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 Johnston County Boy.

Local Editor: We take your paper and enjoy reading the "good news." I am 5 feet, 6 inches tall, weigh 133 pounds, and am 14 years old. For amusement, I have a hoe and grass to last until the bottom falls out.

DARIUS A. JOHNSON.

Smithfield, N. C.

From a Wake County Cousin.

Local Editor: We take your paper and I enjoy reading it fine, and the cousins' page still better. I read the cousins' page every Friday, from top to bottom, and note there are a great many Christian cousins, and some which are not, by their writing. Symantha Pearce, what about that piece of late corn? If that shower of rain comes to that piece of corn, I know it will help those weeds.

A FRIEND.

Wake Forest, N. C.

From a Pamlico Girl.

Local Editor: My father takes your paper, and likes it fine. I live in the country and like it. I help my father on the farm. I have been chopping cotton. I don't like to work in the field, but I like to work in the house. I have black hair and brown eyes, and have dark complexion. I am 5 feet, 8 1-2 inches tall and weigh 130 pounds, and am 17 years old. Will answer all letters and cards I get.

Kershaw, N. C. BROWN EYES.

From a Country Girl.

Local Editor: Cousin Lottie, I received your letter. It was fine. I like to get good letters like that. Cousin Vader, what has become of you? Why don't you write to the paper and Coner Kid, what has become of you? I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and like to go. I think every cousin who writes to teh paper, ought to sign their name.

Roses are red; violets are blue;
Sugar is sweet, but not like you.

SAVANNA L. MILLS.

R. 3, B. 7, Mt. Airy, N. C.

From Two Forsyth County Girls.

Local Editor: Irine Samuel, you called us little Democrats. We don't think we are very little. One of us weighs 146 pounds and the other 112 pounds. We are mending up since Mr. Wilson came in. How many of you cousins go to Sunday School every Sunday? We hardly ever miss. Why don't we quit writing about hobble skirts and peg-leg pants? And write something more interesting. We will close with a riddle: If an egg and a half cost a cent and a half, how much will a dozen cost?

TWO DEMOCRAT CHUMS.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

From a Stokes County Girl.

Local Editor: I am sending the cousins a receipt for keeping light-bread moist, which is being recommended by the ladies in the Farmers' Institutes of N. C., and one which we find is much better than the old way. After the bread is done, break loaves apart, let cool, then place in a lard can and close can. A fifty-pound can is large enough for an ordinary baking. The old method of wrapping it in cloth is entirely wrong, for instead of keeping it moist, the cloth absorbs the moisture which is in the bread.

VIOLA PETREE.

King, N. C.

From a New Cousin.

Local Editor: Blue Eyes, your letter was fine, and also Blighted Life was good. I have black hair, black eyes, and fair complexion. Bessie Mills, please write to me and send me one of your pictures. Lottie Badgett, there is a boy close to you. I would like to correspond with if it suits him. I like to go ot to Sunday School. I go every Sunday I can. We are aiming to have a singing school before long and a picnic. Would be glad to get some cards or letters from some of you cousins. Will answer all I get.

ANNA MILLS.

R. 3, B. 7, Mt. Airy, N. C.

From a McDowell County Boy.

Local Editor: I like to read the cousins' page fine. I live on a farm and like it fine. I am 18 years old, have gray eyes, light hair and fair complexion. I am 5 feet tall, and weigh 135 pounds. I am going to school now, and I like it very well, and I am in the sixth grade.

There sometimes comes a change in the weather;
There sometimes comes a change in the sea;
There sometimes comes a change in true lovers,
But there is no change in me.

JOHN MARLOW.

Fairview, N. C.

From a Pamlico County Girl.

Local Editor: I am 15 years old, weigh 98 pounds, am 5 feet and 2 inches tall. Have just been reading the cousins' page and saw a letter from a Pamlico county girl. I live seven miles from her home, although I have never seen her. My father is keeper of Pamlico Point Light House, and I stay with him in the summer. He went to New Jersey last week and when he returned, he brought me a nice present, (a watch). Being I am a new comer, will close by asking some of the cousins to send me the song "Good Night, Nurse."

KATHARINE GWYNN.

Lowland, N. C.

From a Forsyth County Girl.

Local Editor: I will take for my subject "Bad Habits." One is ladies dipping snuff. One is coffee drinking, one tobacco chewing and one cocacola drinking, one wine drinking, one liquor drinking, one ladies cursing and young men cursing and card playing, and ball playing and betting on the games. I will say all these are not good habits. Why can't we learn better habits and follow them as easily as bad ones. Cousins, let us all form a band and say we can live and not follow all these bad habits. I think it is nice to go to Sunday School and preaching and act real nice and be kind enough to speak to each other.

R. 4, Winston-Salem, N. C.

From Two Morrisville Cousins.

