

ONLY \$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE FRANKLIN TIMES

AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM THAT BRINGS RESULTS

A. F. Johnson, Editor and Manager.

THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION

Subscription \$1.50 Per Year

VOLUME XLVII.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1919

NUMBER 45

LOCAL FARMERS TO GET NITRATE

Government to Sell Nitrate for Fertilizer Through County Agent.

Washington, D. C.—Notice has been given to C. H. Stanton, Agricultural Agent for Franklin County, that the U. S. Department of Agriculture will sell at cost a supply of nitrate of soda to farmers in Franklin County.

The nitrate will be sold under the authority of the Food Control Act and subsequent legislation relating thereto. The price will be \$81.00 a ton, free on board cars at landing point or port. Farmers are to pay in addition freight to their shipping point.

HOW TO OBTAIN NITRATE

Applications for a part of the nitrate to be sold by the government will be received only from tenant farmers or owners or holders of farms for use on their land, and may be made through County Agent C. H. Stanton, or through any member of a local committee consisting of M. G. D. Allen, H. E. Pierce, J. R. Eakin, O. W. Scales, W. D. Fisher and C. H. Muller.

No money will be required with the application but upon notice from the authorized representative of the Department of Agriculture farmers who have signed applications must deposit with a local bank, association, or individual, designated by the Secretary of Agriculture to act as the farmers' agent for that purpose, money to cover the cost of the fertilizer except the freight charge. In practically every case the money will be paid to a County Nitrate Distributor designated by the Department of Agriculture. Nitrate will be shipped to the distributor on sight draft with bill of lading attached. Distributors will pay drafts, take up the bill of lading, and get nitrate from farmers and distribute nitrate to farmers. Arrangements have been made to secure large quantities of nitrate and it is expected that all reasonable requirements can be met. Applications received up to Jan. 25, 1919.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE

Somewhere in France, November 3, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor: If you have the space to spare in your paper I would be very glad if you would publish the attached letter. With best wishes to all the Franklin County people, and success for you and your paper.

Yours truly,
ROBERT E. UNDERWOOD,
2nd Lieutenant Infantry, U. S. A.,
November 3, 1918.

THE FRENCH DANSELS AND OUR BOYS

I read your ever so interesting and the first article that appeared in the newspaper in regard to the American soldier choosing the French girl rather than the American girl, why such an argument should have ever begun. I think that I can safely say that ninety per cent of the whole A. E. F. will not let their hearts be won by the so-called "Beautiful French Girl." According to my judgment the American girls need not lose any sleep over the propriety of the French Sisters and over their own husbands over seas. The French girls are pretty enough—at a distance, but a close-up view puts the American girl many kilometers ahead in my humble opinion, my observation is based on the girls from the country, though I have not yet been to Paris. However, you must give it to the French girl, she milkmaid or princess, for knowing how to dress. Give her a plume, a bright huckabush, and a few other things and you'll instinctively tip your hat to her ladyship, and be rewarded by a dazzling smile. You'll feel like you want to do something nice for her—to escort her to a cozy safe observation post while you charge a whole regiment of Hun or a blazing cannon. They are clever, congenial, and just enough reserved to make them charming. And yet, and yet, getting right down to brass tacks, our girls are really the prettiest after all. In the words of a poet "These Princesses or Lords may flourish or man fade, a breath can make them as a breath has made. But our hold true American girls if once destroyed can never be supplied." The French women have been more than kind to the American soldiers. We have been billeted at various homes, and always the best in the house was ours. The soldiers are learning French.

English words. The French women—mother, wife or sister—has met her hour of trial like a saint. She speaks of the enemy and his deeds calmly, never with vindictiveness, so far as I have heard. And yet between the lines of her talk there is something like a faith amounting to a certain conviction that God will bring justice to France. They seem to feel that as though it were a promise carved on stone and for that they cheerfully toil and wait. To them America is the instrument selected by Providence to bring about the restoration and that is why they are so good and generous to men from the great Republic across the sea. The French woman weeps no more. She has had her hour of grief and pain, and now she has fortified herself to "Carry On" to the end. Little children, hardly large enough to help their native tongue will run up to an American soldier and place their tiny hands in those of the stran-

SHOULD AND PROUDLY TRUDGE DOWN

with him. To them the uniform of an American soldier is a credit insuring fealty and protection.

This sublime faith of the child of France has been the most interesting thing experienced by our men as they stiffened their resolution to an end to the oppressor's power.

