

War! War! War!**Enlist Against
King Mud.**

Good Roads Days, November Fifth and Sixth. Every Citizen of Madison County requested and invited to dedicate two days of his life to the service of the State. The State has declared War against mud and she wants every man in her borders to enlist for the fight against this mighty foe of human progress.

**Marshall Will Close her Doors
and Fight.**

No. One Township of Madison County organizes and lines up for two days battle for the State. Every Township in the County is invited to do likewise. Number One Township will give her two days of free work to the construction of The Central Highway and every Township on the line of The Central Highway ought to do the same thing.

Let each Township appoint a Captain for each ward and each Captain appoint as many Lieutenants as he needs.

You are aware of the fact that the Governor of North Carolina has sent out a proclamation all over the state declaring that he has set apart November fifth and sixth as good roads day in North Carolina and calls upon every citizen to devote these two days to the building of roads and helping to improve our roads throughout the State. In obedience to this proclamation the citizens of number one township met on last Friday night and organized for work on those two days. The meeting was well attended and one of great enthusiasm and patriotism. James H. White was elected captain of number one ward; Bob Ramsey captain of ward number two; Theodore Rector captain of ward number three and Charles Runion captain of ward number four. Every body will work on the Central Highway.

Everybody Will Work.

LAWYERS, DOCTORS, PREACHERS, MERCHANTS, FARMERS and every body will work. Every place of business

in Marshall will be closed and armed with picks, mattocks, shovels, axes, scrapes, rakes, teams and plows all our men and boys able and willing to work will be on the firing line helping to redeem Madison County from the long reign of mud through which she has passed and under which her farmers and business people have suffered the loss of millions of dollars exacted as a tribute to "King Mud."

Liverymen Carry out Dinner and Ladies.

The three Livery Stables in Marshall are invited to provide teams, buggies, surreys, hacks and wagons in which to convey to the grounds dinner and all the ladies and girls of the town and community. The ladies are expected to prepare the dinner and be on the grounds during the noon hour. The women and girls must share the honor these two days will bring to the county.

Greatest Opportunity of a Century

Let Every man and every boy who feels the rich blood of patriotism coursing his veins, every one who loves his State and County lend a helping hand in this mighty movement for the progress of our country. In the past century we have had no greater opportunity to serve our state. Our ancestors fought the bloody battles of war and crowned themselves with glory in the blood of the vanquished enemy. This is a bloodless battle to be waged in a time of peace and every man who enlists for this battle will win no crown woven of human blood but his crown shall be an halo of progress and patriotism fadeless in its message of service and good will to man.

Don't Line up for Pig Paths and Mud.

Let every man see his neighbor and talk this matter over and let the sentiment be such that every one of us will be ashamed to stay at home on that day and line up for pig paths and mud.

Meet us at County Home.

On the morning of November fifth and sixth meet us at the County Home at 8:30 o'clock. Let us clasp hands and seal the contract for two days service for our country against MUD, the common enemy of mankind and human progress.

**From Mars Hill to
Bakersville over
Roads of Mud
And Ice.**

Our friends will pardon this bit of personal experience since it relates to the paramount theme of this issue of The News-Record.

During the winter of 1905 we were living at Mars Hill, N. C., and Mr. John Bradley, now principal of the West Asheville High School, and myself engaged to take charge of Bowman Academy in Bakersville, N. C. We began to look about for a conveyance in which to get to Greene Mountain Railway station. We secured a wagon and team. We loaded our trunks into the wagon early one morning and started across the hills to Bakersville. The roads were muddy; during the day it rained and the thermometer dropped down almost to zero. The mud was deep and stiff and sticky. The wagon wheels were circles of revolving mud. The load, though light, was heavy for the team and the horses were on a dead pull almost all day and when night came they were almost given out. We stopped over night with a farmer on Jack's Creek and had a good night's rest. When we got ready to start next morning the mud gathered on the day before had frozen hard and stuck fast to and covered all the wheels of the wagon. We started on our way and the wheels broke through the thin crusts of frozen earth over the mud and the thin sheets of ice over the holes of water. We were trying to make Greene Mountain for the train but the further we went the slower we traveled and the heavier the load became. The mud kept sticking and freezing to the wheels. We were compelled to rest the horses every few minutes. The mud kept sticking and freezing until finally the wheels looked like four miniature planets whose orbits were altogether in the frigid zones. At last we were compelled to get out and walk. The driver came to a little bank and the horses stalled.

