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And Evening Chronicle
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1937

Attention, MAFLO

The MAFLO has overlooked one important evil in Charlotte. Fighting for the Moralities, the MAFLO has been going good. Great changes have come over Charlotte. A fellow can no longer win an automobile with an admission ticket. Risking a nickel on the butter and eggs has become a real risk. Gaming devices have been forbidden. It is possible now in Charlotte to lead a pasteurized existence, with Bad People on the run.

Yet the MAFLO, looking about for new worlds to conquer, rather old evil to eradicate, has overlooked a great evil — matching for the drinks. A flip of the coin to see who pays for two drinks. Not hard drinks, but soft drinks.

This evil custom is flourishing as much as ever, maybe more than ever. It is done openly, at the counters where the drinks are served. And it's not right. It's gambling, isn't it? People with evil, gambling instincts should not be allowed to do this. Besides, some evil one, matching with some righteous person, might win and the righteous have to pay double, ten cents. That is awful.

A Welcome Slander

Three out of every four dollars the State spends for public schools go to the class-room teachers. To these elementary and high school instructors the State paid, in the school year 1936-37, more than $16,-000,000, which spells sizeable payroll in any language. An additional $1 millions went for other expenses.

Yet despite these vast expenditures, North Carolina schools are rated anything but highly by the master pedagogues of the nation. Their assumption is that because North Carolina teachers draw less than those in many other States and less than the national average, the quality of the instruction they dispense is, *per se*, inferior. A well paid teacher is a good teacher. A poorly paid teacher is a poor teacher. Or such is the Educators' measurement, and it is on file at the Bureau of Standards.

From time to time we have taken up the editorial cudgels in behalf of the low-rated teachers, pointing out that just because a schoolmar'm of 40 years' experience suddenly begins drawing $50 more a month it does not follow that she will immediately begin cramming $1.25 more of learning into the heads of each of her 40 charges. We have defended the class-room teachers of North Carolina from the calumny that merely because they draw rubbish they are sub-standard. It is a non *sequitur*, we have insisted, but strange to say the teachers themselves have most vehemently disagreed with us and disclaimed our poor efforts to restore their injured pride. No, they cry; a thousand times no! A teacher is not a whit better than her pay check. Puzzled and misunderstood, we change the subject and do an editorial usually about some non-controversial subject, like the weather.

Always With Us

The Department of Justice has underway two anti-trust investigations, one involving large rubber manufacturers and the other large oil companies. Yet Attorney General Cummings frankly is skeptical that the Government will get anywhere in the prosecution of anti-trust cases "without a thorough revision of the laws."

The Government's helplessness would seem to indicate that the next Congress will have this item near the top of its calendar. Indeed, as it is proclaimed by Administration spokesmen, not a bill will be too serious about it. The politicians have been talking about tightening the anti-trust laws since the memory of man runneth not. Both parties specifically promised to do so in their 1936 platforms, the Republican plank having been lifted almost bodily from the Democratic platform of 1912. In 1932, as well, the Democrats promised revision of the anti-trust laws "for the better protection of labor and the small producer and distributor." Instead, the next Congress, overwhelmingly Democratic, suspended the anti-trust laws in a number of instances.

Monopolies make swell whipping boys for politicians, irrespective of the color of their lapel buttons, and anti-trust legislation is always something to be done at the very first opportunity. But, somehow, they never get around to it. They slap on another coat of paint and use the same old planks over and over again.

Let Him Come Here

A better laugh, even than the Giants, is the reason set forth by the Duke of Windsor, or, at least, by his press representative, as to why he will visit the United States.

The duke is quoted as saying that: "he intends to study the housing situation, in which he has always been much interested." In order to place himself in a strategic position for this monumental task, it is reported, the Duke and his American wife will lease an estate in the Valley of Virginia.

Now, we have no objections whatsoever to the Duke visiting with us. He proved himself an amiable guest in 1924, to an accompaniment of heart-flutters from current debutantes and mass-formation plays by Long Island and Palm Beach dowagers. Edward and Wallie are welcome; so why the excuse?

As to the Valley of Virginia, there has been no housing situation there since 1861-65, unless it be some slight difficulty incurred by New York millionaires in finding suitable acres upon which to gallop their blue-bloods after the Old Dominion variety of Reynard.

We have a suggestion. If the Duke earnestly and sincerely wishes to get the low-down on the housing situation, let him visit Misais Windsor's Charlotte relatives; the Montagues.

We would be pleased at that time to show him Black Bottom, with side trips to Skeeter Hollow and Blue Heaven.

"Less Ap'!"

