

**THE CASWELL MESSENGER**

Published Weekly by Cecil Jones, Editor

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**JUNE**

"And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then heav'n tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Come flooding back with a ripply cheer  
Into every bare inlet, and creek and bay

Now the heart is so full that a drop over-fills it;  
We are happy now because God wills it.

**POLITICAL ADVERTISE-  
MENT**

We wish to announce that after the first Democratic primary, to be held on June 5th, we will carry all political advertisements on the inside pages of the paper. We understand that it is customary with newspapers to carry political advertisements on the inside pages.

**"HE IS PUBLIC SPIRITED"**

The expression "community spirit" is much used. We say of an individual that he or she has a community spirit. By which we mean that the individual works for and contributes to the interests and welfare of the community. When there are a number of such individuals in any community that community will thrive and will be a desirable place in which to live.

Our thriving churches, public schools, good state and county roads and all other co-operative public enterprises are brought about by the public or community spirit which actuates a sufficient number of people to bring about these things by concerted effort.

And this marks the degree of what we term civilization to which we have attained. Rank individualism, which hoards its wealth in a stocking hid in the chimney or under the house will never build up a socially minded civilization that contributes to the enrichment and development of all the individuals and to society as a whole.

Neighbors must learn to pool their holdings and their interests in some way or another. The rural and urban sections must learn to work together, each for the other—for they are interdependent. The races must learn co-operation, because their interests are mutual.

For, "the strength of the wolf is the pack; and the strength of the pack is the wolf."

**DANVILLE'S WAY**

Each town and city has a way all its own. Each corporate body is made up of individuals. And the soul of any town is the composite expression of the disposition of each individual in that town or city.

Some times a town has a surly spirit because the people of that town haven't acquired what we call good manners. The citizens of such a town treat visitors or outsiders as intruders. They are not cordial to strangers. If an outsider attempts to do business with them they are either indifferent or boorish, or else are just plainly insulting in their manner. And this sort of thing is not nearly always caused by want of character or the want of a basically

generous disposition. It simply means that those people have not been trained in the conventions of good society, and have not learned good manners.

On the other hand there are towns whose business men express individually and composite-ly the soul of courtesy and good breeding. And this writer has never had dealings in any town or city that surpasses Danville, Virginia, in this particular. In his attempts to bring about a closer relation and a mutually profitable co-ordination between rural Caswell county and urban Danville he has yet to meet with a surly or discourteous individual. If a merchant has declined to co-operate he has declined with thanks, and has shown that he has an open mind and a willing disposition.

It is a pleasure to do business in Danville, and we hope our people will show their appreciation of the cordial relations which our advertisers have exhibited toward the county and toward the paper.

**HOW TO SAVE SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS**

When a farmer has as many as eight cows it is said that he should buy a cream separator and sell the cream. The separated milk should be fed to hogs and chickens. The milk has lime for the making of egg shells, and is fine for laying hens.

The farmer who keeps cows, and raises hogs and chickens will be able to build up his land with the manure. In this way, by keeping cows, hogs and chickens, and raising the feed for them on his farm he will be improving his land all the while and at the same time putting money in the bank. It is said that Caswell county alone has been spending about seven hundred thousand dollars a year for food and feedstuffs, which her farmers could have raised. Our people should not rest contented till we raise all the food crops for the family that is possible for us to raise, and all the feedstuff necessary for the stock. If we can keep the money now being paid out for these things at home Caswell will soon be a rich and prosperous county.

**THE EDITOR ATTENDS A BANQUET**

To start a newspaper and keep it going is no child's play. Unless the paper can secure subscribers and advertisers it can not last long.

The Messenger in its effort to maintain its existence was put to it to impress upon the merchants in the towns where the Caswell people trade the value of advertising in The Messenger, and the necessity which is upon the publishers of the paper to secure more advertising.

So we requested the business men of Danville to grant us an opportunity to present the claims of The Messenger as an advertising medium upon their consideration. And the president and the secretary of the Danville Retail Merchants Association very graciously invited us to take dinner with the Retail Merchants Association last week, and to present the cause of The Messenger.

The occasion was an enjoyable one, and one to be cherished in memory. President Carter and his entire staff was unanimously re-elected, and there was not one discordant vote. Dr. Evans delivered a pleasing address, and the dinner served by the Burton hotel was perfectly splendid.

