

THE MOORE COUNTY NEWS

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For the Uplifting and Development of Moore County.

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To You and Yours OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

IT REQUIRES not the occasion of Christmas with its joys, cheer and prevalent good will, to arouse in us a sense of the appreciation due patrons of this paper.

In our hearts and minds are gratitude and good thoughts for you during every day of the year; but Christmas hallows our sentiments and makes their expression fitting and timely.

Such as we have accomplished and such good as may be traceable to our efforts would not have been possible without your sustaining power and co-operation. If in any sense we have upheld a beacon, you have supplied oil for the lamp. If ours has been a chariot, yours has been the motive element which has kept it on its way.

All characters appealing to or endeavoring to entertain the public, must be given a certain meed of applause or they cannot exist. With those engaged in publishing a newspaper, the applause comes in the interest which readers manifest in its columns and in an occasional word of approval. The practical help of subscribers and advertisers has enabled us to maintain a publication standard; their encouragement has furnished the degree of pleasure necessary as an incentive to our daily tasks.

May the spirit of Christmas work for you the full degree of its bountifulness. May you be enabled to get the same amount of pleasure and benefit from these columns that we have derived from making them.

THE PUBLISHERS

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JOHNSON'S LETTER

Letter Number Two.

"All visitors ashore! All visitors ashore! All visitors ashore!"

This sonorous call was being made by some half dozen stewards soon after noon aboard the steamship Adriatic on July 3rd. But before this warning was given, we were directed by the stewards of the ship to invite our visiting friends to lunch and were assured that we had plenty of time.

Soon after our friends had crossed the gang plank, our attention was claimed by the chug, chug, chug of several tug boats straining at their cables which were attached to the solid side of our ship. For a time it seemed that the tug boats could have as easily pulled New York into the river as they could the steamship Adriatic; but after a great deal of chugging, a slight crack began to appear between the ship and the wharf. The crack slowly widened to a distinct breach, then to a chasm, and the motion of the ship became perceptible. The chug, chug of the tug boats was changed to a chaur, chaur, as if they were exulting over their successful feat, like the Lilliputians exulting over the capture of Gulliver. Nor was their exultation premature, for now the great ship was in distinct motion, and the space between it and the wharf was widening and the movement fast gaining momentum.

The last familiar object to bid us farewell was the bespectacled little fellow of Cy, just a head higher than the top rail of the wharf, while pressing against him in the rear was a sea of human beings, all presumably bidding farewell to some dear friends on the ship.

The tug boats were loosed from us, and away like little sea dogs, for the Adriatic now moved under her own steam. Then there was frantic waving of handkerchiefs as the distance became too great for the voices to carry the parting messages. Long ago the sea had this face, had been swallowed up in distance, we could see the fluttering of his handkerchief until it became a mere white speck; we are embarked.

There were upwards of three thousand passengers aboard in all three classes. Nearly two-thirds of the number were in second cabin with us. One of our girls, I have forgotten which, said she knew all the time our great popularity would induce the greater bulk of the passengers to crowd into our quarters. We had quite a lot of fun censuring ourselves for not keeping more secret the manner of our travel, so as to escape the crush; but we decided to make the best of our want of foresight, and cheerfully make friends with our neighbors, which we proceeded to do without very great violence to our sense of caste.

As we passed the Statue of Liberty there was more shouting and waving, but here was the first line of cleavage between the native American and the European; and our "freightage" was more European than American. Indeed, as we became acquainted with the personnel of the passengers, we were astonished at the very few native Americans aboard. Most of our passengers were naturalized citizens, and largely Britons, going to their native homes for the first time since the outbreak of the world war, but I am anticipating.

Scarcely were we outside Sandy Hook when it began to be rumored that The International Steamship Company, since its great disaster in the loss of the Titanic, was chary of icebergs, and that we would probably take the Southern route. Whoever started this line of talk was well advised; for scarcely had we passed beyond the sight of land, when our ship began to veer to the South, and we dropped down almost to the latitude of Philadelphia, on a course mariners call South, Southeast; then, like a swallow we sailed due East. The first day, the passengers preserved a rather cold reserve and seemed to desire to keep their favors for the friends they were expecting to meet on the other side; but then, as the sea became rough, and sea sickness began to claim its victims, human kindness asserted itself and there were no longer any strangers among us. On the third day out one poor fellow was buried at sea at sunrise. He had recently had an operation for appendicitis, and the violent vomiting from sea sickness ruptured his wound, and he died from hemorrhage. But it is there, like it is at Southern Pines; the death of a sick man is kept as secret as if it were a crime.

The first day or so of a voyage is marked by a general aloofness among the passengers, followed on the third



JOHN L. TULL A MAN OF ACTION

The News prints this week a picture of John L. Tull, who will be recognized by a big number of the people of the upper end of the county, for he was a man of action and influence in making that section of North Carolina the prosperous and progressive region that it is. Mr. Tull came into this county with John Lenning, when Lenning was starting the railroad that was to lead from the Seaboard Air Line to the West and he was largely responsible for the work that was done. He was a promoter in a way, an engineer and builder, and he was able to read the future much better than the majority of people. So he tied up with the movement that was to open the Deep river valley and during building and operation of the road across to the junction with the Page system at Star he was the active resident member of the road management.

