The town of Wiggins has made her sacrifice upon the altar of the European war.

Carson Dale, born and reared within two miles of Wiggins, was killed on the 23rd day of July near Rouen, France, where he died in a bloody battle against the Germans. Young Dale was a soldier in the British army.

Carson, as he was known by his home people, like all of us, had his faults and failings. He was no saint nor never gained so much, but he had some good traits and redeeming features. He was one of our own boys and the sad news of his tragic death brought gloom and grief into the hearts of his kindred and address to all who knew him.

Young Dale left Wiggins in May, 1915, and on reaching New Orleans, sailed for England on a ship loaded with mails. Upon his arrival in London, Dale immediately joined the British army and was kept in training near London for several months, then was sent to the trenches in the thick of the fight in France where his death occurred, as already stated.

A message, addressed to his sister, Miss Carrie Dale, from London last Saturday was the first news to reach her announcing his death, and on the noon train the same day a letter was received by Miss Dale from John Price, a familiar writer from Aug. 3rd, stating that young Dale was by his side and within a storm as the German trenches, when a bomb bursted and a sharpshelled bullet hit Dale in the head, killing him almost instantly. Miss Dale said that this was the highest praise of the unfortunate boy concerning his soldier life and courage, and that it gives him a right to do his part without a murmur.

To those who mourn his death we extend our deepest sympathy and sorrow. We remember the names of the brave and we point them to Him, who is able to comfort in every time of trouble.

A FRIEND.

Lines Worth Reading

Whilst walking down a crowded street the other day, I saw a little urchin to a comrade turn and say-

"Say, little feller, if you tell your mammy, I'd be happy as a clam if I was to tell daddy dat I gave him that."

"She takes I am a wonder, and she knows her little lad Could never mix wit' nuttin' dat would make me as happy as I am now."

Oh, lots o' times I sit and tink how nice twould bee, gee whiz If a fellow was to do feller dat his mammy knew he had done it.

My friend, be yours a life of joy or undistilled joy. You may learn a lesson from this small unlettered boy. Don't try to be an earthly saint with eyes fixed on the stars. Just try to be the fellow that your other thinkers think you are. Ex
City Health Officer Gets Letter From Inspector Walley

I am in receipt of the following letter from Mr. Walley, Chief Sanitary Inspector of the State:

Jackson, Miss., Aug. 25, 1916
Dr. F. Caughy,
Wiggins, Miss.

My dear Sir:

I am in receipt of a complaint from your town of several places in your town being moist and breeding places, and mosquitoes and flies from both tub drains and also a fish pond which is a mosquito-breeding place.

It was also reported that your town is infested with mosquitoes and these places, it is thought, are responsible for this condition. Also east there are some open tanks and waste places.

I wish you to look into these complaints and give them your immediate attention. You will find in our regulations the rules and regulations of the Board are subject to improvement for a minimum dimension, and you can certainly get them, although I feel sure that you will not have to resort to any inducements.

Cordially yours,

Willis Walley, M. D.
Chief Sanitary Inspector.