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The Windsor Ledger

THE LEDGER

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VOLUME 31

WINDSOR, N. C., THURSDAY OCTOBER 21ST, 1915.

No 19

Proclamation For Moonlight School Month

Whereas, there is in North Carolina 132,000 white men and women, boys and girls, over ten years of age who cannot read and write—an army greater in number than was sent by North Carolina to the service of the Confederate States—and 14 per cent of the white voters are reported in the census as illiterate the State in this particular standing practically at the bottom of the roll of States; and

Whereas, it is largely because they lack opportunity, largely because they "had no chance," that these people, brothers and sisters of ours, are illiterate today, growing up as they did in the years of war and reconstruction, and the years of poverty that followed, before the State had provided adequate schools or thoroughly realized its duty to provide facilities whereby every child may "burgeon all there is within him;" and

Whereas, the state has now come to a poignant realization of its duty not only to provide schools for the boys and girls of today but also to open the doors of knowledge, of hope, and of opportunity for all who were neglected in her days of poverty; and

Whereas, while our illiterate people as a whole have bravely and perseveringly achieved usefulness, success, good citizenship and high character, despite their terrible handicap, we can but feel how infinitely greater would have been their achievements, how infinitely richer their contribution to the life of our Commonwealth had they but had the keys of learning in their hands; and while our State, through patient struggle, has won its way out toward prosperity and civic progress, we can but reflect upon the far, far greater progress we should make were all our people educated; and

Whereas, through the "Moonlight School," as we are assured by the experience of Kentucky and by the experience of numerous counties in our own State, the method is at hand, as outlined by the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the State Committee on Community Service, whereby we may carry the immeasurable benefits of education to all who were neglected in their youth:

Now, therefore, I, Locke Craig, Governor of North Carolina, do issue this my proclamation to designate the month of November, 1915, as Moonlight School Month in North Carolina, and set it apart to be devoted to the high purpose beginning a crusade to eliminate illiteracy from the State; trusting that the movement then begun will not cease until every unlettered man and woman, boy and girl is given access through reading to all the wealth of knowledge now sealed to them, to end that North Carolina long before another census year may be a State without adult illiterates.

I, therefore, call upon the citizens, teachers, and educational authorities of every county to organize for the purpose of eliminating adult illiteracy from that county; and

I call upon the members of the Farmers' Union, the Press Associations, the Junior Order, the Federation of Women's Clubs, and all other organizations that have already enlisted in the cause, to be unfaltering in their splendid purpose to carry it through to a triumphant conclusion; and

I call upon the commercial organizations, boards of trade, civic clubs, religious organizations, Sunday schools, and all organizations everywhere to give loyal, enthusiastic aid and support to a movement whose success will promote the welfare of every individual in the State and bring new confidence and courage to all the people; and

I call upon every man and every woman who craves the sacred privilege of being of greatest service to those in greatest need to render here the infinite service of bringing new freedom to a human mind.

Done in our city of Raleigh on the 9th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, and in the one hundred and fortieth year of our American Independence.

By the Governor:
JNO. P. KERR,

Private Secretary.

LOCKE CRAIG,
Governor.

The Farmers Ought To Be Organized

We find speculators and those engaged in the distribution of farm products have organized and operate to the great detriment of the farming class. To enable farmers to meet the condition and protect their interest we must organize ourselves; we have the Farmers' Union in our county and State and nearly every State in the Union, with a membership of about 4,000,000 and we are doing great good; we have saved millions of dollars, by cooperating in purchasing our salt, fertilizer, lime peanuts sacks, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Many million dollars have been saved in selling the farmers products. But, we need all the farmers in the organization; just stop and think for a moment, if we farmers were all members what would be the results. There is no telling what could be done. We are not here to hurt any man, but to establish justice, to secure equity, to apply the Golden Rule, to discharge the credit and mortgage system. To educate the agricultural class in scientific farming. To teach the farmers the classification of crops, domestic economy and the process of marketing. To systemize methods of production and distribution. To eliminate gambling in farming products by board of trade, cotton exchanges and other speculation. To bring farmers up to the standard of other industries and business enterprises. To secure and maintain profitable and uniform prices for grain, cotton, live stock and other products of the farm. To strive for harmony and good will among all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves. To garrison the tears, of the distressed, the blood of martyrs, the laugh of innocent childhood, the sweat of honest labor and the virtue of a happy home as the brightest jewels known. If you want a local union in your community that will help to bring about such conditions please write me at once, I will arrange to organize you at once. Let us, as farmers, be true to our calling, for the divine power give us our vocation, I want to ask the Union men in this county, and Secretaries of the Locals to let me know of any place that ought to be a local organized. I am still in a position to organize them and put them to work.

JAMES M. PERRY,
Sec-Organizer.

Colerain, N. C.

Organize The Township

By CLARENCE POE.

Our township serves no purpose in the world, and is not organized except to have a deputy sheriff or constable to serve as policemen. It has voting boundaries, but it has never been organized anywhere in this country so far as I know, except in New England.

