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The Law Outwitted

Queer things, those laws by which our behavior is governed. Because booky joints take place in Charlotte and place them in states where beating is legal...

There ought to be a tip in this for the butter 'n' eggs operators, here and everywhere. If Nevada, as the hussy is threatening to do, legalizes infidelity, all that the butter 'n' eggs operator will have to do is open up an office in that demoralized state...

Not is that the last of engaging possibilities opened up by the discovery that the bookies can't be touched. The movies—oh, the movies could show on Sundays and sell tickets to a performance in any way where Sunday movies are permitted, and come within that local ordinance which prohibits Sunday movies only if they charge admission...

Roses and Comets

Vittorio Mussolini, who found Hollywood inhospitable, has written a book addressed to the youth of Italy, wherein he assures the young spirit that bombing from the air is "one of the magnificent sports" and "the quintessence of beauty"...

This Doesn't Help

Yesterday at Syracuse, N. Y., a Boston-bound Greyhound bus was halted by an auto blockade, said by police to have been deliberately formed by striking Greyhound drivers. Then, while the cops labored to make way for it, somebody took a hammer and disabled the ignition system...

Who's Effete Now?

One by one the old heroic legends of our boyhood are vanishing. And when or where they are to be found, they are in the hands of the West. The equivalents of Deadwood Dick and Handsome Harry still flourish on the newstands, we believe, and of Jesse James, the bad, bold train robber. But in reality, all the cowboy legends are due date ranchers now, and the primitive either gangsters who fire machine guns from the comparative safety of a speeding automobile—or blunders...

The Amish

The Amish are back in print again for refusing to accept the compulsory school attendance law of Pennsylvania.

These people, one of the most curious sects in a country, which has known many curious ones, are a branch of the Mennonites. And the Mennonites in turn are one of the few survivors from the many reforming sects which sprang up about Zurich in Switzerland at the beginning of the sixteenth century, under the general name of Anabaptists. These Anabaptists denied flatly that the existing church and the existing state were Christian, and attempted, as whole communities, to withdraw entirely from the world and to live in the primitive simplicity of the Christians—excluding the community of property. That angered the secular as well as the ecclesiastical authorities, and at Spire in 1529 the emperor Charles V ordered them driven out to the woods and swamps. Thousands of them died as martyrs. Afterwards, the group we know as the Mennonites came under the leadership of Menno Simons, from whom they take their name, and somewhat modified the original anabaptist position.

In 1800, the Amish split off from the parent sect. And in 1803 they established their first American settlement in Pennsylvania.

They hold that the world and the government are unchristian and that the Amish should not be trucked with the life of the world. They refused the original anabaptist position.

IT SEEMS TO ME

THE MORAN LIBRARY has just opened to the public its collection of autograph manuscripts, and this is a story I recommend. It is a good story, but I still remember that I felt much like "Cootie Cortes" when there was spread before me the Keats manuscript of "Pierce, the Younger Brother." There are first editions as well as manuscripts, but the books mean nothing to me. I am not at any rate, very much less than the slight of Dickens on fish on the original page of "A Christmas Carol." And near at hand is "Franklin," just as it came from the pen of Walter Scott, and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." And the assiduous script of Byron. Thackeray may have written long novels, but he was parsimonious with paper, and his hand is that of a watch repairer. There are the tracks of an unburied pen, and there is never a page which suggests that the master was saying to himself, "open his eye. I'd like to go back to bed again and sleep off this one."

BY THEIR HANDWRITING I have no great faith in those who undertake to read character by handwriting. This may be based in part upon the fact that the very calligraphy suggests the frightened efforts of a backward moon. And such an interpretation would be a slight exaggeration. Still one cannot look at the pages where Byron's pen went by without getting the distinct impression that here was a young man disposed to shock the prim and puritanical.

And in the later manuscript of Scott there is almost visual evidence of the points at which he sat down wearily and said to himself, "Trot or cold, this one I've got to write to lift the mortgage." There is a small passion among collectors for modern manuscripts no matter what the potential position of the author in the estimation of posterity. Or, at any rate, they fight shy of authors who have typed their stuff. To me this indicates a lack of understanding and imagination upon the part of the bibliophile.

As far as the reading of character goes I'd much rather take a shot at guessing the personality of a man from his typed sheets than from his penmanship. And all there is sure thing to get touch. People who compose on the machine are much as pianists in their technique. And the keys very distinctly register their moods. The expert's eye can readily detect the days on which the man in question was in the best of his mind, and the passages which were set down simply to hold the franchise are equally apparent. Much more than in the case of handwriting it is possible to tell which parts of a typewritten manuscript were dictated in rapid fury and those portions pecked out slowly under a lagging inspiration.

