

## H. W. HAYES WRITES HOME

SON OF A. G. HAYES WITH  
ARMY OF OCCUPATION

Extracts From Letters Show He  
Is Well and As Happy As One  
Could Be Away From Home  
and America; Mr. Hayes Was  
Formerly A Student Here.

We are indeed favored to be allowed to reprint extracts from the letters of Wagoner Harry Wilbur Hayes, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hayes, who is now with the army of occupation at Coblenz, Germany.

Mr. Hayes was a student here for some time, later going to A. & E. at Raleigh from which place he volunteered at the age of 19.

After arriving in France early in 1918, he was instructed in a French school, coming from this he was assigned duty close to the front and was with American forces at Chateau-Thierry, the Argonne-Meuse offensive, and is now with the army of occupation.

Extracts from letters follow:

Moureaux, Germany.  
Dec. 12, 1918.

My dear Mama,  
Received a letter from you yesterday written the fifteenth. Was very glad to get a letter from you so quick after being in Germany. I did not expect to get any mail for a good while. We have been moving about thirty miles at a time for the last three weeks. We have stopped two or three days at several towns. The next move will be to Coblenz, a big town on the Rhine. It is about thirty-five miles from here. We will stay there until we leave for some port I am sure.

The Warren boys will get home before I do because they are now at St. Nazaire waiting to go. They were not on the American front but were with the British. I hope that it won't be so long before all of us will be home.

With love,  
WILBUR.

Coblenz, Germany,  
Jan. 5, 1919.

My dear Mama,  
I got the Christmas box you sent just in time for New Year's. Every thing was in good condition. The cake was certainly fine; any way the fellow and I had to nearly fight over the last slice. He got a box at the same time I did so we certainly did eat for a while. It snowed here a little Christmas night, but it melted quickly on account of the rain. I got a letter from Bedford Tate yesterday. He was still in France when he wrote, but I expect he is on his way home by now. Says he was wounded and was guarding German prisoners when he wrote. I saw in the Warren Record of Clifton Hayes' death I was surprised when I saw it. I did not know that he was in the army. I don't have any idea when we will start for home but it would suit me to start to leave today.

With love to all,  
WILBUR.

Coblenz, Germany,  
Jan. 19, 1919.

My dear Mama,  
Received a letter from you yesterday written Dec. 29th. I went to a moving picture show in town yesterday, it was good but I could not read all of the story as it was in German. I also had some ice cream for the first time since I was in Europe. It was good but it was about half ice. I sent a hand painted insignia of our regiment home yesterday, please take good care of it for me, if you get it. I want to have it framed. We are still hauling ammunition every now and then but the most of the time we are drilling or taking exercise. I saw an American aviator flying a German plane over Coblenz today. It was one that has been turned over to the allied government. The weather has been good here for the last three weeks; just cold enough to have a little fire light on morning. We are getting new trousers to wear instead of the old issue. I do not like them as well as I do the others because they will have to be pressed to, often to look

## HARRY WILBUR HAYES



Now serving with the Army of Occupation at Coblenz, Germany, after serving in some of the biggest battles of the American forces.

well and also they are colder. I am as well as ever and putting on fine.

Write often,  
WILBUR

Coblenz, Germany,  
Jan. 28, 1919.

Dear Frank,

Received your letter and card of the third. What kind of shells do you want me to bring you? a hundred and fifty-five or some of the small arm cartridges. I have seen and handled so many shell that I would not care if I never saw another one. As soon as I can get some stamps I will send you a helmet and a German belt with the famous "Gott mit uns," on it. I have two belts and can get as many as I want. I am sending you some German money which is a one mark bill. It is worth about fifteen and a half cents in our money. They have as small as twenty-five phenings in bills which is only about four cents. Chocolate and soap is very scarce here. I bought a piece of chocolate weighing about an ounce and a half and it cost three marks and a half. While I bought a pound of chocolate at the commissary for four marks. It is snowing here now and has been all day, but it is not very cold here because this place is well surrounded by mountains and is much warmer than it is in other places. I don't have any idea when I will start for home but will be glad when the time comes to leave here. I am learning to speak German a little now so that I can talk to the Dutch girls a little. I am sorry Howard is home-sick. Tell him to come over and stay with me a while and then he will be satisfied to stay any where in the United States the rest of his life. I think I have grown a little taller since I left but I don't know how much I weigh because I haven't seen any scales in a good while. Write to me again when you can.