Local Editor: We are always glad when Friday comes. We are anxious for the paper. How many of the cousins live on the farm, and how do you like farm life? If you are like us, you don't like it very much. We raise tobacco and corn, and we have lots of fun together. One of us 16 years of age, and the other is 17. The one has light hair, dark eyes, and fair complexion, and the girl of 17, has dark curly hair, blue eyes, dark complexion and weighs 122 pounds. Some one send us the song "Steam-boat Bill."

May the pearly gates of heaven
Far above the sky,
Open wide some day
To welcome you and I.

TWO MERRY CHUMS.

R. 1, Morrisville, N. C.

From Two Randolph County Girls.

Local Editor: We are cousins, and live in the country. Lillie has light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, and weighs 90 pounds. Ada has black hair, brown eyes, and is fair complected, and weighs 120 pounds. We are real sorry for Blighted Life and she has our sympathy. We hope her life will be brighter in the future. How many of you cousins like flowers. We do and have some real pretty ones. Earl Drake, your letter was fine.

May angels guard your path,
While here on earth you stay,
And heaven be your resting place,
When you are called away.

LILLIE JONES.
ADA JONES.

Ramseur, N. C.
Coleridge, N. C.

From a Holly Springs Cousin.

Local Editor: I shall take the subject "Education." Every person, rich or poor, should endeavor to procure an education. This great factor of the nation's prosperity could not be procured so easily a few years ago, but now look out upon the broad acres of the farm land, and you will see a school every 3 or 4 miles, and anyone can go. Education is something which cannot be stolen. A man without an education stands no chance now, for what can he do? And a woman! What man, educated and refined, wants an ignorant wife? I am a farmer's son and glory in the name, but by the help of the creator of all things both good and bad, I expect to obtain an education. Cousins, let us use the page for a better use than a talk on whiskey and snuff.

R. C. MARCUM.

R. 2, Holly Springs, N. C.

From a Randolph County Girl.

Local Editor: My League Pin arrived after being delayed several days, but it is all O. K., and I thank you very much for it. I hope you all go to Sunday School, and are doing your best to be good. Our lesson today (July 13) in the advanced quarterly was "Moses Prepared for his Work." It is a great lesson, and shows us all very plainly that we have a work to do and we should all try to do our work well. I am glad to see so many of the cousins write good letters, and some one occasionally gets in some good poetry. I love poetry and flowers. So I will drop a line or so of poetry.

If I could die for a day and go
To that country lying yonder,
Who of all that I love and know,
Would miss me here, I wonder?
If I could die to outward sense,
And hear them speaking of me,
Would it be worth Death's consequence,
To know if any love me?

ANNIE J. WOODELL.

Asheboro, N. C.

From a Rockingham County Girl.

Local Editor: I have to keep house. I can sympathize with those that have no mother. My mother died the fifth of February, 1913. I have to keep house for several. The baby one will be two years old July 21st. She is the only girl besides myself. I have five brothers, and one sister. My oldest brother is married. I am twelve years old, have brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Blighted Life your letter is just fine. If every girl would take her advice, there would not be so many lives blighted. Blighted Life, will you please send me your full name and address direct to me, as I would like to correspond with you some. I guess you all have gotten a league pin. I haven't, but would like to have one. Some of you cousins write to me, as I would like to hear from some of you. Here's wishing the Local Editor a happy vacation. [Which unfortunately, he never takes.]—Local Editor.

ADDIE WILLIAMS.

R. 2, Stoneville, N. C.

From a Davidson County Cousin.

Local Editor: Blighted Life, I am so sorry to hear how your young life was blighted and to know that there are that kind of young men in the world. Boys, we should try to do better and think more of ourselves than to go with some young girl until we find we have gained her love and then go off and make fun of her. Let us think more about trying to do right and living better than we have. I want to speak to the boys about drinking. Boys, stop and think about how bad it is to drink whiskey and go on in sin. Take my advice and try to do better. Be prepared for a better place when you die. I see some of the cousins have been writing about flirts. I want to say to the boys and girls, let's try and not be called flirts. We cannot enter in the kingdom of heaven and flirt by any one. Let's try to make the future brighter than the past. Addie Howard, and also Soldier's Lover, I always love to read your letters.

FLOSSIE MARCH.

Yadkin College, N. C.

From a Pitt County Cousin.

Local Editor: Say, cousins, will you allow a farmer boy from dear old Pitt county to join the young readers' page? I will try to be as brief as possible, because the good editor has asked us to do so. My father was given a trial subscription to The Union Republican last year, and that is the way I became acquainted with the paper. As long as we are given a page all to ourselves, I think the young readers will keep their fathers reminded of their subscription when it is due. I am 5 feet, 9 inches tall, weigh 135 pounds, and am 19 years old. My eyes are brown, my hair black and curly on account of a severe case of typhoid fever, and have a mediumly dark complexion. Some of the cousins come over to my home and we'll enjoy some nice watermelons and peaches grown at our farm. I have seen several letters from the cousins near Seven Springs. You must write again. I like to hear from over that way, as some of my best friends live in that section.

