

The Warren Record
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That Justice May Ever Have A Champion; That Evil Shall Not Flourish Unchallenged.

Entered at the post office at Warrenton, North Carolina, under Act of Congress of 1879.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.—1 John 3:1.

In words as in fashion, the same rule will hold alike fantastic if too new or old; be not the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside!—Alexander Pope.

Join the Red Cross on Sunday.

Warrenton welcomes library workers of the North-eastern district today. There are few things in North Carolina doing more to develop the intellectual life of the State than its libraries. Although this State is behind the national average in this work, progress is being made due to the unselfish work of interested citizens. We feel particularly honored to welcome such a body of patriotic men and women among us. May their visit prove pleasant and profitable.

WE ASK CO-OPERATION OF OUR CITIZENS

Where co-operation is possible we are opposed to force. A resort to the law should only be made after all peaceful means of adjusting a difficulty have failed.

There are several things going on at Warrenton that border on a nuisance, due in large measure, we believe, to thoughtlessness on the part of some of our citizens. One to which we particularly call attention is the delivery of freight from the front street. It is a common sight to see traffic blocked here by a huge truck unloading produce in front of some local store. They jut out into the streets so far that it is impossible for cars to pass and jam is the result.

There are alleys running behind these stores and freight could be delivered almost as easily from the rear. It would be greatly appreciated by our citizens and we think it would be good business on the part of the truck owners. Certainly it does not make one feel more kindly toward a wholesaler to have one's path unnecessarily blocked by a huge truck. We ask the co-operation of the truck owners in abating this practice.

Another thing that does much to hinder the smooth flow of traffic here is double parking by housewives. Often a jam occurs because some woman, not finding a vacant parking space in front of her favorite store, leaves her car in the middle of the street with the engine running while she runs in to shop. We know that they think they will be gone only a minute, but often the store is crowded and they find difficulty in being waited upon. As a result it sometimes happens that the car stands in the middle of the street for ten or fifteen minutes while impatient motorists line up behind with tooting horns. Fifteen years ago housewives could walk down town and make their pur-

JUST KIDS—Tomorrow Is Far Away! By Ad Carter



WHY WE DO IT
 Why Misery Loves Company
 By MEHRAN K. THOMPSON, Ph. D., Author of "The Spring of Human Action"

We are very exclusive when it comes to honors and preferment; we are very democratic when it comes to misfortune and calamity. In receiving good things we don't mind being in a class by ourselves. In receiving evil we prefer a crowd. Misery loves company. There is a great consolation in seeing others in the same fix. You know then you are not singled out by fate. It does not seem quite so personal. We can escape by blaming fate and not our lack of ability.

People who have lived side by side for years on the same street are sometimes comparative strangers until a great fire or earthquake comes along and makes them friends on the basis of a common humiliating experience. Calamity unites men good fortune separates them.

The survivors of the Titanic although of different social strata were so united by the common disaster that they formed a club. A

war unites people as nothing else does. Suffering together knits men's hearts.

In the case of getting into serious trouble we like to point out how others are in the same fix so as to lessen the sting. It cannot be very bad if there is a common experience or if a lot of worthwhile people are numbered among the unfortunate. "Everybody is doing it," is a common excuse.

If others are in the same fix they will not laugh at us. They are more likely to sympathize. We resent the fellow who is smug and complacent. We like to have him descend to our level. We like him better after he fails even though we cease to envy him.

Misery loves company because there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by sharing misfortune. The more people involved the less responsible we become and the more sympathy and less ridicule we get.

EYE and EAR
 By BIGNALL JONES

"Some people around Ridgeway are saying that Superintendent of Schools J. Edward Allen receives \$13,000 a year, but I think that is a mistake," Kasper Kilian, prominent citizen of the Ridgeway section, said Tuesday as he came into the office to renew his subscription. We assured Mr. Kilian that this was an error. "Well," he replied, "I thought so, too; but they ought to print in the paper to whom the county money is paid and then such reports could not get started and create dissatisfaction."

We assured Mr. Kilian that we were heartily in favor of such a plan.

W. C. Fagg, Justice of the Peace of Warrenton, is wearing a goatee, says he thinks it makes him look more distinguished. Mr. Fagg is not easily provoked and when told it made him look older, only smiled. But Judge John D. Newell, Clerk of Court, disturbed the magistrate somewhat by asking if Herbert Hoover was not an Irishman. Mr. Fagg was an ardent supporter of Al. Smith and being Irish himself objected strenuously to the clerk's insinuation.

