

Save Greensboro.

To avoid the necessity of frequent protests from citizens against the erection of certain kinds of buildings in certain residential or business sections of our own fair city, how would it do to start a "Save Greensboro" movement along the same lines as adopted by New York, of which the Times speaks thus approvingly:

It was announced yesterday that a monstrosity which it had been planned to erect in Times Square had been abandoned. New plans are substituted for those which had been filed in anticipation of the prohibitions of the new zone ordinance. It may very well be that the zone ordinance thus saved the owners of the proposed building as well as the city. Few freak erections have proved profitable commercially. In most cases the same investment would have produced better results if spent otherwise. There are other signs that the ordinance is doing its beneficial work. One of them is a suit for \$40,000 damages through failure to complete a purchase of property in Manhattan which had been sold before the ordinance was passed. It had been intended to tear down residences and erect a ten-story warehouse, but the ordinance acted as a restriction on that use of the property.

In Queens there is a case where the ordinance compelled the rejection of plans to build a seven-story garage in a residence section. The Superintendent of Queens says that he has had to reject nearly thirty plans because of the restrictions upon buildings unsuitable for the section where they were proposed. In Brooklyn there are cases where both garages and flats have been abandoned, to the loss of the owners of real estate, according to their statements. They may be mistaken about their loss, and if they are right it is regretted. Nevertheless, such cases prove the necessity and merit of the ordinance rather than its defects.

The losses of the owners of property which it is proposed to improve unsuitably can be losses of their neighbors through the depreciation of their property real and undeserved. No individual can protect himself against loss by any lawful improvement of adjacent property. If individuals suffer in that way there is no protection for the city against the depreciation of its taxable values. The ordinance is necessary to protect both individuals and city against irreparable losses. Until the courts decide such litigations adversely, such cases show that the ordinance is doing exactly what it was designed to do, and what the courts have sustained when done elsewhere. While the ordinance, therefore, has shown that there are those ready to profit by their neighbor's loss, the volunteer "Save New York" movement has proved that there are those willing to take a loss and suffer inconvenience to amend conditions which the ordinance could not reach. The public spirit, shown by co-operation with the volunteer movements and the resistance to the ordinance afforded a contrast which may stimulate others to help themselves when there is difficulty about getting a law to cover a special case.

This New York ordinance is along lines recently adopted by Greensboro when a law was made prohibiting a coal chute from being built in a residential section. While Greensboro is young—she is growing and some laws suggested by what is happening in New York, might with profit, be made right now.

The Pig Clubs.

The Boy's Pig Clubs at the Fair showed that there is more to the pig club idea than most folk would think off hand. The pig club scheme is great in possibilities. It not only makes money for the boy who joins and works, but it gives him early in life some business experience. It makes him frugal—it shows him at the right age how to secure a foundation for his fortune. The Pig Club is worth while.

Cause Regrets.

Many people will regret to know that Warden Osborne has resigned from Sing Sing after all the fight that was made against him. He certainly did much good, and while he was completely vindicated the hope was that he would remain in his official position and introduce other reforms. For those who work along lines of better prisons and better treatment for the prisoner, Osborne has furnished them much material.

Certainly He Can.

The Chief of Police of Newport News is expressing a doubt as to whether he can enforce the law regarding prohibition which goes into effect in Virginia next month. He can't if he thinks he can't. No more than a sheriff, weak-backed, can make the howling mob move on from a jail where a negro ravisher is confined. But if the sheriff has the back bone he always succeeds in dispersing the crowd. And so can the police force of Newport News enforce the state law. It isn't a city law or a county law. The commonwealth of Virginia has generally held her laws sacred, and all the machinery of the state will be back of the Newport police force if it honestly desires to make good.

But to get cold feet before the law goes into effect—to wonder if the law can be enforced—well, that might result in flagrant violations. The police force of Greensboro enforces our prohibition laws. The Commissioners employ detectives and when the blind tiger rears his head he is captured. Of course they can enforce the Virginia law if the sworn officers will remember their oath of office and go to the chore with determination.

The real estate market has been a little more lively than usual the past few days and whenever we get that hotel and depot and just a few other things the man with real estate can start a bank.

The last rose of summer is getting ready to appear. November and the last one is left blooming alone.

The Choice.

Think of the man with a sublime thirst who must sit down and in grim determination make a choice in Virginia after November first. When the waiter brings in the menu card just now he can order wine, beer, whiskey, champagne, cock-tails—any old thing that will make a man desperate. But under this new law the rations are to be cut short. So short that the man who hesitates is lost.