They could not go a bit further. We would have had to leave the trunks and wagon in the road until spring had it not been for a farmer who lived near by. From him we borrowed an axe and after chopping and hewing frozen mud from the wagon wheels for about an hour we succeeded in getting a new start on our journey. Late in the day we came in sight of the railroad. The train was late but when we got in about one fourth of a mile of the station we saw the train come puffing and smoking down the river. It rolled majestically on. We were left and had to spend the night in Greene Mountain. Next day about two o'clock we landed in Bakersville. From Mars Hill to Bakersville the distance is about 30 miles. We were more than two days and a half making the trip. From those dark bleak days until now I have been in favor of better public roads and highways.

Teachers Meeting.

The second meeting of teachers in townships numbers 1, 3, 6, 7, 9, 12 and 14 was held in the Graded School Building at Marshall, October 5th, 1913.

The following teachers were present:

Joe Payne, A. W. Coats, Porter Bryan, E. N. Ward, Mack Faulkner, S. R. Williams, G. C. Brown, William Worley, Jr., Selma Wells, Maude Carter, Mattie Bryan, Etta Alman, Jessie Robinett, Grace Fisher, Sallie Wallin, Jessie Ramsey, Clemmie Bryan, Ethel West, Bessie Fox, Ada Ramsey, Maggie Morrow, Laura Ledford, Estelle Moore, Maggie Ledford, Adeline Ramsey, Mamie Tillery, Grace Twwd

The teachers in attendance were given object lessons on teaching by the faculty and pupils of Marshall Graded School. Supt. Anders asked the teachers to take notes and be ready when called on to criticize the work of the recitations.

The first recitation was in the advanced United States History, Harrison and Taylors Administration, and was conducted by Prof. S. R. Williams.

The second was a recitation in geography, and was conducted by Miss Estelle Moore.

Then Miss Maggie Morrow conducted a recitation in phonetics, evincing by her work and its responses that this is ideal way to teach reading.

The fourth and last recitation for the day was in fourth grade language and was conducted by Miss Adeline Ramsey.

The teachers were then asked to mention some good points of the recitation and gave the following: (1) Review and making connections with previous lessons, board work, illustrations, use of maps, applications etc.

This was followed by a general discussion of first three chapters of "Every Day Problems in teaching." The 4th, 5th and 8th chapters of this book were assigned for the teachers to read this month.

The meeting then adjourned until Saturday Nov. 22, 1913, when there will be a general meeting of all the teachers in the county. This meeting is to be held at Marshall, and a county commencement is to be given by the teachers at said time and place. Respectfully

WILLIAM WORLEY, JR.

Do it now. Subscribe for The News-Record.

Stalled in the Mud.

Do you remember the time you started to town with a load of produce and the horses stalled right in the middle of the road? The mud was up to the axle and you got out and whipped old Beck and Jerry and "heaved and sot" for four long weary hours. You couldn't get out at all until your neighbor came and put "old Jim" in at the end of the tongue and helped pull you out. It was a cold rainy day and you almost froze to death. It was away in the night when you got back home and your wife was afraid something bad had happened but at last you rolled in and when she saw you, sure enough, she was right, something had happened. You were drenched in rain and mud and felt like you were besieged for the rest of the winter with mud.

A WHEEL SMASHED IN A RUT.

Oh yes, certainly you recall the time the wagon broke down. You ran over a big rock and the wheel dropped down into the depths of a deep wagon rut. It was smashed and you got out and jacked up the old wagon and cut a long pole and stuck it up over the brake bar for a rest upon which the wheel-less axle rode to the blacksmith. You unloaded the wagon and laid the wheel on the running gears and drove her up to the shop. It cost you five dollars to have her fixed and you lost two days worth three dollars each. After the wheel was repaired you went back where the disaster occurred and patiently loaded her up again. It took you nearly two days to pay the blacksmith bill.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN TO CHURCH.

