

BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL

Services of the Late Captain William T. Shaw, Jr., Held at the M. E. Church on Sunday Last--Large Attendance of Sympathizing Friends.



A most beautiful and impressive memorial service in honor of Capt. William T. Shaw, was held in the M. E. Church on Sunday morning last. The church was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, sent by loving friends. One large basket of Crepe Myrtle, sent by Miss Eunice J. Clark, being especially appropriate, another large bowl of Gladiolus was sent by Mrs. Paul Roper, of Petersburg, and these, too, were typical of the man we had met to honor.

In spite of the extreme heat a large crowd gathered early and almost filled both the auditorium and Sunday School room. The regular ushers were assisted by Mr. N. J. Shepherd, Mr. E. L. Williams and Mr. S. B. Holloway, who, with Mr. W. T. Shaw, Sr., has served so efficiently on the Halifax County Exemption Board, and has made many friends in Weldon.

As the bereaved family entered the church, Mrs. W. A. Pierce played the inspiring "Marsellaise Hymn," after which the choir sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the congregation standing. The hymn No. 524 was sung, the words

"My Jesus as Thou wilt
Oh may Thy Will be mine," etc.

being especially tender and appropriate. Rev. F. M. Shamburger led in a most comprehensive and earnest prayer. As an interlude "Peace, Perfect Peace," was sung softly by the choir.

Rev. J. G. Blalock, of the Baptist Church, read the first Scripture lesson from Genesis 22, 1-12. Second lesson from St. John's gospel, 14th Chapter was read by the pastor.

Miss Lillie Stainback sang, "Oh! Heart of Mine," after which Mr. W. L. Knight read a "Memorial" of Capt. W. T. Shaw, Jr., written by Mrs. Ida F. Wilkins, who has known and loved him from his childhood. This is such a true delineation of his character that we give below the paper as it was read.

MEMOIR.

"Man goeth to his long home while the mourners go about the streets," the wail of the prophet king who dwelt in Jerusalem centuries ago is wailed to us down the years as we think of the grief that came to us in the death of our beloved hero in a far away land, even though his was the death of a Christian and he has left the record of "A clean life" and has gone "to see his face" which is the joy of the elect. It is when such sorrows come that we realize how impotent words are to soothe the heart-ache and solace the infinite yearning for the touch of vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still, and only God can give the grace to look up and say "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." These words written by a friend are so beautiful that we give them place as a preface to what we would say in this memorial in which we will try to give a brief outline of the short life of one who wrought well and has sacrificed his life on the altar of duty, justice, and right. William T. Shaw, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Shaw, of Weldon, was born in Wilson, N. C., June 21st, 1892. His childhood life was spent in Weldon in the home of his loving parents and he early developed those traits of character which followed him throughout his brief life, that of a born leader, a courteous knightly gentleman, a true friend and a tender, loving son, brother and husband. The highest ideals were instilled into his childish mind by his parents and it is a joy to them to remember that in all his life a word or a look was all that was needed whenever he seemed inclined to err. His father says of him, "In all his life I never had to correct him, nor apologize for anything he had said or done. He was his father's confidential friend."

