

The Call of the Spring

NEW HOPE, NEW ENERGY

NEW HATS

MISS SILER & CO.

Invite you to their first showing

Friday and Saturday

March 8 and 9

Correspondence

FROM CAMP SEVIER

Camp Sevier, March 3, 1918.
Dear Mountaineer:

I hardly know how to start my letter this week as most all the happenings in and around camp are the same every day.

Claude McClure reports that he and Sam Jones went to Sunday school out at Sandy Flat church this morning.

Co. C of the 113th Machine Gun Battalion is assigned to the 115th Machine Gun Battalion and the old Co. H boys who are in that company say they are glad to get back with the old Tar Heels. Old Co. H boys are slowly getting back in talking distance. We are more like a family of brothers who have been separated.

I understand Sergt. Thomas Leatherwood has gone to France and Sergt. Lawson Allen is going to Camp Wadsworth, near Spartanburg.

Mr. John Cabe, of Canton, was visiting Camp Sevier Saturday.

We all listened eagerly to the wonderful stories Mr. Dewey Noland had to tell us after his visit to Haywood. Claude and Robert were very successful on their kodaking trip last Sunday, so look out some one, for they have some wonderful pictures to send you.

James R. Davis went horseback riding this evening. We all hope he isn't very sore tomorrow, as a week's soreness generally follows our horseback trips.

I am glad A. Bird, on Big Branch, enjoys my letters; I certainly enjoy the letters written by all the correspondents. The only time I get to write is on Sunday.

As it is getting dark I must close for this time. I am in the 29th tent, and we haven't any electric lights yet, so I am writing by candle light.

Much success to all.

—LEROY WILLIS.

WE WISH to buy hens and pullets for home use.—Waynesville Grocery & Meat Co. (16-17)

GREENHILL CEMETERY

Have you ever noticed how beautiful the natural location of our cemetery is? No fault can be found with it. But have you ever taken a real straight look at the approach to that cemetery? If not, take a walk or a drive on the macadam road at the foot of Green hill, look the situation over all the way out and back, from every viewpoint—at those frost-bitten gullies that look as if they were ashamed of themselves and were trying to get away; look at those holes and bumps and stumps and trash and rock piles that make it look exactly like the back way to a potter's field. And then go up the driveway (which looks exceptionally good under surrounding circumstances), looking about you all the while, and notice how beautiful the world looks from up there, and how pretty the cemetery would look if it had half a chance, and then, by all means, come down by way of the foot path along the fence, which path, by the way, has been for a generation and more recognized as one of the public approaches to our city of the dead, and when you get to the foot of the hill, stop and look back at the whole thing again and see what you think of it. The truth is we have looked at it so often and so long that we do not see it as it is.

With a little expense and labor

that whole hillside could be made to look like the entrance to a park, with the holes filled up, with honeysuckle set out to hide and retain those clay banks and with two or three clumps of our native mountain evergreens, such as rhododendron, holly, balsam, spruce and the like (including the blue laurel, of course), in a few years' time it would of itself become its people, when they take a look at the sepulchers of our fathers and how they are laid waste among weeds and briars and then take a glance—a most depressing one—at the unsightly, inexcusable, unpardonable, disreputable condition of the "entrance" to Greenhill cemetery. If no law fits the case, one ought to be made, for we owe a duty to the dead as well as to the living.

FROM A TAR HEEL IN OREGON

Dear Mountaineer:

I am now living in Austin, Oregon, a little town in Grant county, in the eastern part of the state.

We are having a very pleasant winter here and have not had as much snow as we had for the past two winters.

While I have been reading The Mountaineer I notice you folks have been having a bad winter there this year.

I subscribed for The Mountaineer about a year ago and I enjoy read-

ing it. I like to know what is going on in old N. C. and I often think of my dear old home and friends back there.

I left Waynesville in 1913 and went to the state of Washington. I returned to North Carolina in 1915 and was there only a short time when I decided to come west again. I came to the state of Oregon and have been here ever since. In September, 1917, my wife and little daughter went back home again to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Walls. Mr. Walls was very ill at that time. Mrs. Lusk returned to Oregon again January 2, 1918. She reports a nice time while back there.

While I have been in Oregon I have been working in timber. There is plenty of work out here and there seems to be a great demand for working men. Wages are good. Let us all be working now, for our help is needed in some way while our nation is calling.