The Attorney General of Virginia decides that a man can order one quart of whiskey, or one gallon of wine or three gallons of beer each month—but he must make a choice. Naturally the fellow who is spitting twenty cent cotton and foaming at the mouth would say he would take a quart of likker. There is supposedly more drunk in a sacred quart of likker than there is in a gallon of wine or three gallons of beer. But it must be figured out and there is no going over the dead line. Now if a man and his wife use intoxicants to a limited degree, and they happen to be like Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Spratt, there will be some trouble. It will be recalled that Jakey Spratt could eat no fat and his wife could eat no lean—and between the two they wiped up the provisions. But in this instance if Mrs. Spratt must have her beer and Jake must have his likker, how will it work out. Until woman suffrage comes we take it that Mrs. Spratt cannot order three gallons of beer and Jake his gallon of whiskey. If this were allowed there must be coercion and the old man would often force the old lady to order a quart claiming it was for her consumption, whereas, it was for his use.

However, Time, that old and cheerful flat iron, will soon take out the wrinkles. When we first were confronted with the Quirt law and the limited law many men didn't see how they would survive the drought, but happily all has ended well, and the mail order business isn't anything at all like it used to be, and when the next session of the legislature gets through with it there will be no mail order business worth talking about.

Kentucky Chivalry.

Kentucky realized yesterday that this is the open season for killing negroes and proceeded to hang a couple and then burn the bodies. The mob was, of course, orderly and dignified. The automobile was brought in as a part of the new play. The idea is to run the machine under the tree; place the noose around the neck and then drive the machine away—thus leaving the victim dangling in mid air. The laughs and shouts of the reputable citizens mingle with the groans of the desperate victims—and the mob then quietly disperses.

In this last act of shame the negro victims were accused, one of attacking a white woman, the other of voicing approval of what the negro did. This was too much. While the negroes charged with crime were safe in a steel barred jail; while a speedy trial would have been given them, the Kentucky spirit could not wait—it wanted its fun then and there, and the police reserve was pushed aside, the jail doors battered down and further disgrace added to the land of the night riders and barn burners. And yet the civilization of this century is supposed to be about the top notch.

Guess It Will Wait Awhile.

At least until after the election the good roads question—the million dollar bond issue, will be held on ice. When the talk got to be pretty general the republicans at once commenced a county campaign and were making a big fight against the proposed expenditure. That is some of the politicians were. And as the democrats expect to elect their commissioners this fall it looks like the question of a million in bonds will not be discussed just now.

And yet if Guilford county can build better roads than any other county has built; if she will go the limit and let it be known that good roads are everywhere in the county's confines she will make an investment that will not only pay her bonds but pay a handsome dividend each year.

The good road proposition is the one thing on which all live men are agreed. It has been demonstrated that no better investment can be made. The same is true concerning good streets in a city. Good sidewalks are always the best asset. And in the proposed million dollar bond issue all that we must do is to provide for maintenance; ascertain what kind of a road will endure—and the intelligent farmer will be as much in favor of the issue as the city man. Because all farmers have seen what good roads do.

For Wilson.

And so now comes John M. Parker and accuses Roosevelt and other Bull Moose leaders with the high crime of breaking up the Progressive party; says they are guilty of base betrayal, and while he is the nominee for vice-president on the progressive ticket he gives out a talk in New Orleans and says he is for Wilson. In other words John M. is sore—the same as many men were sore when Roosevelt betrayed the republican party.

And that is where we fail to see that Teddy is aiding the Hughes cause much. It certainly is now clear that he betrayed the republican party, purely on the grounds of pique—that he was personally ambitious to be president and saw a chance to do the Samson act—bring down the pillars on his own head if necessary to destroy Taft. In his egotism it appeared to him, doubtless, that he could escape. Then he posed as a great progressive; set his pins to capture the republican convention—and failed. Then he betrayed the party he had built, the Moose Party—and is out now with the party he destroyed four years ago.

Just where a man like that finds any chance in the world to criticize Wilson for being vacillating we do not know. Certainly Wilson hasn't attempted to scuttle his ship—he has been true to his party, and Teddy is raving like a mad man—whereas he is the cause, and the sole cause of Wilson being President.

It was good news to know that Major Stedman's health is all right, and that he will be home in a short time. Just a little temporary trouble detained him, and his friends will be more active than otherwise on account of his detention.