The beautiful character of the people we have met over here is reflected in their Country. I do not wonder that they love it so strongly. Many of our men have expressed their intention of remaining here after the war is over and help rebuild it and the shattered towns. One thing is certain—what our boys from the country return they will never be satisfied until they have equalled the French in their smooth, well-kept roads. Road building has always interested me. It means so much to the development of a community.

THE FRENCH ROADS ARE HARD AND MOOCH

The French roads are hard and mooch. They are around your feet, they are under your feet, they are in your eyes, they are in your ears, they are in your nose, they are in your mouth, they are in your stomach, they are in your back, they are in your chest, they are in your lungs, they are in your heart, they are in your soul.

NO MONEY WILL BE REQUIRED WITH THE APPLICATION

But upon notice from the authorized representative of the Department of Agriculture farmers who have signed applications must deposit with a local bank, association, or individual, designated by the Secretary of Agriculture to act as the farmers' agent for that purpose, money to cover the cost of the fertilizer except the freight charge. In practically every case the money will be paid to a County Nitrate Distributor designated by the Department of Agriculture. Nitrate will be shipped to the distributor on sight draft with bill of lading attached. Distributors will pay drafts, take up the bill of lading, and get nitrate from farmers and distribute nitrate to farmers. Arrangements have been made to secure large quantities of nitrate and it is expected that all reasonable requirements can be met. Applications received up to Jan. 25, 1919.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE

Somewhere in France, November 3, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor: If you have the space to spare in your paper I would be very glad if you would publish the attached letter. With best wishes to all the Franklin County people, and success for you and your paper.

Yours truly,
ROBERT E. UNDERWOOD,
2nd Lieutenant Infantry, U. S. A.,
November 3, 1918.

THE FRENCH DANSELS AND OUR BOYS

I read your ever so interesting and the first article that appeared in the newspaper in regard to the American soldier choosing the French girl rather than the American girl, why such an argument should have ever begun. I think that I can safely say that ninety per cent of the whole A. E. F. will not let their hearts be won by the so-called "Beautiful French Girl." According to my judgment the American girls need not lose any sleep over the propriety of the French Sisters and over their own husbands over seas. The French girls are pretty enough—at a distance, but a close-up view puts the American girl many kilometers ahead in my humble opinion, my observation is based on the girls from the country, though I have not yet been to Paris. However, you must give it to the French girl, she milkmaid or princess, for knowing how to dress. Give her a plume, a bright huckabush, and a few other things and you'll instinctively tip your hat to her ladyship, and be rewarded by a dazzling smile. You'll feel like you want to do something nice for her—to escort her to a cozy safe observation post while you charge a whole regiment of Hun or a blazing cannon. They are clever, congenial, and just enough reserved to make them charming. And yet, and yet, getting right down to brass tacks, our girls are really the prettiest after all. In the words of a poet "These Princesses or Lords may flourish or man fade, a breath can make them as a breath has made. But our hold true American girls if once destroyed can never be supplied." The French women have been more than kind to the American soldiers. We have been billeted at various homes, and always the best in the house was ours. The soldiers are learning French.

English words. The French women—mother, wife or sister—has met her hour of trial like a saint. She speaks of the enemy and his deeds calmly, never with vindictiveness, so far as I have heard. And yet between the lines of her talk there is something like a faith amounting to a certain conviction that God will bring justice to France. They seem to feel that as though it were a promise carved on stone and for that they cheerfully toil and wait. To them America is the instrument selected by Providence to bring about the restoration and that is why they are so good and generous to men from the great Republic across the sea. The French woman weeps no more. She has had her hour of grief and pain, and now she has fortified herself to "Carry On" to the end. Little children, hardly large enough to help their native tongue will run up to an American soldier and place their tiny hands in those of the stran-

NEW STUNT IN PENALTIES

The Food Administrator Page Allows Merchant to Violate Their Licenses.

High, Jan. 1.—Something new in penalties has just been enacted by the Food Administrator Henry A. Page upon grocers of rocky South Carolina. The new penalty is that if a merchant is found to be violating the provisions of the Food Control Act, he may be fined or imprisoned, or both.

Contributions to the Red Cross are a thing of the past and the grocers were not serious enough to attempt the black list which effectively and quickly puts a merchant out of business. This being the case, the Food Administrator has decided to issue a new penalty which will be taken as a matter of course.

THE STORE VACATED BY R. H. STRICKLAND

The store vacated by R. H. Strickland on Main and Tarboro streets will be occupied by E. H. Strickland, who will conduct a general mercantile business there.