Returning from dinner on Monday we saw two negroes on a wagon. They appeared pretty well loaded. The next block we passed two young white men staggering drunk. A block further on some young man called me and tried to sell me a pint of whiskey. We could not trade.

Carolina and to Georgia and South Carolina.

"I personally know of 29 cars that have been shipped into eastern North Carolina," says L. I. Case, beef cattle research worker for the North Carolina Experiment Station. "In addition there are some 10 or 12 other cars shipped about which I have not had accurate information. Of the 29 moved, however, four contained animals to be used for slaughter. Eight contained cattle to be wintered in the east and returned to the mountains next Spring. Better than this, seventeen of the cars contained heifers and young cows to be used for breeding purposes in building up a new beef cattle industry in eastern Carolina. In the shipments were some 12 or 15 pure bred beef bulls."

Mr. Case is of the opinion that this movement of beef cattle into eastern Carolina will have lasting benefit. It is well known, he says, that legume hays and other forage crops can be more economically produced in the east than anywhere else. The Winters are open and much of the cattle may be maintained on pasture without additional feeding except possibly in January and February. Then, too, the coming of these herds on eastern Carolina farms will stimulate interest in livestock growing in that section and thus follow out the plans for a live-at-home type of balanced farming.

C. G. Filler, livestock marketing agent for the State Division of Markets, reports that some 200 car loads of cattle were listed early in the season for possible shipment out of the mountains. Many of these went to South Carolina and Georgia. In this way the mountain growers disposed of some of their ordinary animals leaving the herds to be developed from the best beef stock in the future.

He, too, had evidently been sampling his wares.

Apropos the whiskey racket: First Monday night was rather cold as many who attended the Square Dance at the Armory will remember. A farmer from way down in Franklin brought a load of tobacco in late that afternoon. Nipped by the cold Monday night, he sought a drink. After a short search he located a bootlegger and bought a pint of whiskey. Paying the corn vender he put the bottle in his pocket and turned his back. The bootlegger stole the bottle from his pocket. The farmer sought after Night Officer Lovell and asked him to arrest the bootlegger for stealing his whiskey. Mr. Lovell could not make the arrest without a warrant and the bootlegger's name was not known for the purpose of serving such instrument. Constable Snipes could not help him in such a cause. The last seen of the farmer was hunting up Chief M. M. Drake.

This story came to me through a very good friend, who learned it from a rum runner. Officer Lovell says it is true.

Many Cattle Are Shipped Into East

Mountain cattle growers faced with a shortage of feed through the unprecedented dry season in that section this Summer have been successful in moving a large number of their surplus stocks to eastern

Ask Your Soldier Boy How "Cooties" Got Such a Hold.

He'll tell you that the battlefronts of Europe were swarming with rats, which carried the dangerous vermin and caused our men misery. Don't let rats bring disease into your home. When you see the first one, get RAT-SNAP. That will finish them quick. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by W. A. Miles Hardware Company, Warrenton.

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10,000 dress-length remnants of finest silk to be cleared by mail, regardless. Every desired yardage and color. All 39 inches wide. Let us send you a piece of genuine \$6 Crepe Paris (very heavy flat crepe) on approval for your inspection. If you then wish to keep it mail us your check at only \$1.90 a yard. (Original price \$6 a yd.). Or choose printed Crepe Paris. Every wanted combination of colors. We will gladly send you a piece to look at. What colors and yardage, please? If you keep it you can mail us check at \$1.25 a yd. (Final reduction. Originally \$6 a yd.)

All \$2 silks, \$2 satins and \$2 print. crepes are 90c a yd. in this sale. Every color. Do not ask for or buy from samples. See the whole piece you are getting before deciding. We want to be your New York reference so tell us all you wish to about yourself and describe the piece you want to see on approval. Write NOW. Send no money. To advertise our silk thread we send you a spool to match free.

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INTERLUDE
 By HOWARD JONES JR.