It Has Come To This.

And now the National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis is wasting its good postage in order to correct editors and others in their use of words. It appears that there has been some misunderstanding and a "gramaticism" as Artemus Ward termed it has been committed improperly. The Bulletin says:

Thus, if one says a certain individual is tubercular, he really indicates that the person has a disease process manifesting itself by tubercles or little lumps, but is not necessarily tuberculosis. To say that the person has tuberculosis, the adjective "tubercular" is the correct word. It refers directly to diseased conditions caused by the tubercle bacillus. Thus, when an institution for tuberculosis recently labelled itself as a "tubercular sanatorium," it not only indicated that the sanatorium was sick, but that it was sick with something resembling tuberculosis. The adjective "tubercular" should be used very infrequently.

Verily this is tuff. To think that people are urged to buy red cross seals and drop their pennies and their dimes into the box to assist in destroying the doodle bug, and then to see a national society spending its good money for printing and postage—standing on what may or may not be the proper name for a disease which has been handled with a dozen names. Consumption is the old name for it, and consumption is good enough. Now it must be referred to in a strictly proper and grammatical style or the National Association will be offended. Truly we have fallen upon hard lines. What difference, under the sun, does it make what you call it—just so you don't add the glitter of romance and talk about the "Great White Plague."

However it is gratifying to know that consumptives are learning that a little common sense home treatment will cure many cases. They are also learning to know that a percentage must die just as a percentage of people otherwise afflicted die. The last year has done much to stop the fright that was on. The attempt to chase people from home; the campaign to fill with fear every person who gave out the slightest suggestion of a weak lung has about collapsed, and the victim of consumption is trying to cure himself by living a quiet life; by getting plenty of fresh air; by eating the right kind of food and realizing that he isn't a dead one by a long shot.

Won't Get It.

The democrats are now claiming that forty-five thousand majority is the lowest figure that will satisfy them. We hope they will get all they want, but if they exceed thirty thousand this year they must get more gung into the campaign than so far has been spilt.

We have never attached any importance to the campaign Linney has been making where in he charges democratic extravagance. The figures show that this state is spending some money—but it isn't spending enough. Show us a business that is what is called "stingy," and we'll show you one that never progresses half as far as it could progress. There is a deal of difference between extravagance and good business judgment.

North Carolina should have a higher tax rate. She should expend millions on her highways and on her public buildings. She should see to it that the school houses are doubled and then she should appropriate a million for advertising her resources. This may sound like extravagance—but if the money were appropriated and judiciously and not extravagantly expended, it would all come back—and come back ten fold.

Each year we have more people. The demands are greater for more money—and if it happened, which it will not, that the republican party was victorious, it could not go into power and make good and pledge to reduce expenses. Because if it made a record worth while it would increase expenses.

Away with the silly talk about democratic extravagance or republican extravagance. Might as well say that one of the live Greensboro merchants who spends a couple of thousand dollars to put an up to date front in his store room was extravagant because he kept abreast of the times.

Again The Straw Vote.

The New York Herald has given us the third returns on its straw vote. This means now that over a hundred thousand people have voted—out of several million, and the Herald concludes that Hughes is still leading; that Wilson isn't making as much head way as he did, and that Hughes is losing some votes—those votes going to the Socialists. We can see how a republican might vote for Wilson, because of many things. But we can't see how a rock-ribbed and painted in the face and tattooed on the back republican could throw down his party and hump into the socialist's frying pan. Think of that sweep—and yet the straw vote discloses this state of affairs.

The Herald has for years done the straw vote stunt. Like Mother Shipton's prophecy; like the Roman augurs of old; like many necromancers with more than a local fame, the Herald's straw vote has had believers. But when one understands that so far but a hundred thousand people—topsy-turvy—have voted and there are several million voters in the country—with the women this time an unknown quantity, the straw vote, however honestly compiled amounts to no more than the prediction of the Seventh Day Adventists that every so often the world is coming to an end. But to add to the variety of its news, and put people talking, the Herald does a stunt that can only be regarded as journalistic enterprise—having no foundation as to facts.

Reciprocity.

President Wilson has shown by his acts that he believes in reciprocity. His wife was celebrating her birthday Sunday and the dispatches say he gave her a diamond brooch. But it wasn't long ago that she gave him a whole jewelry store on Pennsylvania avenue—and we take it the brooch was to prove that he believes in and practices reciprocity.

