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JACK FRENCH.

Jack French was a boy ten years of age, it is supposed. Jack himself fixed this as his age at the time this story begins, at least he supposed he was ten, as he after determined, as he later met and learned something of boys in life, who were about the size he was when he first met himself on the occasion, the point in his life where this story starts.

Jack had a mongrel dog, his only friend, which had filled his empty life, and his boss had killed this dog because he ate. Poor Jack was hearbro... but he was trying to make the best of a bad situation, and was over on the hillside in the woods where the December sun warmed a spot on the earth, making himself a pair of shoes from the skin of his deceased dog, as he was very scantily clad, and barefoot, and the weather was very cold. Jack had on one garment - no use to describe this, for you have heard of wearers having on just one. "Jack, oh Jack," he heard his name being called, but he stayed on his job and finished his shoes made from the hide of that dog, tanned with the brains of the animal, and put together with whangs cut from the same material.

After Jack had finished his shoes, he went to the house and made his presence known, and dearly he paid for the delay in responding to that call. Then Jack made a discovery. He was a bound boy and legally belonged to the tyrant who had called him a while ago. Of his parentage he knew nothing, and as stated above he supposed he was ten years old, and bound to his boss for the next eleven years. Eleven more years of this life Jack reflected. Could he live it?

All he had ever known was abuse and cruelty, with no relief in sight. He went to the tasks assigned him, cold, yes, freezing he began to think the predicament over. Why should he slave and bear such treatment? He fed the stock as usual, brought in the wood for the night fires, and went out into the darkness and cold.

He warmed himself by exercise. If you cover a good many miles in a short time, no matter how cold the weather is, you will not freeze. He went on and on, and on, and toward day he found that he was near a farm house, and ventured up timidly, and asked for food. He was given a good warm, strengthening breakfast, and was allowed to sit by a good, warm fire just as long as he pleased. The good man and his wife made inquiry into who he was and where he was going. He could enlighten them but little as to who he was nor where he was going—going just anywhere to escape tyranny, and was out to find a home where he could escape abuse. The result was, he found a home, and many comforts hitherto strange to him, so he began life over again, so to speak.

He was really a good, kind hearted boy, and very industrious, so he found a welcome place in that home, and in the hearts of this farmer and his good wife. A difficulty confronted him. His name. He did not wish to be identified by anything that reminded him of the past, and then, too, his old name might lead to identification and arrest, for his former warden would search for him everywhere. He was a youth of too much promise to be given up without a search. So a new cognomen was

given him, and he became John Bruce. Then, began a new life and a new boy - started in the world.

He was never legally adopted into that family, but he became a fixed and useful part of it. He labored tirelessly, and was rewarded in two ways: He met the approbation of his employers, and was well fed, well clad and comfortable, and delighted in the performance of the tasks assigned him. He developed as the days passed, and in the course of a few years became a man, not large in stature—he never quite overcame the handicap of the first years of his life—but he was strong and delighted in the heavy work that others often dread. So ends the first chapter in the life of Jack French.

Jack French, who developed into John Bruce, became a next man in his later life, as the next chapter will show.

Miss Shady Stephens Dies.

On Tuesday, April 26th, Miss Shady Stephens passed away at the home of her brother, Mr. John Stephens, who lives two miles east of Raeford, her death following a recent stroke of paralysis. She was 43 years old.

She was a member of Parkers Chapel Methodist church. She was a good woman and delighted to do the will of her Master. Her remains were interred in Red Springs cemetery Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, her pastor, Rev. N. C. Yearby, conducting the funeral service.

Lightning Hits Plane.

Norfolk, Va., April 29.—Four navy airmen, two lieutenants and two petty officers, were sent to their deaths this afternoon by a bolt of lightning that struck their seaplane 1,200 feet in the air and sent it hurtling into Chesapeake Bay off New Point Comfort, a splintered and scattered wreck.

Funeral of Mrs. Dowling.

Mrs. Roena Campbell Dowling, formerly of Hoke county, who died in Washington, D. C., was buried in Sandy Grove Presbyterian church Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. A. D. Carswell conducting the funeral service.

Mrs. Dowling was a daughter of the late Daniel Campbell and Catherine McLeod Campbell. She leaves three brothers, Messrs. Walter and Scott Campbell of Raeford, and Christopher Campbell of Rocky Mount; one sister, Miss Alberta Campbell, who made her home with the deceased sister. She leaves a bereaved husband and three small children.

Did More Than Required.

The National Red Cross asked Raeford and Hoke county to contribute \$675 to the Mississippi Valley flood sufferers, and Dr. W. M. Fairley, Messrs. W. B. McLaughlin, W. P. Hawfield, C. E. Upchurch et al., lent a hand, and that amount was collected and wired in the first days of last week. Other contributions have since been made and forwarded.

The weather has been too cool and dry for things to grow. The rainfall in this section continues to be light.

Well sir, dust was high last Friday, the dust was distressing, and a fire in the woods south of town burned well.