The heart of the message which we so inadequately presented to the merchants of Danville was that the rural and urban sections must work together if each is to attain to its best; that no county can come to its fullest development without a county newspaper which voices the aspirations of its people, and informs its citizenship; that the newspaper as a community builder, and a medium of advertising and communication is an agency of very great value to the trade centers which reap

the benefit of the business to be derived from a prosperous back-country; and that a paper to be sustained in a rural county must have the friendly consideration and support of the merchants who cater to the rural trade.

We feel that we did not present the matter in an altogether plausible, ingratiating, and convincing way. But we were heard with respect and courtesy, and we feel sure that the men present are able to give our appeal a fair and reasonable consideration.

And one of the things we appreciated in the highest degree was the presence of some of the Caswell men on that occasion to lend their endorsement and support to anything that would aid in the advancement of the interests of the paper.

**HOSPITAL FUND FOR JOE TAYLOR**

Joe Taylor has improved so much at the General hospital in Danville under Dr. Pritchett's treatment that he is to return to his home in Milton on Wednesday, June 2nd.

The total hospital charges for this case for the three weeks and one day that he spent at the hospital are \$81.05. A check for \$29.00 was paid the hospital for the first week. The balance due for the remainder of the time is \$52.05. There is \$17.00 in hand to pay on this, leaving a balance to be collected of \$35.05.

It is certain that the restoration of Mr. Taylor to his family, and the benefit which he has received from the medical and hospital treatment made possible to him by the benevolence of the Caswell people will dispose them to pay the balance of the hospital bill of \$35.05 cheerfully.

Joe is a long way from well and will not likely be able to work much this summer. So there will be household needs to be met for him and his family, and any amount over the hospital bill that is sent in will be turned over to Mr. R. W. Isley, the welfare officer to be expended for food and clothes for Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and the three little children. Mr. Taylor can sit around the house and look after the children while Mrs. Taylor works in the field. And let it be said that the public never helped a family which appreciates what is being done for them more than this family.

Amount previously reported	\$45.00
Miss Mattie Mitchell	1.00
Total paid in	\$46.00
Amount paid hospital	\$29.00
Amount in hand	\$17.00
Total amount now due hospital	\$52.00
Balance to be raised	\$35.05

**OLD TIMER FAVORS WOMAN SUFFRAGE**

Mr. Editor:

I was to Yanceyville last Saturday and heard them candidates tell what they stood for, or what was their platform. I cant say I agree with all of 'em, cause it struck me they didn't all know what they was talkin about. I'm fer cheaper livin, cheaper flower, cheaper meal and cheaper meat, and if any them fellows can go to the legislatur and give these things, I'm fer him. But this aint what I wanted to rite about. You know at this meetin, there was a hole lot of wimmen folks listin to what them fellows was talkin about, and I bieve they was takin as much intrust as the men folks was. And you know some these wimmen knows politicks just as good as the men, and I tell you when they git agin a candidate, he jest as well come down, fer they go beat him. I cant never git uster seein the wimmen round the votin places, cause I bieve the place fer the wimmen is in the home lookin after the kids and fixin dinner fer the men folks, but taint what I think about these things. They done got the right to vote and I recon it is as much their places as it is the men's now, so I'm goin to ast the

wimmen to go to the poles and vote and see that the men votes too. My old woman aint much on votin, she thinks it is too much like a man, but I told her she would have to go and vote, and what you recon she said, "I dont have to do nothin I dont want to do," and knowed rite strait she was goin to vote, cause she never did talk to me that way before she got the rite to vote. No sir, Mr. Editor, I aint much on wimmen votin, but she is goin to vote now, and the more we men folks says about it, the more she is goin to vote. Beware of these votin women, cause from now on, we men folks have got to do what they says and the elections is goin the way the wimmen vote. Come out next Satiday and vote your sentiments Sisters, and I'll be with you.