Your brother,  
WILBUR.

Wagoner Harry W. Hayes,  
4th Truck Co., 1st Corps Art Park  
A. P. O. 754 A. E. F. Germany.

## A Prediction And Also An Answer

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Labor, says: "The present period of readjustment is the critical time. If we can pass through it safely, we have before us from eight to ten years of industrial activity equal to any wave of prosperity we ever have had. But if there is any serious unemployment there will be a period of industrial unrest which may lead us to a repetition of the French or the Russian revolution."

Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, says: "If Congress will appropriate the relatively small sum which I have asked for the construction of soldier settlements in every State in the Union, I can offer jobs almost immediately to 100,000 of our returned fighting men. This helping to stem the tide of industrial unrest predicted by Secretary Wilson; provide farm homes for 25,000 of these men, thus mitigating the evils of tenantry; and bring into cultivation 1,500,000 acres of at present unproductive land, thus helping to make up the deficiency in the rate of growth of cultivated land as compared with the rate of growth of our population. There can be no surer insurance for the Nation than to put its men upon the soil."

## Miss Annie B. King Accidentally Killed

The following account brings regret here where Miss King has often visited and where her warm personality and genial disposition made many friends: Louisburg, March 2.—Miss Annie Belle King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. King, and a popular Louisburg girl, was instantly killed in an automobile accident two miles south of here at 3:40 this afternoon.

Miss King was riding with Mr. James J. Wells, of Wilson, in a large 12 cylinder. No one was near at time of the accident, but eye witnesses at a distant state that Mr. Wells appeared to lose control of the car. He was painfully but not seriously hurt, and in a nervous condition. Last night he was unable to talk of the accident or give any reasons for it.

Miss King is widely known throughout North Carolina, being prominently connected in this State and Virginia, and a graduate of St. Mary's School at Raleigh. She is survived by her father and mother and three brothers, one of whom is in France.

## In Memory Of Sgt. E. Frazier

This brave young soldier was born in April 1896, united with the Baptist church at Warren Plains at the age of fourteen and fell in battle Sept. 29th, 1918, in the twenty-third year of his age.

Earnest was always a good boy, and was exceedingly popular among his mates at home and in the army. His kindly cheerful disposition and the fact that he always contributed to the enjoyment of those around him won for him the soubriquet "Goodtimes," by which he was known at home and in the army.

Earnest was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Frazier, of Warren Plains. He enlisted in the Warren Guards before the beginning of the war, and when the war came went with company into the army. He served in this country at Camp Glenn, on the Mexican Border, and at Camp Sevier; and finally with the Expeditionary Forces rendering faithful and gallant service in France.

A letter from one of his comrades, recently published in the Warren Record, marks him as one of the bravest of the brave. It would have been a joy to his parents and loved ones if he could have returned to his native land and brought with him stories of his wonderful career in a foreign land. But a wise Providence ordered otherwise, and on Sunday the 29th of Sept. 1918, after having accomplished feats of valor and daring that seemed well-nigh impossible, he fell in sight of the victory which he and his brave comrades won in the breaking of the Hindenburg Line.

We cherish his memory, we deeply sympathize with his loved ones in their heart breaking sorrow; and as long as we live the name of Sergeant Earnest Frazier shall live in our memory; and his portrait shall hang in the Hall of Fame which we have erected in our heart for the brave and the true.

T. J. TAYLOR.

## RURAL CARRIER EXAMINATION

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for the County of Warren, N. C., to be held at Manson on March 21, 1919, to fill the position of rural carrier at Manson and vacancies that may later occur on rural routes from other post offices in the above-mentioned county. The examination will be open only to male citizens who are actually domiciled in the territory of a post office in the county and who meet the other requirements set forth in Form No. 1977. This form and application blanks may be obtained from the office mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C. Applications should be forwarded to the Commission at Washington at the earliest practicable date.