The Big Apple, the new dance that spread like wildfire from Pawleys Island this summer, won't be permitted at Chapel Hill dances. Student organizations at the University have ruled it out, principally for the reason, as one of its practitioners explains, that —

> "The students are fed up on it. It's just like that song, 'The Music Goes Round and Round.' We sang it to death. . . . That's the way with these Apple steps. They'll soon be dead."

Well, maybe so; but it will be a great pity. They had something there. They had for the first time in the Big Apple, as opposed to the smaller variety, a ballroom folk dance. It required rhythm, unison, abandon and equilibrium, and of these unison was the most essential ingredient. It was the minuet and gavotte, before they were taken up and devitalized by the French court, combined with the *bourré*, or French clog, given a touch of the *bolero*, some suggestion of the quadrille before it became languorous, a generous shot of the *kra*, dance of the African Coast Negroes which was a take-off on the gorilla's method of circumambulation — the whole of which was brought down to date and commenced somewhat in the manner of a Paul Jones, except with real instead of pretended enthusiasm. Showy the Apple was, but it was not a show dance. To the contrary, like so many things it was better with the shoes off. With his shoes off one could — could throw oneself into it, that's what one could.

And the case for this strictly modern Southern folk dance does not end with the statement of its positive qualities. What about the tedious routine it displaced, at least for a while? One foot precedes the other in a series of glides or hops, according to one's vintage and aptitude, the while he steers or is steered by, according to the strength of her will and their relation, his partner in this effete and restrained ambling-to-music that passes for dancing. The absurd part of it all is that polite people, except the very young, must dance this way while the music of a slick orchestra tempts them to caper, seductively suggests that they let themselves go, kick up a heel, stomp, truck to the right and *gate after* — in short, while the music begs them to Apple. O, 2-4 tempo! O, morena! *Less Ap'!*

Rule No. 1

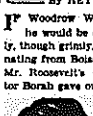
(New York Mirror)

Myrna Loy, married a year, was urged to pass out a few pointers on how to succeed as a wife. One way would be to look as much as possible like Myrna Loy.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEYWOOD BROUN

IF Woodrow Wilson were alive today he would be entitled to smile broadly, though grimly, over a news item originating from Boise, Idaho. After reading Mr. Roosevelt's Chicago speech, Senator Borah gave out a statement in which he said, "Every American will support the President in that policy."



But this was a speech in which Franklin Roosevelt declared for concerted effort by the peace-loving nations of the world. Has the Idaho Lion so soon forgotten that he put the knife into the ribs of the League of Nations and became the father and founder of American isolation?

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WORLD'S CONCERNS ARE OURS

Indeed, when the League had been killed by the diehards of the Senate all the victors proudly proclaimed that the issue had been settled for all time as far as America was concerned and that never again would we so much as touch the hem of our garment to any entangling alliance. And just to make it certain the World Court was ruled out with as much violence as the League. Europe, and, indeed, all the other nations beyond our borders, were to stew in their own juice. What happened in any other corner of the earth was no concern of ours. Behind a high board fence we were to play in our own backyard and pay no heed to any groans and mutterings which came from beyond the wall.

I am not a passionate partisan of Woodrow Wilson. It seems to me that he fumbled in entering in the War and erred again most grievously in the terms of settlement to which he agreed. But at least he had more foresight about the future than the men who said, "Let them stew in their own juice." The fumes of that devil's brew bring contagion on the wind and there is no wall high enough to keep the poison from the very air we breathe.

Peace cannot be regarded as wholly a local issue. It will be said truthfully enough that the League has been a feeble thing with a record of failure in every crisis. It will be said, but it should not be said by any of the men or forces in this country which doomed it to defeat by driving home their daggers.

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LEAGUE OF PEOPLES IN ORDER

The old League is dead. Of that there can be little doubt, but it now becomes the duty of the nations of the world to build a better one on a more democratic basis. In fact, it must be a league of peoples, for there can be no great hope for anything which a little group of diplomats may achieve in secret session.

President Roosevelt has spoken of "quarantine," and the word will suffice, since it is an epidemic disease against which the democracies of the world must guard themselves. But the President has already said too much or too little unless he has in mind the development of some definite program of effort by which the plague of Fascism can be effectively localized. We must be quick and frank in recognizing the forces in Europe which are sincerely devoted to peace and those which are committed to war as the last toss of the dice in maintaining their system.

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AMERICA MUST PLAY HER PART

It is sound to say that Fascism is actually a synonym for war. The Italians have a right to the form of government which they want, and the same is true of the Germans. Although, for that matter, so have the Chinese and the duly constituted loyalist republic of Spain. But the fact we must face is that Mussolini and Hitler press for world conquest. We ought to play our part in establishing an economic boycott. It is a small world and we are not alone.