NEW YEAR CHANGES

With the New Year comes only a few business changes, and quite a number of movers. Among them we note: J. S. Williams has bought the J. S. Howell Furniture and Undertaking business on Main street and will conduct the business during this year.

RECOGNITION

Our Red Cross Chapter is giving to the members and their families who have served in a Black band with gold stars. If any person has failed to receive theirs, please notify Mrs. FRANK MCKINNE, Louisville, N. C.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE

Somewhere in France, November 3, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor: If you have the space to spare in your paper I would be very glad if you would publish the attached letter. With best wishes to all the Franklin County people, and success for you and your paper.

Yours truly,
ROBERT E. UNDERWOOD,
2nd Lieutenant Infantry, U. S. A.,
November 3, 1918.

THE FRENCH DANSELS AND OUR BOYS

I read your ever so interesting and the first article that appeared in the newspaper in regard to the American soldier choosing the French girl rather than the American girl, why such an argument should have ever begun. I think that I can safely say that ninety per cent of the whole A. E. F. will not let their hearts be won by the so-called "Beautiful French Girl." According to my judgment the American girls need not lose any sleep over the propriety of the French Sisters and over their own husbands over seas. The French girls are pretty enough—at a distance, but a close-up view puts the American girl many kilometers ahead in my humble opinion, my observation is based on the girls from the country, though I have not yet been to Paris. However, you must give it to the French girl, she milkmaid or princess, for knowing how to dress. Give her a plume, a bright huckabush, and a few other things and you'll instinctively tip your hat to her ladyship, and be rewarded by a dazzling smile. You'll feel like you want to do something nice for her—to escort her to a cozy safe observation post while you charge a whole regiment of Hun or a blazing cannon. They are clever, congenial, and just enough reserved to make them charming. And yet, and yet, getting right down to brass tacks, our girls are really the prettiest after all. In the words of a poet "These Princesses or Lords may flourish or man fade, a breath can make them as a breath has made. But our hold true American girls if once destroyed can never be supplied." The French women have been more than kind to the American soldiers. We have been billeted at various homes, and always the best in the house was ours. The soldiers are learning French.

English words. The French women—mother, wife or sister—has met her hour of trial like a saint. She speaks of the enemy and his deeds calmly, never with vindictiveness, so far as I have heard. And yet between the lines of her talk there is something like a faith amounting to a certain conviction that God will bring justice to France. They seem to feel that as though it were a promise carved on stone and for that they cheerfully toil and wait. To them America is the instrument selected by Providence to bring about the restoration and that is why they are so good and generous to men from the great Republic across the sea. The French woman weeps no more. She has had her hour of grief and pain, and now she has fortified herself to "Carry On" to the end. Little children, hardly large enough to help their native tongue will run up to an American soldier and place their tiny hands in those of the stran-

WHAT REPORTED GUN FIRING ON

Paris

New York, Dec. 29.—The story of the success of America's sand battery of 15-inch naval guns, as told by members of the gun crew themselves was given to the public here today when copies of "The Big U," a newspaper printed on board the battleship Utah, were circulated on shore.

It was the Utah's picked gun crew, the newspaper said, that was sent ashore to "get" the German super-gun which was shelling Paris. The gun was removed it was said before the batteries could get into action but the navy men had the satisfaction of smashing away at the German line for several months before the armistice was signed.

LEFT ONLY TAGS OF ENEMY

Another shell landed in a but where 100 Germans were watching a motion picture show and when American troops later reached the spot forty identification tags were all that could be found to tell the fate of the party.

BLACK EYES

When we touch the strings of some instrument, long unused, we feel an uncertainty as to the sound which will be produced, whether it will be melody or discord, and as I now attempt to reveal to the world my appreciation of a brother who for years under the hand of affliction has labored from the world, and so recently has returned upon me, I feel a sympathy which in the hearts of many, or from a sister's pen, meet their disapproval.

WILLIAM JOHN KING

William John King was born in Louisville, North Carolina, on Oct. 25, 1839, and died in Nashville, N. C., Dec. 15, 1918.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE

Somewhere in France, November 3, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor: If you have the space to spare in your paper I would be very glad if you would publish the attached letter. With best wishes to all the Franklin County people, and success for you and your paper.

Yours truly,
ROBERT E. UNDERWOOD,
2nd Lieutenant Infantry, U. S. A.,
November 3, 1918.