THE TYPIST'S MOODS

I have no intention of setting up as a super Sherlock Holmes in the "business of type detecting," but I will wager that if a total stranger will bet out for me, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." I can tell with small margin of error whether he beats his wife and is mean to writers. And I also will undertake to predict whether or not he has happily married. This is entirely apart from the problem of whether or not he beats his wife, because that occasionally makes for tranquility in the home. Like Conan Doyle's hero, I have no desire to make a mystery of my methods. I am looking at a typewritten manuscript now. This man undoubtedly loves his wife, or at least ought to, because obviously she is a treasure who puts a new ribbon in his typewriter at appropriate intervals. Elementary, my dear Watson.

One Guess

(Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch) The Benoit has got his agricultural bill ready. Of course, there is no doubt who will have to pay it.

Visiting Around

You Sure It Ain't a New Dog House! (Route Three Ham, Lenox News-Topie) Mrs. J. M. Wilson has just had a new hen house built. Looks like she might be going into the chicken business.

He Only Bites on Mondays and Thursdays

(Spartan Herald) You can usually tell when "Buck Billy" Curtin has had a good sale of tobacco the day before. He believes in feeding the monkeys on peanuts. Saturday seemed to be one of his feeding days and we are sure that the participants that met "The Billy" yesterday afternoon were very careful for his hospitality.

Stop Us If —

(Nifty Artisan, New Bern Tribune) A man saw a WPA worker sitting up in a big oak tree. "How did you get up there?" he inquired. "I don't remember," the WPA worker replied. "I was laid out on an acorn."

Bigger Game Than Bookies Waits MAFLO

Major Crimes Cry For Attention, And Besides A Welcher Is—A Welcher.

Dear Sir: Your editorial in Monday's paper, "And Where Was MAFLO?" was most interesting and tickled the cockles of my heart. Your article had "guts," and evidently was written by one who, in addition to being a newspaper man, knows his onions. All the time I have been over and a good sport. But the whole "World's Greatest Squawker and a Welcher" I have been taking chances for over twenty years—in business, on football, baseball, prize fights, horse races, and every form of sport, including the stock market. And I can make a wager on any sporting event without putting up a cent—because my word is my bond.

If you want to know the truth from a man on the street, I honestly believe that the people are getting fed up with MAFLO. Examine the police blotter every day, check over the major crimes in our city, and you'll see that MAFLO can't see the woods for the trees. Why doesn't MAFLO really come out and do something constructive for our city and stop this dang plidding?

The welcher is the one MAFLO should have given a good going over instead of being a bookie. Judging from newspaper accounts, they (MAFLO) take the word of a welcher and sucker, and thereby they only create more welchers. If there is anything more despicable than a welcher I'd like to know it.

A. R. LOWELL

CHARLOTTE

MR. DALY'S SERIES ON NEW INTANGIBLE TAXES RAISED

ALL BRUNING UNDERSTANDING Dear Sir: May I thank you for my first real understanding of the state's new intangible tax laws? Your Mr. J. A. Daly's series of articles on the bank account, accounts receivable, bonds, notes and other securities were very informative and helpful. I had known of these taxes since the constitutional amendment election and the following legislature, but my knowledge was vague and of little use to me in preparing to meet these obligations. I don't like additional taxes, but if we must have them, it is better that we understand them. Therefore I appreciate the service you have performed for me and, I feel sure, many others like me.

FRANK C. DEWEY

CHARLOTTE

DOGS IN OUR PICTURE WERE NOT POINTING—TO WHICH MR. REVILLE ENTERS REPLY

Dear Sir: We are not smart and don't know how to be very rich—but we do know when a dog is in and is not at point. The picture you printed yesterday of the hunting scene at "Morroccott" and stated that the dogs had just come to a point was the most ridiculous thing we have ever seen. Maybe we have never been afflicted with an expensive dog, but we can't believe that an inexpensive dog points better than an expensive one. (Unless it happens that Mr. Morrison has especially built dogs to keep them from straining themselves in pointing.)

Hunters may be ready to shoot, but the dogs have certainly not pointed yet.

We are enclosing cuts of two dogs at point together with your own cut; see how the comparison strikes you. Please show the system of Federal taxation is invited to furnish incentive for capital investment and re-employment. (4) That no farm bill is passed which will reintroduce the radical planning features of the AAA, being about drastic reduction of acreage, which would cause a reduction of employment in all these agricultural sections where there is a large amount of hired labor. (5) That no legislation is passed which will have the effect of seriously increasing production costs. (6) That some new great horizon is opened up. But we will not make a drain on the public purse—probably in housing. (7) That the budget is not seriously unbalanced.

The demand for statehood is tremendous. Statehood in the White House, Statehood in the Congress, and Statehood in the courts. It is necessary that statehood be built between business and government, and that they should cease to continue operating like mutually hostile armies.

Business and Government are like a married couple who have quarreled. It will liquidate the New Deal. Let them be built between business and government, and that they should cease to continue operating like mutually hostile armies.

