

They Hand It To Him Hot.

The democratic press certainly will sprinkle the salt in the quivering flesh of Teddy before this campaign is over. We cannot see, to save our life, how Teddy can appear before the American people and secure serious attention. He went too far. He irrevocably burned the bridges. He may have told the truth about the two parties, that is not the question. In 1912 he said or was reported to have said:

"The two old parties are hushes with no real soul in either of them, divided by artificial lines, boss ridden and privileged controlled. The Progressive Party has come to stay. It will amalgamate with neither of the two old parties. I will never abandon the principles to which we Progressives have pledged ourselves—men and women, I would continue this fight if I stood entirely alone."

And it was this kind of a declaration that brought to his flag hundreds of thousands of people. Hundreds of thousands of all kinds of people—the Wary Willies, the bob-tailed and disappointed rag-muffins of other parties; the real patriots; the discontented; the adventurous—all sorts of people good and bad—but an army of them, and they believed what Teddy told them. But when he saw his last hope go glimmering; when he realized that to run again meant for him a journey "through the open slaughter house into the grave"—when he saw that there was nothing in it for him—he refuses to stand where he stood although two million men and women would have gone with him. That far, all right. But when he comes out and declares that one of these old parties which was a hulk in 1912 is any better in 1916 he can't make intelligent people believe it. There is no excuse for Teddy taking a part in this campaign. He will be unable to get fire under the boys. His speeches will not enthuse. It is not the old Teddy. It is now phosphorous to lightning—stage thunder to the mighty reverberations of the heavens—it is the white whiskered past. Teddy has become not only a reminiscence, but a reminiscence. He played a large bluff on a small capital. He held a bob tail bluff and he was called. He isn't in it, and the speeches he made in 1912, if the publicity department of the democratic party knows how to use ink will silence him in 1916. The American people may like to be humbugged—but not all the time.

Goos To Asheville.

Mr. T. W. Chambliss, a well known newspaper man, and erstwhile editor of the Charlotte Chronicle, has become General Manager of the Asheville Times and will no doubt be a great help to that sprightly evening newspaper. Mr. Chambliss pretty well understands the newspaper game—and it takes that understanding to make a newspaper go.

The Cost?

A subscriber writes us and wants to know what it is costing the government to mobilize troops and carry on the Mexican expedition. We haven't kept account of all the items, but suspect it runs way up yonder. Seriously we have no way of knowing. That it will cost many millions of dollars—more millions than we would like to say, there is no doubt. But it hasn't been a bad move. Our army was in such shape that we knew but little about it. It is well all happened that has happened if it goes no further. It will cost more money if we get into war—and if we do there is not a patriot under the flag who will count the cost. And there should be no kick coming on the present expenditure.

The Health Bulletins.

They send out health bulletins nationally and otherwise and they tell us in them that to be ill is now almost criminal, and here every day we read of a scourge going over the country taking an alarming death toll of infants, and the Wise Men know nothing about it. It is a pretty well settled proposition that Death claims his victims every year and in every age.

Can't Do It.

Editor Britton, knowing that once upon a time we solemnly swore that we would never "jine" the Press Association of this beloved state, writes thus seductively:

Col. Al Fairbrother, of the Greensboro Record, should come right along. The voting booth of the North Carolina Press Association is wide open, and there's no primary. We give assurances of a warm welcome for him in Durham this week, even if he appears in his Dyed Whiskers.

Couldn't do it, Eddie, old boy—can't go back of the returns. In the other world—where eventually we expect to dwell, we shall organize a little Press Association of our own, and we hope to enjoy it. But here where it is not all of life to live or all of death to die, we refrain—we side-step—we are not going.

Long Needed.

The Winston Journal records the fact that in Kansas they are forming what is known as an "anti-ain't" association. Good enough. As we would say in North Carolina "Ain't" isn't "fitten" to be used in polite society and to know that due process is being served on it in the Sunflower State brings new inspiration.

Behold, It Comes.

The News and Observer says: The Fairbrother of the Greensboro Record seeks to get in fair weather shape with us by writing a "pome" around our name. No, sirree! Not till he meets the issue and discourses upon the theme of the July Fly can we be poetized into peace, nor even be led to the border of peace.