THE FRENCH DANSELS AND OUR BOYS

I read your ever so interesting and the first article that appeared in the newspaper in regard to the American soldier choosing the French girl rather than the American girl, why such an argument should have ever begun. I think that I can safely say that ninety per cent of the whole A. E. F. will not let their hearts be won by the so-called "Beautiful French Girl." According to my judgment the American girls need not lose any sleep over the propriety of the French Sisters and over their own husbands over seas. The French girls are pretty enough—at a distance, but a close-up view puts the American girl many kilometers ahead in my humble opinion, my observation is based on the girls from the country, though I have not yet been to Paris. However, you must give it to the French girl, she milkmaid or princess, for knowing how to dress. Give her a plume, a bright huckabush, and a few other things and you'll instinctively tip your hat to her ladyship, and be rewarded by a dazzling smile. You'll feel like you want to do something nice for her—to escort her to a cozy safe observation post while you charge a whole regiment of Hun or a blazing cannon. They are clever, congenial, and just enough reserved to make them charming. And yet, and yet, getting right down to brass tacks, our girls are really the prettiest after all. In the words of a poet "These Princesses or Lords may flourish or man fade, a breath can make them as a breath has made. But our hold true American girls if once destroyed can never be supplied." The French women have been more than kind to the American soldiers. We have been billeted at various homes, and always the best in the house was ours. The soldiers are learning French.

English words. The French women—mother, wife or sister—has met her hour of trial like a saint. She speaks of the enemy and his deeds calmly, never with vindictiveness, so far as I have heard. And yet between the lines of her talk there is something like a faith amounting to a certain conviction that God will bring justice to France. They seem to feel that as though it were a promise carved on stone and for that they cheerfully toil and wait. To them America is the instrument selected by Providence to bring about the restoration and that is why they are so good and generous to men from the great Republic across the sea. The French woman weeps no more. She has had her hour of grief and pain, and now she has fortified herself to "Carry On" to the end. Little children, hardly large enough to help their native tongue will run up to an American soldier and place their tiny hands in those of the stran-

WHAT REPORTED GUN FIRING ON

Paris

New York, Dec. 29.—The story of the success of America's sand battery of 15-inch naval guns, as told by members of the gun crew themselves was given to the public here today when copies of "The Big U," a newspaper printed on board the battleship Utah, were circulated on shore.

It was the Utah's picked gun crew, the newspaper said, that was sent ashore to "get" the German super-gun which was shelling Paris. The gun was removed it was said before the batteries could get into action but the navy men had the satisfaction of smashing away at the German line for several months before the armistice was signed.

LEFT ONLY TAGS OF ENEMY

Another shell landed in a but where 100 Germans were watching a motion picture show and when American troops later reached the spot forty identification tags were all that could be found to tell the fate of the party.

BLACK EYES

When we touch the strings of some instrument, long unused, we feel an uncertainty as to the sound which will be produced, whether it will be melody or discord, and as I now attempt to reveal to the world my appreciation of a brother who for years under the hand of affliction has labored from the world, and so recently has returned upon me, I feel a sympathy which in the hearts of many, or from a sister's pen, meet their disapproval.

WILLIAM JOHN KING

William John King was born in Louisville, North Carolina, on Oct. 25, 1839, and died in Nashville, N. C., Dec. 15, 1918.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE

Somewhere in France, November 3, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor: If you have the space to spare in your paper I would be very glad if you would publish the attached letter. With best wishes to all the Franklin County people, and success for you and your paper.

Yours truly,
ROBERT E. UNDERWOOD,
2nd Lieutenant Infantry, U. S. A.,
November 3, 1918.

THE FRENCH DANSELS AND OUR BOYS

I read your ever so interesting and the first article that appeared in the newspaper in regard to the American soldier choosing the French girl rather than the American girl, why such an argument should have ever begun. I think that I can safely say that ninety per cent of the whole A. E. F. will not let their hearts be won by the so-called "Beautiful French Girl." According to my judgment the American girls need not lose any sleep over the propriety of the French Sisters and over their own husbands over seas. The French girls are pretty enough—at a distance, but a close-up view puts the American girl many kilometers ahead in my humble opinion, my observation is based on the girls from the country, though I have not yet been to Paris. However, you must give it to the French girl, she milkmaid or princess, for knowing how to dress. Give her a plume, a bright huckabush, and a few other things and you'll instinctively tip your hat to her ladyship, and be rewarded by a dazzling smile. You'll feel like you want to do something nice for her—to escort her to a cozy safe observation post while you charge a whole regiment of Hun or a blazing cannon. They are clever, congenial, and just enough reserved to make them charming. And yet, and yet, getting right down to brass tacks, our girls are really the prettiest after all. In the words of a poet "These Princesses or Lords may flourish or man fade, a breath can make them as a breath has made. But our hold true American girls if once destroyed can never be supplied." The French women have been more than kind to the American soldiers. We have been billeted at various homes, and always the best in the house was ours. The soldiers are learning French.

