

EDITORIAL COMMENT

NO REASON AT ALL.

The Raleigh Evening Times publishes an article from the Richmond News-Leader entitled "Against Good Roads," giving the objections of farmers, as published in several Virginia weekly papers, to the betterment of roads throughout the country. These objections being that if roads were good it would induce automobile owners to use them, and that their horses would be frightened at these "devil wagons" that they would be afraid to let their wives and families drive out on this account, etc.

The same argument was advanced against railroads when first they came into use, and it was very soon demonstrated how foolish it was, as horses soon became accustomed to the engines and they would equally as soon become accustomed to automobiles.

The main reply to these questions, however, lies in an entirely different direction. The farmer who objects to the improvement of the roads in his section is standing in his own light. Under the present condition of country roads generally his team can only haul about half a load to market, and he has to make two trips to market the same amount of produce as he could take in one trip if the roads were improved.

Another direction in which good roads benefit the farmer is the increased value of the land contiguous to the road in many sections.

The city dweller is ever on the lookout for good residence sites within easy distance of the city where he and his family can enjoy pure, country air and water and a garden, where he can employ his hours of recreation and which will afford himself and family the pleasure of fresh, beautiful flowers, smooth grassy lawns and vegetables, eggs and poultry for his table of his own raising.

It is the automobile and electric car which have made the suburban migration possible and the direction which it takes is always that of the best roads.

In many of the States this is a fact and numerous instances could be quoted where the advent of good roads has been the means of establishing modern, progressive, wealthy cities with surrounding hillside dotted with handsome residences, the homes of rich and prosperous merchants, whose coffers were filled with the profits accruing from the sale of farm produce which was hauled to them over these same good roads in wagons piled high with barrels and crates—an impossibility on the roads as generally found in the country hereabouts.

SOUTHWARD HO!

The advice of Horace Greely years ago to one who asked him what he should do to improve his circumstances was "Go West, young man."

Now the same advice might be good but a better would be "Go South, young man," for the opportunities for young men in the South today are just as good as they were in the West at the time when Horace Greely gave utterance to the sentence which has since been the slogan to lead many to fortune.

There are two sides to every question and whether it is better for the community that pastors should exchange their pulpits, as the custom is, or not is a mooted question not to be lightly set aside with a superficial answer.

Of course a great deal depends upon the value of the exchange but it is a fact that a pastor who has the love and affection of his congregation will be listened to attentively and his words will have a more lasting effect than one who comes only once perhaps and with a burst of oratory claims attention for the time and is soon forgotten.

Dependent—Suicide.

Miss Stella Gorman, of Columbia, S. C., drowned herself on Wednesday afternoon, November 24th, in a water hole in a disused quarry near the Olympic mill. She was dependent on ill health and had been acting

The Stroller.

"You've met him, haven't you?" said the Stroller as he walked into the office last Tuesday morning with a "chip on his shoulder," to use a common expression, "I mean the 'butter in,' the fellow who has more nerve than brain and is always poking his nose in where he has no business. He is certainly the most unconscionable idiot that I know of and when one of those fellows comes within my surroundings I feel like overstepping the bounds of prudence and giving him a sound thrashing."

Why this unusual heat, said we, what has so ruffled the general calm and placid temperament which we have always admired in you?

"Well, I'll tell you. About an hour ago I was talking with a gentleman in the lobby of the Annum House on some private business, in fact, I was trying to interest my friend in a mining deal and was succeeding splendidly, as I had him interested, when one of these irresponsible fools came up and joined in the conversation, completely detracting my friend's attention from the line of argument I had advanced and thus rendering of no avail the work I had already done. Just then the train drew into the station and my friend excused himself with the remark that he was obliged to leave on that train but would see me some other time about the matter we had been discussing. Of course it may be that I can get him interested when I see him again, but I doubt it, as it has been my experience that if you can't clinch the nail when you drive it the opportunity is lost."

"After my friend had left, I turned to the chap who had been the cause of my disappointment and was preparing to squelch him with a scathing rebuke when he said smilingly, 'Say, old chap, that friend of yours was a jolly good fellow, wasn't he? Why didn't you introduce me?' Well, sir, you would refuse to print the answer I made him, and it would not look well in cold type, but from the expression on his face it was quite a revelation to him, for he has always known me as a quiet, unobtrusive individual."

Of course, said we, we sympathize with you.

"Sympathize! Yes, I know you do, but that does not alter the fact that there are too many of these busybodies who, instead of minding their own business, take it upon themselves to mix up in other people's affairs and they deserve to be ostracized and driven out of the community."

We had never seen the Stroller so wrought up, and as he bounced out of the door, slamming it after him, we could hardly blame him for his exhibition of temper when we realized the cause.

The Editor's Mistake.

New Orleans Picayune.