Vogues in Education

(Item, Raleigh News & Observer)

A few years ago public school principals laughed at the idea of establishing work shops to give student training in everyday trades. Despite their ridicule, work shops were introduced under vocational education curricula, and they have spread like wildfire.

This year, North Carolina's vocational education fund hit the staggering high of more than a million dollars, and the State can't spend it. The trouble is, the program is so new there are not enough qualified teachers to meet the demand, and the State finds itself with more money than it can spend—a brand new experience in education.

Twenty new departments of shop work were established this year, and every teacher employed to supervise manual training has come from without the State. Even by employing these "foreigners," the State found it impossible to locate enough men trained in trades to give the courses demanded by urban high schools.

No Wonder

(Christian Science Monitor)

A new device employed by the United States Bureau of Standards has measured the weight of the earth as 6,576,000,000,000,000,000 tons. No wonder some of us look tired who go around carrying it on our shoulders.

Stock Market Compared To 1903 Decline

This Was Called "A Rich Man's Panic;" And Was Fairly Short-lived

Dear Sir:

The stock market in Wall Street has been having a stampede. Owners of stocks and bonds have lost faith, hope, confidence. Things, they say, look gloomy and dark. U. S. financial pages, day after day, week after week, tell of falling stock prices, falling bond prices, falling commodity prices. Financial authorities, financial writing men, and some of the investors, have been describing the stock market break, panic, collapse. You find 'em still describing, still explaining the drop. What happens? Confusion and still some more confusion!

This shakedown process is painful. Some family fortunes have been swept away . . . hard-earned savings have been lost. Banks, bankers, banking systems, insurance companies, finance concerns and investment trusts are still reading Wall Street news, debating the actions of stocks, bonds and commodities, and discussing the policies of the national administration. Those who are upset, gloomy, are trotting out an impressive, imposing, spectacular, flashy array of reasons for their pessimism, but you can take it or leave it. They fear a new depression. "America faces its greatest business depression," says somebody in New York. But look around.

The Federal Reserve Board, Washington, D. C., owns a conference table 131 feet long and 6 feet wide; 48 persons can sit there. The U. S. financial pages have not yet carried a large photograph showing the faces of 48 persons at that long, long conference table. Not one of them has predicted a brand-new depression. No one in that conference room has warned 15,000 banks to sell, liquidate all stocks, all bonds, all commodities. Ye gods and little fishes! Do we face our worst slump? The Federal Reserve Board in its grand new building (cost 84½ millions) has not yet mentioned this horrid word, "depression." U. S. business is safe. U. S. industry is not in danger. Our banking system rests on a safe, strong, sound foundation. The stock market in Wall Street is squeaky like a new shoe. Those Wall Street brokers, like hens, squawk. Investors, like pigs, squeal. Millionaires and speculators strike, strike, strike.

What is it, "A rich man's panic." This term is not new. It was known way back in 1903. The rich man's panic in 1903 was not a dangerous one; the nation, in that year, ridiculed Wall Street, and refused to get scared. The panic of 1903 was temporary, brief, short-lived; the stock market stood still for months, many stocks, many bonds, many commodities dropped lower and lower; oh boy, they were bargains! Daring speculators and brave investors stepped in, and bought 'em. Bye and bye, the 1903 panic was forgotten. Recovery ran strong. U. S. business and U. S. industry marched onward and forward; the stock market showed action and more action. Came boomtimes and the crest of prosperity.

THOMAS W. HAMRICK, JR.
Shelby.

Handy Gadget

(Transylvania Times)

Some of the high-powered brew is same as knock-out drops when it catches hold of a chap who is "new on the job" of poodling around with the "wine when it is red," and makes some folk act mighty funny, but there is a little bit of good in it at least. The cob openers that some of the squeezed-dunk manufacturers put out make fine corn shucking sticks. The point is already there, but needs a mile of whittling, and two miles are ready in the thing to run the leather thong through. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Visiting Around

The Bar Sinister, We Guess

(Sanford Herald)

We found Charlie Boaz down at Cameron was growing a mustache when we passed the other day, so we wonder now if he is still a member of Cameron's volunteer fire department.

Well, Maybe It Follows, But We'd Like to Know How

(Bear Creek Item, Sanford Herald)

We found Mrs. G. W. Burke to be one of the finest old ladies we've ever met and, incidentally, we're going up Sunday to eat grapes with Mr. and Mrs. Landon Rives.

Hunh?