English words. The French women—mother, wife or sister—has met her hour of trial like a saint. She speaks of the enemy and his deeds calmly, never with vindictiveness, so far as I have heard. And yet between the lines of her talk there is something like a faith amounting to a certain conviction that God will bring justice to France. They seem to feel that as though it were a promise carved on stone and for that they cheerfully toil and wait. To them America is the instrument selected by Providence to bring about the restoration and that is why they are so good and generous to men from the great Republic across the sea. The French woman weeps no more. She has had her hour of grief and pain, and now she has fortified herself to "Carry On" to the end. Little children, hardly large enough to help their native tongue will run up to an American soldier and place their tiny hands in those of the stran-

WHAT REPORTED GUN FIRING ON

Paris

New York, Dec. 29.—The story of the success of America's sand battery of 15-inch naval guns, as told by members of the gun crew themselves was given to the public here today when copies of "The Big U," a newspaper printed on board the battleship Utah, were circulated on shore.

It was the Utah's picked gun crew, the newspaper said, that was sent ashore to "get" the German super-gun which was shelling Paris. The gun was removed it was said before the batteries could get into action but the navy men had the satisfaction of smashing away at the German line for several months before the armistice was signed.

LEFT ONLY TAGS OF ENEMY

Another shell landed in a but where 100 Germans were watching a motion picture show and when American troops later reached the spot forty identification tags were all that could be found to tell the fate of the party.

BLACK EYES

When we touch the strings of some instrument, long unused, we feel an uncertainty as to the sound which will be produced, whether it will be melody or discord, and as I now attempt to reveal to the world my appreciation of a brother who for years under the hand of affliction has labored from the world, and so recently has returned upon me, I feel a sympathy which in the hearts of many, or from a sister's pen, meet their disapproval.

WILLIAM JOHN KING

William John King was born in Louisville, North Carolina, on Oct. 25, 1839, and died in Nashville, N. C., Dec. 15, 1918.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE

Somewhere in France, November 3, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor: If you have the space to spare in your paper I would be very glad if you would publish the attached letter. With best wishes to all the Franklin County people, and success for you and your paper.

Yours truly,
ROBERT E. UNDERWOOD,
2nd Lieutenant Infantry, U. S. A.,
November 3, 1918.

THE FRENCH DANSELS AND OUR BOYS

I read your ever so interesting and the first article that appeared in the newspaper in regard to the American soldier choosing the French girl rather than the American girl, why such an argument should have ever begun. I think that I can safely say that ninety per cent of the whole A. E. F. will not let their hearts be won by the so-called "Beautiful French Girl." According to my judgment the American girls need not lose any sleep over the propriety of the French Sisters and over their own husbands over seas. The French girls are pretty enough—at a distance, but a close-up view puts the American girl many kilometers ahead in my humble opinion, my observation is based on the girls from the country, though I have not yet been to Paris. However, you must give it to the French girl, she milkmaid or princess, for knowing how to dress. Give her a plume, a bright huckabush, and a few other things and you'll instinctively tip your hat to her ladyship, and be rewarded by a dazzling smile. You'll feel like you want to do something nice for her—to escort her to a cozy safe observation post while you charge a whole regiment of Hun or a blazing cannon. They are clever, congenial, and just enough reserved to make them charming. And yet, and yet, getting right down to brass tacks, our girls are really the prettiest after all. In the words of a poet "These Princesses or Lords may flourish or man fade, a breath can make them as a breath has made. But our hold true American girls if once destroyed can never be supplied." The French women have been more than kind to the American soldiers. We have been billeted at various homes, and always the best in the house was ours. The soldiers are learning French.

English words. The French women—mother, wife or sister—has met her hour of trial like a saint. She speaks of the enemy and his deeds calmly, never with vindictiveness, so far as I have heard. And yet between the lines of her talk there is something like a faith amounting to a certain conviction that God will bring justice to France. They seem to feel that as though it were a promise carved on stone and for that they cheerfully toil and wait. To them America is the instrument selected by Providence to bring about the restoration and that is why they are so good and generous to men from the great Republic across the sea. The French woman weeps no more. She has had her hour of grief and pain, and now she has fortified herself to "Carry On" to the end. Little children, hardly large enough to help their native tongue will run up to an American soldier and place their tiny hands in those of the stran-