In his early school life he easily led his classes. When the graded school was organized in 1905, he entered the sixth grade. Was made president of the Lee Literary Society. A debating club organized among the pupils of the school and in the first contest of this club, won the medal offered by the school. Fond of athletics, he was president of the ball team in the school and in this as in all else, was a champion for fair dealing and a square game whenever a contest was on. Such was his standard of right and truth, to say and that "William Shaw said so" was a guarantee that the statement was correct. Before finishing the course in the High School in Weldon he decided to enter the then A. & M. College, of Raleigh. Here, as in Weldon, he easily led his classes, graduating with high honors in the class of 1914. He had decided to study textile work and of a class of 45 only himself and two others finished the course. To the student finishing highest in this course the American Cotton Manufacturing Association offered a medal valued at \$50.00 provided there were as many as five to complete the course. There being only three, while William won the honor, the medal was not presented. There, as at home, he was interested in physical training and became a member of Company D., of the Student Battalion and was very soon made Captain of this company. A clipping from a local paper of that date says: "In a very interesting and closely contested competitive drill held by the companies of the A. & M. Battalion, Company D., drilled by Captain W. T. Shaw was awarded first place by Captain Russell G. Langdon, of the United States Army. Company D., will act as Color company for the remainder of the year and will be allowed to return to the armory first after drill in the afternoon." This training fitted him for a higher development in active service which has won for him immortal glory, when as a volunteer he led his men in the awful charge of July 16th, meeting the fierce onslaught of the trained German soldiers, driving them back and beginning the defeat which has ended only in a complete revision of the Crown Prince of Germany's far-famed battle line. Of this young man Dr. W. C. Riddick, of the A. & E. College, writes: "I have come in contact with many excellent young men since my connection with the college, but we have graduated no one with finer

qualities and greater promise of a useful and successful life than William. I was very proud of him. His death is a great loss, not only to his family and friends, but to the community and State as well."

After leaving college he went to Danville, Va., and entered a mill in that city and did practical textile work for a year. He then came back to Weldon and was made Superintendent of one of the mills of the Weldon Manufacturing Company, where he remained until August 1917, when he volunteered and entered the officers training camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., for the second term. Of the enrollment there, chiefly of college bred professional men, he won the highest record, making an average of 98, and received the highest honor, that of a commission as Captain, and appointed instructor at the training camp. Before the close of this he was reassigned to a command of U. S. Regulars and received "over sea" orders early in May. When the Government was calling for volunteers to go to training, Captain Shaw was earnestly entreated by his father to remain at the head of important manufacturing work in which he was engaged. His devoted mother pleaded with him to stay until there was a more urgent call. His reply was, "It is my duty to go and mother, it is your duty as a Christian to bid me go."

Also after receiving an assignment to overseas duty he was offered an honorable position in which he could remain in the United States but he preferred to go and the pleadings of a fond mother and a loving young wife could not tempt him from the path of duty. Of his affection for his mother we can judge from a letter written to her on Mother's Day of recent date. In this letter he says: "Mother's Day to me means only that a white flower should be worn but I do not have to go through with this formality in order to think of MY mother. I think of you every day and every night and this occasion is once in each year. My dear mother is entirely too dear and sweet and precious not to think of but once a year, anyway I am wearing a white carnation today in commemoration. It is a beautiful day and a beautiful custom and for a long life mother. War is bad and there should be some way to prevent them, but this is not the first and we are hoping that by sacrificing we can make it the last. Anyway, we will try, and I want to do my bit. The real brave and want me to."

Many honors came to this young man in life. He was preferred and esteemed by those high in authority and admired and loved by all. The many letters received since his going bear witness to this. These letters from persons in high official life, from the Governor of North Carolina, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, judges on the bench and many others bear loving record to the worth of this noble son, but as a friend he was tried and true and an extract from a letter from a life-long school mate and friend will show how severely his loss is felt by those who have known him. This letter is to his mother, and says: "You have lost the best son in the world and I have lost a true friend. Life will be dark to me now as 'Bill' is gone. I shall never find another to take his place as he was more than a friend to me. I loved him as a brother, but thank God that Bill died leading his men. If it had to come his was a glorious death."

As a Christian, joining the M. E. Church in childhood, his faith remained pure and simple as a child's and by no known act did he ever bring reproach upon the church of his choice. While kneeling at her altars to receive the holy communion clad in khaki, the habiliments of war, he impersonated all that was perfect in a Christian soldier. As past Chancellor Commander of Weldon Lodge No. 227, Knights of Pythias, his record is that no knight of the crusades ever received the holy accolade and more fully carried out the command, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things and do them," than did this knight of the 20th century in a time such as the world has never known before. And now as a brother to his young and tender sisters and husband of the bride of a few short weeks, we will drop the veil. Their grief is too sacred for public gaze. We can only pray that God by His infinite grace may keep them and so comfort them, the dear heart broken parents and all who loved and knew him so that "when He comes to make up His jewels there may be a tender reunion in the presence of Him who has said, "My Grace is Sufficient for You," and "Sometime We'll Understand."