JAMES H. SMITH.

R. 3, Farmville, N. C.

From a Davidson County Cousin.

Local Editor: Blighted Life, I am sorry that your husband was mean to you, but you must trust in the Lord, who doeth all things best, and he will provide for you and your two little girls. I wish I could see you and talk with you. I wish you would sign your name. I would like to correspond with you, and also Soldier's Lover, Addie Howard, you also write good letters. I would like to correspond with you. I like to read good christian letters and when we write, don't forget to speak to the boys about drinking whiskey for it has ruined many young boys' lives. Now boys, take my advice. If you drink, stop now. Don't wait until it is too late. If you wait until you are on your death bed, it may be too late then. But stop now while you can be saved. I think it is right to talk to the boys and get them to stop drinking if we can.

EMA WALSER.

Yadkin College, N. C.

From a Johnson County Girl.

Local Editor: Hurrah for the Surry county boy to the boys and girls on moral conduct. I know he told the truth. I am a Johnson county girl of 18 summers. I know it is sorry love that a boy has for a girl, if he has to get drunk to tell her. I do sympathize with the girls who love drinking boys. Just think of the homes and hearts that are made sad by strong drink. I am sure there is nothing else on earth that has made as many sad homes. I had rather give up life, and go to my grave than never be a drunkard's wife. I think if the boys would look as close after their drinking bills as they do hobble skirts, they would have less to talk about. Some may want to throw dipping snuff. All right, come on. I had rather wash and iron a half dozen white dresses than clean one suit of clothes wallowed in the ditches. Blighted Life, accept my best wishes and prayers. May God bless you and your little girls. Addie Howard, Samuel James and Geneva, your letters were fine. May God bless you all, is the prayer of

MINNIE L. SALMON.

Four Oaks, N. C.

From a Guilford County Boy.

Local Editor: I am a farmer boy of sixteen summers. Boys and girls, let us stop talking so much nonsense and talk about something that will do us good. I go to Sandy Ridge Sunday School. I think every body ought to go to Sunday School and preaching. I don't chew, smoke, nor drink, nor follow other bad habits. I belong to the M. E. church, and I think every boy and girl ought to belong to the church and try to do God's will. Boys, don't criticise the girls. Remember that our mothers were once girls, and we know we don't want any boy saying any thing about our sisters. Boys, if we will do our part and live right ourselves, the girls will live right. Boys, just think what a dreadful curse a lot of us are bringing upon ourselves, our mothers and our country. One of the worst things in this country is the white slave trade. Let's fight it and banish it out of our country. I am 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weigh 125 pounds, have dark hair, black eyes, and dark complexion. If any of you want to correspond with me, say so in your next letter and I will send you a card.

A FARMER BOY.

Friendship, N. C.

From a Virginia Girl.

Local Editor: I am 23 years old, have brown hair and grey eyes. "Boy Upholder of Rights," your letter was good. "A Reader," I liked your letter fine. I think using snuff is a dirty habit. I don't see why any one would want to use tobacco, for I think it ruins a boy's health to commence using tobacco while they are young. They never seem to make strong men like the ones that never use it. Men spend so much money for tobacco and whiskey, when their families haven't anything hardly to live on. Don't think if I were the men I would say much about hobble skirts, as it doesn't take much to make a dress that way, and so many men don't like to spend much for their wives' clothes. "Chicken Feeder," "Mamma's Cook," "Cotton Chopper," and "Corn Hoer," the answer to your second question, is, because she can't go through it; fourth, is smoke; fifth, he was his son. Send card. Would like to hear from some of the cousins.

TRULA PRUETT.

Sayersville, Va.

From an Alleghany County Cousin.

Local Editor: I will say a few words about "Education." What is a young lady or gentleman of today without an education? Why a mere nobody! So I think we all ought to strive to get an education for various reasons. If we ever intend to reach the top of the mountain of society or of any thing else, we have got to have an education. Blanche Moore,. I agree with you. If the boys and girls would put more time on their books than on so much nonsense, there would be more educated men and women today than there are. My teacher last year said reading was the principal part of an education. He said that the world was not overburdened with people that could read without making errors, and I think he was right. Some of you cousins wanted to know who the first King of England was. "Egbert" was, and the first steamboat crossed the Atlantic in 1819. Send on your card. Who built the first Monastery? What did this represent of the N. C. soldiers in time of the war? First at Bethel, last at Appomattox, and last at Gettysburg. Answer correctly, and get card.

BETTIE JOHNSON.

Mouth of Wilson, Va.

From a Clio, S. C. Cousin.