It is held to be an inexcusable outrage for a newspaper editor to make the slightest mistake in a statement of any sort, while professional persons, upon whose certainty of knowledge and on whose statement in regard thereto, life and death and to the most important interests depend, make the most serious errors without incurring the slightest criticism, much less blame.

Take the judge on the bench, whose decisions are set aside and annulled by higher courts almost every day, and the judge whose judgment is so reversed does not suffer in the least in public and professional estimation.

In the same way the physician who makes a wrong diagnosis of his patient's disease, administers treatment that results in death instead of a cure, loses none of the confidence of his patrons in his skill, and he may kill any number of people according to the medical art without incurring the slightest responsibility.

These are curious facts, but they are facts, and they are mentioned, not by way of excusing editorial mistakes, for there is no excuse for them, it is because every individual firmly believes that he could conduct newspapers better than those who are charged with the work, while no unprofessional person would undertake to usurp functions of the judge or the physician.

Violating Insurance Laws.

Commissioner Young is informed that the Georgia Life Insurance Company of Macon, Ga. is sending circulars to North Carolina bankers asking their patronage. He warns the bankers in this state that this company has no license to do business in this state and that hereafter any contracts made by it would be null and void under the North Carolina law.

Thanksgiving Service.

A thanksgiving service was held at the M. P. church on Thanksgiving Day at 11 a. m. A powerful sermon was preached by the pastor and a collection was taken.

Why the Home Paper Should be Patronized.

The Minneapolis Star inquires: If a member of your family died would you print the resolutions on a billboard? If your wife entertained would you send an account of it to the theatre program man? If you were going to enlarge your business would you advertise it in a hotel register? If you were going to have a wedding in your family, would you get out a handbill? You would send such items to a newspaper, would you not? Then why don't you put your advertisements in a newspaper? Every man who uses a billboard is adding to nature's work. The newspaper builds your town. Why not help build up the newspapers. There is no better advertisement in the world for a town than a newspaper. A newspaper is the barometer of a town's industry. Show us a good newspaper full of advertising and we will show you a good town full of live merchants. Billboards are an eye sore; handbills are a nuisance; theatre programs are worthless; hotel registers from an advertising standpoint are ridiculous. Newspapers are town builders, town advertisers, fortune makers, news disseminators, sermon deliverers, prosperity forecasters. They are a necessity, not a luxury. They must be maintained. Without them we would retrograde to the medieval days. Don't patronize them from a charitable standpoint. Patronize them because they deliver the goods, that is, if they are the right kind. Cut out the foolishness and work for the upbuilding of your town and State by upbuilding your newspapers.

National Bird Victim of Appendicitis.

Last Thursday being the day when turkey was subject of live conversation, it may be of interest to note that scientists of Harvard have discovered that the great national bird is a victim of appendicitis. It is asserted that large numbers of turkeys have died from this disease, and that the game birds, such as quail, etc., have been killed off also. The opinion of these highbrows who have investigated is that a small living organism produces inflammation which causes something similar to appendicitis in humans, and that this small living organism is carried about by English sparrows and by them distributed to the other members of the feathered kingdom. While it all sounds foolish, it is nevertheless considered so important that the Massachusetts game commission has given close attention to it.

Is the Day of the Macadam Road Past?

Mr. Scarritt, a road expert from New York, who has been visiting Atlanta, says to the Journal of that city:

"The day of the Macadam road is past. The 'Imperial' as this new road is called, will supplant macadam. Macadam will stand the travel of automobiles or wagons, but not the travel of both. The two together ravel a macadam road. The iron tires of wagons grind the road and the rubber tires of automobiles whisk it away. Were it not for the latter the road would be packed again by the next rains. Were it not for the former the latter would have nothing to sweep away. The 'Imperial' road withstands both."

"Imperial" road first.

"The imperial road is first plowed; then the loose dirt is soaked with a chemical mixture adapted to the soil; then the whole is kneaded to a paste; then it is leveled and rolled. It gets as hard as traffic packs it. It is selfhealing from the wounds of horseshoe calks and iron tires. It won't melt like asphalt. It is impervious to water. Automobiles can't skid on it. It grows better with age. On the whole, it is the best road known nowadays. I believe J. G. Robin who has an office in the Times building, New York, knows more about this type of road than anybody else whom I can remember. The imperial road involves practically no expenses for maintenance. It costs about as much as macadam, I understand, but it lasts indefinitely."

December, 16, the Day.

December, 16, will be the first issue of this paper in which the nominations for the prizes in the Courier's Popularity contest will be published. This does not mean that you are to delay nominations until that day. Send them in at once, the sooner the better, so that yours will help to swell the long list which we shall publish on the above date.

You may also send in votes for your favorite, the more, and the sooner the better.

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THE COURIER, Asheboro, N. C.

End of Strike.

Subsequent to a conference between President McGilvery, the shop committee representing the strikers and representatives of the Southern Railway, the strike of the machinists at the Spencer shops came to an end. The grievances of the machinists are to be taken up with the officials at Washington by President McGilvery.