

The Warren Record

VOLUME XXVI.

WARRENTON, WARREN COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1921
A WEEKLY NEWS PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WARRENTON AND WARREN COUNTY

Number 26

SUNDAY SCHOOL LEADERS MEET

MAKE PLANS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE

To be held in Warrenton Monday and Tuesday July 11th and 12th. Committees Appointed To Handle Program.

At a meeting of Sunday School leaders held in Warrenton a few days ago it was unanimously decided to hold the Warren County Sunday School Convention on Monday and Tuesday, July 11th and 12th. Arrangements have been made for the convention to be held in the Methodist Church of Warrenton.

Mr. D. W. Sims, General Superintendent of the North Carolina Sunday School Association, was also present in this meeting and made many helpful suggestions to the workers as to the best way to advertise and arrange the program for the convention.

The following committees were named: Program Committee: Mr. H. A. Boyd, Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School, Warrenton, Chairman; Mrs. V. L. Pendleton of the Baptist Sunday School, Warrenton; Mrs. M. C. McGuire, of the Episcopal Sunday School, Warrenton; and Mr. E. A. Skillman of the Presbyterian Sunday School, Warrenton.

Committee on Entertainment, W. H. Dameron, C. A. Tucker, Dr. R. S. Booth.

Many of the local Sunday School workers will take part on the program. Besides Mr. D. W. Sims, the other principal speaker at the convention will be Miss Flora Davis, Assistant Superintendent of the North Carolina Sunday School Association. Both Mr. Sims and Miss Davis know the Sunday School work and are recognized as experts.

There will be four sessions of the convention, Monday night, July 11th, and Tuesday morning, afternoon and night. All Sunday School workers of the county are urged to attend as the convention held under the auspices of the North Carolina Sunday School Association are for workers of all denominations. The sessions are free and open to all.

Skillman-Hunter

Arcola, June 25.—A beautiful rainbow wedding took place in the M. E. church here, Wednesday June 24, at four o'clock, the contracting parties being Mr. Clarence Elmer Skillman of Warrenton and Miss Lulla Wills Hunter of this place.

Shortly before the ceremony which was performed by Rev. J. T. Draper, pastor of the bride, Miss Ethel Harrison of Brinkleyville sang "I love you truly." Lohengrin's wedding march rendered by Mrs. Katie Wills of Brinkleyville announced the approach of the bridal party which entered the church in the following order: Messrs. Geo. Hunter, brother of the bride and Harold Skillman, brother of the groom. The bridesmaids came in as follows: Misses Maud King and Ethel King of Arcola, Dorothy Walters of Warrenton and Arnie Duke of Arcola, Teresa Skillman and May Shearin of Vaughan, Misses Florence Skillman of Warrenton and Agnes Hunter of Arcola, Misses Lucy Burt of Louisburg and Beaufort Hunter of Arcola, Misses Lucy Prigden of Creek and Lucy Boyd of Manson.

Miss Mary Exum Best of Louisburg maid of honor followed the brides.

Four little flower girls came next daintily dressed in white organdie and carrying baskets of lovely flowers. They were little Misses Virginia Davis, Margaret Hunter, Mary Gladys Capps and Rebecca Cooper. Just after these the bride came up, the middle aisle with her dame of honor, Mrs. T. A. Cooper of Rocky Mount. The groom entered with his best man, Mr. Frank Skillman of New York met the bride at the altar.

The bride is an accomplished young lady, a lovely christian character and has won many friends by her charming personality. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hunter of this place. The Groom is a young man of sterling worth, cultured and highly esteemed. When he returned from France two years ago the bride who was attending Summer School drove out with his friends and loved ones to meet him. They had never seen each other. They were introduced and two years from the day and the hour they were happily married.

MICKIE SAYS

DON'T DO NO ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER UNLESS YA WANTA PAY MORE INCOME TAX!



THE ONLY PAPER THAT'S GOT OURN BEAT FOR POPULARITY IS THE GREEN KIND UNCLE SAM PRINTS

DON'T ADVERTISE ON FENCES—COWS DON'T SPEND NO MONEY

THE NEWSPAPER IS AN INSTITUTION

Laurinburg Exchange:

We who labor from day to day and from week to week to produce the Exchange and send it out every week with a presentable face, have aspirations for it, and we even sometimes indulge in dreams. Idle dreams, they may be, but we can look forward to a day and a period when The Exchange keeping abreast of the times and counting the steady progress and upward march of Laurinburg and Scotland County, will become a bigger and better journalistic enterprise. Our work is prosaic, our daily toil is measured largely by our wakin hours, and our existence inside two brick walls filled with printing machinery, paper and ink, may to some seem a drab sort of thing. But to us it is a work of love and an opportunity to serve a great and good constituency.