Let us all try to do our best to help win the war. Let us not forget our dear boys who are now in France; also the ones here in training camps, for we all hope the U. S. boys will lick the Kaiser.

Have you heard the sturdy tramp Of the host just off for camp? Have you seen the boys in brown of Uncle Sam? Did you see them march erect? Did you show them due respect? Do you know they were not marching just for sham?

Tramp, tramp, tramp, our boys are marching To a far and distant shore And when they get o'er to France They will make the tyrant dance, And there'll be no haughty Kaiser any more.

Yes, with Sammie it is biz, For the truth, as told, is this: That the despot bold has trampled on the right,

He has scorned the gentle word, He has drawn the blood-stained sword, And for this our boys are marching on to fight.

Did you see the steely glint In their eyes? It is a hint; What to Billy they will do is no light joke;

For our Sammies know quite well That the Germans have made hell For a people free, and put on them a yoke.

With their sure and trusty gun You can bet they'll never shun Righteous battle for Democracy and right,

For it's true, as all must know, That the foe would overthrow Freedom's glorious cause, should Sammies fail to fight.

So we'll send them on their way With God's blessing, may he stay Foeman's murderous arm and bring them back again;

Aud let us who stay behind Do our "bit" as we may find, Lest our soldier boys should have to fight in vain.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching To a far and distant shore, And when they get o'er to France They will make the tyrant dance, And there'll be no haughty Kaiser any more.

—J. R. LUSK.

Austin, Ore., Feb. 19, 1918.

PINEY GROVE

The last few days have made us all feel and believe that winter has stepped down from her throne and spring is successfully reigning instead but I believe most of us are glad of the change.

Our school closed here last week when a delightful program was rendered by the young people Friday night.

Miss Lyda Pennington of Clyde, attended commencement exercises here Friday night.

Miss Carrie [name] has returned home from the hospital at Asheville, along nicely.

Mrs. Fred [name] children, of Canton, [name] sister, Mrs. D. [name] day.

Mr. Marvin [name] Dr. Stamey, of Canton, were Clyde visitors Sunday evening.

Miss Ada Rogers spent Saturday night with her sister, Mrs. Winson Haynes, at Clyde.

Misses Celia Lindsey and Grace Haynes, of Clyde, attended the exercises Friday night.

Several of our young folks attended preaching at Clyde Sunday night. John and Nora Severs visited their sister, Mrs. D. D. Reed, Sunday.

Ada and Odell Rogers spent Tuesday in Clyde.

Ed Rogers is visiting her brother at Canton.

The wedding bells may be ringing here before very long. Who knows? I enjoy the letters from Camp Se-

The Depot Barber Shop has been moved to the First National Bank Building and will hereafter be known as The Massey Barber Shop Good Service Always P. V. Massey, Dennis Massey

vier and hope they will write often. We all like to know what our dear old Haywood boys are doing.

I enjoy the letters written by all the correspondents; hope more of them will write this week than did last week.

Best wishes to all.

—"PEGGY."

FINES CREEK

The weather man seems to be doing his part in the war campaign and the farmers are making every effort toward a larger crop for 1918.

It seems there is about as much said about war against dogs as against the Kaiser, and I heartily approve of the stand so many have taken against the worthless dogs.

I have in the past 20 years seen a number of families feeding as high as five or six hounds and eating without meat at least three months in the year. One sheep raiser of our community says in one day the dogs ate seven young lambs of his, and dogs in these parts eat twice their worth in eggs, besides the bread and table scraps.

Thomas Ferguson and son, David, of Spring Creek, are visiting the former's brother, Elbert Ferguson, who is very ill again. He has been at death's door a number of times in the past two months.

Whip Price left Monday for guard duty at Hot Springs.

Mrs. T. S. Jarrett left the last of the week for Canton to visit her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Williamson.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Noland, March 1, a daughter.

Zeb Ferguson has certainly improved the looks of his premises by cementing, rebuilding and repainting. Frisbee & Stamey company, of Madison county, are doing a large peddling business in this section.

Good luck and success to the United States and her allies, and prosperity to the sheep raisers.

FINE SWINE SALE TUESDAY

Dear Sir:

Carload of Poland China Hogs for sale at auction, Asheville, N. C., Tuesday, March 12, 1918.