A few days ago you started to take your family to church. You all got into the wagon and started across the steep mountain. Mary Anne and all the children had to walk for a mile across the mountain and the horses pulled and pulled and rested and sweated and sweated and rested until you got to the top of the hill. It was a hot day. They were all tired, the horses were tired and you were tired. They got in and you started down the other side of the mountain. John swung to the brake-bar, you swung to the lines and the rest of the family swung to each other as the old wagon went grinding and rumbling down the hill like a cyclone. The collars of the horses shot up almost over their ears and the whole crew of you were afraid that the gentle old family mare would run away in spite of everything that could be done. The old man cussed, the old lady went wild while the children yelled and screamed; a trace broke and after you had seen-sawed and pulled and jerked at the lines for about a hundred yards you finally succeeded in reigning up the old mares on the bank of the road. You gritted and ground your teeth: you were about to "submit a few remarks" but remembering that you had started out to church you succeeded in holding back the fiery and indignant words you had almost uttered. You bored and cut and cut and bored for just half an hour; you finished the job and started thundering down the mountain once again. Just two hours and a half from the time you left home you landed at the church house. It was just four miles from home. The sermon was half finished and you were

so vexed at did know talked about.

You stalled in almost to death, b down and killed yo, mares all on account and rocks and the ste. tain. A well graded ro sand clay or macadam us finishing would have evapo the mud, filled up the holes ruts, made the mountain almo level, saved your team, saved your expense and worry and made life a pleasure for the whole family on the trip to church.

**The Colored People of Marshall
and Number One Township
will Work with Their White
Brethren on The Central
Highway on the Fifth and
Sixth of November.**

John Henry, Colored, will Lead a Squad of Twenty-five Colored Troops in the Battle Against Emperor Mud.

The Editor has just had an interview with John Henry, the colored porter of the Rector Hotel, and Henry says that he will be on the firing lines when the fight begins against Emperor Mud on the fifth and sixth of November and that he will have twenty-five of the patriotic colored people of number one township with him and they will help us in the fight for the progress and development of old Madison. Henry says that he thinks it is a duty he and his people owe to the great State of North Carolina to help in this mighty movement in the uplift and forward movement of the county. Almost every one of the colored men and boys of number one township have enlisted and it gives us pleasure to print in advance of the day the names of these colored people who are willing to demonstrate, with sweat and labor, their devotion to the "Old North State." The names given us are as follows:

Jim Wilds, Nathaniel Horsnaw, Jim Baker, Charley Henry, Lonnie Henry, with a team, Bill Barnett, Will Jones, Francis McLean, Alf Barnett, with his two boys, Tom Baker and his two brothers, Hershell Lyles, McKinley Carr, DeWitt Gorman, Hubert McLean, Gus Henry, with a team, Arthur Jones, Sam Anderson, Tom Henry, Neal Feinster and Will Henry.

This is an example of patriotism and we commend the colored people of number one township for their spirit of loyalty to the cause of good roads.

A Gentle and Effective Laxative.

A mild, gentle and effective laxative is what people demand when suffering from constipation. Thousands swear by Dr. King's New Life Pills. Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio, Tex writes: "They are beyond question the best pill my wife and I have ever taken." They never cause pain. Price 25c. at all druggists, or by mail.

H. E. BUCKLEN & O. Philadelphia

WANTED—All the chickens and eggs you have to sell. Will pay market prices.—C. M. Dodson & Son.

Subscribe for The New-Record Now.

C. B. DAVIS

J. K. DUDLEY

SELL
Your Tobacco
WITH

C. B. DAVIS,

Formerly of Asheville, N. C. Now with
Planter's Ware House,
DANVILLE, VA.

Would advise you to Grade your Tobacco before Shipping.

DAVIS & DUDLEY, PROP'RS.