The Exchange is something more than a collection of printed material, and a finished product of a printed sheet. It's an institution. It is definitely committed to a policy of constructive publicity and suggestive leadership, whereby it hopes to serve and encourage these agencies and institutions of the community which operate for the public good. We know that we want to see more than Laurinburg and Scotland County forge ahead in the fields of soul and mental culture and in material advancement. If we can help in this cause we shall be happy.

Then, friends who read these lines, Exchange does not belong to us. It is yours and yours to serve. We work here day after day to keep things going and see that the paper comes out every week with a personal interest in it, and its fortunes, but you, wherever you live, and especially if you live in Scotland County, also have a personal interest in this newspaper, whether you know it or not. It will welcome a chance to serve you or to serve a cause in which you are vitally interested, if that cause is worthy and uplifting; and if it is not such a cause you have no right to be interested in it. The Exchange is the friend of all benevolent things, from the noble soul impulse of the individual to the bigger and higher benevolence represented by churches and schools. It is likewise the implacable enemy of malevolent factors, wherever they may show their unwelcome faces in the body politic.

Long since we chose to be the ally of those agencies and institutions that labor to uplift humanity and improve the environment of the race. In the social economy there have been devised no agencies for the uplift of men and the elevation of the race that are comparable to the moral forces of the school and church. In this county there is no benevolent activity, civil or religious, that reaches the heart of the race as does the work of church and school. This newspaper then takes its humble station in line with these agencies that labor for the uplift, for the betterment and for the education of the people.

To Speak at Sharon

Miss Virgie Rodwell of the Louisville Training School will speak at Sharon Church at Wise on Sunday afternoon July 3rd at 3:30. All are invited.

MR. W. BRODIE JONES WRITES INTERESTING LETTER FROM ILLINOIS

*** The letter written you from Louisville was drafted so hurriedly that I did not mention the trip through Mammoth Cave. The journey would be worth many pages of description. I had always thought that the cave was a one chamber cavity, enormous and wonderful. It was both the latter, but instead of one chamber it has five levels, the three lower ones filled with rivers, caverns and weird formations; the two upper stunningly pretty with their formation of crystals and rock carved by erosion.

We humped into Cave City, Ky., over the worst of roads, or to be more exact, after battling with a stony and rugged path through the mountains of Tennessee—and it was practically all mountains. We decided to drive over to the cave and reached that point, eight miles from Cave City, close to 2:30 Thursday. We looked over the grounds for an hour and toured the cave with a party of twenty-five, starting at 3:30. The grounds were not particularly attractive—there were numbers of light refreshments stands and one or two mediocre hotels.

The cave was a different story. The party was given lanterns and provided with a guide. For three hours and a half we pulled through narrow stone tunnels or along corridors seemingly stamped from a mass of stone. Everything was rugged, sheer or sturdy, or rather a combination of the three words. The guide would stop and hurl an oil soaked rag one hundred or more feet up and explain the formation; or again he would toss it with uncanny preciseness down a hundred feet to some pool or formation worth the attention of the group; or still again send it a hundred yards down one passage to where another tunnel merged.

We went down to the fifth level and took a short boat trip over Echo River. The water was blue in its clearness, the channel was through

solid rock under which we sometimes passed with bended backs. A chord rolled from the lips of the guide, only to float back to us as distinct as the original. We were 365 feet below the surface. The thought came that unquestionably there were thousands of other such streams in their silent grandeur feeding moisture to the world—and like so many lives doing their work for the welfare of mankind unhonored and unsung.

The one hundred years during which the cave had been open to the public was attested by the countless signatures which lined the miles of corridor.

There were replicas of the architecture of the Greek and Roman; images of animals in stone, pictures of flowers moulded into rock. There was the Path of Humility, Fat Man's Misery and other points which held attention.

We tired before it was over and were glad to come into the warmth of the surface after the chill of the subterranean wonder.

We found it raining outside and went into the dining hall for a good meal, the first bought meal since Ringer's in Richmond. After supper we pushed on to Cave City and headed for Louisville. We had driven hard the night before trying to get through the Cumberland mountains and pulled wearily into a farmer's barn for the night. We were soon soundly pounding our ear.

The roads began to improve and the next afternoon we drove into Louisville early. We hurried over to the Y for a good bath and swim. The Y was most hospitable. The city of 300,000 struck us for its good streets, its metropolitan air, and the type of its citizenry.