**OLD TIMER.**

**OLD TIMER HAS A RIVAL**

My dear Old Timer:  
Youens is shame of your name, and don't even giv your nital nor nothin, runnin fer shaff, too. I stands up strate like and looks de voters squar in de eye, and tels my name pint blank. I den sez, Ile be morne obleege if yall see fit to vote fer so noted a pusion as I is. Now dat is flat-footed pollyticks, de kind dat peals ter me. Now why can't youens come out lak a man, youens pears to be slippin round like, hidin yer dinity. The reason I is so well posted bouts youens, I seen yer nomenation in the noos paper, sayin that youens was out fer shaff of the county. My hat is in the wring fer dat offis too. The general pinion is dat youens is running after de offis, but de offis aint runnin after youens. Now, as youens is my ponent, I has a puffed rite ter banter youens, fer a stump argument. Ile meet youens on any kinder stump. Ile even meet youens in de cote house, whar weuns can have a rebate fer citizens who can judge fer ther selves. All I want youens ter do is to give yerself to de truf. I dont see how folks kin vote fer one agin it, as youens is. I dont see how youens had de face to come out for shaff, no how. Now everbody nose I is a better educated human being than youens is. Course I hate ter mak youens feel bad. Member I is your worthy ponent. Course Ile be lected, but at same time if you is accidentally lected; lets still be friends. I come in nats nose er fergittin bout dat date fer our rebate at de cote house. I am guine ter act squar and let you pint de day. Sides, you'd better prepar yer self, fer I is guine ter rub it in. Yours truly,

A. B. C. W. Cornassel, Jr.  
I was ceedindly surprised from what I seed in the noose paper bout youens running fer governer. A flea wouldn't jump morne youens does. The fack is youens seed I was guine to beat yer fer shaff and now you is hiding hind yer wife. Now I is got much rite to run fer dat gret offis as your is. Youens seems feard of me, and fast as I runs fer one offis agin youens, youens jumps to another, now what will yer stituents think of sich? I wont no bieve sich tacketicks will work no how. If the noose paper hadn't stood by yer, yer wouder bin beet long ago. That's whar in I gin yer credit fer common sense.

A. B. C. W. C. JR.

**DAN COOK, OF PELHAM, IS FATALLY INJURED**

Dies in Danville Hospital After Being Struck by Car Driven by D. J. Holcombe, Jr.

Danville, Va., May 28.—Dan Cook, 20, a farmer of Pelham, N. C., died in the General hospital at three o'clock this morning as result of injuries sustained yesterday evening near Pelham when he was run down by an automobile driven by D. J. Holcombe, Jr., of this city. Cook suffered a fractured skull and there was no chance for him, doctors said on viewing the extent of the fracture.

Holcombe was driving with two women relatives to Danville along the Reidsville road. Cook,

with one foot on the running board of a standing car was talking to the occupants. As Holcombe drew near Cook finished his conversation and was in the act of drawing away when he was warned to "look out for the car." He looked in the opposite direction to that in which the car was coming and was struck from behind and thrown some distance. Holcombe picked him up, put him in his car and hastened to Danville. Arriving here Holcombe notified the police, also called Sheriff Gunn, of Yanceyville, and held himself at the disposition of the authorities.

Local police questioned, witnesses who held that Holcombe was running at a reasonable rate of speed and that Cook unfortunately stepped directly in the path of the oncoming machine. No inquest was held here but Sheriff Gunn came and took charge of the case which will be judicially determined in North Carolina.—Daily News.

**WOMAN'S AUXILIARY CELEBRATES 14TH BIRTHDAY**

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Milton Presbyterian church celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of the Auxiliary on May 24th. The "Birthday Party" was held in the church parlor at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The old parlor was lovely to look upon, made sweet and attractive with roses—roses everywhere, filling the room with their color and perfume.

The president, Mrs. N. R. Claytor, called the meeting to order by requesting all present to stand and sing the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." J. T. Kilby then offered up a short, earnest prayer, appropriate to the occasion. This was followed by an inspiring talk by Rev. N. R. Claytor, Mr. Claytor taking for his theme: "Jacob, The Vision of Assurance."—Genesis 28th chapter.

Miss Forsyth, of Greensboro, N. C., who is now in the vicinity conducting Vacation Bible Classes, then gave a most interesting talk on her work.

After this the "Birthday" offering was taken up, which this year goes to the Oklahoma Presbyterian College for Indian girls, at Durant, Okla.