Local Editor: The girls always blame the boys and whiskey about their downfall. I want to say that most girls are always in the fault more than the boys. If the girls will always stay in their place, the boys will stay in theirs. The girls are like an engine without a governor belt. They never look before you jump. They will say that such and such a boy fooled me. When they fooled their self. A boy can go to see some girls two or three times and can marry her. Then if he chooses, and some times they marry that soon and they don't know whether they love one another or not, and don't care then. But it's not long before they see where they made their mistake. These are the girls that get their lives blighted, and are the ones that jump before they look. If you will always look at both sides of the matter, you can see who is to blame the most. We know the girls are going to hold up their side if it's wrong. If we will always plead guilty the cousins wouldn't be so much. Girls, give us boys what is due us and we won't grumble. I am 5 1-2 feet high, weigh 135 pounds, have dark hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.

A COUSIN.

Clio, S. C.

From a Davidson County Cousin.

Local Editor: Let us illustrate the nature of this principle by the contrast between the case of an animal allured bl a bait into a snare by which he is to be destroyed, and that of a man who, foreseeing the danger of certain ruin, rushes into it to gratify some momentarily strong impulse, say that of revenge. The animal's action is natural—the man's unnatural—since the gratification is purchased in the latter case in disobedience to the higher direction of selflove. The difference between this principle and mere impulse or passion is, as in the case of conscience, a difference in nature or kind. "If passion prevails over selflove, the consequent action is unnatural; but if selflove prevails over passion, the action is natural. It is manifest that selflove is in human nature a superior principle to passion. This may be contradicted without violating that nature; but the former cannot. Thus if we will act conformably to the economy of man's nature, reasonable selflove must govern.

W. B. SURRATT.

Jackson Hill, N. C.

From a Virginia Cousin.

Local Editor: I see where some of the girls have been telling the rest to beware of young men. Well, I don't blame them for that. On the other hand, it looks like some of the girls seem to think that they are too good to speak with the boys. I guess some of them are too good to go with a certain class of the boys, but these flirts are not any too good to go with their own class. I don't like to see the girls throw off on the boys when the boys are just as good as the girls that talk about them. It is hard to find a true-hearted girl or boy that is the same thing all the time. I don't say all of them are that way, but the majority of them are. A word to Blighted Life. I read your letter, and thought they were fine. Sign your name in full in your next letter. I thank the kind Local Editor for giving up space in the good old Republican. W. A. Watson, and Mr. Robertson, if the girls get too rough for me you can send me a curry comb and I will curry them off and make them smooth. Della Phillips, I received your letter all O. K., and I guess you got mine.

W. F. TRAXLER.

B. 206, Schoolfield, Va.

From a Forsyth County Girl.

Local Editor: I will take for my subject "A Smiling Face." Oo any of us ever think what a smiling face is worth, which costs us nothing? Some of the cousins said the girls were to blame for the way the boys behave. I think if they would meet each other with a smiling face, the girls wouldn't spend so many unhappy hours with their sweethearts. E. C. Woodie, I agree with you about girls dipping snuff. I don't know of any thing that a girl can do that looks any worse than sitting around with a snuff box in her hand. As you said, a scouring broom in her mouth. I am glad to say that I have never dipped any snuff and never intend to. I am 5 feet, 5 inches tall, have brown hair and brown eyes, and am 17 years old. I suppose you all think I can't cook, but I can. I will send a good receipt for baking tea cakes: Take 3 eggs, 1 1-2 cups of sugar, 1-2 half cup of butter, 2 teaspoonsfull of Baking powder, with flavor enough to make a soft dough. Flavor to suit the taste. Roll the dough, then cut out and bake in a quick oven.

SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

From a Watauga Girl.

Local Editor: I will take for my subject "Bad Company." A nice young girl or boy can start out associating with bad company and the first thing you know, they are classed and equalized with them. When once they were the best and purest people our country afforded. The rising generation should stop and think that it won't be long, at the longest, until we will have to take the older people's places, and while we are young is the time to build our characters. I know of church members who claim they are christians, that curse, play cards, go to dances, and drink every bit of intoxicating drinks that they can get. And still they claim they are saved. Dear cousins, isn't that bad company, or not, for any one to associate with? "Bad Company" has caused many a person to be put behind the bars, and then they have disgraced their whole family and connection. I will say one thing to the boys: let strong drink alone. Never become a captive to it. I for one do think that we have so many cousins that write to our page that say they do not know the taste of whiskey. That certainly is grand of them. Our country needs more such boys as those that write that way. Blighted Life, youhave my deepest sympathy. I have heard of cases like yours before. Mr. Brasswell, your letters were fine. Also, Alva's, Geneva's, Samuel James and Robert Powell's were real interesting. Come again.

CHANIE E. GRACE WATSON.

Yuma, N. C.

From a Davie County Girl.