And here it is: O, the buzz of the fly to Britton's eye is music of sweetest strain— And the headish plot of the swatter's swat to him a glad refrain. The June Bug dies but the festive flies continue to come along— And Britton's hope as he writes his hope is of a fly-blown song!

Just A Suggestion.

When Colonel Sanford Martin throws his wretched rhyme at us he should remember that we are a cripple—that we are burdened with Doodle Bugs and things like that, and therefore his shafts should be tempered. That last four inch or four line verse would have gone through armor plate—it was so ragged.

They said Saturday there were no cars running in Wilmington, but it looked to us as though J. O. Carr was running some in that race of district attorney.

These green goods—these water melons and peaches don't look right in cloudy weather. It takes a clear day and a warm day for the watermelon to present itself.

John W. Also Speaks.

One of the most ardent of all Bull Meece people in the world, was, we take it, John W. Kurfees, of Germantown. John W. has been a traveling man for many years; he is well informed on the passing and current events and if ever there was a man who believed that Teddy was the real thing and indulged in the apotheosis act, that man was John W. Kurfees of Germantown. He writes a letter now and calls on the beloved to weary not of well doing—but to follow Teddy. He says he has followed him for fifteen years and expects to keep on following him. Good boy—what else could he do?

What else? Why, bless your soul, these Bull Meece people are just about to continue and go to another ticket. They seem to understand that the path of glory leads but to the grave—and glory is theirs.

The whole truth is this: The Bull Moose people, like Teddy, thought that the bluff would work. They timed their convention to meet simultaneously with the republican convention. Their guns were primed, their trigger set and they thought they could make the Old Guard understand that if it didn't take Teddy to its bosom that within five minutes they would nominate him and thus again lead the party to destruction.

And the worst fooled man, the most sadly disappointed man since Napoleon found himself at Elba was Theodoros—and naturally his followers. The bluff, carefully planned, failed. The Old Guard had determined to crucify Teddy. The strong letter of acceptance by Hughes was no doubt prepared months before. The G. O. P. had made definite arrangements and when the blow fell—what a fall was there my countrymen!

Mr. Kurfees, Mr. All The Boys who worshipped at Teddy's shrine—who believed he was Invincible today do not know what to do. They try to make it appear that the republican platform accepts much of the Bull Moose doctrine—but that doesn't satisfy. Because the platforms of both parties are only handing out the demands of Bryan sixteen and twelve years ago. Naturally parties progress. But the Old Guard didn't take any of the Progressive stuff. It is Bryan stuff promulgated before Roosevelt was ever President.

We do not blame the Bull Meece people. They are stunned—they are humiliated to know that their gallant leader—their political god fell for the programme of the Old Guards. They saw in him the embodiment of all that was pure and holy in politics and when he side-stepped, named Lodge instead of Hughes—when he didn't see a progressive big enough beside himself, then it was that his followers had a right to believe that they had been buncoed and used only for the purpose of the glorification of a would be King. That is why so many of them are sore. That is why Colonel Nate Brown pours out his cup of sorrow—why many insist that the performance is not yet over. And Mr. Kurfees who calls upon the boys to rally to the Hughes standard will create but little enthusiasm.

A Timely Step.

Mr. Charles Ireland, who was foreman of the last grand jury, did something worth while. It was a step in the right direction—a step that will help society and doubtless be of great benefit to prisoners—to our erring brothers for the nonce denied liberty.

The grand jury saw that when officials visited convict camps the guards and keepers knew when they were coming and would naturally have their house in order. The suggestion of Mr. Ireland was adopted by Judge Cline and now most any day a committee clothed with authority can go to a convict camp and proceed to look things over. This is glorious.

We have heard of no charges against the guards and camp keepers in this county—at least recently, but we all know too much about the brutality of these officers in some sections. The prisoner is in our charge. It is our bounden duty to protect him. We have simply denied him his freedom because he transgressed the laws. Society simply demanded that he be curbed. That he be punished. And the law says that he must be treated properly.

