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National Prohibition In 1916

(Continued from last Week)

the future of civilization, and disastrous to that human solidarity which is of such vital importance for the best of all nations.

The fact that many states have gone dry, and that the bill introduced in the last session of the United States Congress to submit a Constitutional Amendment received a majority but not the necessary two thirds vote in the lower House; sounds the death knell of the rum traffic in America. The great organizations of the United States are falling in line for national prohibition. The spirit brooding over this question is a positive evidence that the force of America is the force of moral principle. Everywhere a spirit of national prohibition is shown, and men and women seize the opportunity to tell of their support of this moral movement. And the inspiring thing about these men and women is, that they ask nothing for themselves, except what they have a right to ask for all mankind.

It is not pretention on their part to say that they are privileged to ask for what every true American would wish, and speak for what all humanity must desire. We dare not indulge ourselves in the enjoyment of delusions while we turn deaf ears to the cry of distress, or to the summons of a righteous cause.

We must sacrifice material wealth of every convenience and comfort if necessary for the interest of humanity. When interest in the welfare of humanity is abandoned for selfish purposes, the benefit thus sought, comes the veriest torment of a living conscience.

National prohibition is in harmony with our domestic institutions. And until it is secured, there will exist moral depravity, industrial weakness and political crime. Not to recognize these facts and prevent such disasters, is to blind ourselves to the demands of both, national economy and national safety. This nation, the most powerful in the western world, is in duty bound to maintain an example of temperance and self preservation. In all history no such opportunity has ever come to any other nation as that which is destined to come to the United States.

The violation of temperance is due to selfishness, the putting of supposed material advantages before obedience to the moral law. The individual finds that justice cannot be evaded. For wrong doing works its own punishment on the wrong doer in the form of perverted character, even when he escapes the penalties of human law. The nation is as powerless to ignore with impunity the laws of humanity, and go unpunished, as is the individual.

It is strange that men should fail to apply to the nation the moral principles which are now so generally applied to the individual of the nation. By what sophistry can we convince ourselves that while petit larceny is criminal, grand larceny is patriotic? Oh it is reprehensible for one man to be punished for a crime, is it glorious for the nation to slaughter millions in order to gain revenue? It is a mockery of moral distinction to punish an individual for taking money or life, and then make a hero of another man who wades through blood to a throne of wealth, and shuts the doors of mercy on mankind. The doctrine that states rights stand in the way of national prohibition will not stand the test of logic, and the consummation of national prohibition by many of the European nations show that it fails when tested by experience.

It is impossible to imagine the greatness of our civilization to be measured by the dollar, and the rivalry of evil doing.

It is not visionary to hope and labor for better national conditions. The old system has broken down, and is impotent, to save. The question is not whether we shall have national prohibition—this is certain—but when? And after what suffering? It is a death grapple between the old system and the new world. The first fundamental of Government is protection of persons and property. If it does not protect, it has no right to be called a Government.

The man who opposed national prohibition, either does not know, or ig-

nores both, human nature and the lesson of all human history.

Public sentiment is placing liquor more and more under the ban, and territory in which it cannot be sold or manufactured is certainly growing.

There are already fifteen common-wealths in the prohibition ranks, which are being followed by several others. I may respect men who oppose national prohibition, but I cannot respect their professed opinions. Events have shown that the era of strong drink must give place to an epoch of the past. The time has come when the sane element of a community must arm itself, not with the view of engaging in the orgies of those who are mad, but as an essential to self protection and preservation.

The rum traffic must be driven from the land it has tortured and tormented with dastardly cruelty. Efforts to complicate the issue will no longer fool the American people. The cause of civilization which this country has been called upon to champion, is too great to be begged by the liquor interest, or enmeshed in the red tape of diplomacy that would kill by delay. The selfishness that seeks fortune or fame for itself, meets the sneering contempt of all, but parasite who fatten on it. But service for others swells the hearts and kindles the love of all men. With noble patience which seemed to border on perfidy, the friends of humanity have striven to persuade the liquor interest to refrain by piece-meal. But the issue is now clean cut. The liquor barons must bow before the will of the nation or face the certitude of American fixity.

America has crossed the Rubicon. The greatest democracy of the earth has resolved to be true to itself and to its ideals. The liquor interest must choose between obedience to the code of sacred justice, and the code of satan's devilry. National prohibition is the guiding instinct of all nations for humanity. The policy of the opponent of national prohibition, is one which has enabled the liquor industry to pursue its blood stained steps from bad to worse. We now protest against its further invasion with its unspeakable abomination, and its unnamable degradations.

The advocates of national prohibition will omit no word or act which are necessary to cleanse this country of the wolves who are fattening upon the innocent and defenseless. History will bear witness to the purity of our motives, and the humanity of our aims.

The national prohibition question is one of national safety in the present crisis of the world, and no beclouding of the issue, or any suggestion of arbitration will longer be obtained.

