



IN LOVE WITH GRANVILLE

THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER TALKS WITH A MILLIONAIRE

He Used to Visit Oxford With Droves of Horses and Put Up at the Tavern on the Corner.

We recently saw a comfortable looking old gentleman in the lobby of Murphay's Hotel, Richmond, and he looked so much like some one of our good Granville county farmers that we pulled our chair up and engaged him in conversation. He extended his big chubby hand and said: "My name is Drewery—L. T. Drewery from up in the Shenandoah Valley, God's country, sir. What's your name, sir?"

We gave him our name and address and stated that we were the editor of the Oxford Public Ledger.

"Oh, yes," said the old gentleman, "I know where it is very well; I have sold several droves of horses down in that section."

The old gentleman was wearing a suit of clothes that appeared to have cost him \$12.50—marked down from \$15.00, and he was puffing away at a two-for-five cigar.

He seemed to be very comfortable, and while we were talking a messenger boy come into lobby and asked the clerk to point out "Mayor L. T. Drewery." The old gentleman went down in his jeans and pulled out a roll of bills in order to go a little deeper in his pocket to get a nickel to tip the messenger boy.

We watched the whole proceedings with a great deal of concern, and when the old gentleman had read the telegram and placed his spectacles back in his vest pocket he remarked:

"It was my intention to go back to the Valley tomorrow, but my son shipped me a couple of car loads of horses today."

By this time we had begun to set up and take notice, and something seemed to say to us that Mr. Drewery was all right at the bank. In fact he told us that he had been in Richmond for ten days, during which time he had sold more than two hundred head of horses, three car loads of sheep and two of cattle.

We ventured the assertion that the prices were good, and he replied that they were "very good indeed."

We talked for more than one hour with Mayor Drewery. He told us that a bridge near Clarksville years ago gave away with a drove of his horses and that he was a heavy loser.

During our conversation, Mayor Drewery remarked that an expert livestock man told him that Granville county is an ideal section for livestock and dairying; that he did not know of any section of the United States that is better adapted for the growing of livestock than Granville.

"Personally," he said, "I was greatly impressed with the wonderful resources and possibilities of Granville county as a livestock section."

He asked us what land was worth in Granville and informed us that there is none for sale in the Shenandoah Valley at any price.

When Mayor Drewery bade us good night and retired, we enquired at the desk and learned that he is worth more than a million dollars.

Oh, well; how did we, with the five cent cigar feel? About like 30 cents.

COLOR OF THE PAPER

The Color is That of the Spruce From Which it is Made.

Perhaps you will discern that the color of the sheet on which this paper is printed has a yellow tint. All of the papers of the country are now being printed on paper of a natural color, that of the Spruce from which it is made.

This is a direct result of the war, for among the aniline dyes which came from Germany was one that gave the spruce paper used by newspapers the blue-white, artificial color most of us are accustomed to. Deprived of that dye, the big paper mills must now supply us with paper as it comes from the wood pulp.

The blank paper costs the same price as did the blue-white sheet. A great many of the publishers of the country prefer the paper in its natural color and it is doubtful if they will ever return to the artificial color, and there is consolation, too, in the fact that some oculists claim that the natural color is less trying on the eyes.

Ground Hog Day

If the Ground Hog emerged from hibernia Wednesday last there is no point in Granville from which he could have seen his shadow. According to the Ground Hog, winter is over, but we are thinking that Jack Frost will get his nose if he remains out of his hole.

TOBACCO PRICES LOCAL MARKET

COMPLETE OUTPUTS DISPOSED OF AT AN AVERAGE OF 30c

Another Element is Introduced Into the Already Speculative Tobacco Situation.

Some phenomenal prices have been recorded for tobacco during the past week, and buyers have been free to admit that Oxford is paying the highest prices for all grades at present. Of course, Oxford has this reputation anyhow, but it is not usual this season to see as high as 50c paid for complete outputs disposed of at an average of 30c, yet we are informed there were several instances of this kind on the market recently.

Another element is introduced into the already speculative tobacco situation by the fact that Austria-Hungary will, in all probability, produce no tobacco during the coming season. The resources of the empire will be devoted to the raising of wheat and other grains, and undoubtedly, with the high price, and scarcity of potash, there will be a heavy acreage put into grains and grasses in Granville county in 1916. Tobacco raisers in this section will find it hard to procure sufficient commercial fertilizer to put in a crop in their best tobacco lands, and without doubt tobacco prices in 1916 will be higher if the European war lasts another year. Should the war collapse early in the year the entry of Austria-Hungary into the tobacco field, together with the impoverished condition of the European nations, will operate to bring prices lower.

