

OUR YOUNG READERS

A Department in which the Young People who Read The Republican are Given an Opportunity to Express Their Thoughts, Briefly, Upon Such Topics as May Interest Them.

From a Rockingham County Boy.

Local Editor: I have got to pull fodder. How many of you cousins like to hunt? I do. I go with papa most every time he goes. Will all you cousins be glad when the schools begin? I will. I like to go to the school. We are intending going to a foot washing the third Sunday in September. Henry Smith, do you know who has our school this year? I heard that Mr. Everett Matthews was trying to get it.

WILLIAM M. CRADDOCK. Price, N. C. Route.

From a Forsyth County Girl.

Local Editor: I have just finished reading the cousin's letters and think they are getting more and more interesting every week. How many of you Cousins go to Sunday School? I go, to Dobs Chapel and like it fine. I will close with a verse:

How sweet to meet, How sad to part, How hard to say Good bye Sweetheart.

BLUE EYES. Tobaccoville, N. C. Route 1.

From a Davie County Girl.

Local Editor: I have been going to music school. My teacher's name is Miss Lizzie Hussey, a blind girl and I like her fine. I went to Grandma's birthday, the first day of September. She was 65 years old and we had a nice time. I have been going to Sunday School every Sunday and like to go. I like to read the cousin's letters. I have written to some of the cousins but they have not answered yet. I will close with a verse:

Kind hearts are the gardens, Kind thoughts are the roots, Kind words are the blossoms, Kind deeds are the fruits.

HENNY MAY RENEGAR. Mocksville, N. C. Route 2.

From a Stokes County Girl.

Local Editor: As I have never written to your paper I will ask a space to join the cousins. Miss D. Joyce Redding, I guess your first name is Dere. If I am correct please send on your card. Mr. Luke L. Nobles, I guess you are 19 years old. If I am correct please send me your photo. I will ask some of you to guess my age. I am between 10 and 15. If any of you cousins guess right I will send you a card and photo. Miss D. Joyce Redding, is your father a farmer? If any of you cousins know "Tell me Cuty Who Tied Your Tie" I would thank you very much for the words.

Lock your love in a wooden trunk, And sport the boy that don't get drunk. MINNIE A. WHITE. King, N. C.

From a Stokes County Girl.

Local Editor: As I have never written to your paper, I will write a few lines. How many of you cousins are going to school this winter? I think every one ought to strive for an education. Miss D. Joyce Redding, I will guess your first name to be Deanie. If I am correct send on your card. Mr. Luke L. Nobles, I will guess your age to be 17. If I am correct, send on your photo. I will ask the cousins to guess my middle name. It begins with L. and ends with A. And also my age. It is between 13 and 20. A card to the correct guesser. I will not try to write a long letter as this is my first. Would like to get cards from some of the cousins. Please send me the song "The Ship That Never Returned." A card in return. I will close with a verse:

When this you see, Please think of me. NANNIE L. REYNOLDS. King, N. C.

From an Alexander County Girl.

Local Editor: As I haven't written to your paper so long, I will now try and write again. I think some of the cousins are writing some very interesting letters. Why don't more of the Alexander County boys and girls write? I think they are about to go to sleep. Miss Eva McCarter, why didn't you answer my card or didn't you get it? My oldest sister got married in June. We miss her very much. I am sending a subscription to the paper and hope to get a dictionary. I was sorry I was so late. Anyone sending me the song "The Ship That Never Returned" will receive a card in return. I will close with some verses:

As sure as the vine grows round the stump, You are my darling sugar lump. When the golden sun is setting, And your mind from care is free, While of others you are thinking, Will you sometimes think of me? ZOLA LOWE. Poors Knob, N. C. Route 2.

From a Rockingham County Girl.

Local Editor: I think almost everything has been used for a subject. I will use false hair and drinking for mine. There are a lot of girls that wear false hair, but there are not much around here still they have not much hair but some have enough. Now I want to say a word to the boys. Never drink and roll about on the ground in the mud and ruin your clothes. When you are drunk you will go about cursing and swearing. Never try to get with a girl when you are drunk and get him in a crowd and leave him and don't go with him when he is drinking. The best way for the boys to get along with the girls is to be a good, worthy boy that does not drink nor curse nor carry a pistol in his pocket. Miss Daisy Byrd your name is Lilly. A. Watson your letter was good. A. B. C. your letter was good also. Will some of the cousins please send me a card?

MOLLIE A. CRADDOCK. Price, N. C. Route.

From a Forsyth County Girl.