It's the songs you sing and the smiles you wear, that's a-making the sunshine everwhere.

Good health is 100 per cent. efficiency—not merely absence of sickness.

If you want "pep," keep your system "hitting on all cylinders."

## This Is No Time For Slowing Up.

Raleigh, N. C., Mar. 1.—Because the war is practically over, many people think that they can let down on the high standard of proficiency attained on the farms last year, and the year previous. This is a mistake. Simply because things were "not going" last year is no reason why they should be left to themselves this year. The present condition of the cotton market and the vital need for planting other crops this year is a real problem that needs the best of thought. The fact that many other states are going into the business of growing tobacco, and that the trusts have on hand a bountiful supply, should warn farmers that too much tobacco can be grown this year.

There is still need for food, however. The farm family will need food all the year around. All the families in the towns and cities, and in other countries, will need food. If all the food used on the farm is produced there, and the cotton and tobacco grown for surplus cash, then the farmers of North Carolina will not be "hit so hard" this fall.

North Carolina needs to use fertilizer more intelligently. Lands need more lime. Livestock in the shape of pure bred pigs, blooded dairy cows, pure bred beef cattle, sheep, and draft horses can all be raised in North Carolina. There are a number of problems than now require careful, earnest attention. Don't let up, but keep up the same spirit that helped to win the war and make a winning on the farm. Study the problems about the farm. Call on the County Agent or the woman agent, as the case may be, or write to the Agricultural Extension Service at Raleigh for aid in the different perplexing problems which will arise on the farm this year.

## THE GREAT GREEN COUNTRY OF LOVE.

There's something more than the earth, my sweet,

Than the stars and the moon above;  
There's something more for our wandering feet—

There's the great green country of love!

The great green country of love, my dear,  
And its vales and hills and skies so clear,  
Its balm and bloom and its peace and rest—

Love, in the land of the loved and blest!

There's something more than the coin we earn,

Than the crown of glory and fame;  
There's something more than the years we burn,

With life gone out in the flame!  
The great green country of love, my own,

And the little winds over the ripples blown,  
And the stars and the sea and the cooling dove,  
In the great green country, love, of love!

There's something more than our pride, my soul,

Our glory and gift and gleam;  
There's something more than the golden goal,

But nothing more than the dream!  
The dream of the good green land, my sweet,

With the roses of rest beneath our feet  
And love forever as life goes by,  
In the good green country of love, they lie!

—By the Benztown Bard.

## MICKIE SAYS

BUH-LEEE ME! IF WE'D SET UP SOME OF THIS COPY JEST LIKE IT COMES IN, WITHOUT MAKIN' NO CORRECTIONS NER NUTHIN', SOME OF THE INTELLECTUAL LIGHTS AROUN' THIS HERE NECK O' THE WOODS'D LOSE THEIR REPUTATIONS FER BEIN' EDDICATED!



## CHARLES A. C. MCLAURINE



Cadet Lieut. Charles Alston Cook McLaurine, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. McLaurine, of Oklahoma, and Grandson of the late Judge Charles Alston Cook, formerly of this place. Lieut. McLaurine died of pneumonia following Influenza recently at his home in Oklahoma.

## Letter From H. J. Munn, In France.

With A. E. F. France.  
Dec. 10, 1918.

Dear Mother and Pa:

Just a few lines to let you hear from me. I am feeling good today and hope that these few lines will find you all the same. Mamam I have been up to three different fronts: the Eastern front, the Western front, and the Verdun front; but I am still living and hope to see you all soon. Mama I hope you all will have a nice time Christmas. I wish I could be with you all but don't think I can, but you all go on and have a good time and don't worry about me for I will have mine when I get there. I hope that won't be long. Tell Pa I hope I can help him make the next crop. Say, Pa, I got your letter and was glad to hear from you. Pa, I hope you will get a good price for your crop this time. Well mama we have just had mail call and I got your letter and was glad to hear from you and to know you was well. I am getting a plenty to eat now.

Well I must close for this time so good bye from

Your loving son,  
HERMAN J. MUNN.

