger ship and the automobile. In fact, plans were under way for the construction of large ocean-going passenger carrying ships of the air. His company, of which he is President, has already taken steps in that direction. He spoke of future wars; that they would be fought in the air, and that the Nations of the earth were making preparations for that dreaded event.

He assured his audience of his love for Warrenton, the place of his birth, and suggested that we should prepare a landing field for Air Planes, as a route from New York to Houston, Texas, was in early contemplation, and with suitable preparations here for replenishing air planes with gasoline, a suitable landing field and air-dromes and repair shops, that he was quite certain that this would be one of the stops on the route. He said if this could be procured it would mean great things for Warrenton, and that he would do all in his power to bring it to pass.

Dr. Christmas stated that it would be but a common occurrence for an air plane to leave New York at 9 o'clock in the morning and reach Warrenton by noon, take dinner, transact business for an hour or so, and get back to New York by 4:30 o'clock that afternoon.

His address was interesting, informative and much appreciated by his hearers, who as citizens of Warrenton wish for Dr. Christmas the largest measure of success—which he seemingly has achieved.

DEATH OF MISS

MOLLIE HAWKINS

This good lady passed away quietly at her home here on Tuesday afternoon December 14th, at an advanced age.

For many years Miss Hawkins has been associated with her sisters in conducting the school for small boys and girls in this town, in which appreciated activity she passed many years of her useful life. She was the eldest member of her family, and in passing away leaves two sisters, Misses Lucy and Annie Hawkins, and one brother, Mr. Thomas Hawkins, who look back upon years of association and call her blessed.

Her remains were taken to the family plot in Fairview Cemetery, Wednesday evening and laid away for the final Resurrection in the presence of a number of friends, the funeral services having been conducted at the home by the Rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Rev. E. W. Baxter.

A lady of great and good influence has passed from among us, and those who knew her quickly longed to love and admire her.

We trust that some friend will write an extended sketch for the columns of the Record.

Article X

Little Sarah, daughter of staunch Republicans, was being sent to bed early because of naughtiness, and was determined to retaliate upon her aunt.

"Oh, Lord," she prayed fervently, "please bless mamma and daddy and Uncle Henry." The she added, "Aunt Mary—with reservations."—American Legion Weekly.

"Happiness is not just a state of mind, but a state of mind does create the environment that makes happiness

DOWN IN THE DUMPS

TOBACCO SALES Dec. 16' 1920. Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 16.—Instead farmers being (UP IN THE AIR) they are (DOWN IN THE DUMPS).

The average price of ninety million pounds of November tobacco sales was 24.7 cents per pound as compared with 67.9 cents a year ago. There was quite a slump during the close of the month. Of the 212 warehouses in the state only 171 were operated last month and several of these have closed within thirty days. A decided slump in prices procured before December. Mebane paid the best prices (\$36.49) with Roxboro second at \$34.61 and Apex third at \$31.76 per hundred pounds. The Alamance-Caswell area produced decidedly the best quality in the State.

The total sales for November was approximately ninety-two million pounds, and the producers' sales amounted to practically eight million pounds or sixty per cent more than year ago, yet the total season's sales are still fifteen per cent less than a year ago, and is only sixty per cent of the estimated total produced in the State this year. Last year seventy-three per cent of the crop was sold at the same date.

The average yield of tobacco is 660 pounds per acre for North Carolina and 794 for the United States, the latter averaging perhaps fifteen cents per pound. The national crop is about one and a half billions pounds and this State has produced about one-fifth of that quantity and almost one-third of its value.

The efforts of the farmers to improve the price of tobacco by holding their crop off the markets has been partially successful, but the heavy selling in November overloaded the buyers, causing a slump. The low prices have largely caused several warehouses to close. Several suicides have been caused within a month, due to the low prices of tobacco and cotton. And thousands of farmers will lose all of last year's savings and many of their farms as well.

Both of the principal money crops below the cost of production. Cotton has cost an average of 32 cents and tobacco 37 cents per pound to produce this year. The former is selling below fifteen and tobacco below twenty cents per pound. No wonder that farmers cannot be trading or paying over-due debts.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES

A. TUCKER ENTERTAIN

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tucker entertained the young people of town of that set Wednesday evening at their elegant home on Bragg Street. The evening was much enjoyed in dancing by those present and delicious refreshments were served.

Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McGuire, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wesson, Mr. William Burroughs and Miss Mamie Williams, Mr. Stephen Burroughs and Miss Kate White Williams, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Macon, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Rodgers, Walter Gardner and Miss Mary Harris, Alex. Macon and Miss Mary Chauncy, William Burwell and Miss Hilar Tarwater, and Messers Jones, McRobt Booth, Tom Palmer, Guy Gregory.

PLAY AT OPERA HOUSE

Wednesday night the pupils of the Warrenton High school gave two delightful one act comedies.

In the first comedy, "Marriage Has Been Arranged," Miss Hattie Connell and Mr. John Henderson were the players, acting their parts in a manner that would have done credit to professionals.

"The Best Man" was the other comedy, featuring John Henderson and John Burwell and Misses Olivia Burwell and Dorothy Walters. The parts were well taken and it seems that the players were picked to fit the parts they played. The comedy arising from a proposal to the wrong girl and the fear of the groom, plus the embarrassment of the Best Man and the ladies, all acted to perfection, evoked much mirth from the audience.