A great part of the progress that New England has made, and the great influence it has wielded in the development of this nation lies in the township system.

Just one great American statesman saw this situation, Thomas Jefferson. He said: "As long as I have breath in my body I will reiterate it time and again. I am going to fight for just two things: one is the education of all the people and the other is the subdivision of counties into wards, the development of the New England system of township government."

His idea was to give every country community about six miles square a government of its own, its free aldermen or commissioners who could occupy the same relation toward the development of that community that your Town Board of Aldermen holds in the town government.

Desolate Lands of Death

Vivid Impressions of a War Correspondent Who Found Himself in the Center of the Heavy Fighting at Loos.

I went today in the center of the great battlefield, where heavy fighting is still taking place, and stood near the famous redoubt where the German dead still lie in heaps, writes the correspondent of the London Chronicle.

I can hardly put into words the scenes through which I passed yesterday up to this historic ground, nor the strange and rather dreadful aspect of the battlefield, upon which the sun shone in splashes of light through piled storm clouds.

The turmoil of war was in the background. Thousands and scores of thousands of men were moving in steady columns forward and backward in queer tangles in a highway which, during a great battle, seems to have no purpose or meaning except to the directing brains of the headquarters staff. The roads were choked with vast convoys of transports; with teams of mules harnessed to wagon and gunlimbers; with trains of motor ambulances packed with wounded men, with infantry brigades plodding through slush and slime; with divisional cavalry halted in villages and great bivouacs in boggy fields.

The heroes of a week of battle passed and repassed in dense masses, in small battalions, in scattered groups. Famous regiments which had gained new fame in recent hours which will last through the unforgettable records of history went by silently, and no man cheered them. Legions of tall lads who a few months ago marched smart and trim down English lanes trudged toward the fighting lines under the burden of their heavy packs, with all their smartness soiled by the business of war, but splendid to see because of their hardiness and strength and the enduring look they had

DESOLATE LANDS OF DEATH.

Further away, within the zone of the enemy's fire, the traffic ceased, and I came into desolate lands of death, where there was but little movement and the only noise was that of the guns. I passed by ruined villages and towns. It was a long walk through narrow trenches toward that Loos redoubt where at last I stood in the center of the whole battle line. There was the smell of death in those narrow, winding ways.

I was in the center of the great field of fire, with the enemy's batteries on one side and ours on the other. In sweeping semi-circles the shells of all these batteries went crying through the air with high, whinnying sighs, which ended in the cough of death. The roar of the guns was incessant and very close. The enemy was sweeping a road to my right and his shells went overhead with a continual rush, passing our shells, which answered back. The whole sky was filled with these thunderbolts.

Passing over the parapets we saw the whole panorama of the battleground. It was but an ugly naked plain rising up to Hulluch and Haines on the north, falling down to Loos on the east from where we stood.

The "Tower Bridge," those mining works at which I had stared several times from afar through the thick veil of smoke as an inaccessible landmark within the German lines close by in the town of Loos, was the one great landmark which broke the monotony of the desolation.

No infantry attack was taking place; no men moved about this ground; the only moving things were shells which vomited up earth and smoke and steel as they burst in all directions over the whole zone.

A MASS OF HORROR

Only two men moved about above the trenches. They were two khaki boys carrying a German gas cylinder, and they went on their way whistling as though it were a nice healthy sport under the autumn sun. They shouted out a cheery answer to our question, "There are the German trenches." These trenches, now ours, run across the open ground. There was the famous Loos redoubt through which "Kitcheners' men" had stormed their way in the dawn of that Saturday morning which began our advance.

The dead was still heaped about it, a mass of horror. Down below in the town of Loos they were digging out dead from deep cellars and taking them away for burial.

Apart from the rubbish masonry in the street and the litter of broken rifles and scraps of clothing, there is already no outward sign of the fierce fighting which made a hell of the town on September 25. It is only another ruined place like scores of villages around.

JOYOUS VICTORS

Out of the bewildering impressions of these days, as I have moved about the battle zones, it is difficult to give in brief space one vivid picture which could help those at home to visualize these scenes of war—the scenes on roadsides in the country behind the firing lines, where headquarters are established. Out of the confusion of all these scenes some things are unforgettable, as when I saw some of the wounded after Loos singing and shouting hilariously as they went back to the base—not weeping for their fallen comrades, but joyous because having smashed the German line.

Another scene will live in my mind. It was in a village near the front. Though its streets streamed a tide of war—transport of divisions, gun teams with their limbers, ambulance convoys, ammunition wagons, infantry moving up to the front, dispatch riders, staff officers, signallers and a great host of men and mules and motor cars. The rain lashed down upon the crowds, waterproofs and tarpaulin covers of forage carts streamed with water, and the broken faces of the soldiers were dripping wet; the mud splashed them to the thighs; fountains of mud spurted up from the wheels of the gun carriages; the chill of winter made the Highlanders as well as the Indians shiver in the wind; but everywhere and among all these men there was a spirit of cheerfulness and exultation.