We believe the attitude of Granville farmers this year will be that of men who will plant a limited acreage in tobacco, and trust to Providence for results.

THE STREETS OF OXFORD

The Town Commissioners to Meet This Friday.

It is stated that the property owners abutting on the streets leading from the corporate limits on Raleigh Road to High street and along High street to Gilliam street, and Gilliam street to Spring street and along Spring street to the Baptist church have signified their wish to have said street paved from curb to curb. It is understood that there are three property owners in the said territory that object to the improvement as prescribed by an act of the Legislature and laid before the citizens by the Town Board of Commissioners, the same having had three insertions in the Public Ledger, a gist of which reads as follows: "One-third of the total cost by the Town of Oxford, and the remaining two-thirds by the abutting owners (that is, one-third each by the abutting owner on each side of the street according to the extent of his respective frontage thereon, by an equal rate per foot of such frontage.)"

It would seem that the Town Commissioners have devised the most plausible plan by which the citizens of Oxford may ever hope to have creditable streets. Now that the most feasible plan has been worked out, the Public Ledger hopes that the work will progress, this in view of the fact that the streets must be put in order less the property of the town will decrease in value.

It is barely possible that there are property holders in Oxford who have not taken the time to investigate the merits of the plan promulgated by the Town Board. They should thoroughly inform themselves before they throw their weight against the measure as the issue is of vital importance.

Entertained Recreation Club

Miss Lizzie Gooch was hostess to the Recreation Club and some invited guests on Wednesday afternoon at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. L. Hamilton on Broad street.

Progressive Rook was enjoyed at several tables. After the game Miss Gooch assisted by Mrs. Hamilton served a delightful course of refreshments, consisting of chicken salad, tomato jelly, peanut sandwiches, pickle saltines, beaten biscuit and hot coffee with whipped cream. After the games the score cards showed that Mrs. H. M. Shaw and Miss Sara Parham had made the highest score. There were no prizes.

Laugh and Grow Fat

The management of the Orpheum Theatre has designated Friday night of each week as "Funny Night." A good laugh is an antidote for many ills. If Charlie Chaplin cannot make you laugh there is something the matter with your liver.

Fine Young Man

Mr. James Taylor, one of the fine sons of Mr. R. P. Taylor, recently graduated in law is at the State University is now at home. He will return to Chapel Hill for the summer school and will later secure his license to practice.

THE LOST BRITISH SHIP

BROUGHT ACROSS ATLANTIC TO HAMPTON ROADS BY GERMAN PRIZE CREW.

With a German Prize Crew on Board, British Passenger Liner Appam Picked up in West African Waters Brought to Hampton Roads, Creating a Sensation Greater Than That Aroused When the German Auxiliary Prinz Eitel Friedrich and Kronprinz Wilhelm ran the Gauntlet of the British Blockading Squadron and Entered the Virginia Capes.

Given up for lost days ago, the British passenger liner Appam, plying in the West African trade, appeared like an apparition in Hampton Roads Tuesday, flying the German naval ensign and with her ship's company under guard of a German prize crew.

She brought word of a mysterious German commerce raider the Moewe, which now roams the seas, and had on board the crews of seven British merchantmen and Admiralty transports captured by the Moewe before she seized the Appam and started her across the Atlantic for an American port, with Lieutenant Hans Berge, of the German naval reserve, and 22 men in charge.

According to the story told with great reserve by Lieutenant Berge to Collector Hamilton, who he formally reported his presence in American territorial waters was to the effect that the Moewe captured the Appam, bound from Dakar, West Africa, for Liverpool, after a brief show of resistance, on January 16, 60 miles north of the Madeira islands. On board the Moewe were the crews of five vessels, previously captured, all of whom were transferred to the Appam, which entered the Virginia Capes early Tuesday morning.

From all reports the German raider Moewe is a complete success, forecasters concealing the names of some of her prizes.

On January 17, she engaged in battle an armed Australian trader, the Clan Mactavish, which she sank after an exciting combat with a loss of 15 men killed on the Clan Mactavish. The Appam, which was 10 miles away at the time, in charge of the prize crew, steamed hurriedly back to the scene of the sinking Clan Mactavish, who were struggling in the water.