## HAITHCOCK-GOOCH

Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas Haithcock announce the marriage of their daughter

Nina

to

Mr. Hugh T. Gooch on Tuesday, February the twenty-fifth nineteen hundred and nineteen Macon, North Carolina

At Home

after March the fourth Gorman, North Carolina

## Pays Fine Tribute To Mrs. Overby.

Susie Elizabeth Frazier, daughter of Ransom P. Frazier, was born April 7, 1880, and died February 16th, 1919, in the 39th year of her age. In the summer of 1892 she made a profession of religion and was baptized by Dr. W. R. Cullom in the fellowship of Warren Plains Baptist Church. On October 31st, 1895 she was united in marriage to William B. Overby of Macon, who with their four sons survive her. She is also survived by her venerable father, three brothers, and one sister.

In her girlhood she was a member of a class of young girls, which became famous in Warren Plains Sunday School under the leadership of Capt. W. S. Terrell. It was a large class of bright young girls, all of whom professed religion, and became active members of the church. Nearly all of that class have passed over to the other side. All of them exemplified the value of the faithful instruction they received in Sunday School.

Mrs. Overby was a good woman of quiet demeanor. She left behind her many friends, who highly esteemed her and who sympathize with her family in their great sorrow.

T. J. TAYLOR.

## SELL 3,893,849 POUNDS WEED

MARKETS SELL OVER MIL-  
LION MORE THAN IN 1917-18

Price Averages Almost 35 Cents  
and Market Brought Over Mil-  
lion and Quarter Dollars Into  
Circulation Here; Best Year of  
Market's History.

The Warrenton Tobacco Market closed here last Friday after the most successful year in its history both as to the amount of tobacco sold and the average which it made.

Last year the market handled 2,682,275 pounds of the Golden Weed at the average of \$30.32 bringing into circulation here \$810,837.35.

The final reports for the 1918-19 period show 3,893,849 pounds averaging \$34.78 and bringing into circulation for the financial good of Warren and this section \$1,354,998.90. The market thus showing an increase over 1917-18 of 1,211,574 pounds.

The period following the Christmas holidays saw tobacco at its highest, but during the entire season, except possibly the last few days of the market, prices were exceptionally good and this unquestionably has been a banner year for Golden Weed producers.

## Punctuality a Big Asset In Life.

Punctuality seems to be such a little thing that by many it is trifled with, but in reality it is a golden asset to any life. It has been the secret of the success of more than one life. When Napoleon was asked the secret of his splendid victories he replied, "By always being on time." Lord Nelson said, "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time," and Gladstone, England's best statesman, left this statement on record, "Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams."

We have a friend, gifted, capable, consecrated, whose prominent and seemingly only fault is this radical defect—he is always late, even at his meals, though he has a healthy appetite, late in retiring, late in getting up, late at business, late at every public function: he not infrequently arrives at one end of the railway station when the train is pulling out of the other, as he generally waits until the engine whistles before he grabs his grip and runs for the train. Now, this friend with his excellent equipment, his many opportunities for advancement, has never made in appreciable headway in life while many of his contemporaries, mediocre as compared with him, are climbing in the ladder of success. Unpunctuality is the rock upon which his craft is constantly striking.

The person who is habitually late not only wastes his own time, but the valuable moments of others—as long as they will put up with his tardiness. Louis XIV once said, "Punctuality is the politeness of kings the duty of gentlemen, and the necessity of business men." Washington when president, had a secretary who was frequently late, and attempted to excuse himself on the ground that his watch was slow, "Well," said the president, "you must get another watch or I must find another Secretary." Business men justly will not put up with parennetal tardiness. It is an inexcusable habit that is responsible for great disorder and damage. It can be cured by a tardy person giving himself a large margin beyond the ordinary time to meet every engagement, for it is better to be too early than too late.

Benjamin Franklin, the common sense philosopher, quaintly says: "He who loses an hour in the morning may keep on a dog trot all day, and will not overtake it by night."—Baltimore Southern Methodist.

If you need a doctor, select one in whom you have confidence and then follow his advice.

Many people are sick because they are unacquainted with the personal touch of a toothbrush.