We congratulate Mr. Ireland upon his recommendation and we feel that the whole state will finally adopt such a rule. This assures, beyond any question, more humane treatment for our erring brothers. It makes a better feeling all around. It puts a stop to rumors which we hear and magnify. In a word it is system—it is doing what we should have done long ago.

A Little Too Strong.

In urging the good people of Winston to murder the fly, Mrs. E. J. Sills, of the Civic League, concludes an appeal in this manner:

Join us, women of the city, the Civic League invites you, your community needs you, your God is watching you.

If it be true that God notes the sparrow's fall—certainly He keeps some account of the flies and the fly swatters. We are not discussing the question, but we are suggesting that in the economy of nature it was not particularly intended that man should swat flies. The law of the survival of the fittest is a general law—and if flies spread disease it is up to us to swat them as a matter of self preservation—but not as a religious duty. We do not think that the campaign should go that far. Let's make it a matter of civic pride and not one of religious duty.

On Your Life We Do.

The Raleigh News and Observer concludes: We judge that Editor Fairbrother busily swats between verses as he keeps calling for the purchase of fly traps for "flyless Greensboro."

It is our pleasant duty. We swat 'em coming and going. We swat 'em wherever we see 'em. And inasmuch as how the editor of the News and Observer quotes the words "flyless Greensboro" he is in doubt, but we are here to remark, like the Arkansas Traveler, that we have been here "goin' on" to fifteen years and the town hasn't flown yet. Therefore we conclude it is flyless.

And so between each verse we pause And to eagerly swat the fly— And the reason we pause is only because We want the fly to die! Sing hey, sing hey, for a flyless town And the record it will bring— If you can't sing hey, why then sing out— Just so you only sing!

Our Duty Is Plain—But—

The Guilford County Juvenile law was created to assist boys. It was made to keep boys out of court—out of jail—out of hell. But a law and boy can do nothing. It takes co-operation of parents, of citizens, of all interested in saving to Society its own to bring results from such a law.

In Greensboro there have been many boys sent on the right road because of this law—but others have gone the wrong road because we didn't all turn in and do our part.

When a case gets into court then it is beyond the reach of the Probation officer—beyond the jurisdiction of citizens, no matter how well intentioned. In Winston we read where a couple of boys have been indicted by Uncle Sam because they stole a few dollars. Uncle Sam allows no sympathy sobs to go with him. A thief red-handed is a thief and punishment must be given. The underlying principle of the Juvenile law is to get hold of these youthful offenders and save them from temporary or permanent disgrace. And individuals are much more sympathetic than Uncle Sam. In Greensboro today there is a case which is liable to bring disgrace and punishment to some boys who really should not be lost. So far the police court hasn't been notified. So far there is a chance to save them provided the parents do their duty. It is alleged that one boy went into the office of a business man and took some checks and money—an amount representing over two hundred and fifty dollars—forty-five dollars being in cash. The money and checks were missed and no clue presented itself. The business man was in the dark. He could not get any trail to his lost cash. But one day there came in the mail a letter to him enclosing a check for \$10 and the father of a boy said he had found his boy with a five dollar bill. Questioned the boy admitted he had had ten dollars and spent it all but five. The father gave his boy a severe whipping, promptly enclosed his check for \$10 and was willing to proceed farther. He also furnished information concerning the theft. He said that another boy had stolen the money; that he had given some of it to his mother and divided the rest between three other boys.

The business man got busy. He went to the probation officer and the probation officer has been doing all he can to get the boys to tell the story as it was; to have their parents return the money and let the matter blow over. But we are informed that the parents do not believe the story. They insist that their children are innocent and refuse to assist—all save the one who sent the check. And today the situation is acute. If something is not speedily done there will doubtless be arrests. Then the case must be tried. If the boys are not guilty of course it will do them no good to have been under suspicion. If guilty it means their downfall.