We now proclaim our belief that the people will find a way through some source to rid themselves and posterity of this national evil. Guided by the highest considerations, we look forward without apprehension for the necessary two-third vote in the next session of the United States Congress in 1915, to carry national prohibition. This movement is the torch light leading men from the stygian darkness of the ages into the sun light of civilization.

The liquor interest contaminates religion, politics, and all other commendable things with which it comes in contact.

No intelligent American citizen can vote without deep concern the manner in which whiskey questions have introduced themselves into our politics—overshadowing, moral is use and stimulating agitation in favor of the liquor interests. The future has used for the people being ruined by strong drink. They have a necessary part in that destiny which mankind must work out together in spite of social distinction.

Variety, not uniformity is the law among the nations as among men. Our population may differ in language, in institutions, in characteristics, and in national history, but together, they constitute a great living homogeneous whole.

The mighty voice of these people for national prohibition, is the voice that speaks for the preservation of that civilization that has been the boast of enlightened nations.

W. THOMAS MINTON.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Farmers' Union to Meet in Durham

The North Carolina Farmers' Union will meet on November 16th, 17th, and 18th in Durham, according to the decision of the State Council which met yesterday in the office of Dr. Clarence Poe. Hickory and Asheville were two other cities which made bids for the meeting. The members of the council present were Dr. H. Q. Alexander, president; Dr. J. M. Templeton, vice-president; E. C. Fairies, secretary treasurer; J. Z. Green, State organizer; W. B. Gibson, Dr. Clarence Poe; W. H. Moore, C. C. Wright.

Durham took the council by storm with a large delegation representing the various interests of the city. They came before the council and presented their claims for the meeting with such force and persuasion, that the letters and invitations in black and white from the other cities lost their drawing power. Those who were here were:

Representing the farming interests of Durham county, A. M. Carpenter, president of the Durham County Farmers' Union; S. M. Sutt, secretary of the Durham County Farmers' Union; Squire W. H. Wilkins, Vance Massey, G. W. Upchurch.

From the city of Durham, J. H. Sneed, of the Merchants Association; John W. Pope, board of aldermen and tobacco association; C. G. Creighton, secretary of the Durham Commercial Club; Prof. C. W. Massey, superintendent of county schools and L. G. Cole.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED.

A number of resolutions passed yesterday presented the future plans of the organization in crystalized form. Cotton and the war came in for their share of the situation:

"Be it resolved by the State Council of the Farmers' Union, that we, hereby, urgently request the president of the United States and every North Carolina Representative and Senator to co-operate earnestly to keep the cotton markets of Germany and Austria open to the South, and that, if necessary, the allies be informed that an embargo on munitions of war will be placed in case those markets are not kept open to our trade."

With this the council further urged the readjustment of the cotton tax, co-operative marketing, the legislative program of the Union including rural credits, race segregation, and the repeal of crop lien law.

MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS.

"We again call attention," the resolution read, "to the State wide crusade against adult illiteracy which the State committee on community service is undertaking in co-operation with our organization, the State Department of Education, and State Department of Agriculture. We urge our local unions to give their hearty support to this movement by helping to organize moonlight schools in every community in the State, joining also in the observance of 'Community Service Week' later in the year."

The financial report of the council showed money matters to be without serious set back on account of stringent conditions. Economy has been practiced by the administration during the year.

The report of the fertilizer committee was here also yesterday. The members of the committee are W. B. Gibson, Statesville, chairman; R. W. H. Stone, Greensboro; W. H. Moore, Bruce.—News-Observer July 1st.

On Time: What is the use of announcing a service at a certain hour and beginning when the people get here? The rule in our Discipline is (Paragraph 224), "Let all our services begin exactly at the time appointed; and let all our people kneel in silent prayer on entering the sanctuary." That is the rule; shall we keep it, or proceed in "the good old-fashioned way" and act as though we had no rule? Most people are in for "quitting" on time. Well, if you demand that of the leader, he must insist on beginning on time. Most people are in their seats in the theatre ahead of time. We do not ask you to do that much, just be in your place in the church on time. (From the Bertie Circuit Quarterly)

Mrs. Ida White

On the afternoon of June 22, 1915, death claimed as its victim Mrs. Ida White, the beloved wife of W. G. White, at their home near Evansville. She was ill only a few days and her death was a surprise and a shock to the community. She was in her 35th year, and was a woman of rare accomplishments and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a wide circle of friends who deeply lament her untimely departure.