Mr. Knight followed this with a feeling appreciation of Capt. Shaw as he had known him as a young business man and friend.

Rev. Mr. Shamburger here requested the congregation to rise and pledge allegiance to "Our Flag, the Stars and Stripes," which our brave men are gallantly waving now over the hills and valleys of France.

Hon. W. E. Daniel then paid a loving tribute to the memory of Capt. Shaw, saying that his feelings and affections were so much involved that he hardly knew what to say but in beautiful words he dwelt on the true manliness of this young man, and the honor he had given to the town, community, State and nation. Mr. Daniel began by reading a proclamation issued to an army by the commanding general in an enemy's country, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, by Gen. Robert E. Lee in July 1862.

This proclamation called on all the Confederate soldiers to strictly refrain from depredations of any kind upon individuals and private property, placing them upon honor to scrupulously obey this command which was most rigidly observed. Mr. Daniel said this order was not given in Germany and Capt. Shaw was a direct descendant of these men with the same red blood flowing in his veins. He also said that "in his going the business community had suffered a severe loss, that the tendency was to replace older men with the younger life of the nation and they had felt that they would not have to look far to find a man when occasion demanded."

He was followed by Dr. W. C. Riddick, of the State A. and E. College, who spoke of Capt. Shaw as a clean, upright, honorable student-dweller on his capacity as a leader and while there are some lines against him while in college they implied nothing of which any full blooded college student might be ashamed. He was no "molly coddle," said Dr. Riddick but a whole man and commanded the deepest respect of the whole student body.

Rev. F. M. Shamburger then closed the exercises with the following words:

This is a time of trial. The foundations of the earth are being shaken. Movements of sentiment and genius are crumbling and falling under devastating death-dealing forces. Treasures are changing hands. The expected and the unexpected are happening. The bodies of brave men are falling by the thousands at the stroke of death. Hearts are bleeding. Homes are broken up, but sympathy and love and character still live and will survive the ravages of time.

The best things are expensive. It costs something to be a man. The greatest achievements are wrought out through sacrifice. The most costly sacrifice that one man makes is to give his life's blood. It is honorable and noble to fight to the death for the destruction of sin and for the establishment of a principle. It tends to make this world better, to blend this life with the life to come, and to glorify God. It is being something after the plan of God that projects itself into the future and lives forever.

The body, the mind and the soul, each has a part to perform in the development and the perfection of character. It is very rare that we see in this world the elements and the blending of elements of manhood that all observing ones could behold in him in whose memory and honor we have met today.

During my pastorate of two and one-half years in Weldon, I often met this manly determined fellow. He is now gone. He will walk our streets no more. His body rests on the other side of the sea. Heroes die but heroism will live forever. Capt. W. T. Shaw, Jr., lives and will continue to live in our minds and hearts.

This life with all it has for us is not sufficient to satisfy the infinite cravings of our immortal souls. There is too much change and sorrow here. Things material are not stable enough. The soul needs the things that are most real. Here we must have tribulation, sooner or later all are called upon to pass through the valley and shadows. The day cometh and also the night, and I will add the night cometh and also the day. "Weeping may endure for the night but joy cometh in the morning." There is a profound philosophy in affliction, it brings the things that are real in sight and causes us to desire them and reach after them. The desire of character is woven out of joy and sorrow. May all of us find presence in Him in that day's finished product.

Estimate it for us that in the midst of our gloom we can look up through our tears to One who is able to supply all our needs, and who will if we trust Him, lead us out into a large place.