Local Editor: I am a little 14-year-old from Davie. I have light wavy hair, gray eyes, fair complexion. I go to school at Advance, and I like to go fine. I am spending my vacation in Chatham county, 7 miles from Pittsboro with my uncle and aunt. I like down here fine, although it is lonesome—no children to be with me. My uncle and aunt are both single—have never been married. They are mamma's brother and sister. My uncle has a large plantation, 75 sheep, cows, turkeys, chickens and peafowls. I amuse myself with them. My aunt takes me to church every Sunday, and we go out visiting in the neighborhood and read the cousins' letters. My uncle takes The Republican, and so mamma also. My papa is dead. He died 4 years ago. I have 3 brothers and 2 sisters. I came down here the 24th day of May. I will go home some time in September. I am expecting to visit Raleigh, the capital of our State before I go home. It is only 28 miles from here. You all may know I will enjoy myself. I have never been there. To make it short, I am having a good time, and will want to come to visit old Chatham again. I will close by asking a riddle: If Dick's father is Tom's son, what kin is Dick to Tom? Chicken Feeder, your riddle No. 4, is "smoke." Send on your card. I will send a card to the one answering my riddle.

AGNES PEEBLES.

R. 1, B. 68, New Hill.

From Two Surry County Cousins.

Local Editor: We read your paper, and like it fine. We live close together, and visit each other very often. We are cousins, and we have some fine times. We are about the same size and we both have black hair, and fair complexion and one of us has blue eyes, and the other has brown eyes, and one weighs 110 pounds, and the other 112. We are 16 and 18 years of age, and you bet we are two good-looking kids. We are two of the sweetest kids in Surry county. You bet all the boys up here think we are cute. We don't talk to the boys that drink, and play cards and smoke. We don't dip snuff. We are real nice kids, any way. We are real good cooks. We can cook, churn, wash, and iron, and do most any kind of house work, and do most any kind of work in the fields too. We see in the paper where some of the girls say they don't wear hobble skirts, You bet we wear them, and think they are pretty. Hello, E. C., Woodie, we would like to get acquainted with you. We don't dip snuff, and we are two nice little girls as you eversaw. We know if you all were to see us, you would get struck on us. R. C. Stanley, what has become of you? Why don't you write again? We saw in the paper where two girls wrote and said they baked a cake, and flavored it with the dish rag. We bake cakes very often, but we don't hardly ever flavor our cakes with the dish rag. And we think if we could not beat that, we would quit. Some of the cousins send us the songs "On the Banks of the Ohio," and "Lonesome Road." We would appreciate it.

SPORTY KIDS.

R. 3, Pilot Mountain, N. C.

From a Davidson County Girl.

Local Editor: I wish to compliment Blighted Life, Soldier's Lover, Polly, and Russell Robertson. Would love to meet them. I feel sorry for Blighted Life and Sad Heart, but if they don't enjoy life in this world, perhaps they will in the world to come. I haven't any League Pin, but I am sending a subscription, for which I hope to get one. I spent a few days with my cousin at Welcome, last week, and we just had a grand time. Charlie York, I will answer your riddle. You said knowledge is always gained by bravery. All it takes is a little nerve. I believe that. Would love to correspond with you. I said I would answer your riddle. It is a man's name. Send card. Will answer all I get. Just a few words to W. A. Watson. If I were you, I would actually be ashamed of myself to have such a letter as was wrote published to the world. I don't think it is any of your business what the girls wear. I can tell the way your letter sounds that you are as big a flirt as there ever was or ever will be. Jumbo, I'm glad you and your wife are so happy. If there were more homes like yours, I am sure this world would be much brighter. I agree with "Touch-me-not." I think every boy and girl ought to speak as they think. R. C. Stanley, would love to exchange cards with you, for I am sure you have some fine views of Norfolk and other cities and countries. I am always delighted to get views of other countries. Samantha Pearce, you have my brother's birthday. My birthday is Oct. 24. Some of the cousins are discussing hobble skirts. Well I think they are nice looking. I wouldn't wear any other kind.

NANNIE J. PICKETT.

R. 1, B. 122, Lexington, N. C.

From an Alexander County Girl.

Local Editor: If the advice the cousins give each other was practiced as much as preached, this world would be different from what it is. Girls, if you want to reform the boys, you will have to get at it in a different form of manner than publishing what you have to say. I don't say all of the girls do this, but I think some of them do just to try to hold up their side and run down the opposite sex, and then go with the boys intoxicated with strong drink. Now, girls, stop! look! listen! I say the girls have got it in their power to reform the boys if they will do it. Not one girl, no, nor one half of the girls can't reform all the boys by themselves. It will take all the girls and parents too. This is the way to get at it. Get in your place first. And if the boys come around, intoxicated, don't pay any attention to them. Tell them if they want your company, that they will have to quit liquor drinking. Now, if all the girls would tell them this, and stand to it, they will soon turn. They may not for some time, but sooner or later they willturn and this world will be almost a heaven on earth, but if one or two girls say this and stand to it, and the rest accept the company of such boys, the boys will say we don't care; there are more than one or two, so if all the girls are not going to do this, none need try either, for it will make them worse. They will just try to show the other girls what they cando, and I can't blame them. E. C. Woodie, you said if any of the girls that didn't use snuff wanted to correspond with you, to let it be know. I am one girl. I don't use snuff in any way ,and would like to correspond with you. I am 5 feet, 6 inches tall, have light hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, weigh 125 pounds. Robert C. Powell, would like to correspond with you also. Our school began yesterday. I am going. Miss Lydia Bumgarner is teaching. I like her fine. Wish to congratulate the cousins' good letters. Some are real interesting.