So it seems that whether guilty or innocent the parents should get busy and find for a fact whether their children are telling the truth. Find for a fact that those accused did not take the money. It is also up to all of us to help in the matter. For the reason that a boy is not responsible. He is made so by the law if he steals—but is not made so if he undertakes to transact business in a legitimate manner. Funny law—but a fact. It appears to us that if a child is accused of something which is wrong, no matter how innocent the parent may believe him, it is manifestly up to that parent to get busy, and very busy in assisting to make clear the facts. In this case we are told there is indifference. And if it happens, as the business man who has lost his money tells us it will happen if settlement is not made or an attempt at settlement, that these children go to court—no one knows where the end of their road will be.

The Juvenile law is a grand theory, but the kid cannot work it alone. It takes the moral support both before and after of all the community. Let us hope that this particular case will never go to the courts—let us hope that the children will be punished; the property restored and the little boys—just starting in their life's journey will not be disgraced by appearing in a court house accused of robbery.

The Automobile Law.

Yesterday we ventured, as a layman, to conclude that the woman who accidentally ran over the other woman near the corporate confines of this city was entirely within her rights, if the facts as stated by eye witnesses were true. We could not see how the accident could have been prevented. But we were willing to pass it up to the lawyers for final adjudication, inasmuch as it appeared the woman had gone to Maryland and no court proceedings would follow. Ex-Judge W. P. Bynum, Jr., kindly sends us the law regulating the use of automobiles in North Carolina and as it is interesting information we gladly print it as follows:

PUBLIC LAWS OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1913, Chapter 167, An Act Regulating The Use of Automobiles In North Carolina. Sec. 17. No person shall operate a motor vehicle upon the public highways of this State recklessly, or at a rate of speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the width, traffic and use of the highway, or so as to endanger the property or the life or limb of any person; PROVIDED, that a rate of speed in excess of fifteen miles per hour in the business portion of any city, town or village, and a rate of speed in excess of ten miles per hour on any public highway outside of the corporate limits of any incorporated city or town shall be deemed a violation of this section; PROVIDED, further, that nothing in this section shall be construed to curtail or abridge the right of a governing board of any city or town to pass ordinances regulating the speed of motor vehicles in said city or town, but no greater rate of speed shall be allowed than Sec. 20. That any person violating any provision of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined not exceeding fifty dollars, or imprisoned, not exceeding thirty days.

The facts in the case under discussion were that the Maryland woman was driving her car at a reasonable rate of speed; she didn't know the car was to stop where it stopped; the injured woman stepped from the car and the automobile ran over her. Absolutely unavoidable because there were no precautions to be taken except to keep within the speed limit, and this, we understand, is not questioned.

If we get by with the last Carranza note, and it seems we will, our soldiers should feel thankful. To have gone in for a campaign in July in the deserts of Mexico would have meant a fearful death toll—even if the Mexicans hadn't fired a gun.

An Open Season.

The season is always open for the pursuit of happiness. We read anew the Declaration of Independence, because perhaps in this month it was freely printed, and paused a moment on the proposition that the signers of that immortal document held that "all men are created free and equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights" and that among those certain rights were "life, liberty—and the pursuit of happiness." It was not stated as a fact that man was created with any of these precious things—he was simply apprised of the fact that liberty was his—if he would fight for it; life was his if the doodle bugs didn't get him—and he had a right to pursue Happiness wherever he found it. No matter where happiness might be loitering, it was an inalienable right of man to pursue it. That was the Declaration of Independence, and that is what men pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" to defend.

But along comes a crowd of men enjoying these sweet boons and undertakes to prescribe, to define just what is meant by Happiness—or, rather to tell you that what you think is happiness isn't Happiness at all, and proceed to pass laws enjoining you even from the pursuit of Happiness guaranteed by the Declaration.

Old Noah Webster, the most gifted man in the use of words we ever met, said that happiness was "an agreeable feeling or condition of the soul arising from good fortune or propitious happenings of any kind"—and the Declaration of Independence solemnly insisted that man was born into the world with the inalienable right to pursue that state of being which brings contentment and joyful satisfaction—and while he is in the act of pursuit for a Sacred Quart he is nabbed by a policeman, taken to jail, found guilty of intent to retail and sent on to the roads for six months and no further questions asked. If there is advertised a show that uses bill boards for the decorative purposes beyond the limit of virtuous imagination the bill board is torn away and the man who thought he would pursue happiness by feasting his lustful eyes upon the works of art is denied even the pursuit of Happiness the Declaration guaranteed him. And on through the lonely pilgrimage to the grave—the pursuit of Happiness, while it may be an inalienable right, is denied mankind. True, those who have come in to act as censors and to become their brother's keeper insist that there are other and better roads to Happiness and they urge the pilgrim on the pike to take them or nothing—but if the man is pretty well saturated with the Declaration he becomes unhappy at the restraint imposed upon him; he gropes along becoming a chronic kicker and finally dies a wretched and unhappy victim of what he considers a false and misleading Declaration.

