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McWhorlor's Platform.

The following good thing is from the Charlotte Observer:
"Hello, Squire."
"Howdy, Son."
"Candidate for the Legislature this year, Squire?"
"Yessir. Going to see if those people really want to let those good-for-nothing dogs, automobiles and agents tearing around loose over the country, killing chickens, scaring cows and horses and running down old folks and selling women and children something they don't need. Tax them out of existence! That's my platform."

The conversation quoted may be taken to represent the "Spring Song" of Squire Henry McWhorlor, of the Waxhaw Creek section of Union county in a campaign year. Since 1901 he has been running for the legislature on a platform similar to the one outlined. Woe betide agents when he gets there.

The Love That Abides.

Now and then we have the pleasure of publishing the story of a golden wedding. Few news items gives us more delight. It is amazingly sweet to think of lovers who have gone hand in hand down the shining aisles of the golden years. It is precious to see in their hand the flowers they have gathered along the way. Do their hands bleed from the prick of the unseen thorns. How can we tell when they are so well covered by the roses they bear? Oh, it is good, and very good, to see people who have become happy, steadfast playmates, so that playing became living and never lost itself in the death which comes to men when the objects of affection are only playthings. The long sweetness of life comes through the purer, gentler ways. If it be not profane that a newspaper speak in prayer, God send us all the tenderness and truth of a love that abides!

The Dogs and Sheep.

Farm and Fireside, a well known agricultural publication, prints letters from farmers all over the country going to prove that the dog is a greater enemy to sheep raising than the tariff. North Carolina testimony will go to sustain this testimony, for the fear of the dog keeps the land owners in the State from embarking in that industry. This is particularly the case in the mountain sections, where the natural opportunities for sheep husbandry are the finest in the United States, because of the abundance of grass and the favorable winter climate. Ask a western North Carolina farmer why he does not turn his valleys and hillside into sheep pasturage and he will bluntly answer: "The dog." One of the contributors to Farm and Fireside says there are "two reasons why sheep raising is not profitable. One is dogs and the other the cost of fencing. Many would keep sheep but for the fear of dogs, as this is a hilly section, and sheep thrive better than any other kind of stock. Many flocks are being sold for the same reason just at present. The tariff may have some influence, but the main cause is dogs." That is the case all over the country. So long as

dogs have the run of the range, which means the freedom of the State, the farmer will shake his head at the mere mention of sheep raising. In North Carolina there are statesmen who would boldly advocate the initiative and referendum, but who would quake in their shoes at the idea of putting the law on the dog.

Interlocking Directorate.

The Madison Herald in discussing politics in the Fifth District seems to have to some inside information as to the doings of the office distributing bureau at Greensboro. Here's what the Herald dishes up: "Under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson and W. J. Bryan the National Democracy is destroying the Interlocking Directorates. The most dangerous interlocking directorates is where the railroads and other allied interests interlock with the State or National Government controlling same. From what the Herald has been able to nose around and learn in its humble and lowly way it looks as if there has been some "interlocking" going on this District between the Special Interests and the "powers that be" in an effort to control the politics, and thus the legislation of the district. It is the talk of the district that the American Tobacco Co. put up the money to nominate our present Congressman with four years ago—the boodle was "distributed" it is said, through a Greensboro politician who is known to his friends by the name of "Bill," and when one looks around he will see the same old gang lined up like a stone wall in an effort to silence all opposition to Major Stedman's re-nomination by brow-beating and bluffing all other aspirants out of the race. When we see the special interests supporting a man for public office we all know "there is a reason!" There is no arguing against that fact; so why isn't it time the people were taking a hand in the matter themselves and driving the money-changers (corrupt politicians) out of the temple.

The Republican party will make a desperate effort to capture the next House, and thus cripple the Wilson Administration; they will have unlimited finances, and if the Democracy of the Fifth District is wise it will govern itself accordingly.

Uncle Sam furnishes and maintains for government employes 341 passenger automobiles, costing \$404,637.75, and 2,386 horsedrawn carriages. Secretary of Labor W. B. Wilson is the only member of the Cabinet who has the use of a government automobile for his personal pleasure. The other members have from two to four horse drawn vehicles.

There is strong evidence to show that Kentucky is going to go dry. A vote in the legislature to declare for prohibition carried in house by a vote of two to one. In the senate it was defeated by two votes and even the men engaged in the business say the next legislature will carry the bill through. Distillers are already curtailing and preparing to move out.

NEW LOT OF HORSES AND MULES

received this week. See us, HORNOR BROS. CO. MADERO SPENT MILLIONS
The story of the weak and ruinous rule of Madero has never been adequately told. It is enough to say here that he was the most colossal failure as a President that Mexico has ever known. In 15 months his government dissipated the \$69,000,000 left in the treasury by Diaz, and borrowed \$200,000,000 more, added at least \$150,000,000 of revenue and 000 left in treasury by Diaz, and borrowed, less than \$100,000. Even this insignificant sum was scattered among the various departments and so was not available for immediate use or it would have been wasted too. And with all this vast expenditure not one promise for the betterment of the people had been fulfilled; no public improvements were made; no educational systems built up; no extensions of commerce or industry were fostered. Peace was not restored. Mexico was continuously involved in internal strife and her business was wrecked, her credit impaired and her hope turned to despair. Madero was too weak to deal with the situation. The politicians were at work.