Later, under orders from the commander of the raider, Lieutenant Berge headed his prize for American ports and parted company with the Moewe.

On board the Appam all told are 452 persons—the prize crew of 23; 20 German civilians who were on their way to England for internment; 138 seamen captured with the British ship, 114 passengers on the Appam and the Appam's crew of 155.

When the Appam dropped anchor in Hampton Roads she was boarded by the quarantine officer, Dr. H. W. McCaffery, and given a clean bill of health. Soon afterward Lieutenant Berge came ashore and called upon the German consul, von Shilling. Together they went to the office of Colonel Hayes, commandant of Fort Monroe, to pay an official call. The commander of the prize then reported by telephone the arrival of the vessel to Collector Hamilton of the Norfolk Newport News district, and later he came to Norfolk and made a statement of facts to Mr. Hamilton for transmission of the Government officials.

Among those aboard are 15 women and many children, the exact number of which has not been determined. Sir Edward Meriwether, Governor of Sierra Leone, and his wife are passengers. There are also several officers of the British army and navy.

The masters of all the vessels captured are on the Appam except the captain of the Clan-MacTavish, who with most of the members of his crew, probably were taken aboard the Moewe. The captured captains of British vessels are: H. G. Harrison of the Appam, Ralph T. Yeates of the Author, David Barton of the Corbridge, Robert Reid of the Adriadne, John Brockett of the Dromobly, John P. Jones of the Farringfold.

THOMPSON OR DUNCAN?

The Granville Republicans Will Endorse Thompson

One of the staunch Republicans of Granville told the Public Ledger this week that Dr. Cyrus Thompson would undoubtedly be endorsed for Governor by the Republican County Convention to be held in Oxford next Monday. He stated that Dr. Thompson had let it be known that he would run if nominated. Our informant also stated that Col. Duncan and other prominent men of the party are mentioned.

DEATH OF YOUNG MAN

SUCCUMBS AT EXCHANGE HOTEL AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS

Popular Young Telegraph Operator at the Local Southern Railway Station Dies of Blood Poison.

Mr. R. W. Winstead, of Samora, N. C., died at the Exchange Hotel in Oxford Tuesday after a brief illness. Mr. Winstead came to Oxford last October and accepted the position of telegraph operator at the Southern Railway station. He was an exceptionally fine young man and made many friends in Oxford. He was in the 24th year of his age when the summons came.

Mr. Winstead was sick only a few days. It was only ten days previous to his death that a small inflamed bump developed on his upper lip. He remarked to a companion that the bump gave him considerable pain and trouble. He persisted in squeezing the bump and some one of his companions advised him not to mash it, as such was dangerous. Blood poison set in and developed very fast and the best medical skill could not arrest its ravages.

A particular sad feature of the young man's death was that he was largely the main support of his mother, who was with him when the end came. He had long performed his duties faithfully looked forward to promotion and better pay. His singular ability and skill as an operator had won for him a promotion that carried with it a handsome salary. A letter from Jacksonville, Florida, came to him while confined to his death bed advising him to report for duty at an early date. He prayed earnestly that he might be spared to accept the position so as to better provide for the loved one back in the old home. The one great object in the young man's life seemed to be that of his mother.

His remains, accompanied by his mother, departed for the old home near Danville Wednesday and the interment at Samora took place Thursday morning.

THE POTASH QUESTION

An Old Veteran Farmer of the County Talks.

Bewailing the fact that the farmers will not be able to get a sufficient quantity of potash, Mr. P. B. Farmer, a veteran tobacco grower, says that it is folly to cut large heaps of wood and burn it for ashes. "Nearly every farmer of note," says Mr. Farmer, "has tried tobacco dust and trash on their crop and find it very injurious, so we will be forced to let this idea go by."

Getting down to business Mr. Farmer says:

"Now brother farmers, let me say to you, use some judgment in making and taking care of your manures, not a product you raise deserves better attention than making and saving manures and none gives better returns. Five or six days is all that is needed to get your manure ready for the plant. Cut your manure into small pieces to hold what manure you have. Put convenient to your field, clean out your stables and barn yard. After discarding corn stalks and other rough stuff, haul out to your pen, putting in 10 inches of manure and 2 inches of good rich soil, keep this up until you have finished, cover the pen with boards, let stand 2 days, take off the cover, next remove the poles around the manure or heap, build another pen as you fill. Commence at the top of the pile and cut from top to bottom and you will thoroughly mix before it goes in the new pen, you will find it will get a little warm, but not enough to heat. It will be best to change it the two times and you will find the lumps or cakes are granulated, and in fine fix for applying, and you can much easily regulate the quantity wanted. It will not take very much to make a good crop with the best so-called fertilizer. By doing this you can go over quite a lot of your poorest land, and you will have saved every particle of its value. This is no experiment to me I have tested the results in every way and I find better results by compost. I am not and analytical chemist and yet I am by practicing 45 years of my life was spent in the tobacco fields."