Think Of It.

Colonel Bob Oliver, of the Reidsville Review, prints this:

We have been asked recently by several correspondents if it is not already too late to plant potatoes, and our reply is NO, certainly not.

Catch that capitalized "NO." Think of Bob Oliver, who never saw a potato patch in all his life; who doesn't know whether potatoes grow on vines, on bushes, on trees or telegraph poles, assuming to tell his country friends—men who have planted and raised potatoes all their lives that it isn't yet too late to plant them. In fact Bob Oliver doesn't know that potatoes are planted. He has seen them after they have grown and gotten into market—he has eaten them, but he doesn't know whether they come from the ground cooked or not. The truth is he believes that potatoes are of different varieties; that if you want baked potatoes you plant baked potatoes; if you want mashed potatoes you plant mashed potatoes; if you want fried potatoes you plant fried potatoes—and so on down the varying bill of fare. Now had some fellow asked Bob Oliver about the newspaper business or the telephone business Bob could have answered as a Master of Art. But to be talking about potatoes—well we have spoken.

Where Things Tend To Socialism.

Danville is socialistic—because there are many men there who have lived most all their lives on the public. Danville owns her gas and electric plant and furnishes a soft berth for many people. Recently by a threat she proposed to either lower the price of ice or go into the ice business. Now there are those there who want the city to own the telephones. This is another step. Pretty soon and they will have up the question of a municipal meat market; then a municipally owned store—and pretty soon, if the dreams of the men who want a berth go through there will be some old fields in Danville which erstwhile were designated as "business property."

It would indeed be a great hardship on the "average citizen" of Danville if that town went into the telephone business. The rate per month might appear cheaper, but in the long run, if convenience and service were considered the tax payer and citizen would pay dearly for his whistle. The Bell Telephone Co. renders a service to the whole country. It is a great chain of service unexcelled, and the Tight Wad who kicks at his bill would kick were it fifty per cent less. Might as well again cut up the railroad system into jerk-water distances—might as well undertake to have local telegraph companies. The telephone business as it is now conducted by one of the greatest corporations in the world renders a service that has never been equalled. Prompt and efficient it is indeed a marvel. But Danville has the socialistic itch—she has kept too long in office men who have fattened on liberal salaries and this looks good to others who want to get in the harness. That is the long and the short of it—and while many advocating the new plans do not know this, if they will sit down and look a little further than their hand they will plainly discern the picture on the wall.

Now that Uncle Sam is pleased with the last letter from Mr. Carranza and the war scare is over the people are turning their attention to looking after the fly swatting campaign. Something gory seems to satisfy.

That celebration over the completion of the High Point road will be a big affair, and all of Guilford should join in it.

Aye, Britton It Is True!

Editor Ed Britton looked afar off and saw a Great Light. Scanning the horizon it was revealed to him that the facts in the case suggested this:

At last we see the Light! Both Editor Sanford Martin, of the Winston-Salem Journal, and Editor Al Fairbrother, of the Greensboro Record, are showing us just laurels, perhaps with the desire to be elected as poet laureate of the State Press Association which meets at Durham next week. Brother William Lattie Hill will have to look to his fences at the rate the Winston-Salem and Greensboro editors are hurling verse at each other.