BERTHA ORREN.

R. 5, B. 14, Taylorsville, N. C.

From a Wilkes County Cousin.

Local Editor: "Polly," your letter was good. Write again, and tell us your name. You don't live very far from here. "Blighted Life," I certainly do enjoy reading your letters. May God help you and guide you in this life that you may see your bright days yet. And that you will have success and happiness the rest of your life. Your little ones man bring delight and joy in the future. I think that parents should take more interest in sending their children to school, and encourage them in studying and getting an education. When any one has an education they can make their way so much easier than those who have to work hard for a living. I am very thankful to say that I have good parents, who do not indulge in bad habits. My father always provides for his family as far as he is able. Most children do not appreciate a kind mother and father, and don't realize their comfort and pleasure until they are gone. Children, obey your parents; it will add to your credit. For it is a promise of God to honor thy mother and thy father, that thy days may be long upon the earth that the Lord thy God giveth thee. Though I have been very disobedient to my parents myself, still I think I should guide younger ones, who will accept advice. I think we should go to Sunday School and preaching, and live as near for Jesus as we can. "An Adopted Virginian," your letter was good. I too have lived in both states, but there is no place like the Old Dominion to me. Maie Parsons and Wilma Ballard, I received your cards, and I will answer them soon. Nettie McGlamery, why don't you write to the paper? I want to thank the Local Editor for giving us space in the paper for correspondence. Think we should make it more interesting. What creature walks upon four feet in the morning, upon two at noon, and upon three at night? Answer and receive a card.

A LONESOME GIRL.

Cricket, N. C.

From a Wake County Boy.

Local Editor: I will try to say a few more words on education, by your kind permission. You boys and girls, who are in school, make the best use of your time. Education is the fuel which runs the engine of life and the more fuel you take aboard, the faster and further you will go. I have come to the conclusion that about half of the boys and girls waste their time, or at least the most of it, while in school. Now cut it out. Your whole future depends largely upon the use you make of the hours you are in school. The boy who is diligent with his studies, is laying the foundation of a successful career, and later on will have a bank account, an automobile and a good home. The boy who is shooting paper wads, putting bees down boys' backs, and arranging tacks for John and Annie to sit on, will later on be digging post holes or bumming around saloons and ne'er do well. Remember, boys, and girls, life is real—life is earnest. There is a time for work as well as for play. When you work, work with a will, but do not mix your play with your work. Most of us fail through lack of concentration. When you take up a task, put your whole heart into it, and keep your mind entirely on it until you put the job through. The sun up in the heavens gives heat and warmth to the whole world. The sun's heat is diffused over the entire heavens. Now take a magnifying glass and let the sun's rays fall directly on it, and put a piece of paper under the glass at the proper focus distance, and those consentrated rays will burn a hole through it. That shows you what concentration will do. When you are in school, concentrate all your thoughts on your lessons, and the knowledge will be able to carry you your way through all obstacles to success and affluence. Education has been a costly thing. Men for hundreds of years have been toiling, fighting and praying for the very things which you enjoy today, and which you regard as too common place for notice. Remember the world has had only about seventy-five years of schooling. Remember we are lucky and greatly blessed in having a chance to go to school. A little more than a century ago, there were towns in Europe containing several thousand people, and not more than one in a thousand could read or write. Thank our lucky stars, we did not live in those days. These are not ideal days by any means, but they are the best the world has ever known, and just how fast they are to grow better, depends entirely on the way we, who constitute the rising generation, act. It is ignorance that keeps the world back; it is education that pushes it on. A century from now, every man and woman in this country should and probably will, be as highly educated and cultured as Harvard or Yale professors do in the present day. Just imagine what a nation will be able to accomplish when every mind and brain is cultured and trained to the highest degree. Remember, cousins, the future of the nation depend on us. Put your whole soul into the tasks that are set you. Whatever you take in hand, do it with all your might. Quit yourselves like men. Be strong. Do this and you will lift yourselves and the whole nation onward and upward to those heights where reigns love, justice, honesty, happiness, prosperity and contentment, and where graft, plunder, poverty, injustice and all the other evils of our present uncivilized, unscovil systems are no more. You have leave things undone which we ought to do. By applying yourselves, heart and soul, to your studies now and getting an education you will be able to do it. If the Virginia cousin, of Richmond, Va., will write to me again and give her name, I would answer it. I think you wrote a good letter too.

ROBERT C. POWELL.

R. 1, B. 23, Wake Forest, N. C.

From a Hyde County Boy.