Local Editor: I am going to school

at Oak Ridge and have had a nice time. My teacher is Miss Carrie Pearson and I like her fine. I have four studies: Third Reader, Spelling, Arithmetic, and Geography. I was 11 years old the 28th of January. I hope some of you cousins will send me a birthday post card. Let me ask a riddle. What is it that goes all day with its tongue out? I will answer some questions. Miss Stella Michael, your age is 14 years. Miss Pulley Rogers, your age is 16 years. I will ask some Geography questions. How far is it around the world? How far is it through the world? The one guessing these correctly will receive a card.

IDA MAY WATKINS. Kernersville, N. C.

From a Forsyth County Girl.

Local Editor: I have just finished reading the cousin's letters and think they are writing some very interesting ones. I guess all of you cousins are going to school and having a nice time. Our school begins September 18th. I certainly will be glad. I will try to answer some History questions. Ethel Phillips, the Old French and Indian War began in the year 1755. Sir Edward Braddock was commander-in-chief. LaSalle and Marquette and Iberville and Verazano were four French explorers. Anna Mullis, in 1619 a Dutch ship—Captain—landed twenty negroes from Africa and offered them for sale. Slavery had existed in many parts of the world for thousands of years. Negro slavery had been introduced by the Spaniards into the West India Islands when the natives there were exterminated, yet this was the first introduction of slavery into the United States. If I am correct send on your cards. I will close with a verse:

Permit me to plant, In the garden of your heart, One little flower. Forget-me-not. To knit and spin, Was once a girl's employment, But now to dress and have a beau, Is all a girl's enjoyment. EVA WALKER. Walkertown, N. C.

From a Forsyth County Girl.

Local Editor: As I live on a farm you know it takes the biggest part of my time to work in the crop for now it is harvest time. But I hope some of you cousins are in my condition. I went to Greensboro, N. C. one day last week to the doctor. I am now at home in bed. It seems hard for me to have to stay at home so close. I can't even go up to grandmother's and that isn't more than a mile. Hope all of you cousins, that can, will come to see me. I will be glad to see any of you at any time. Daisy L. Byrd your age is 13. If I am right send on your card for I certainly do love to get them. Some of you guess at my age. It is between 12 and 17. The one guessing it correctly will get a card. I will ask some History questions. 1. How large was the United States in 1783? 2. Where and how did Daniel Boone spend his early years? 3. How did Boone recover his daughter from the Indians? 4. Why did the Indians attack Boonsboro? 5. Why did Jefferson buy New Orleans and the Louisiana Territory? Now I will ask you cousins to solve this problem: How many marble slabs, each 12 inches by 2 feet will cover a floor 10 ft. square? The one answering these questions will receive a card and my photograph. I will close with a verse:

Be kind and gentle to those who are old, For kindness and goodness are better than gold. ELIZABETH WATKINS. Kernersville, N. C. Route 3.

From a Davie County Girl.

Local Editor: Guess all of the cousins have forgotten me as it has been so long since I have written. Hello cousin Ray and Earl, have you all named your little brother yet? George Staley write again, your letter was fine. I agree with you about wearing false hair. Don't you all think it is time to stop writing little verses and write more interesting letters? Did you all hear about Mr. Baxter Barkley getting drowned in the Yadkin River? He was drowned close to our house. It is bad for boys to go bathing on Sunday. I don't guess he had time to ask the question "what shall be the sign of the coming and the end of the world?" and the disciples did, but most carefully the Lord answers this question. He first reviews the great events which were to take place on the earth. Jerusalem was to be destroyed, the true people of God were to pass through the most terrible period of persecution which had ever come upon God's people. The nations of the earth were to be rent with wars. Great calamities were to come upon the earth, such as famines, pestilences and earthquakes. These were to become more frequent and devastating until the final plague of God should end in its destruction. As the days of this world's history should draw to a close, our Saviour promised the unmistakable signs would appear in the heavens. The sun would be darkened, the moon would refuse to give light, and the stars would fall from the heavens. Within the lifetime of the people now living the heavens have been ablaze with the glory of these very signs which the Lord said were to proclaim to the world that its end is near and that the second coming to the earth of the Creator and Redeemer is the next event before them. The Lord said, "Take heed that no man deceive you."

MAE SWICEGOOD. Mocksville, N. C. Route 4.

Water, Water Everywhere!

Life's an aquatic meet—some swim, some dive, some back water, some float and the rest—sink—Life.

A Great Advantage to Working Men.

J. A. Maple, 125 S. 7th St., Steubenville, O., says: "For years I suffered from weak kidneys and a severe bladder trouble. I learned of Foley Kidney Pills and their wonderful cures so I began taking them and sure enough I had good results as any I heard about. My backache left me and to my great advantage, my kidneys acted free and normal, and that saved me a lot of misery. It is now a pleasure to work where it used to be a misery. Foley Kidney Pills have cured me and have my highest praise." Helm's Drug Store.

A PEEP IN THE GLASS.

LORETTA HOLDS IT UP AND TELLS WHAT SHE SEES.