THE RULING HABIT.

He Would Travel That One Old Road. Danger or No Danger.

Cyril Maude, the English actor-manager, who was in this country recently, in making a talk before a dramatists' society in New York told a story to illustrate the inborn conservatism of his countrymen—especially those resident in rural parts.

He said that through the fields between two villages in Sussex ran a footpath. It was not the quickest route to the other, for it wandered about, but it had been traced originally by the horny naked feet of Saxon serfs, and was as hard as stone, worn deep into the turf by the heels of countless generations. Everybody in the neighborhood used it because everybody always had.

A friend of Maude's, a country gentleman, lived midway between the towns and led a reasonably quiet, not to say dull, existence. One day he heard that a vicious bull was straying about the countryside, chasing innocent pedestrians and frightening children and generally misbehaving himself.

Seeking for some variety from the monotony, Maude's friend went forth in the afternoon hoping to glimpse the bull. Once he heard him bellow, but he did not see him. For four afternoons he tried to discover the whereabouts of the mauler, but with no luck.

On the fifth evening he lingered afield until nearly dusk. He had reached a stile where a hedge crossed the footpath when he heard in the distance through the thickening gloom the patter of flying feet, mingled with the thud of heavy hoofs, a convulsive panting and the snorts of some large animal.

Into sight came the local postman, an elderly person, legging along at top speed, his mail pouch bouncing on his hip, his whiskers neatly parted by the wind and blowing backward over his shoulders, and just behind him came the bull, lunging with his horns at the seat of the fugitive's trousers.

By half a length the fleeing man reached the hedge ahead of his pursuer. He flung himself headlong over the stile and in his safe protection lay breathless, while the bull, bellowing his disappointment, turned and strolled off to seek an easier victim.

The spectator aided the quivering postman to his feet.

"He almost had you tonight, Fletcher," said the gentleman sympathetically. Fletcher wiped his forehead and gasped:

"E's almost 'ad me every night this week!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Labor.

Labor is life. From the inmost heart of the worker rises his God given force—the sacred celestial life essence breathed into him by Almighty God.—Carlyle.

Fooled Him.

At the magazine promotion committee that lunches every Wednesday at the Aldine club Felix Orman told this one:
"Ellis Parker Butler some years ago wrote a story which he thought would fit into the scheme of one of the smaller magazines. He sent the story to the editor. It was printed. Failing to receive payment, he made an inquiry. There came a check for \$2. The humorist returned this with the message, 'You probably need this more than I do.' To which the editor replied: 'Thank you. We do.'—New York World.

An Exchange—And if we find war cannot cease, we'll do just as weuster and trade the dear old dove of peace, for one tough fighting rooster.

A Garden Tragedy.

William C. Brown, apropos of his resignation as president of the New York Central, which he made in order to go back to farm life, said recently: "With the coming of spring we all feel the call of the country. Fortunately for the poor clerk who feels this



call, there are the little suburban houses with their vegetable and flower gardens. And what an ardent farmer the suburbanite becomes!

"I was staying last spring with a suburban gardener friend of mine. He had gone one evening for a stroll in his garden when suddenly his wife and I saw him run excitedly up the garden path toward us. He carried a tiny cherry tree no bigger than a small rosebush in one hand.

"Mary, Mary!" he called in heart-broken tones. "The wind has broken our cherry tree. I arrived just in time for the poor little thing to die in my arms!"

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OXFORD, N. C.

Capital - - - - \$100,000
Surplus - - - - \$ 40,000

FOR SHERIFF
I am a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Granville, subject to the Democratic primary. I have done my best to discharge the duties of the office in accordance with the oath I took. I believe my experience in the office is worth something to the people of the county. I ask that you give me your support and I promise to give you the best efforts of which I am capable. April, 5, 1914
S. C. HOBGOOD.

ANNOUNCEMENT
I hereby announce my candidacy for re-nomination by the Democratic party at the approaching primary for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court. I have tried faithfully to serve the people of the county and believe that the experience I have had fits me for better service in the future. I have served only one full term and will greatly appreciate your support.
mch 28-4t. J. G. SHOTWELL

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THE NEW ROLLER MILL AT DEXTER,
For Prompt Service and 1-8th toll. Flour, Meal and Shipstuff at wholesale prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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are an economical solution of the home heating problem at those particular seasons of the year when furnace heat is burdensome. And for rooms too far from the furnace to be easily warmed, they are fine. Don't suffer with the cold; a Oriole Gas Heater, lighted a few moments will give any room the balmy air of June. Just a stroke of a match does it all—no fussing and poking at a balky furnace—and when you are done, turn a key and the fire's out. We'd like to have you see these wonderful heaters. They are the Original Copper Reflector Gas Heaters. We know you'd appreciate them. Come in and let us show you.

We are Selling Gas Irons for \$2 Complete. Only 25 left, so Come Early and Get one of the 25 at COST.

The service of our entire establishment always at your disposal. A full line of various appliances always on hand. Let our Solicitor H. G. Williams call on you.

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F. M. STACKENWALT, Manager