Ultimately the Norfolk-Southern was formed, and Tull dropped out. Lenning died, and the old associations were broken. But Tull retained his relations with the county. In his day he had come into contact with John Kennedy who was looking after the interests of the budding roads up at Hallison, and Kennedy was gathered into what became a triumvirate after he entered with Lenning and Tull. Together the three worked and developed upper Moore and its neighboring country and when Lenning died and Kennedy continued to operate the Lenning properties that had not been disposed of by the Norfolk-Southern, and at his death Tull and Kennedy were still associated in the Egypt plantation operation and development.

What these men did would be a long story, and it is well enough known to

all of the older settlers. They opened a country that contained vast resources and paved the way for the present Norfolk-Southern which is one of the main outlets of Moore county, and which will continue to be a developing factor, and to advance the country it traverses. The three men were a great outfit. Lenning was a man of means and of money. Tull was a constructive man along with Lenning, and Kennedy was and is a business man of ability, and of the highest character, as the others were. It is a rare combination that lines up with these three and it is well enough for those of us of this day to give them credit for the work of pioneering they did.

Hemp, with its fine school, and its advancement, is one of the memorials of Lenning and Tull, for the school at Elise, which was the name originally given, was a school that bore the name of Lenning's daughter. But as another postoffice in the State had a name so similar another name had to be found, and Hemp was substituted. The school has never shaken off its old name of Elise, and is known widely by that more familiar word.

The Norfolk-Southern as it winds through Lee and Moore counties, is a lasting and active monument to John Tull and John Lenning, and will one day be the third man of the name of John Kennedy, for it was their knowledge of this section and their energy and confidence in the future of the region they had discovered that put the road through the Deep river valley. They were a remarkable trio, and a station on the road should be named for each one of them before it is too late.

day by the opposite extreme, when the whole personnel rush into what may best be called a cosmopolitan jumble; then by degrees, the passengers are separated into groups, the forming of friendly ties by natural selection when like is attracted to like.

Prominent in our group of friends was a Roman Catholic gentleman, a professor of chemistry from a college in Ohio. He lived in Dayton, and talked a good deal about "Jimmie" Cox, as he called him. He was intimately acquainted with Governor Cox, and liked him very much, but did not intend to vote for him. From later events we are warranted in assuming that whole families were of the same way of thinking.

A most delightful lady attached to our group was known as Miss Betty. She lived in Philadelphia, and is connected with the University of Pennsylvania. Her native home is in Bath, England, and thither she was bound to visit her relatives for the first time since the disturbing element of war disarranged the shuttle flying back and forth across the Atlantic with its human bobkins. All our girls were captivated by Miss Betty, and a certain gentleman of uncertain age, whose name is withheld for obvious reasons,

actually wrote verses about her!

There was another English lady intimately friendly with our group. At her own request we called her Miss Pep. She was an expert designer for a wholesale millinery establishment in Atlanta, and was going to visit her mother in Norwich, England. This lady's store of ancient folk lore of old England was astonishing; she knew the whys and wherefores of even the old nursery rhymes which we never thought of trying to decipher; I remember she quoted and explained the oldest child's story that I ever heard: "Ba, ba, black sheep, Have you any wool? Yes, ma'm, I have three bags full; One for the master, One for the maid, One for the snoodlums that live in the lane."

This means that in the old days of England, the first third of a man's earnings (wool represents wealth) was retained by the man himself; the second third was the property of the State (the main), while the third was given to the poor, here represented by the snoodlums. A cynic might think this not worth newspaper space; but it is, and the thoughtful will see the

(Continued on page Four.)

SAVE THE PERCENTAGE

Only a few days more until January 1st, when taxes not paid will have a penalty of one per cent a month. Many persons have overlooked their taxes so far. To do so after next week means a cost that is worth saving. Better see the sheriff now and save the percentage.

HARDING MAY COME TO MOORE AFTER HOLIDAYS

Southern Pines is in hopes Senator Harding may come to Moore county after the holidays. The News had recently written him a letter on the subject, and his secretary wrote last week in answer that the matter is under consideration. Friday a telegram from Southern Pines offered him the Southworth house there free of rent and also informed him that his friends could find accommodations at the Highland Pines Inn close by. The people of the Sandhills think they have a fair chance to care for the next president for a part of the winter.

SERMON TO JUNIOR ORDER

Rev. G. W. Perry will preach to the Junior Order of Carthage on the fourth Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at the Methodist church in Carthage.

The Juniors are asked to assemble at their hall at 10 o'clock, so as to march to the church in a body.

BUY THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS GIFT IN THE WORLD—THE LIFE OF A LITTLE CHILD—FOR YOUR LOVED ONES AND FRIENDS

Millions of helpless, innocent children in Europe will perish unless the people of America come to their rescue immediately.

\$10 Saves the Life of One Child until next Harvest.
\$100 Saves the Lives of 10 Children until next Harvest.

Do your part to save them. Mail the certificate below, with your check NOW, and you will be sent a Christmas card bearing the following inscription:

"I am sending in your name food to a child in Europe. This is my Christmas gift to you."

MR. HENRY A. PAGE, North Carolina Chairman
European Relief Council, Aberdeen, N. C.

I (we), _____, N. C., desire to have the privilege of saving the life (lives) of _____ child (children) until next harvest, and check for \$ _____ is enclosed for this purpose. This donation is a Christmas gift to _____

(Space donated by the News.)