A boomerang is a weapon used by natives of Australia and will come back to the place from which it is thrown. It is amusing, I understand, to watch the weapon sail into the air, but if the thrower becomes careless and the club comes back and strikes him, the situation then becomes ridiculous or painful. And so it is with words. They go darting into the air carrying a thought. After their transporting service is over they become naked. But as these words grope around in the darkness they become tenacious and often suck from memory a sleeping thought that might be analogous with their original luggage, and on their homeward voyage they are often cloaked in a story that brings embarrassment or injury to the originator.

With an evident display of delight and the pride of a peacock Mr. A. told of Old Man So and So being caught in a liquor still. According to him the manufacture of the contraband was a heinous crime. Mr. A. seemed unable to unravel words fast enough to denounce Mr. So and So. After the first effect of his words memory went on a rampage and it was not difficult for me to recall how several years before Mr. A. nearly got in trouble for selling apple brandy. Mr. A. was attempting to appear as the ideal citizen, to create artificial morals, by hedging off any association of the escapade of which he had been guilty, but he was a little too eager. Of course he was unaware, as most of us are fools enough to be, that any one had any knowledge of the old skeleton that hung in his closet.

I have often observed that a thief will denounce robbery on the slightest provocation.

minds searching for a practical method of stealing the ring. His partner had noticed that a pistol ball would make a small hole in a window without crashing the entire glass, and he believed that a hammer with a sharp point if used correctly would do the same. He secured such a tool and practiced on windows in back alleys until he had mastered the correct stroke. He then obtained a small wire and hooked it at the end. His partner spotted the policeman and gave him the time that the officer was at the other end of his beat. The glass was tapped, the wire inserted in the small hole and the ring pulled through. The robbery was not discovered until the next morning and the men were safe.

Black gives many other interesting events of his life in his book, and if you have not read it, you will certainly find it interesting. The book may be borrowed from the local library.

One of our employees from Henderson came in the other morning with the story of how an 84-year-old farmer had been arrested for taking a drink of whiskey while waiting for his tobacco to be sold. He was carried before the mayor and fined \$100, but the tax was later commuted to words of admonition. It is hoped that the judge told him how to live, to reach a ripe old age.

MOODY OVER RATS

Among the news items of the day given to other Wednesday night during the Literary Digest broadcasting period came the following:

Down in Texas the Governor's Mansion is a century old and is infested with rats. Many methods have been used by the various governors to have these pests exterminated, but each time their efforts have been without success. The rat situation there has grown worse and worse until Governor Dan Moody has been forced into taking drastic action. The governor has purchased an air gun and expresses himself as being confident of victory.

Where ignorance is bliss: According to a squib from a magazine, a young couple, entertaining a prim and slightly absent-minded aunt from Nebraska, were astonished and aghast the other night when, someone mentioning speakasies, the dear old lady brightened and was suddenly all interest. "Oh! Speakasies, yes. I've always wanted

to see one. Do you suppose we could go to one while I'm on here? I understand," she continued, and allowed her hearers to relax, "they're so much better than the old silent movies."

There is no telling how much humor escapes us during the daily grind, but occasionally the eye falls heir to such an amusing headline as the following which appeared in a daily paper during the recent State Fair:

FOUR GIRLS CHOSEN TO DISPLAY CALVES DURING STATE FAIR

JAPAN: As many a Japanese custom is startling and even shocking to the Western mind, so is kissing revolting to the Japanese. Even a fraternal or a maternal kiss is looked upon with horror by the Japanese. The Japanese movie censorship, therefore, often results in a strange film continuity. It is rather startling, for example, to see the loving mother reach out her arms to embrace her long-lost-son—when click, the scene shifts. Or perhaps the handsome hero has just saved the beautiful maiden, and on bended knee is asking for her hand. Instantly all is ended so far as the film is concerned, and the Japanese sense of dignity and decency has been spared a shock. Still, some relaxation from this rigid standard is now noticeable in Tokyo's movies, some of which do, under certain conditions, permit a kiss of no more than thirty seconds' duration.

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A Great Discovery

When Pasteur discovered, in 1822, that the infection of wounds was caused by malignant bacteria, he performed a service of inestimable value to mankind. Since then medical science has been producing better and better antiseptics, to kill these germs that may enter the smallest cut and give rise to diseases such as typhoid, tuberculosis and lockjaw. Now, all you have to do to be sure that these dreadful germs will not infect a wound, is to wash that wound, however small, thoroughly with Liquid Borozone, the modern antiseptic. You can get Liquid Borozone, in size to fit your needs and purse, from

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