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The King Calls

(Springfield Republican) When important news recently reached Premier Mussolini he was advised to ring up Victor Emmanuel. "I have never called his majesty on the telephone in my life," replied the Duke; "ring up his secretary so that the king may summon me." In short, "Call the king to call me." Kikutov has some queer tales.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

Advertisement for Dr. Dye's Health Clinic. Includes a cartoon of a man in a suit and a woman's face. Text: "DR. DYER RUNS A HEALTH CLINIC in Bartlesville, Oklahoma". "RATTLESHAKE PETE" (Peter Guit) MORE A SUIT—MADE OF HUNDREDS OF RATTLESHAKE SKINS. ALL BUTTONS WERE SHAKED, RATTLE BUTTONS. Rochester, N.Y. 1400.

ON THE RECORD The Next Thirty Days

THE next thirty days will be as important as any in the history of this Republic. They will determine whether a business recession snowballs into a social depression and a social crisis. If the latter happens, the very fabric of American democracy may be at stake. For the capacity of the country to weather another depression, before the serious social, economic and political effects of the last recession set in, is one great big question mark.

It is the belief of this column that this recession can be halted, provided that seven things occur. They are the following: (1) That a genuinely equitable settlement is reached, and reached quickly, in the utilities question. (2) That the railroads are given the right to the system of Federal taxation is invited to furnish incentive for capital investment and re-employment. (4) That no farm bill is passed which will reintroduce the radical planning features of the AAA, being about drastic reduction of acreage, which would cause a reduction of employment in all these agricultural sections where there is a large amount of hired labor. (5) That no legislation is passed which will have the effect of seriously increasing production costs. (6) That some new great horizon is opened up. But we will not make a drain on the public purse—probably in housing. (7) That the budget is not seriously unbalanced.

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Business As Usual

(Baltimore Evening Sun) Italy and Russia have been making faces at each other, at long range, for months. Mussolini has lined his country up with the U. S. S. R., and Moscow has been frowning with betting brow at the Mediterranean power. Because of the distance between them, actual hostilities would be difficult, even if they were really ready to fight, but they are doing their best to make each other mad. —Meanwhile, however, what do we find? A Lapham dispatch in the Sun announces that a 3,000-ton destroyer, Trachant, which Italy is building for the Soviet Union, is cancelled. Italy, with official ceremonies, for it happens that Italy is a ship-building power and Russia is a customer. Business as usual.

Al!

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot) Hitler has emerged from his interview with Lord Halifax paying for more German equipment. He is being paid by both parties who will do their best to exacerbate injured feelings and exploit post-war grievances. There is no question that the business world there was disappointed who are willing to subsidize Hitler's "conquering" the "islands of revenue" that way sometimes.

Earlier Days

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

NOVEMBER 24, 1936 75 YEARS AGO GENERAL POLK Whatever has been thought or said of General Bragg's operations in Kennesaw, his retreat from that state has been universally regarded as a masterly maneuver. An officer who has written an account of the whole campaign for the Richmond Whig gives Polk the whole honor. Immediately after the beginning of the retreat, General Bragg, he says, "turned over the whole command of conducting the retreat to General Polk, and to his masterly sagacity, energy and decision is due the safe arrival of the immense trains of our army. The wagons of Gen. Kirby Smith had been twice packed for burning, but by the indomitable watchfulness of General Polk, and his orderly labor in pushing forward the trains, as well as holding the enemy in check, they were saved." —Fairfax Observer.

NOVEMBER 24, 1871 100 YEARS AGO FROM CANADA

We are informed by a gentleman from the North that Col. Westwaller, who commanded the Queen's troops at St. Charles, says that the Canadians made a gallant and obstinate defense and that the place was finally carried by a charge when the regulars had the advantage the Revolutionists being without bayonets. The registry of an American hotel in this city shows that the Duc de Blainville, Charles Thon, and M. De St. Germain, from France, passed through here on Monday last from Canada. The Duc de Blainville, it is well known, was an able minister of Louis XVIII and of Charles X. His visit to Canada at this crisis may be accidental, but it is calculated to create an impression that this crisis is less a matter of impulse than of design. —Albany Evening Journal.

Out of Muff

(New Orleans Register) "How the world turns! Take the Grand Hotel in London, where the meetings and goings have excited comment of late. His title, Muff, is the old Arabic term for an expert on island law who gives legal opinions when asked hypothetical questions by the judges. Because the hotel was so comfortable, British army officers in India, wearing light uniforms designed in a distant northern land nicknamed civilian clothes "muff." Yet the latest whirlpools of the Grand Hotel of the Holy City have been trapped up in a high collar with two bands crossing each other stiffly on his breast, for all the world like a British redcoat of the India Company days.

It Doesn't Feed the Cows

(Western-Salem Journal) "What the best feed for cows is, I don't know, but what I do know is that I don't feed them this."