

WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENTS

Ex-Sheriff James F. Jordan Doing Big Things.

Last summer when we went fishing at Manchester, the guest of Mr. James F. Jordan at Buckthorn Lodge...

We concluded that when a man did all that Mr. Jordan has done, it was worth a story—but not having the data we can't write just what we wanted to write...

Mr. Jordan went down to the east and secured an option on a great many thousand acres of land. He interested Congressman Kent, of California, with him, and they organized the Kent-Jordan or Jordan-Kent Company...



THE LOG CABIN

which was built merely to ornament the modern town which will soon be in existence.

The barns and dog kennels are up to date; the station house is neat and inviting, and there is one log cabin that Mr. Jordan had built which is a picture in itself. Our cuts are too small to do these places justice, but the man who goes down to Idlewild and looks it over; sees the possibilities, now that the roads have been built, the club house erected, the golf links ready—and lets Mr. Jordan explain what he intends to do, will be satisfied that he is a town builder, and that he is going to have eventually a resort that will be the pride of every North Carolina citizen.

Unlike other places which have no water, Idlewild has the boats and the lakes—she has surrounding her and protected, thousands of acres of virgin forest where all kinds of wild game abounds; and with small farms highly cultivated; with a club house big enough to take care of all who care to come—and finally a few hundred beautiful cottages and stores and places of amusement—Idlewild will not only make its builders money, but they will have rendered a service to their state.

We regret that we had such little information on this subject—but we wanted to hand Jim a Christmas gift and thought we'd go ahead and do the best we could. But if you want to see what men can do—go to Idlewild and look over the improvements

Let It Alone.

The charge is made that a lemon trust exists, and that the government will be asked to look into the matter. Let the lemon trust alone. We are handed enough lemons with the prices as they are. Were they lower we might be submerged.

LATEST HAMMERINGS.

The District Attorney Held Up Until After the Holidays

We really didn't expect to print anything more about the district attorney's, except to casually remark that Mr. Hammer had been appointed. But it isn't that way. Three of the federal court officials were appointed or rather named—Dortch, Winston and Webb—but Hammer was not sent in. Holton remains in the saddle, and the holidays are on. It is said that more charges are being made against Hammer, and his friends now have serious doubts concerning his success. Senator Overman has been loyal to his friend, but the Attorney General isn't yet satisfied. It may be that he is waiting for the storm to blow over—or, it may be again, that he has evidence that satisfies him Hammer will not do. Viewed in any light it is unfortunate for Mr. Hammer. However we all know that politics is a dirty stick, and if you touch it you get black hands.

A DAY EARLY

On Account of Christmas We Print a Day Ahead of Date

In order to properly celebrate Christmas we print this week on Wednesday in order to wind up things for Christmas. Therefore if the important news that happens isn't reported it is known that the paper was off the press and the Christmas spirit had caused us to forget duty for the nonce.

CANNED TOMATOES

That is The Label Said So, But It Was Different.

Mr. Holmes, of the Armour Fertilizer works, used to live in Asheville, and that is still his home. He says that the mountain people up around Burke county took up the spirit of a cannery, and concluded they would can tomatoes. Accordingly everybody was canning tomatoes. The labels looked all right; everything was all right until it was discovered that the roadside was filled with tomato cans with a small nail hole in them. This set people thinking and finally the revenue officers discovered that the tomatoes so-called were corn whiskey. Had those who bought the canned goods used a can-opener instead of a nail to get out the contents the canning industry would have prospered. But using a nail, wise men saw that canned tomatoes couldn't come out of such a small hole, so the revenues got busy and ended it all. There are no longer any canned tomatoes in the mountains.

BIG VIOLATORS

Three Hundred Thousand Violations of The Law

It has been figured out that by 269 systems of railways there have been 300,000 violations of the sixteen hour law by railway companies. That is a law that is hard to get down business. A train crew has worked almost to the limit and is six miles from anywhere when suddenly a wreck occurs and to attempt to repair it, the crew must either work or desert the train. The sixteen hour law is all to the good theoretically, but like a lot of other laws there are times when a calm and dispassionate judge should interpret it, and say that it was for the public's good and not to the public's detriment that they were violated, and let

BUCKET MENTIONED

The Winston Journal Sees Things Toward Raleigh.