Mrs. W. C. Brown of Barium Springs has been visiting relatives and friends in Raeford during the past week.

A PICTURE.

The picture that hangs on the wall.

Has it ever occurred to you? That there's a meaning no matter how small.

In everything that you do? So it is with this picture you behold.

A 'peepin' down through the glass, There's a story here to be told, A weird tale of the past.

Study the meaning more closely, To get the truth buried there; You will find that it sometimes look ghostly, But it is never a nightmare,

The artist who has painted the great picture;

'Tis he who can best understand,

Each touch of the brush on the canvas

Brings joy from his skilled hand.

He makes it all so true to life; The things that he has seen, They are each placed here after the strife,

You can readily see what they mean.

ADDIE MAE GATLIN.

Special Notice

All persons are strictly forbidden to play base ball or any other game on the grounds West from the cemetery on the Sabbath Day. I have given the boys permission to use the grounds for base ball or any clean and honorable game during six days in the week, but not on Sunday. Boys observe Sunday in a different manner and my word for it, you will never forget it.

J. W. McLAUCHLIN.

Mechanical Power on Farms Increasing.

The increasing use of power, other than man or beast, on farms, is evident from figures compiled by the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Agriculture.

The number of farms having tractors has increased from 5,374 in 1920 to 24,100 on January 1, 1927; the number of farms having gas engines from 54,007 in 1920, to 85,818 in 1927; and the number of farms having electricity from 8,495 in 1921, to 28,074 in 1927.

While the percentage of all farms having power equipment is still small, the increase during the past seven years has been almost fivefold in tractors and over threefold in electricity.

McEachern-McNeill.

A marriage of wide interest in North Carolina was that of Miss Bessie McNeill of Laurinburg and Mr. Archie McEachern of Raeford, which was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of the bride on South Main street, Rev. John McEachern, of Mysacky, S. C., and a brother of the bridegroom, officiating.

Only intimate friends and kinsfolk witnessed the ceremony. The only attendants were the maid of honor, Miss Ellen McNeill, sister of the bride and the groom's best man, his brother, Mr. Laurie McEachern, of Raeford.

Part of Batt. F and some little boys went down to Parkton last Wednesday afternoon and were defeated in a base ball game 14 to 0.

Cary Peterkin, colored, who farms on Mr. J. L. McFadyen place and who is a good gardener, brought a couple of nice cabbage Friday.

Juniors Entertain Seniors.

The Junior class of Raeford High School delightfully entertained the faculty and the Senior boys and girls at a banquet Friday night at the new Blumont Hotel. The girls came beautifully dressed in all the pretty colors of spring with corsages of sweet peas and roses.

The tables were decorated with large baskets containing red roses tied with green tulle, the colors of the Seniors. On a serving table was a miniature Senior on top of a ladder representing the Senior motto: "Climbing Higher." Hanging from the top were tiny diplomas.

The place cards were hand painted by Tommy Williamson with red ramblers and the green leaves carrying out still the motto and flowers of the Seniors.

MENU:

Fruit Cocktail.
Hot Rolls and Butter,
Cream of Chicken on Toast,
Candied Yams, Asparagus Tips,
Butter Sauce, Mixed Pickle,
Orange Ice, Soibetta Wafers,
Tea.

The program with Mr. Stackhouse as toastmaster, consisted of toasts to the Senior Class, the girls, and the faculty, with appropriate responses. The program follows:

Song—Everybody;
Toast to Seniors, Flora Sessions;

Response, Jonah Brown.
Solo, Miss Gene Boyles.
Reading, Mrs. E. B. Garrett.
Toast to Faculty, Robt. Morris;
Response, Mrs. J. M. Stackhouse.
Song.
Toast to Miss Alex Sneed;
Response, Isabel McFadyen.
Reading, E. E. Fridell.
Instrumental solo, Miss Dixie Reaves.

Poem, "To Senior Class," Mary Lee Seate.

Class song, Seniors.
This was enjoyed by all. Songs led by Miss Boyles were sung at intervals throughout the evening.

Archie Epstein, Walter Brown, Alex Sneed and Robert Draughn indulged in a contest to see who could break his rubber balloon first. A penalty was imposed on the one breaking his last. Walter D. Brown being last was told to kiss Crawford Thomas which he did with a hearty smack.

Green backed program books with red pencils were a feature of the occasion. Each person present was asked to sign his name under the heading of "Lest we forget."

The new faculty, chosen by the Juniors, the coming year was announced, also the new county board, city board and county supt.

County board, chairman, Kate Dalton, Lucille McLeod, Isabel McFayen, Walter Culbreth.

City board, chairman, Laura Yearby, Bennie McFadyen, Marguerite Freeman and Vara Cox.
County supt. and physical instructor for girls, Harris Parker.
City supt., Jonah Brown.