She was the oldest daughter of the late Denison Jernigan and his wife who was Malissa White, who still survives. Their parents were of good ancestry and in their home hospitality, purity and virtue abounded. Three children were raised in their home. They are: Allie, a young man of good qualities who resides at the household and cares for his mother; Elvora, who married Jordan Ward, son of H. J. Ward, and Ida, the subject of the sketch who was married in 1902 to William Gaston White, son of the late David White. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. White but only one survives, Grover Frances, five and one-half years and ten months old and a very graceful little girl. She was a consistent member of Capehart's church, and her funeral services were conducted Wednesday afternoon by her pastor, Rev. D. P. Harris. Many relatives and friends attended and the floral tributes were beautiful.

Mrs. White was noted for her fine qualities, kind disposition and excellent Christian character. She was upright in spirit and pure in heart. Generous, kindness, honesty in purpose and purity in heart were the crowning attributes of her life.

With only an invincible determination and a resolute heart as the greatest means at their disposal she and her husband in a short time had transformed a neglected and unsightly place into a beautiful home, and unproductive acres have been converted into fertile fields. To them duty was met with a smile, the daily task performed with promptness and thoroughness, with willing hand and a merry heart. Within their gate the tired pilgrim found rest, the weary traveler repose, the hungry was given bread and the thirsty given drink. In the language of the poet it may be said: "They lived by the side of the road, and was a friend to man."

It is saddening to see beautiful harmonious lives separated in the joy and noon day of life, to break the ties of a happy union wedded together in affection and love. In her death the community has lost a valuable friend, the church of a consecrated Christian. A faithful husband will feel lonely in the absence of her companionship, a trustful child will miss the tender care and attention of a devoted mother.

A bright light upon a hill That shone afar has faded, A busy life full of beautiful deeds And tinted with golden gems is ended.

Her relatives, husband and little child have the sincere condolence of unnumbered friends in their bereavement, and trust the clouds of adversity will soon roll by and the sunshine of consolation brighten the landscape again and heal the broken hearts and revive the crushed flowers.

S. B. A.

A Teachers Creed

"I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatever the boy sows the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching and in the joy of serving another. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives, as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessons not taught so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in daily life and out of doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises and in the divine joy of living. Amen.—Edwin Osgood Grover.

News from Todds X Roads

The farmers of this section were real glad to see the rain that came last week for it had been so dry that it looked like the crops were going to die.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. L. T. Perry is coming home soon from the hospital.

Mr. T. P. Evans and wife were the guests of his mother one day last week.

Rev. R. B. Lineberry filled his regular appointment at Ross' fourth Saturday and Sunday.

The Masons held services over Mr. Jifea P. Mizell fourth Sunday afternoon. Quite a large crowd attended.

There is prayer meeting at Ross' third Sunday nights and preaching fourth Sunday nights.

Tuesday, June 22d, the Death Angel visited the home of W. G. White and took from him his beloved wife. She leaves a husband, one child, a mother, sister and brother to mourn her loss.

Mr. J. T. Evans was the guest of Mr. T. P. Evans one afternoon last week.

Mr. J. T. Evans and E. C. Evans went to Windsor Friday last.

Mr. T. P. Evans and Mr. Ernest White went to Windsor Saturday last on business.

Mr. I. J. White lost a fine hog a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Eva Miller was the guest of Mrs. J. T. Hoggard Thursday last.

Mr. Gus Todd went to Windsor last week to help Mr. L. O. Myers carry an engine home.

Mr. J. T. Hoggard went to Windsor Saturday last on business.

Mr. Ernest Hughes was through this section last week buying sheep: Tube Rose.

Obituary

On the 11th of June 1915, our dear Heavenly Father in his wonderful power sent his Death Angel in our neighborhood and took from us the oldest woman in our community, Mrs. Pennritta Hoggard.

For seventy-eight years and one month she lived with us and tried to make her neighbors a better people, and her neighborhood a better place to live in.

At fifteen years old a very early age of her day she accepted the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ and joined Ross' Baptist church.

She had been in bad health a few years, but her children, especially her three daughters responded in every time of need, and lent their helping hand to the best of their ability.

She left eight children, thirty-seven grand children and thirteen great grand children to mourn her loss. She came to their call for over fifty years, she can no longer come to them, but if they walk in her foot steps, they will go to her, and will greet mother in that home beyond the sky.

Among the dead our sister sleeps, Her life was rounded true and well, And love in bitter sorrow weeps About her dark and silent cell. E. B. H.

A Day in May

"What's so rare as a day in June," We hear the poet say, And, that is the month when men take brides, And seal their fate always: But pursuit in love is the highest joy, So are days to summers day, What say you then can be more prized, Than a sunny day in May? Spring day fever now is past, For remembrance is here, You're not too hot nor not too cold, No snow or storm to fear; The birds make music all a round, And all nature's gay, Then what's so calm and temperate, As a sombre day in May. Strolling along a shady grove, You're "Mayme" at your side, And the velvet, roses seem To blush with jealous pride: A grassy arbor then is found, Where perfumes come that way, Dare name a thing more pleasant, Than a rosy day in MAY! —Geo. W. Linsler.