The Same Old Story.

Editor Hildebrand, of the esteemed News has journeyed to New York and gone to headquarters of both parties to find out something as to general results and he writes his paper a column and a half story—but it is the same thing we have been saying and what all have been saying. He finds that democrats are claiming the Middle West—he finds that a few men are insisting that Hughes is winning; that others see how Wilson will be elected. But that is as far as any of us can get. Recently Secretary Daniels spoke in Philadelphia and he quoted a democratic Congressman from the Middle West as saying the whole thing was for Wilson. Recently in this town was a Nebraska orator talking for the republicans and he claimed that the Middle West would go for Hughes like a house on fire. One man will tell you the tariff is going to cut the ice out there; another will say that the tariff isn't in this campaign—and so it seems that no matter whether you journey to headquarters or journey to the farm just outside of town you get no definite—no information that gives one any chance to form an intelligent opinion. The mere belief of some individual is cutting no ice. That Henry Ford is for Wilson carries no particular weight; creates no particular enthusiasm. Roosevelt seems to think he is going to bring into the fold his Bull Moose people. He feels that if this is done the whole country is safe—and many people have believed the claim made that it would take over a million republican votes to elect Wilson. We had believed this, just hear say talk, but the following letter throws some other kind of light on the generally accepted figures:

Col. Al Fairbrother, City.

Dear Sir: Your editorial "The Guessers" in the Record dated October 9th, gives figures of the last Presidential election and contains in the concluding paragraph: "Figure it out old man and tell us if we haven't rung the bell."

The statement is made that it will be necessary for President Wilson to get over 2,000,000 men to vote for him who voted for Taft and Roosevelt in 1912. The World Almanac of 1916 gives the 1912 popular vote as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Candidate and Votes. Roosevelt 4,119,507; Taft 3,484,956; Wilson 7,604,463; Total 6,293,019.

Wilson needs, therefore, to get the votes of only 655,723 of the men who voted for Taft and Roosevelt in 1912, if you figure on only those who voted four years ago and do not consider the Socialist and Prohibitionist. You are certainly correct in stating that mathematics is a true science, but you are far from correct in your practical application, and you place the number of votes that Wilson needs to gain from his two chief opponents at more than three times the correct figure.

Please print these figures and apologize to the Democrats for making their task seem much harder than it is.

Yours very truly, "OLD MAN."

We have no apologies to offer for a mistake honestly made—but we take pleasure in complying with the request of correspondent, as we always like to "keep history straight."

A Long Time.

Wonder what Old Man Villa has been doing the past two or three weeks. Wonder why he hasn't sacked and pillaged a few more towns. Wonder where he is. Wonder if he hasn't been killed long ago. Although we have down on the border thousands of brave soldier men we never get any news of the Old Man. The Mexican situation has been wholly lost while the American situation is the one thing. If we could only understand just why we are maintaining an army on the border perhaps we would feel better. But inasmuch as it is not for the average American citizen to know, we hold our peace and await, with interest, some more news from Old Man Villa. Because he is a dead game sport.

Banks Are Happy.

It is said the banks over the country have plenty of money. They are loaning it and they are not lying awake o-nights wondering if a panic will happen. The man who has a loan knows if his security is good that he isn't going to be called before breakfast. No longer is there fear of a rich man's panic like Teddy gave us some years ago. No longer does the business man wonder what will happen. The new banking laws passed by this administration cut out all that fear. And while the republicans assail that law; insist that Payne-Aldrich law would have answered the same purpose as the federal reserve law, few believe it. Under the present law good security is going to get money at a rate of interest that doesn't make it prohibitive or impossible.

Still To Look At It.

The allies insist that they shall continue to censor the mail, no matter about the protest of Uncle Sam. They promise remedy of whatever abuses may exist at the present time, but as to censorship it will continue. And certainly they have that right. With uncensored mails the enemy can do many things and as long as the allies have opportunity to see what is going on detrimental to them they propose to see to it. Therefore our notes addressed to them fall on deaf ears. We take it that if Teddy were the nation's chief he would stop it—but then as we gather the news, Teddy is not the nation's chief.

One Thing Significant.

So far as we have been able to see there has been no big democrat come out for Hughes. While many prominent republicans have announced that they will support Wilson we fail to see the names of any big gung deserting the democratic ship. This doubtless means something. How much no one knows.

The Death Rate.