ENGLISH:

1. English Literature course of lecture, Archie Epstein.
2. Course in Grammar, Crawford Thomas.

3. Course in Argumentation to be known as Draughn School of Argumentation, Robt. Draughn.
French, Sarah C. Cromartie.
History, Robert Hampton.
Geometry, Curtis Smith.
Latin, Boswell Bethune.
Public School Music, (singing) Johnnie Lee Atkins.
Piano, Lacy Pratt.
Home Economics, Mary McVicker.

Commercial Arithmetic, Archie Howard.

Course in Reducing Exercises, Louise Blue.

Course in Beauty Aids
1. Cutting hair, Mary F. Shankle.

2. Use of rouge and powder, Mary Norton.

Janitor, Robert Gatlin.

The banquet ended by the Seniors singing the High School Song.

Great credit is given Miss Sturgis and the Junior Class for giving the first Junior-Senior banquet in Raeford. The Seniors had such a good time that they automatically drifted together and gave a yell for the Juniors and Miss Sturgis as they left the hotel.

Education Department.

Mrs. H. R. Cromartie entertained the Education Department of the Woman's Club at her beautiful new home on Magnolia street Tuesday afternoon, April 26th, at 3:30 P. M.

The living room was decorated lovely with a profusion of spring flowers.

This being the regular time for election of officer, there was no program for the afternoon. Those elected for the following year were:

Chm., Mrs. C. W. Seate.
Vice Chm., Mrs. G. W. Brown.
Sec., Mrs. H. W. B. Whitely.
Treas., Mrs. H. R. Cromartie.

Feeder Pigs Very Much in Demand

There is an unusual demand for pigs this spring and none for sale locally, it seems.

The county agent has recently located a carload of weanling pigs 8 to 10 weeks old, that will cost delivered in Raeford approximately \$6.50 and will be immune to cholera.

These pigs are good grade and crosses of Poland China, Duroc and Berkshire breeding. If any one interested will notify the county agent in the next 10 days of the pigs desired an effort will be made to purchase a carload for use in the county will be made.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Wm. L. Pool was right sick Saturday, but she has since recovered.

Raeford is fortunate in having the very best water. It is pure, cool and satisfying.

Yes, you may fish with a hook, line and a swag-tum pole, without getting a license, but be sure you use earthworms for bait.

Mr. J. R. Covington of Raeford, a graduate at Davidson College, has recently been invited into the International Relations Club.

Miss Julia Alexander had the good sense to retire from the race for Mayor of Charlotte when it revealed her opponent would win, and she saw Redd.

The county commissioners met Monday, all the members, J. A. McEachern, S. J. Cameron, Arden Weill, R. F. Stewart and W. B. McNeill being present.

Secretary of the State Everett has sent to Hoke county its quota of the Acts of 1927 legislature, and the Sheriff of the Peace may be supposed to have applied to the Clerk of the Superior Court.

Something less than a quarter of an acre of the overhead plastering in the banking room of the Page Trust Co. building fell Sunday night. Except to litter up the floor, no harm was done.

It is said that the cost of the recent trial of the murderers of Sheriff Turner of Lee County cost that county twenty thousand dollars. Lawyers do not seem to care what courts cost.

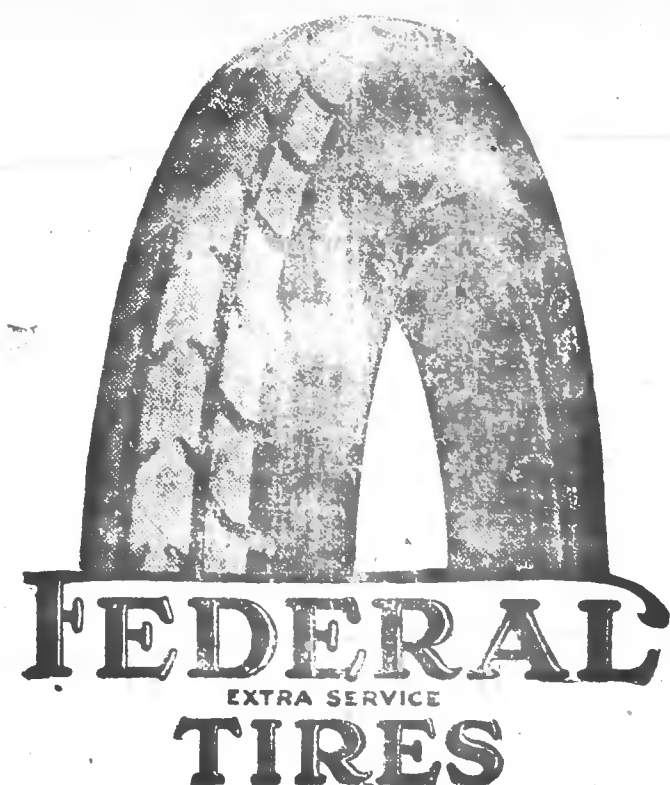
Upchurch Milling & Storage Co. have their new ice plant running at full blast. This new plant has a capacity of fifteen tons daily, and not only a larger plant has been installed, but many improvements in the building have been made and now the plant is ready to meet the demands made upon it.

There is never a question about the right tire to buy among Federal Tire users

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