"I can remember when there was not a bag of fertilizer used and there was plenty made, and good times was the general cry all over the land. These are simply suggestions and if you see anything to help you, all O. K., if not no harm done."

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR TAXES?

Unless your taxes are paid promptly you will be called upon personally for the same. I'm forced to collect by distress to meet my settlements unless you settle within next few days. Please call at office and settle same. Statements will be mailed you upon request. Yours very truly, S. C. HOBGOOD, Sheriff.

RECRUITING ROAD FORCE

TWO COLORED MEN GET ONE YEAR EACH.

Mayor Stem's Court Has Shown Much Activity During the Past Few Days.

Among the large number of offenders caught in the drag net during the past week were York Allen and John Mangum, colored. In due process they were found guilty of handling more liquor than the law allows and Mayor Stem handed them the annual almanac, which is equivalent to twelve months on the public roads.

There were several others before his Honor, some charged with gambling and depravity, but we merely refer to Allen and Mangum to show that Mayor Stem has fully made up his mind to break up the whiskey traffic, and no one found guilty need expect anything short of twelve months, unless they make a clean breast of the whole business and throw themselves on the mercy of the court.

It is sometimes amusing to visit the Municipal Court and watch the proceedings. When a whiskey case is called Mayor Stem never fails to advise the offenders to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. The case may involve a dozen witnesses, more or less, all determined to reveal everything else but the truth. The tension is very high and under the excitement of the moment some one of them will drop a remark that gives the Mayor the upper hand. Finding themselves hopelessly entangled, they break down and shed copious tears. "Too late," says Mayor Stem, "Perhaps I would have given you only ten months if you had told the truth, but the circumstances impel me to give you twelve months."

Source of Supply

The officers are of the opinion that there is not a single blind tiger in Oxford. They believe that country negroes come to town during the night and sell the liquor. The fact that the most of the liquor captured in Oxford during the past few weeks is a very inferior grade of moonshine whiskey leads the officers to believe that it is handled in this vicinity by the country negroes in close cooperation with the source of supply.

Clarkesville and Soudan

Now that the Mayor of Clarkesville is working hand in hand with Mayor Stem no doubt matters will improve very much. The officers state that Soudan is a kind of a central point for the accumulation of liquor. The little village lays just north of the State line, making it easy for the violators to reach Oxford between the setting and the rising of the sun. There are a lot of good people in Soudan and they rejoice at the coming of the telephone line which is now being installed and which will put them in connection with Oxford. This, they say, will have a tendency to curtail the whiskey traffic in Oxford.

ORDINANCE OF BAPTISM

At The Oxford Baptist Church Sunday Night.

Owing to the inclement weather only six of the candidates were baptized at the Oxford Baptist church last Wednesday night. Dr. Lumpkin announced that the ordinance will be administered Sunday night, February 6th, preceded by a Bible reading on the sacred rite. There will be the usual service at the morning hour.

A Box Party

There will be a box party at Marshwood School near Mt. Creek church Friday night, February 11, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited.

Miss Webb Entertains

Miss Sallie Webb handsomely entertained the young ladies of the Thursday Afternoon Club at her pretty home on Main street on the Club's natal day this week. There were three tables of rook. Miss Webb is a very clever hostess.

Card of Thanks

Mrs. T. M. Winstead, mother of Mr. R. W. Winstead, the young telegraph operator who died at the Exchange Hotel last Tuesday, requests the Public Ledger to thank all the good people in Oxford who aided and sympathized in the recent illness and death of her son. She especially desires to thank Mr. and Mrs. Smith and certain guests of the Exchange Hotel for the tender solicitude manifested in her son's welfare.

President Hobgood, of Oxford College, Thursday attended the installation of the new president of Meredith College, Dr. Charles Edward Brewer. The new president began his work in September, dropping into the position of Dr. Dick Vann who was called to other work.