We were cordially treated at the office of the Courier-Journal, a paper famous in the United States for the dynamic force of its editorial policy when under the direction of Marse (Continued on Page Five)

THE TOWN WHICH OWNS ITSELF-- THE CHARLESTON OF N. CAROLINA

FRED A. OLDS

It is quite proper to speak of a trip to Warrenton as a Pilgrimage to a Shrine of the Past; and yet the little town, which does not grow at all in population, is a sort of small world in itself; so self contained and meeting every need of its people. Not long ago the writer spoke of Warrenton as the "Town which Owns Itself." It has gone as far as its place in the United States in this direction. It owns collectively all its public utilities, including its railway.

The last pilgrimage to Warrenton was made with Mr. John H. Boush of Raleigh in his automobile and along what is popularly called the Capital Highway, past Wake Forest, Franklinton, Kittrell and Henderson. It is not the highway of other days, which Warrenton and Louisburg folks travelled and on which the big old stage, drawn by four spanking horses, made their way to Raleigh, for that highway, far older than Raleigh itself, passed through Louisburg.

The sand-clay highway in Wake was quite good, but was better in Franklinton; considerably better than in Vance and Warren. The state takes over the big highways now. The question is which route will be the permanent Capital Highway, now so-called, but which it seems is to be officially known as the Bankhead Highway. Warrenton wants it, but fears it will pass another way. Will it go by Oxford?

A stop was made at Ridgeway, which is not now even a village. Once it was the plan to seat there a large colony of English folks. That was directly after the War Between the States. But only a few English folk came. A few of their descendants yet remain in the neighborhood. Dr. William J. Hawkins, long the president of the Raleigh & Gaston railway, lived in a fine mansion at Ridgeway until he made Raleigh his home. Then his son, Marmaduke Hawkins lived there until his death last winter.

Mr. Marmaduke Hawkins was the heir of Weldon N. Edwards, who had

no children and who virtually adopted him at the age of 9 years and left him a handsome fortune for those days. Mr. Edwards lived on his estate of 1600 acres at Poplar Mount, 8 miles from Warrenton, and this was also left to Mr. Hawkins. Mr. Edwards was a devoted friend of John Randolph of Roanoke, one of the most gifted and eccentric of the men of his day, and both were great friends of another eccentric yet practical man, Nathaniel Macon. "J. R. of R.," as the extremely tall Virginian often subscribed himself was a frequent visitor at Poplar Mount and also at Buck Springs, Nathaniel Macon.

Buck Spring is now inhabited by a negro family and Poplar Mount by a gentleman who bought it from Mr. Hawkins. All those old-time folks went to Warrenton which was one of the greatest social centres in all North Carolina. President Buchanan was a visitor to Poplar Mount; so was John M. Mason. The latter planted a maple tree there; Randolph sent a Norwegian pine to be set out, but President Buchanan sat under a tree and drank a mint julep in a long glass. The latter was on his way to the University of North Carolina. It is also of record that Aaron Burr spent a night at Warrenton, in the now gone Bellamy Hotel, and that John C. Calhoun spoke there from the Central hotel steps. Warrenton was surely on the map in those days; right through it going the great North and South highway. A. T. Stewart, who was known in his day as the merchant prince of New York, said that he sold finer goods in Warrenton than anywhere else except in New Orleans and Baltimore. It was then in effect and is yet the Charleston of North Carolina. Can one say more? Both Charlestonians and Warrentonians alike will reply "No."

Horace Greeley, the greatest editor of the United States, was married in the little Episcopal church at Warrenton to Miss Mary Cheney, a teach-

(Continued On Page Six)

Take Holiday July 4th
The Stores and Business Houses of Warrenton will be closed on Independence Day, Monday, July 4th that both proprietors and clerks may enjoy the day as an outing and visit the two games of baseball to take place on that date.

Allen-Broom
Hookerton, N. C.—A wedding of rare beauty and loveliness and of much interest in the State was solemnized at the home of Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Broom at 12 o'clock Wednesday, June 22, when their daughter, Sue Council became the bride of Mr. J. Edward Allen of Warrenton, N. C. Rev. R. H. Broom, father of the bride, officiated.

The house was beautifully decorated in ferns and cut flowers; the color scheme being white and green.
While Miss Dora Belle Beck played to the strains of "Lohengrin's," Miss Edith Broom, sister of the bride, entered carrying white and pink roses.

The bride, becomingly gowned in a suit of tan tricotine with hat and accessories to match, wearing a bouquet of valley lilies and brides roses, entered with her brother Mr. Robert Broom and was met at the altar by the groom attended by his brother, Mr. Pryor Allen of Warrenton.

During the ceremony "To a Wild Rose" was softly rendered. Mendelssohn wedding march was used as recessional. The beautiful ring ceremony was used.

Mrs. Allen is a very popular and accomplished young woman and for the past four years has been teaching in the graded school at Warrenton.