(Lanes Creek Item, Monroe Journal)

A man in this community was out in the garden the other day and found eleven figs that the pet chickens let ripen. The women folks were busy cleaning house. Not finding a stew pot small enough he found a quart coffee pot, put the figs and some sugar in and made preserves.

The Arab'll Gill Her If She Don't Mind

(Route One Item, Stanly News and Press)

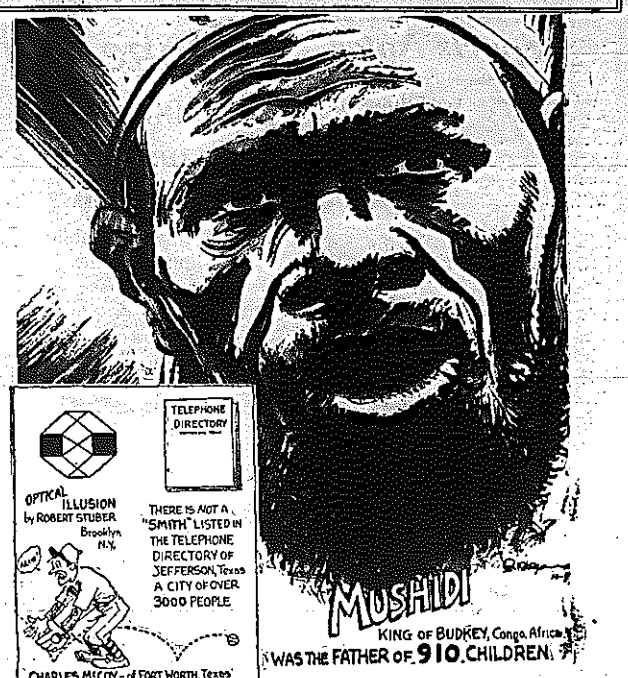
Miss Lois Caudle visited friends near Palestine Saturday night.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Ripley

On request, sent with stamped, addressed envelope, Mr. Ripley will furnish proof of anything depicted by him.



Explanation Of Today's Cartoon

FATHER OF 910 CHILDREN—An interesting account of Mushidi is found in Pere Labouchere's book "Vingt Ans au Kongo." Labouchere spent 20 years as a missionary in the Congo, and in his account of Mushidi, the King of Budkey, he devotes considerable space to tell of this astounding number of children and the great number of wives. The number of wives could not be ascertained with accuracy but "they probably numbered 3,000." The number of children, however, was definitely established as 910.

As Mushidi was a vassal king of the great Sova (ruler) of Loanga, he was obliged to pay an annual tribute to his overlord. This tribute consisted of several hundred wives, which he had to deliver to the Sova each year. In the Congo, nobility is inherited from the mother, and consequently all of Mushidi's children were commoners—not princes of the blood.

CITY HALL TOPICS

By DICK YOUNG

NOT so long ago, a manufacturer of gasoline emphasized the power of his product by showing on roadside billboards how one gallon could lift the Empire State building or hoist a battleship so many feet. Such pictorial feats of strength showed clearly the potency of gasoline, but in spite of the dangerous nature of the stuff it is hauled in quantity through the crowded streets of Charlotte every day.

These heavy tank trucks, with their thousands of gallons of gasoline, are a potential fire hazard which the North Carolina Fire Chiefs Association is trying to eliminate. The Association has requested cities and towns of North Carolina to pass local ordinances regulating the movement of these trucks on city streets. Most cities have enacted strict regulations regarding the storage of gasoline, and Heaven knows that if it is dangerous to store gasoline, the danger is intensified when the gasoline is in transit.

An elaborate ordinance, covering nine pages in the code of the City of Charlotte, has been adopted to eliminate as much as possible the hazards of storage of gasoline and other inflammable liquids. Types of these liquids are defined by class groupings based on the flash point as determined by closed cup tester. Gasoline is placed in the class A group with flash points below 25 degrees Fahrenheit closed cup tester. And the ordinance in regard to the storage or handling of class A liquids sets forth that such storage shall conform to the following:

> The storage or handling of a total quantity of class A liquids is limited to one gallon in any dwelling, apartment house or tenement. Not more than 10 gallons may be stored outside of any building above ground and then only if kept in self-closing metal cans or tanks made for the purpose and free of leaks, and no cans shall be filled inside of any building.

The ordinance stipulates that tanks in excess of 11 gallons at filling stations and elsewhere shall be placed three feet underground and sets forth third regulations for such installations. It also provides that above-ground tanks shall be located outside the fire district, provided the tanks do not exceed 126,000 gallons capacity. Then these shall not be located within 50 feet of adjoining property and within 15 feet of any building on the property, and each tank shall be surrounded by a wall or ramp so that any escaping or leaking gasoline shall not get closer than 25 feet to any other structure or adjoining property. The ordinance further reads, "In locations where above ground tanks are liable in case of breakage or overflow to endanger surrounding property, each such tank shall be protected by an embankment or dike."