Aye, Britton it is true. As true as love or life or death, Colonel Martin is jealous of our Art—he tries to discredit us, thinking we are running in the First Primary for Poet Lariat—being inasmuch as how we used to be a cowboy in the wild and woolly west where the osier sighs to the sage brush and the Wichita Yellow Dog sleeps. But if he were to search the archives of the bloom in North Carolina Press he will find that we are not a member of that distinguished organization; that years ago we refused with justified indignation and picturesque imprecation the alluring offers of free lunch and rebuked with withering scorn John B. Sherrill who was then, who is now, and who will always be, Secretary. Therefore Colonel Martin has the field to himself if he wants to be Poet Laureate and do stunts like our old College chum, Lord Alfred Tennyson, did in England. And we want it known that we have opened a Verse Baling Factory—that it is our purpose and our intention to hurl at Colonel Martin more verses than he ever saw—that this will be done while he is living and after his demise we shall haunt him with ragged rhyme. He has attempted, no matter if unsuccessful, to discredit our Art—and the man who does that must suffer. We are just now standing him with the

Boy who stood on the burning deck Close by the larboard side And calmly told the Second Mate He'd take his chicken fried.

And it was for this Deed of Heroism—ordering fried chicken when the old boat was just about to go to pieces that this Boy, the son of Colonel Casabianca, of the Port of Entry of Winston-Salem that we exploit him and expect to make of him one of our immortals—and Colonel Martin must stand for it.

Uncle Joe In Charlotte.

The Charlotte Observer gives Colonel John M. Morehead credit for securing Uncle Joe as a speaker at the big republican rally to be held in Charlotte. And in turn we must give Colonel Gilliam Grissom credit for getting Uncle Joe to agree to stop off here on his return and talk to Greensboro folk. Of course Colonel Grissom will get an extraordinary political boost out of it—but all of Greensboro, regardless of party will be pleased to hear the greatest and last of the Old Guard tell about it.

Feels Disqualified.

Attorney General Gregory, because there are many cases in which he has been interested as Attorney General which must come before the Supreme Court has given it out as his opinion that he is disqualified for the position of Associate Justice to succeed Hughes. McReynolds found a similar situation when he went on the bench. We are glad Gregory is big enough to see this point.

Seems To Be Sleeping.

And what has become of the Tuberculosis Sanitarium that Guilford was to build and which the Cones proposed to so liberally endow? Looks like we should get busy on that proposition for awhile. It is said the Doodle Bugs are forever pushing on, and naturally enough it is up to those who can to help in their destruction.

It Can Be Done.

The News and Observer observes:

The editors of the Greensboro Record and the Winston-Salem Journal should collaborate on verse making and set their "divine afflatus" to music.

For instance we can take the following lines of human interest and set them to music—to that soul stirring air so familiar to all childhood, "O, Granny, Will Your Dog Bite?—No child, no," and they will be heard around the world. But perhaps the original music of my darling Nellie will be better. In any event the chore will be done:

O, my darling Nellie Gray Up in heaven there, they say, We shall never see Ed Britton any more. I am coming, I am coming, When they chase the snakes away And I hope they'll have some likker near the door!

This song, carrying the assurance that it does, that Ed Britton has been done for, will meet with popular and universal approval.

And They Stand For It.

Because of the increase of the cost of white paper the Atlanta newspapers have raised the price from two cents to three cents a copy, and the buying public stands the raise. Just where the white paper problem will end is a question that many men are trying to answer. There will come a day when the pulp is gone—and then just what substitute will be used no one knows. There will always be newspapers—but the day of the really cheap one—in price—is rapidly disappearing.

Well, Now Then.

It is announced that Robert W. Woolley, director of the mint, has been chosen to manage the publicity department of the democratic campaign. Thoughtful, indeed. Imagine the director of a mint managing a publicity campaign and pure reading matter selling so high in these days of advancing prices in white paper. If the director of a mint can't get the goods, who, pray, can?

Couldn't See It.

The county commissioners of Durham county tried to see the point and failed. They were asked to give ten thousand dollars toward the county fair. That was a pretty nifty bunch of coin, and the commissioners, while they would have been pleased to boost the game understood that such an expenditure for such a purpose would call down the wrath of every Tight Wad for miles around. Therefore they passed it up.

The talk about a new county is a thing of the past. The talk about a new court house no longer breaks upon the stillness of the air. The talk about a new hotel—well, that is perpetual motion.