The Sunday issue of the Winston Journal says:

"Col. A. Fairbrother referring to the men just now prominently mentioned for Governor gives us the names of General Carr, Colonel Osborn and Mr. C. W. Tillet of Charlotte. We are surprised that the Colonel should not have included in his list the one man in the State who is really beginning to be looked upon by many as the next Governor of North Carolina. His name is T. W. Bickett."

No doubt Mr. Bickett would make a good Governor—he has made an excellent Attorney General. But as Judge Walter Clark points out General Carr is the man for the people the next go round. General Carr is going to be nominated by acclamation; he isn't going to pose as a candidate—he isn't going to spend a penny and if the state does what it should do the Carr boom will soon become general and widespread. Some of the papers are hitting the General a hard blow by saying that his candidacy is simply a boom to bleed him. But in this case the General isn't being bled; he isn't running. His friends are going to put him over for Raleigh.

NOT A CANDIDATE

Mr. C. W. Tillet, of Charlotte, Says He is not In It.

Information from C. W. Tillet, of Charlotte, says he is not a candidate for Governor, and will not be. His Charlotte friends say he would make a good governor and at one time, were pressing him pretty hard but as he grows older he finds that there is nothing in running for office; he is a lawyer with a big practice; he has scores of friends and has made it final that he will not run. This takes out of the field one man that had been brought in.

Counterfeit Coin Increasing.

The report of the secret service bureau of the government shows that counterfeit coins are increasing. Small wonder. We were talking with a gentleman the other day and he said that if he wanted to get rich quick he would do it by making silver dollars. "And in doing it," he said, "I would feel that I hadn't been particularly dishonest. Of course I caught I would go to prison—but what I mean I would have a conscience clearer than if I had done something else—counterfeited paper money, for instance." Then he went on to say:

"You see we make a silver dollar and in that silver dollar there is about forty-five cents profit. We buy bullion and issue a silver certificate against it. The government has the bullion, but what it says is a dollar costs only fifty-two or three cents. I have no doubt but what there are ten million silver dollars in circulation that have been made privately. If a man makes silver dollars and puts the same amount of silver in them that the government puts in, they are mighty hard to distinguish from the real thing."

"But how would we get rid of our silver dollars? If you made a million of them out of real silver, don't you know you would be detected in passing so many?" "No, I would first of all buy a silver mine. I would produce my own bullion and I would get a million silver dollars from the government—not certificates, but the coin. Then I would make a million and put them all together and pay off with them. The government would know I got a million of it, and the two million would go out without notice."

Then we asked him where he would get the money to buy the mine, how he would get a million dollars to buy the other million from the government—and he said:

"That's so. I had never thought of that. Could you loan me a dollar until tomorrow?"—and he walked away.

LITTLE TALK ON POLITICS

Where The Papers Get It Wrong and Do Not Understand

The comment of some of the state papers concerning the candidacy of General Carr for Governor is misleading. A good old Burke county democrat nominated General Carr for Governor. We came along and seconded the nomination, moved it be made unanimous, and the press has taken up the matter and is discussing it. We are informed that General Carr has said he would not announce himself as a candidate for any office. We have insisted upon this from the beginning. But General Carr has not said, there is yet no need of him saying it, that he would not serve his state if the state invited him to serve. In the esteemed News the editor is glad that Carr is not running because some of the jackals would attach themselves to him to bleed him. That is where Everything is lending a helping hand. It wants to see Carr's friends run him; wants the General to keep hands off; talk off—and let his numerous friends see if North Carolina will not reward a patriot and her most conspicuous philanthropist. We want no more of the bounding of candidates for money such, for instance, as made J. Elwood Cox disgusted when he was running for Governor. No hold-up games. If General Carr's friends will insist, they can nominate him by acclamation; he needn't spend one red dime—and then the honor would be worth while. We are glad to see that Judge Walter Clark comes out for General Carr; that Major Stedman and many North Carolina politicians may be the man. In the meantime General Carr insists that he isn't running—and he isn't. His friends are running him.

Came to Town



Lindsey Hopkins came to town, and brought some Christmas cheer. And it wasn't in red likker. Or it wasn't in ni beer. It wasn't in the vulgar coin. Which some folk think worth while it was just a hearty handshake. And an 18 karat smile.

Merry Christmas to All.

The tragic Muse came down the hill, and perched awhile with me, he said give all the boys a thrill, a ten spot or a V. We told the tragic Muse to hush we didn't have a dime, "then throw them out some red hot mush, in shape of wretched rhyme."