HOLES IN HER NOSE.

Attraction by Vulgar Exposure Does Not Win Husbands—Decent Men Like Modest Women.

The holes in your stockings are not the kind that need darning, at least not with a needle. And you would not fill them up for anything! It is funny to watch you at the stocking counter of a department store. Very carefully you thrust your hand into the covering that has nothing of the fine "art which so artfully conceals," but possesses all of the revelatory power intimated in the rest of the quotation, "yet all things DISCLOSES." If the mesh is close you toss the stockings contemptuously back on the counter and look daggers at the clerk for her indirect assistance to your withering modesty. You want the tissue effect or the laiciest of open work.

So Terribly Fussy.

Here is a letter from the girl who wrote the fussy letter about her hatred of dirty finger nails. By the way, she took the reproof like a major. You remember that I told her she needn't be so terribly fussy as to make the condition of finger nails the standard by which she judged people. I intimated that she might have holes in her stockings and that might get on the nerves of others as much as finger nails bothered her.

"My Dear Friend Loretta: When I wrote you, asking you to ferule the stockings are almost as modest as expect to receive the whipping myself. But you gave it to me. You said I was fussy. So I took it without flinching till I came to the intimation about the holes in my stocking. I NEVER WORE A STOCKING WITH A HOLE IN IT IN MY LIFE. But lots of girls do. And there are LOTS OF HOLES. And all plainly visible! Actually placed there to ATTRACT ATTENTION! These thin and openwork stockings are almost as modest as going barefooted. And the girls always wear short skirts and low shoes, so that their legs are revealed to view. Of course, no self-respecting girl would think of exposing her bare legs in the presence of the opposite sex. But these perforated stockings are practically equivalent to the same thing. And often "barefoot" sandals aggravate the impropriety. Now Loretta, won't you please make these girls hold out their hands for a whipping! As you have punished me pretty severely, please let me off this time, and apply your ferule where I suggest, so instead of my previous signature, I sign myself "THE GIRL WHO HAS BEEN FERULED ENOUGH."

No dog that chased an intruder up a tree ever undertook the job with more real enthusiasm than I accede to this girl's request. These abominable excuses for stockings fill me with the same indignant protest that I feel when I see a girl robbing herself of one of her most genuine attractions, modesty, and wearing a porous waist that is simply a libel on a class of entirely useful and modest garments.

Called It "A Game."

I once visited in a very rigidly religious place, where dancing was looked upon by the older people as a direct manifestation of the devil's presence. And the young folks actually danced the two-step right under the religious noses. But they called it "a game." You girls call these airy nothings with which you clothe your limbs, stockings, but I do not happen to be in the backwoods class. You cannot cover from me or from hundreds of other intelligent people the fact that what you seek is the revelation of charms. Personally, I HATE that queer white-black look that thin stockings give—which you think appeals to the eye of man. Listen to me! The admiration which you attract by a vulgar exposure of your physical beauties is NOT the kind that wins husbands. Lovers? Yes, perhaps. But decent men like MODEST WOMEN. And a decent man is the only kind worth while as a HUSBAND.

THE YOUNGEST GRANDMOTHER.

Case of Mrs. E. W. Bender One of the Most Remarkable Outside of Tropical Countries—Has Three Grandchildren at the Age of 30.

A grandmother of two children at the age of 29 and three at 30 years, is the record of Mrs. E. W. Bender of Atlanta, Ga. It is claimed that Mrs. Bender is the youngest grandmother on record and her case one of the most remarkable outside of tropical countries. Mrs. Bender, who is 31 years old, was born in 1880 in South Carolina. She was married to E. W. Moore at Columbia, S. C., in 1892. She was only 13 years and 3 months old when her first child was born. This child, a daughter was married in 1909 to Edward Sinclair, and in January, 1910, gave birth to twins, the mother being barely 16 and the grandmother not yet 30. In January of this year Mrs. Bender's daughter gave birth to another child, the third of Mrs. Bender's grandchildren.

Mr. Moore died when Mrs. Sinclair was an infant. Later his widow married E. W. Bender and their union has been blessed by several children. Physicians claim it is rare in this part of the world that a woman becomes a grandmother even in the early thirties.

New Theory of Star Formation.

The astronomers of the Harvard Observatory are attaching much significance to the new theory of star formation advanced by Prof. A. W. Bickerton of New Zealand. It is that new stars are part of the manifestation of collisions between suns, in which a third body is hurried into space to begin its career as a planet like the earth.

When your feet are wet and cold and your body chilled through and through from exposure take a big dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, bathe your feet in hot water before going to bed, and you are almost certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by All Dealers.

DOLLY MADISON CHATS.

TALKS ABOUT DOMESTIC UPS AND DOWNS.

HOW TO MEET THEM.