Mr. Allen is very prominent in the educational world and at this time is superintendent of Warren county schools.

Out of town friends attending the wedding were: Mrs. Hodijah Meade, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. J. A. Sheets, Miss Ruth Sheets, Raleigh, N. C.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Allen left for Washington, New York and Canada. They will be at home at Warrenton, N. C., after July 3rd.

MISS BURWELL ENTERTAINS

Miss Mary Burwell delightfully entertained last Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Lucy Powell of Henderson. Progressive Hearts was enjoyed for some time. In this fascinating game Miss Ella Lewis of Stoveall proved the lucky winner and was presented with the prize. Delicious refreshments were served.

Those present were: Misses Lucy Powell, Ella Lewis, Tempe Boyd, Martha Price, Virginia Gibbs, Olivia Burwell, Dorothy Walters, Ella B. Jones, Lucy Boyd, Katherine Taylor, Lucy Palmer Scoggin and Lucy Williams.

MICKIE SAYS:

ONE CAR GRAB ALLOWED AS HOW ADVERTISING WAS FOOLISHNESS AN' I GOT HUA' T'ADVERTISE THEM GARDEN TOOLS HE JEST GOT IN AN' HES SO BIZZY HES HAD TO HIRE A BOY AN' OH, MIGHSH! HES MADDEN' A WET MEN!



BIG SING AT WISE
The grand finale of the "Season of Sang," which has been in progress at Wise for two weeks under the direction of Miss Lucy C. Crisp, will take place on Friday evening, July 1st at 8 o'clock. Everybody invited. Come and forget your trouble. Ice cream will be served after the program.

HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER HERE

HON. JOHN SPRUNT HILL HEARS ROAD CLAIMS

Factions Contending for Different Routes Present Argument To Commissioner Hill, Warrenton on Main Line.

Monday was a great day for Warren County folks who are interested in the State Hard-surface road. They gathered from all parts of the County, and Senator McCain who represented advocating the road which would pass Manson.

The spokesman for those advocating the Cokesbury-Warrenton-Macon route was Hon. Tasker Polk. Mr. Polk's advocacy of this route was based upon the unanswerable argument that it was a direct route serving a rural population; that it could be built at less cost; that it took nothing from the railroad route which they now have; that it served the county seat more acceptably from the fact that it did not place Warrenton on a loop or spur; that Warrenton as the County seat and as the chief commercial town of the County, the chief manufacturing town of the County, the chief fertilizer distributing point, the Wholesale distributing point for miles of territory for Groceries and Feed Stuff, and a town that is known in all parts of the United States for its hospitality, its good citizenship, its historical reputation and achievement, deserved its wishes complied with.

Those who advocate the Cokesbury-Warrenton-Macon route feel "That it is not in mortals to command success,"

But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll DESERVE IT."

The spokesman for the Manson-Norlina-Warrenton route was Mr. John Picot, Attorney, of Littleton.

Mr. Picot thought that the Railroad route was the only practical route; that it could be built at less cost, that it would serve more people; that it would enable Littleton folks to get to Norlina to take the train for the North and that the other route by Cokesbury would serve but few people—that he was informed and believed that there were not a dozen white families along this route.

The meeting was in good temper and presided over by a Past Master in putting everybody on "Hopeville Street," the Hon. John Sprunt Hill, patriot, statesman and diplomat.

At ten minutes after two, after a patient hearing to all those who had any light to throw on the matter a recess was taken to three p. m., with the suggestion that the advocates of the two routes get together.

After returning from dinner Commissioner Hill announced that though Warrenton was not on the through route as shown on the map at the Court House door that he had settled that point, and that Warrenton would be on any through route that would be established, regardless of which route was decided upon. That under present conditions that he would not decide what route the road would take from Warrenton; that it would depend upon the route of the National Highway now being proposed in Congress. That Littleton would be on the road, and that the Littleton-Warrenton road would be his first construction; that he could not say whether this Littleton-Warrenton road would pass through the towns of Vaughan and Macon, because that was contingent on the report of the Engineer in charge; that the road from Henderson to Norlina would be recommended by him to the State authorities for Maintenance, and also the road from Norlina through Warrenton to Centerville in Franklin county; that the route from Warrenton westward would be governed largely by the route of the National Highway—it might go through Cokesbury, or it might go through Norlina and it might go to Louisburg; but Norlina would not have both roads.

He requested the County Commissioners to put the road from Warren Plains to Macon in good shape and that he would recommend that this road be also maintained by the State pending the construction of the Littleton-Warrenton road, which he thought should commence in six months.

Mr. Hill said that the road which he proposed to establish through Warrenton would mean a great deal to

(Continued On Page Two)