And so here's Merry Christmas to the toilers on the press—here's wishing them a happy week—how could we wish them less? Here's health to friend Wade Harris—and one for Old Joe King; and a good luck to you Hurley, and we're glad you're in the ring. And here's to Edward Britton as he toils and writes and sings, and here's to Santford Martin who is doing lots of things. And here's to dear Frank Woodson, a veteran tried and true—and Oliver of Reidsville and the anti-Simmons crew. Many John T. Britt of Oxford live a thousand years, and one—'twill only be a little while, and he's having lots of fun. We do not know the Durham Sun since Robinson quit the game, but it seems to be a sprightly sheet and gets there just the same. Here's a "how" to Colonel Varner, with the hope that he won't run, but stick close to his printing and make a barrel of mou— but what's the use to name the boys—they name themselves each day—they are building up the Nation and they do it without pay! We'd like to talk about them all, but the egg nog's runnin' shy—so here's to all the bloomin' crowd—may they live, and never die!

P. D. Gold Doesn't Know.

P. D. Gold, of New York City is in the town for the holidays and says he is looking forward to a big business when the currency bill gets under way or to a big financial revolution. One of the two things is slated but P. D. if he has any inside information refuses to give it up.

Everything

Will hand you some good Holiday reading this week, But is up to us to see that you get proper attention in selecting your Christmas Presents, Suits and Overcoats.

Dent's and Updegraff's Silk-lined Mochas and Dress Kid Gloves, \$1.50 to \$2.50; Automobile Gloves \$1.50 to \$3.00; Evening Dress Suits, Tuxedo Suits, Bath Robes with Slippers to match, Pajamas and Outing Night Gowns for Men.

Try one of our unfinished three quarter length Black Silk-lined Overcoats \$27.50.

SAVOY SHIRTS \$1.50 BOYDEN SHOES \$6.00

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European Plan

and each guest pays only for what he gets. The traveling public is cordially invited to give us a call. Just across the street from the depot and yet "right in town" W. F. Clegg, Proprietor.

The Busy Store

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Christmas

In Perfumeries, Toilet Articles, Candies, etc., than ever before. The fountain is running. Come see us.

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Hot Rolls For Supper! ORDER FROM THE NORTH SIDE BAKERY.

Hot Rolls For Supper! ORDER FROM THE NORTH SIDE BAKERY.

Do not break the nest egg

The spirit of Christmas calls for gifts and charity. Spend some of your money these glad Christmas times, but remember to

KEEP ALIVE

the Savings Account. Keep it going until the pennies are dimes and the dimes are dollars. The dollars will not take care of themselves unless you guard them.

The Greensboro Loan & Trust Company

Wants new accounts this coming year, and it wants to continue its pleasant relations with its present patrons.

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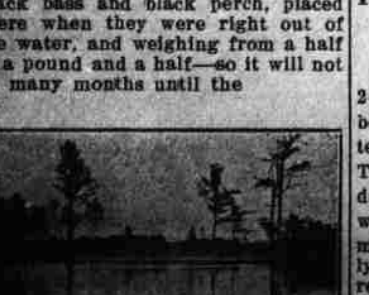
THE CLUB HOUSE

is all that any club house could be—modern to the last minute. Furnished and finished in taste and elegance, and the guests there will have no kick coming. Mr. Jordan is a good roads enthusiast, and with Engineer Phil Hardie some beautiful roads were built. They are winding roads through pines and cypress and around lakes and are lost in the solitudes, where deer, fox and much game abounds. We saw a hundred pretty pictures of the good roads which the Company has built and this is a snap shot as we passed along one particular stretch.



THE GOOD ROADS

are of sand and clay, never get muddy—and when it rains in the morning down there you can play golf in the afternoon. We have forgotten how many miles are in the golf course, but a great many, and the whole work there is a revelation to all who go to see what has been done. Of course everybody knows that Mr. Jordan is a sportsman—the best fisherman and the best shot, perhaps in North Carolina. He would rather fish than eat, and when it comes to getting up a fox or giving a deer a chase, time stops and no dinner bell rings. Having been around over the United States and outside of it, in fishing and hunting, Mr. Jordan knew that nothing would appeal to the tourist like a fish pond that contained game fish. So he proceeded to build a lake which covers many acres and stock it with fish from his three other lakes two miles below Idlewild.



NEW FINE POND

is usually alive with fish that strike. It goes at that.