Local Editor: The cousins' page has greatly improved in the past month. And can be made better if the cousins will write and express their views on certain subjects of interest. If all the cousins were sincere in what they write, we have over 200 boys and girls growing up in North Carolina that cannot be surpassed. Out of this little band of boys and girls and others who are not in this band, we must have preachers, teachers, lawyers, and doctors, and men of many other professions to be able to respond to the call of their country. I certainly do enjoy reading the letters. I always read the cousins' page first. Although I like the political issue of the U. R. very well. I think the Local Editor is kind to give us a page in the paper. Every cousin ought to try and return his kindness by getting a new subscriber to the U. R. each year. I believe it would be a good way to build up the paper and especially the cousins page. If our Local Editor and cousins think it a good thing, I am in the ring with you. Irene Samuel, your letter was fine. Earl Drake and Addie Howard, your letters were fine. "A Carolina Maid," who signed her name "Geneva," I enjoyed your letter. "Cousin Mary," your letter was just fine, and many others whose letters were nice. Julia Myers, I received your card today, and will answer it in a few days. Will answer all cards I receive. I will ask a question. Who was the only Captain that carried the Confederate Flag around the world, and what State was he from? A card to the correct answer.

JEFF DAVIS SWINDELLE.

R. 1, B. 42, Lake Landing, N. C.

From an Oriental Girl.

Local Editor: I read some of the letters over and over. Alva, Geneva, and Solon B. Braswell, your letters were certainly interesting to me. My papa takes the good old Union Republican, and has for years. My mother is dead. She has been dead 8 years. She left 4 children, 1 boy and 3 girls. She left a baby not old enough to go to school. My papa's business was so he could not be at home all the time, so we took her to school with us. I tell you, cousins, I had a hard time. I kept house for my papa, and did all of the work. My oldest sister and I. My baby sister is 10 years old, and can hardly remember her mother. My papa got married again about 4 years ago. He got a good kind step-mother. She is loved by us children, and every body that knows her. I tell you it is sad to lose a dear mother. No body knows any thing about it, but those who have gone through with it. My mother tried to learn me how to work while she was with me, and I am so glad she did. It is no disgrace to know how to work. That is a thing a young girl ought to know to do, and that is to work. If she does, when she gets married and gets a husband, and has to help him make a living, it would be very nice if she doesn's have to work, why what she knows about it won't hurt her. I have heard girls say, "I don't want to know how to work. I am going to get married and let somebody work for me." Is that the way to think about it? No. Some times a boy can fool a girl easily, get her to marry him, and not have a hole to stick his head in. Don't you know, I had rather die an old maid than to marry a man and move every year. I believe a girl ought to look 40 times before she leaps. Some of them think if they can just change their name from Miss to Mrs., it is sufficient. It is a sad way to think about it. I think.

I. L. HODGES.

P. O. Box 303, Oriental, N. C.

From a Robeson County Cousin.

Local Editor: "Blighted Life," you have my deepest sympathy. May God bless you and your two little girls. Wish I could meet you and have an interview with you. I will say a few words on "Malice." Dear cousins, what do you think about holding malice in your hearts? Do you think you can enter into the golden gate with hatred or malice in your heart? No! No! We must love our friends and neighbors as ourselves. God wants us to love our enemies. Do we love them as God wants us to when we pass them and do not speak? No, how can we? I am afraid there will be more souls lost for this crime than there will be for any other. I never pass any one without speaking to them—and I always speak with a smile. To speak to any one will not hurt you—even if it is your enemy. If they do not speak to you, that doesn't matter. When you speak, you have done your part. I have heard of boys and men holding malice with their fathers and mothers and would not speak. O, dear cousins, I hope none of you are guilty of this sin. Satan can lead you any way, once let him get the reins. The best way is to shun him. Resist the Devil, and he will flee. Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you. Now I will say a few words about education. I don't think we can say too much about that. Dear boys and girls, if you have the opportunity of going to school, make use of your time and do not sit and idle your time away playing. If you do, you will regret it some day when it will be too late. My education is limited to only a public school. I would be glad to go to a higher school, but it seems that I'll have to stay at home and work. Two of my friends are wanting me to go with them to Athens, Tenn. to school, but don't know how it will be. Say, cousins, if you want to correspond with an old bachelor, let me know, and I will send you his name and address.

"SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER."

Pembroke, N. C.

From a Yadkin County Cousin.

Local Editor: I have been picking black berries. I have picked 200 cans. Julie, if a man can raise 250 bushels of wheat in fair weather, he can raise his umbrella in rainy weather. Dove, the answer to yours is "I."