Then came the pageant, "The Indian Trail," presented by Circle No. 2 of the Auxiliary. One end of the room had been fitted up as a living room, with a Navajo rug or two placed on the floor, and here, seated in an old rocker, the silver-haired old grandmother, beautifully impersonated by young Mrs. Jay B. Foote, told her 3 grandchildren of the Indians and pioneer days; Mrs. W. L. Morton, taking the part of the flippant young girl; Miss Mary Palmer, the mischievous boy; the little girl, Miss Margaret Whitlock. This little play was quaint and humorous, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The program was closed by all standing and repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Then followed the social hour. A screen in one corner of the room was pushed back disclosing a table on which stood a large bowl of fruit punch surrounded by pink roses. The "birthday cake" was brought forward, with its fourteen lighted candles, and every one was served with Angel cake and fruit punch. Needless to say this was also enjoyed.

There was a full attendance of the members of the Auxiliary. The Woman's Auxiliary of the Red House Church had been invited and among those who attended were: Mrs. George Lansdell, Mrs. Carr Thompson, and Miss Myrtle Winstead. Mrs. Charles Heuser of Wytheville, Va. and Mrs. Harry Word of Charleston, W. Va., were also among the invited guests.

George Neal, son of Hon. T. S. Neal, broke his arm Wednesday of last week while cranking a Ford car. Dr. Malloy and Dr. Gwynn set the broken bones and George is said to be getting along all right.

**DID THE LITTLE OLD LADY MAKE DUPES OF HER FRIENDS**

(Continued from Page 1)

that she was going to walk to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Trent. Her host offered to take her to her destination in his automobile. To this she objected, saying that an automobile couldn't get within two miles of her sister's home. But the host wouldn't hear to see an old woman, who said she would be eighty years old on her next birthday, walking four miles with two healthy sized suit cases. So he went down to the store and bought some meal, fatback, light bread, and coffee, and started out with his guest to find her people.

No one at Milton knew where William Trent and his wife, Mary Ann Trent, lived. Mrs. Strader said they lived somewhere between Milton and Blanche. So the driver went to Blanche and turned down to Mrs. Culver's, thinking the old couple might live on her place. But they weren't there. He then went to the post office at Blanche, but the postmaster had no knowledge of any Trents in that neighborhood. Mr. Mebane at the station knew of no such people. The merchants there din't know them. Neither did Robert Powell who carries the mail on route No. 2. But Robert has been about considerably, having worked on a newspaper staff in Memphis. And he was quick to catch on to the fact that the old lady might be faking. So when she made the remark that she had people in Danville, he immediately handed her thirty cents to buy a ticket to Danville.

And as the train was just at that time coming into the station at Blanche, bound for Danville, the little old lady, dressed in her second mourning, with her little clay pipe and homespun tobacco in her pocket, and the two suit cases in her hand, was put on the train in care of Mrs. F. D. Stewart of Danville, who said she would put Mrs. Strader in care of the Travelers' Aid Society.

Later it was learned from one of the residents of Blanche that this same old lady, who claims to be nearly eighty years old, had been in the neighborhood once before, and had then said that she had been in almost every state in the Union, having traversed the distance of twenty-five hundred miles between Seattle and Cincinnati on foot, the time required to make that long journey being two years.

This woman said she couldn't read, her father being too poor to send her to school. But she said he had done one good thing for her—he had taught her to work. She said she had helped her husband to cut cord wood, cross-ties, and fence rails a many aday.

She seemed to be sincere and honest. She was agreeable and polite. And she appeared to be intelligent and well balanced. And the story that she told of trying to get to her sick sister was one to enlist the sympathy and aid of any one. But when all parts of her story are put together it is found that there is something inconsistent about parts of it.

For instance, she said she had been to Milton to see her sister before, having walked from Danville to Milton. But this time she allowed herself to be carried on by Danville to Reidsville in her effort to get to Milton. And then the fact that the Trents, her supposed relatives, were not known by any one in that whole country lends color to the theory that Mrs. Strader has no kinfolks at all in or around Milton or Blanche.

There is a strong suspicion in the minds of some that the little innocent looking old lady, dressed in gray, and carrying two full grown suit cases, having her clay pipe in her pocket to give solace in the tedious hours, has duped her host and all who took part in the search for the unknown Mr. and Mrs. Trent, the latter of whom was supposed to be sick and near death's door. And who would have thought of it?

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Taylor have moved into their attractive new bungalow on the Milton road.