Those directing these plays and the players deserve the thanks of the audience for a very enjoyable evening.

MICKIE SAYS

EDITORS IS SURE FORGIVIN' CUSSES! A GUY KIN DIE AN' BEAT 'EM OUTEN ELEVEN YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION AN' THEN THE EDITOR'LL SET DOWN AN' WRITE HALF A COLUMN ABOUT WHAT A FINE FELLER THE DECEASED WUZ AN' HOW EVERYBODY WILL MISS HIM!



PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS Publishers Auxiliary.

The house is cluttered up with spools and ribbon, lace and thread; There's "makin's" piled upon the floor, the bookcase and the bed; Mysterious lists are lying 'round of members of the clan. And "business" seems better than since ever time began.

Della's making lanzheray with fowers, knots and bows, Grandma's knitting woolen socks with double heels and toes, Clare's making something out of pinky satin goods,

Jess is painting pictures of the brooks and fields and oods; Auntie's making handkerchiefs with colored threads pulled through, Mother's got the cook-book out to see what she must do

To make her dinner better than it's been in other years, And pay the tribute asked of her by grocer profiteers.

Ralph is reading all the adds to see where he shall buy The gift to make his little sweetie smile and blush and sigh;

Willie's counting up his pennies on the kitchen floor, Wond'ring if there's coin enough to give the kid next door A little doll with eyes that close, and buggy for it, too,

While Ethel writes to Santa Claus to bring her something new. But dad just sits and figures with the bank book in his hand— And though the winter winds are cold he sweats to beat the band!

PLOWSHARES

A reading farmer is a leading farmer. A good brood sow is always a good investment.

Next time you bite into a tough beefsteak blame cattle ticks—not the butcher.

Less than three per cent of the sweet potatoes produced in eleven Southern states are shipped to big markets.

Whether its soap or sausage, you ought to have a copy of circular 82 from the Agricultural Extension Service, Raleigh. Just send a postal. With the coming out of one-third in tobacco acreage, it looks like a big year for home canning.

Give the family cow more feed—if you haven't a F. C. now's a good time to buy one.

SPECIAL SERMON

On Sunday morning in Emmanuel church the Rector will preach a special sermon in which he will show in plain style the why and wherefore of the Episcopal church—explaining why many things which have called forth criticism in the past exist—showing why dancing and cards are not prohibited by its rules, giving argument for a certain amount of ritual, touching on "prayers out of a book" and the relation of the Episcopal church to other churches.

All interested are heartily invited. This sermon will not defend evil where it exists but is intended to augment the spirit of co-operation between the churches.

The offering will go to relief of starving children of the Near East.

MEET ONCE EACH MONTH

The fable of the Lark and the Farmer will apply to the action taken by the farmers here today.

As long as the Farmer relied upon his cousins, his uncles or his neighbors to come over and "save the wheat," the mother Lark was unafraid. But as soon as the little larks reported: "Mother, he said he and his sons were coming Monday morning to cut this wheat," did the mother lark say, "Birdies we must move."

The farmers met today and pledged themselves to meet here one day in each month to be known as "Farmers' Day."

To make a house-to-house canvass of each Township for signatures to a pledge to reduce the cotton and tobacco acreage at least one-third from present acreage;

To reason with all farmers and convince them that it is necessary for the salvation of their own interests and that of the South to join in the movement of crop reduction;

To take the names of all farmers who would not so pledge themselves, and report the same to the County organization, and furnish a copy to surrounding counties;

That the Bankers and Supply men will pledge themselves not to advance credits to any farmers who refuses to sign the pledge to reduce his acreage in accordance with the Plan;

That an organizer be placed in each township to organize the white farmers, and a colored Organizer in every township to organize to colored farmers, both white and colored signing similar pledges.

This means that the farmers means business, means that he is done working his wife and children to death the year long to wind up with no comforts of life and no money to pay his debts.

Additional steps were taken about the fertilizer situation; a price for fertilizer in accordance with farm products, or no fertilizer.

Then "Farmers' Day" should mean much for the betterment of the farmer and should be a means towards bettering his condition, and making life more social.

In every thing that tends to make County life more attractive; towards bettering the social and financial condition of our farmers the Record "signs the pledge" to lend its aid.

Its associate editor, the writer, was raised on the farm and knows its hardships and disappointments, and therefore can and does sympathize with our farmers in this season of great disappointment and time of financial gloom.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER

(Mrs. M. G. Taylor)

Please angels wont you look around, about in Heaven and see If you can find my little girl, and kiss her there for me, I'll tell you how to find her, and let all the angels know By a tiny scar on her little cheek, made there years ago.

Please, Angels, wont you tell her I love her just as well As I did the night she died, how much no tongue can tell, I wish I had her here to-night, I'd press her to my breast, I'd fondle her, and love her just as I will the rest.

I've five little stockings to fill tonight, but it isn't hard to tell What to give each little dear, I know them all so well, And the little one up there with you, I'll hang her's with the rest And fill it full of mother love, it's purest and its best.

Wont you tell her too, please, it'll not be very long, Till mother'll come and hear her sing her sweetest little song; The years are passing by so fast, she'll not have long to wait; And she must come to meet me, inside the pearly gate.

"Accidents are no more a matter of ill luck than good fortune is a matter of good luck."