Send on your cards. I think the cousins have got the subject of flirting up pretty well. Soldier's Lover, write again. I enjoy reading your letters. "A Blighted Life," I certainly do sympathize with you. Girls, we should take warning before it is too late. It is awful to be a drunkard's wife. Cousins, I think we should be careful in what we say and do. How often we do things which we ought not to do and how often we leave things undone which we ought to do. T. M. A., I agree with you on your letter. I think we should guard our tongue, for it is the tongue that causes lots of trouble. The greatest object in life is to prepare for death. Be ready when Jesus calls you. Be ready and watching for you know not the day nor the hour wherein the son of man cometh. Boys, stop your drinking before it is too late. You do not know when you are going to be called away from this world. It will be awful to be turned away from God in the last day. Look around you at the homes that are ruined by whiskey, where there could be happiness, where there is only torment. Remember your mother who is praying for you, that you may live a better life. Don't you want her prayers to be answered? Then heed what she says for your mother is the best friend you have here on this earth. What is home without a mother? The cousins have been talking about what they wear. I say, let people wear what they please. The way they dress is not all to look at. Look at their actions to tell what they are. I will ask a question: What was the Samaritan woman's name who talked with Jesus at Jacob's well? If any of the cousins know, please tell me. Some one please send me the song "Silly Bill." I will send a card in return.

JETTIE MARTIN.

R. 1, Cana, N. C.

From a Davidson County Cousin.

Local Editor: I will take for my subject "The Salvation of Your Soul." People think so much about money and getting rich these days, that they forget all about their souls, but what good will their riches do them some day when they die and leave all of their riches behind for somebody else? I would rather have my soul right with God than to have millions of dollars and then die and go to the place of torment. I will tell you, cousins, of a girl whose parents were very rich and wicked. There was a camp meeting going on near this girl's home, so this girl had a companion and she was a christian girl. So she and her rich companion were attending this meeting. The christian girl had almost succeeded in getting her companion to give her soul to God and be a christian, but her mother found out what was going on and stopped her daughter from going with her companion, and to the meeting, and she seemed very grieved about it. So her mother told her that she would buy her the finest dress that money could buy. So she gave way to her mother, and therefore she never got forgiveness for her sins, and in a very few days she fell sick and grew worse and worse, until just a few hours before her death, she was thought to be getting better when her mother came in and brought her that fine dress which proved to be her loss of her soul, and, though she being not converted, realized that she had missed a home in heaven, said to her mother to take the fine dress from her sight, that it was the ruin of her soul, and had caused her to lose her salvation. So do not be persuaded to give up your soul salvation for riches, because it will be a great loss to you like the rich girl who lost her soul for almost nothing in spite of her companion's tender pleading. Don't betempted to do wrong. A Blighted Life, you and your little girls have my tenderest love and sympathy. Also A Sad Heart and A Soldier's Lover, I feel sorry for you both. W. A. Watson, I do not agree with you at all on your subject. R. C. Stanley, why, don't you write again. I enjoy reading your letters.

A TRUE BOYS' LOVER.

R. 5, Lexington, N. C.

From "Blighted Life."

Local Editor: Admit again in your charming cousins' page A Blighted Life. As there has been so much said on and about the flirty girl, I too, will try and give my views on the subject. First, cousins, don't think I approve of the flirty girl, for I certainly do not, and, girls, take advice from an unknown writer, and please stop, lest you learn too late. But, first, cousins, what is a flirt? A girl that has more than one sweetheart? No, cousins, this is not a flirt if she is truthful and honest to them. A flirt is a liar. But come, let's go home with the flirty girl, and nine tenths of them we will find motherless. She may have a good father, sisters, brothers, and some one to give good advice, but cousins ,that is not mother. I tell you the hand that rocks the cradle, is the hand that rules the world, and perhaps she from a child, has been imposed on. She some times begins to tell stories when only a child. Perhaps she was washing dishes, drops one and breaks it accidentally. She is punished for it. So the next time I can see her go sailing around the house to get it. When this accident comes to light, she denies it and so this accident by improper treatment is one first lesson in lying. Then perhaps she comes home tired and has not hurried home from her work but took her time, and is asked why she is late, and she gives her reasons—she was tired and did not stop any where, but did not hurry. She is told she is not true. So perhaps next time she comes from her work she is tired and the thought comes to her mind. I am counted a falsehood, so I just as well be one, as to be always called one. So she stops on her way home and when she gets home the question is asked and she affirms I came straight home. So fault finding has transformed a liar, and she becomes subject to lieing, so when she meets a sweetheart, it comes as natural to tell lies to him as it came to tell them at home. But the flirty girl finds her sweetheart is true, she is true to him. She is afraid he will play false, and if she is not true to him, he will court her 4 or 5 years, then drop her and marry another. So the flirty girls are afraid to let the boys out lie them. But girls, stop this. Let the boys lie, but just stop your ears and tell them the truth. Far better to be left an old maid than a blighted life. Far better had I been gilted than to have been a wreck. Cousins, some one wrote that the girls are in the mud as deep as the boys. Hen true that statement is for when the poor girl get in the mud she stays and if she tries to raise out and get on solid land she is knocked back again while the boy can step out of the mud and go tipping down the streets in society, and is welcomed while the poor girl is left behind with all the sin to bear. God pity them. Cousins, I have got only two sweet little girls, and I am trying to raise them right, but how do I know