If We Had Money Would We Know How to Get More Happiness? If There is Love, That is Sufficient if Put to Its Best Uses.

They seem to be such a happy family," is an expression which I often hear about certain friends of mine, who, poor in this world's goods, seem to be rich in love.

I have tried to analyze the reason for the happiness of this family, and I have come to the conclusion that it is because the misfortunes and griefs which they have suffered have drawn them close together instead of separating them.

"Companions in misery" is an expression often used, and illness, loss of money, everything but disgrace, has been the lot of these dear friends of mine, who, with their children, set an example for the world to follow.

For, after all, it is unity in family relationships which brings joy and peace. As soon as discord enters, as soon as the two or three pull apart from the rest, the whole structure of domestic bliss begins to totter.

"My daughter and I" one mother tells me, "are nearer and dearer to each other than many daughters and mothers, because we have suffered together. She was a spoiled little girl, and I often wonder if she would ever wake up to a realization of her selfishness. Three years before he died, my husband lost his money and it was then I began to see the stuff of which my little girl was made. She bore poverty uncomplainingly. She helped with the housework went to a business high school, entered her father's office, and became a responsible little woman in every way. Since her father's death, she has borne the heaviest burden of care, and we have been drawn together by the womanhood which is in us both.

"I know that she would never have been mine, in the sense that she now is, had we continued in prosperity. She would have danced through life, forgetting me, and living only in the pleasure of the moment."

We are apt to count our misfortunes as terrible things. We wait over the loss of money, as if it were the most important possession in the world, yet our greatest grief should be when we lose love. It is a precious heritage, and beyond compare.

It is the history of all time that money does not bring happiness. You remember Milton, whose touch turned everything to gold, until at last his own little daughter was only a silent, shining statue. Then the old king cried out for the love of the little child who was more than all the wealth of the world to him.

A man prospering in every way, said the other day, "I don't believe that my wife and I get half as much out of life as we did when we lived on eighteen hundred a year instead of eighteen thousand."

We who are poor are apt to insist that if we had money we would make such good use of it that we would make not only ourselves, but others happy. Yet I remember a clever story of an old couple, who, reading of a great fortune which had been left to certain heirs, began to plan what they would do should they inherit such a large sum. Their town, they asserted, should have a fine library, the poor should live in model tenements, the church should receive thousands for missions.

In the midst of their dreams the news came that a fortune had been left to the old man and his wife. They began to plan at once, and, behold, not for others, but for themselves.

Automobiles, trips abroad, a bigger house, these things they must have, and when they had divided up their income to meet their new wants, they found that there was nothing left for charity!

There is a great deal of human nature in the story. Perhaps most of us are like that. If we had money, we should not know how to make it bring us happiness. We have love, and our privilege to put it to its best use.—DOLLY MADISON in Philadelphia Press.

A Bit of Money and a Motor Car.

Young Beattie, who killed his wife has given out an interview in which he says that the reason he was convicted was because he didn't have "an up-to-date jury."

"I'll tell you old boy," he is quoted as saying, "a fellow's up against it when he is tried by a bunch of countrymen from the backwoods like those that tried me. I never had any chance from the beginning. They get married young, bring up big families, work around the farms. What do they know about a city or a city's life? What do they know about how easy it is for a young fellow nowadays to get mixed up with a girl like Beulah Binford? In a city— you newspaper men from the north all know this—it is almost impossible for a chap with a little bit of money and a motor car to avoid getting mixed up with those women. He can't help it." Thirteen-year old girls are probably not so dangerous as Mr. Beattie would make it appear, and the good men and true whom he thus criticizes are to be congratulated that they are the sort of men Mr. Beattie pictures them to be. But Mr. Beattie is quite correct when he suggests that the parent who turns loose in a city a boy in his teens with a bit of money in his pocket and a motor car at his disposal, might as well consign him to the devil and be done with it. If he doesn't land there in the end it will be a miracle.—News and Courier

Common Colds Must Be Taken Seriously

For unless cured they sap the vitality and lower the vital resistance to more serious infection. Protect your children and yourself by the prompt use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and not its quick and decisive results. For coughs, colds, whooping cough, bronchitis and affections of the throat, chest and lungs it is an ever ready and valuable remedy. Helm's Drug Store.

Always the Best KITE AND SHOT Chewing Tobacco.

MANUFACTURED BY BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CO. WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Visit the Newest Clothing Store

Clothing is CHEAPER this Fall than last. Therefore you can understand the advantage of buying from a NEW STORE-- NO OLD STOCK.

Advertisement for men's and boys' suits featuring illustrations of a man and a boy in suits, and text describing the store's offerings and discounts.

Advertisement for Frank A. Smith Co. featuring a table of suit prices and a large arrow graphic pointing to the company name.