A carload of Poland China hogs, consisting of 10 tried sows, 15 fall yearling sows, 20 spring gilts, five boards, arrived in Asheville Wednesday, March 6, and are now on display at Millard, Patton & Stikleather's stables, at the corner of College and Oak streets, and will be sold at auction Tuesday, March 12.

A finer lot of hogs were never seen in this section.

It was through the efforts of the Animal Husbandry Department at Raleigh and the Asheville Board of Trade that this carload of Poland Chinas were brought to Asheville for the farmers of this section, in order to make up the increase of 10 per cent requested by the United States government.

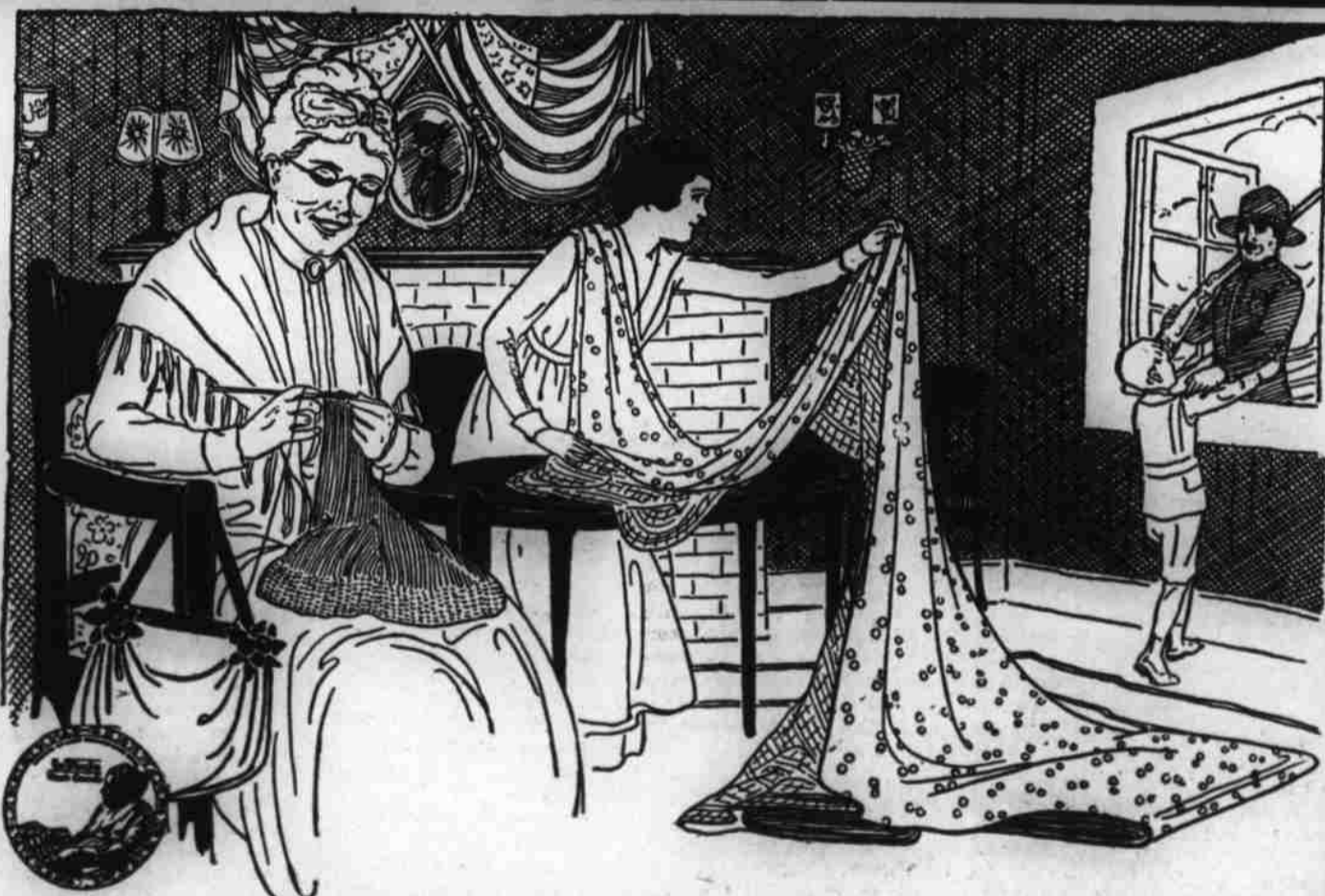
Yours very truly,
N. BUCKNER, Secretary.

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