With such strict regulations already in force for the storage of gasoline, it would be the part of consistency to adopt an ordinance forbidding the use of city streets to these large tanks filled with gasoline. Even empty tanks should not be allowed, for Fire Chief Hendrix Palmer, who is president of the North Carolina Fire Chiefs Association, says that the fumes issuing from these empty tanks are more dangerous than the gasoline itself.

Municipal Briefs: Charlie Allison, diminutive rodman in the Engineering Department, is a push over for colored shirts, especially those of deep brown and dark-hued red. . . . . The other day City Manager Marshall walked over to the Health Department to discuss a few problems with Dr. Rea, the health officer, and found himself in a line of firemen taking "shots" for the prevention of colds. Mr. Marshall kept in line and when he reached the doctor he bared his arm and took his first cold inoculation. . . . . The specifications for the addition to the City's filtration plant, on which contractors' bids will be received October 22, are contained in 189 pages of mimeographed paper. Twenty-seven sheets of plans, each as large as a desk, are also part of the specifications. And speaking of these plans, those who were responsible for them were entertained with their wives and lady friends at dinner Wednesday night at the Red Fox Club on the Catawba River by Mr. Marshall. George Rollins and his staff of assistants, worked day and night and every holiday to complete the plans and in appreciation for their service Mr. Marshall gave them a dinner party. . . . . Miss Augusta Laxton is taking a special course in maternity work at the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital in New Jersey preparatory to taking over the supervision of the maternity clinic as successor to Mrs. Charles Short, who will resign November 1. . . . . There are two Negro janitors at police headquarters and both are named Lonnie. . . . . That was $5,000 well spent when Church and Fourth streets were repaved. I have never seen such vast improvement with such little expenditure of money. . . . . Dave Poplin, one of the City Hall janitors, is under treatment at the veterans hospital at Columbia, S. C. . . . . Patrolman Bryant is another good example of a police officer doing his duty with friendliness and courtesy. . . . . The three huge elevated water tanks now being erected as part of the million-dollar water improvement program will be painted an aluminum color, with the upright supports painted black.

Not By a D— S—

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

Mr. Roosevelt's critics minimize the value of the economy promises made by him at Bonneville and Grand Coulee; the budget, they hold, is not to be thus balanced—not by a dam site.

Earlier Days

News of 75 and 100 Years Ago From Files in the State Library at Raleigh

OCTOBER 9, 1862
75 YEARS AGO

BATTLE AT CORINTH

War has its vicissitudes from which we are not exempt. After a series of unbroken victories it falls our lot to record a reverse. On Friday last General Van Dorn having joined his own forces with those of Price and Lovell attacked the enemy at Corinth. A desperate struggle ensued. Friday and Saturday the enemy was driven back. On Sunday he was heavily reinforced; and Van Dorn, unable to meet this addition of fresh troops, was himself forced to yield the field of contest.

Our army is stated to be at Ripley. Ripley is a small village about the center of Tippah county, Mississippi, twenty-five miles southeast of Corinth. Our retreat would seem to have been made in good order from the moderate claim which the enemy makes of prisoners taken—from 700 to 1,000.

On all sides the fight is represented as being a very bloody one.

We must wait for further facts and explanations before forming an opinion as to its full merits. Corinth was a strongly fortified place and the enemy thus had a great advantage. It is conceded by the enemy that our troops exhibited great valor. They, therefore, deserve our praise. Let us be more careful to give it to them because of their misfortune. We tender these brave men our sympathies in their reverse as cordially and affectionately as we would have congratulated them in case of success. Our flag has been forced back, but so long as its defenders are brave and enduring, it is not dishonored. Better luck next time.

We do not wish to understate the serious consequences that may result from the repulse at Corinth. It may interfere with the operations of Gen. Bragg by enabling Rosecrans to unite with Buell and thus derange the whole plan of campaign in the West and Southwest. We say this is possible, but upon a more careful perusal of the telegram published by us yesterday, it seems to us by no means probable. While the blow has been heavy it does not appear to be so heavy as it appeared to us when we first read the telegram.—Fayetteville Observer.

It's Wonderful

(Portland Oregonian)

A man of many years' experience as a clerk in a retail store who has secured a position with the government in the income tax department, reports that it seems like heaven to be where the customer is always wrong.