The Gastonia Republican has seen, somewhere, some misleading figures concerning the death rate of North Carolina, and accepts them, as being true. The story was that our death rate was 17 to each thousand people and according to figures this was the highest in the Nation. We have elsewhere seen that this statement is not true, therefore we are not in position to respond to help as asked by the Gazette. The Gazette man in trying to figure out what he thought was a true state of affairs says:

Why is this? We believe that we have as robust and as healthy a population as any state in the union. We know we have as much patent medicine as others. We have more farmers than most states and yet our death rate is higher than all others. We have all taken the hookworm treatment so they are not the cause. We have been vaccinated against fever so that ain't it. We could not take a drink if we wanted to, so that's not it.

We are not overfed—prices are too high for that. We are not starved—rabbits and blackberries still grow. We can't work over 8 hours, so work don't kill us. Most of us are married and married people live longer—single cussedness ain't the cause. Very few of us are very intellectual—so study don't worry us. There are no submarines or aeroplanes or venous beasts in our state—they can't cause it. It is true we have some rattlesnakes and no remedy for their bites, yet they are very scarce since prohibition became effective. Then why have we the highest death rate of all the states? Surely Uncle Joe Cannon ain't responsible. The office holders at Raleigh ain't for they never die or resign. In our extremity for the cause of it all we appeal to Col. Fairbrother, who knows everything—please help us Colonel.

If our latest information is correct the cause of the alarm is produced by lie-et-us—but the facts do not exist. You will please remit the usual fee.

Couldn't All Be.

We printed a little human interest story of a man named Miller who died at the ripe old age of ninety years and who was the Cattle King of California. He started as a butcher's boy and bought a steer here and one there and finally made his millions and a reputation. But he played in luck. All the butcher's boys couldn't be cattle kings. In fact there is only a small per centage of people who can be at the top of the ladder at one time. The nine hundred and ninety nine in the thousand who try must see as a matter of fact that there can be but one. However the life story of Miller who started out as a butcher boy, poor and unknown, and made himself a national reputation and millions of money, reads all right, and all the butcher's boys might try to take his place.

Explained.

We have, in candor, asked and wanted to know, just why the army was on the border and how long it was going to stay there. President Wilson answering a similar question propounded by the Governor of New York explains that the army is there to repel invasion and is doing a good work.

Well, if that is the reason we take it that we should all be satisfied. We note however, that whenever Mr. Villa feels like coming over he doesn't seem to stop on account of the army. As we understood it the army was at Columbus to repel invasion when the town was shot up and raided and the soldier boys were attending a swell dance some twenty miles or more away. But if it is really repelling invasion there is where it should be.

Non Political.

In the discussion of extravagance the politicians insist that each party is the guilty wretch. But we notice that neither party has taken up Judge Rufus Clark's proposition to the effect that the high cost of dying can be cheapened by using coffins not to exceed \$12. This is a question that Statesville is going to make state-wide, and while it perhaps isn't exactly a suitable subject to talk about at all times, it is worth while. Dr. Anderson, of Statesville, ably assisted by Judge Rufus Clark, proposes to show the people why. And they have a subject in which all should be interested.

Colonel Bill Ragan.

As will be seen by an article from the High Point Enterprise, Colonel Bill Ragan insists that Carter Dalton meet him in joint debate. Just why Colonel Bill insists upon this we do not know. The fact of the business is that Carter Dalton will make just about as good a law maker as Colonel Bill—and as the legislature is to be democratic anyway Guilford sees no reason why she should send down a lone-some republican to ciew the rag.

The joint debate doesn't mean anything. Each candidate stands up and paws the air and "points with pride" to the achievements of his party—but when it is all sifted down and the chaff carted away both parties are only out for pie. The recent debates between Doughton and Williams have done good for neither party—just a personal exhibition of hot air. We are rather inclined to believe and it is our hope that Carter Dalton will pass up Colonel Bill's challenge, and let the voter decide what is what.

About Two Weeks.

Say, boys, it is good news to know that just a little over two weeks and this election heart ache will end. No matter how the election goes the world will move along about the same. The only thing for you to do is not to get excited and bet against too many odds. It is a cinch that the Prohibition candidate for President will not be elected. You can bet on this and if you lose make a sight draft on us.

If the State Board of Health would only tell us why these bulltjins appear all would be well. When there is nothing, really, to write about, why send in a fire alarm about tuberculosis, and scare a man to death who was on the road to Welltown?