All things work together for good to them that love the Lord, is a blessed truth into which all of us should firmly anchor our souls. May the Lord in His mercy care for and heal the hearts that are broken, and by His grace bring us all at last to our home in heaven.

The choir sang, "Come Ye Disconsolate."

Rev. J. G. Blalock pronounced the benediction. The choir sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a recessional, and the triumphant service in honor of a Christian soldier was at an end.

THE FOOD MINISTER OF France has requisitioned 1918 forage crops. The maximum price for best quality will be \$1 for 100 pounds and 86 cents for second quality.

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In addition to three forms of natural iron Acid Iron Mineral contains magnesium, potassium, sodium and calcium, medicinal properties which your doctor prescribes for indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, and many ailments arising from a disordered stomach. As a general tonic it comes closer to the ideal, making rich, pure blood and toning up the system and weak vital organs to normal.

Be sure you get Acid Iron Mineral, ask for it by name. Look for the A-I-M trade mark, it is your guarantee of a pure, concentrated, efficient, economical iron product. At all reliable druggists or the Ferrudine Chemical Corp., Roanoke, Va., \$1 per bottle prepaid.

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PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR

Help For The Helpless.



Last year the whole world was thrilled when the news flashed over the wires that Jerusalem had been delivered from the hands of the Turk. The feeling was universal that the Holy City should be restored to the people who had built it and with whose history it is forever associated. This is a fine sentiment, but finer and vastly more important than the restoration of the Holy City is the salvation of millions of Jews from hunger and disease and death. In Turkey, in Palestine, in Lithuania, in Russia, in Poland and in Galicia starvation stares the children of Abraham in the face. Daily Jewish husbands see their wives grow thin and pale and fade away in the Great Silence. Daily Jewish babies die frantically at the breasts that are withered and dry; and above the din of battle is heard once more the voice of Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not.

I will call upon the good people of North Carolina to harken to this cry, to rally to the help of the helpless and once again to show themselves worthy of the high service they are privileged to render. The hungry, hungering Jew can well afford to die. We cannot afford to have his blood on our hands.

Therefore, I, Thomas Walter Bickett, Governor of North Carolina, do hereby set apart Monday, the 19th day of August, 1918, as Jewish Relief Day. I ask all newspapers to give publicity to this day, and especially ask that on Sunday, the 18th day of August, notice be given in all the churches in the State that the following Monday will be observed as Jewish Relief Day, and the people will be given an opportunity to help this stricken race.

On Monday, the 19th day of August, I beg all our people to give to this most worthy cause generously and gladly. Let Jew and Gentile touch elbows, and work together for the relief of these millions in distress, and may He, who made and loves us all, bestow upon every giver and every gift His heavenly benediction.

Done at our city of Raleigh, this 3rd day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, and in the one hundred and forty-third year of our American Independence.

THOS. W. BICKETT,
By the Governor:
SANTFORD MARTIN,
Private Secretary.

SOUTH AMERICA in Great Need of Ships,—says a headline. Why didn't someone say so before. Just struck our gait. Turning out 100 some days. Can just as well make it 200. Get in touch with Charles M. Schwab, Washington, D. C.

WE notice that the all highest has created so many orders of "merit" that artists are put to it to furnish designs. Unless it has already been adopted we would suggest a baby's skull with cross bones attached.

SHALL we give our best in men and not in food?—U. S. Food Administration.

To the names of the illustrious generals of today, history will justly add General Housewife.

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36 inch White Voile, lovely quality, 25c. to \$1 the yard. All grades of silk, including the white and turquoise wash silks. for skirts, waists and lingerie.

36 inch Fancy Striped and plaid Voiles, Batiste and Flaxons, 35 and 50c the yard. Another new feature just added to our line is the "STANDARD NEMO CORSET." You conserve both health and money when you wear them.

27 inch Fancy Voiles, Crepes and Flaxons, 48 and 35c yard.

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