GERMANS NOT DETERIORATING

I must say there are no signs of deteriorating in the fighting qualities of our enemy. On the contrary, the recent fighting has shown that the majority are very brave men, determined to sell their lives dearly, and in many cases willing to fight to death when surrender would be easy. Their bombers have in many cases been a match for ours, and it is only when they are surprised and when our bayonets are among them that they throw up their hands. Their artillery is still enormously strong and skillfully handled.

The Fate Awaiting The German Army in Russia, as Seen by a Correspondent Near The Front

By W. I. MINTON.

"The Germans are being drawn on into the icy plains of Russia by that fatality which constantly dogs the councils of the haughty. Emperor William is slowly but surely leading his millions of veteran troops into the same trap which caught the Grand Army of Napoleon, and before another blooming of the flowers that chapter of unmitigated horrors may be repeated in which the French flew before the pursuing Russians, when life became torment, and death a boon. See the proud warriors march on to Petrograd and Moscow to find them in ashes; then watch them pursue the Russians over the wastes of Siberia to satisfy the ambition of the German Emperor that he can achieve more than the Great Napoleon could accomplish. "History proves that the Russians are never so dangerous as when they are rolling backwards. "The Russian heart belongs to Holy Russia and the Czar when on Russian soil. "The loss of battles, fortresses, campaigns and principalities, means nothing to them, for they give today that they may take back in double quantity tomorrow." The German Emperor is not ignorant of the impending dangers of Russian invasion, nor does he ignore why and how Napoleon failed. "But the War Lord has been blinded by the gods and his vanity makes him think that he can ignore all the obstacles which caused the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon. "Upon reaching the smoldering ruins of the Russian

Capitol, the German army will not be able to escape by sea, for if the ice has not locked the waters, the British fleet will hold them in.

"German railroads built behind the armies to facilitate retreat and to bring food, ammunition, clothing and all other necessary equipment, most surely will be destroyed by the Russian Cossacks. "They will scour the country day and night dashing in and darting out until the work is completed." They will make it impossible to maintain the long drawn out German lines of communication with a guard less than three million German soldiers, which Germany cannot spare for the job. "General Winter" never failed the Russian arms in the time of emergency. "Snows will choke the railway, frost will buckle ill laid, rapidly constructed lines or stave, and warp lightly build and, speedily patched up bridges and cold will kill and cripple all, except the hardest of the invaders." In the stygian darkness of winter nights and driving snowstorms the hardy Cossacks used to the climate, live and fight on ripping up rail road lines, blowing up bridges and culverts and actually delaying everything except freezing starvation for their eternal enemies." With these advantages upon their own soil, with a fine army to choose its time to strike, the ultimate conquest of Russia is the one impossible proposition in German life.

"The Russian cannot be beaten upon his native field. "Even, if the Germans were to sweep the Russians back to the Ural mountain, they could not long remain in the country.

Every point gained by the German hordes in their advance had been carefully discussed by the Russians, who have been falling back with one aim and end in view. "These tactics were to tempt the enemy into an invasion. "As the Germans advanced into Russia they open up a great gap between their momentarily victorious columns and the source of ammunition and supplies, and become leagues further away from their base of supplies, while the Russians will be in touch with all required. "This expedition across the Vistula is going to be an epoch in German history. "They are marching into the trap with millions, who will never return to their father land. Russia has been hurled out of Prussia like a storm. Watch her come back like an earth-quake crash. And inhuman Germany will deserve her fate. "German bones will bleach the plains of Russia, for the harvest of retribution is ripening for the avenging sickle. "She has degraded Poland, devastated Belgium, crucified Chivalry and crippled human progress. "On her brazen brow she bears the brand of a beast. "But the wolf is now entering the folds. "The Russian snow will be the winding sheet of the German hosts.

NOTICE

North Carolina, Superior Court, Bertie County. Before the Clerk Lottie Harden Brinkley and her husband Eugene R. Briskley, Charlie Harden and Percy R. Harden, petitioners.

vs.
Bettie Sutton and her husband, William M. Sutton, Herman C. Harden, Annie Saunders and Levi Harden, defendants.

To Levi Harden, one of the defendants above named:

You will take notice that a special proceeding, entitled as above, has been commenced in the Superior Court of Bertie county, before the Clerk, to sell for division among the tenants in common therein, the Abbie N. Harden house and lot in the town of Windsor, North Carolina. And you will further take notice that you are required and commanded to be and appear before W. L. Lyon, Esq., Clerk of the Superior Court of Bertie county, at his office in the court house, in Windsor, North Carolina, on Thursday, the 18th day of November, 1915, at 12 o'clock m. and then and there answer our demur to the petition of petitioners now on file in said office, asking for the sale of said house and lot, for division among the tenants in common therein, or the petitioners will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said petition.

This October 15th, 1915.

W. L. Lyon,
Clerk Superior Court.
Winston & Matthews, Atty's
for Petitioners.