

The Charlotte News
Published Week-Day Afternoons
1000 South Tryon Street
Telephone 2-1234

Subscription Rates
One Year \$10.00
Six Months \$6.00
Three Months \$3.50

The Easy Way
Times of Superior Court judges may prevent the holding of the Mecklenburg criminal term scheduled to open December 6, in which event the docket, so recently purged and brought down to a minimum, will become crowded again and the mill of County officials will be kept busy for some time.

Well, that would be too bad, but the court can always avail itself of the method of whittling the docket down to size that it used last spring. At that time, the docket was booked, some of them years old, it was hopelessly behind. Then—snap, snap, snap—and the court was almost up with itself. By the familiar method of the noble press which is to say, "I'm the noble thing," it swept more than half of its indictments into the waste basket and let some hundreds of accused wretches go scot free.

Fete de Paris
Paris, messieurs et mesdames, those normal, sane, sane, sane people. In that gray and leaden sky, the Ministry of the Interior has dug itself up something bearing the fascinating name of Les Capouardes, Ordre de plus enorme, something else known under the cryptic title of "Les Capouardes," which is translated as Les Comies Secret d'Action Revolutionnaire. Guards of the Suverain Nationale, a little steady as any boys, but still cockily magnificent in line and roll, stand about the Quai d'Orleans.

Dangerous Passage
The tumbling down of the mountain at Los Angeles reminds us again how precarious is our life upon this apparently solid earth. This is our destined mount, this rough old ball falling so strangely about the sun and through the icy blackness of space—rushing so strangely with the sun upon the constellation Hercules at twelve miles a second or some other equally preposterous speed. We can't get off. Like it or not, we, and all the teeming cargo of life which pours up from its fecund source, can only cling on tight and hope to heaven that it doesn't crash into any of the other giddy balls wheeling and spinning and falling about the sun.

Well—Of Course Not
Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, chairman of the Post Office Committee, has come forward with a bill to take possession of the first, second and third class of the post office and restore outright the old method of selecting them purely on a political basis. That seems natural enough for Senator McKellar, but before this he has shown himself so divided in his mind as to be pulling that we have suggested that he be known as Pat—short for patronage, that is.

Senator Kenneth McKellar who early in his career backed bills of Senators who were not his friends, but who were on patronage, on a purely political basis. And it is Senator McKellar who is currently holding up a bill to take possession of the post office, and restore outright the old method of selecting them purely on a political basis.

AXIOM ONE IN POLITICS
WASHINGTON—The "axiom" is an old Chinese custom. To a lesser extent it pervades the whole Orient. "Face" is whatever bluff or pretension you put forth to the world. Sometimes it is something as aristocratic and deadly as the tradition of the Samurai in Japan. If anything happens to reveal that you are not really perched on a high pedestal, you are liable to fall far above the ordinary level of the mass—but just an ordinary human being after all, you are liable to be cut down by a butcher knife that has been handed down through generations with some kind of mojo on the haft and either whittle out your own bowels or engineer a blow-out in your jugular vein.

EVERYBODY DOES IT
We have a good deal of attempted face-creation and face-saving in this country. Among private individuals it is pretty pathetic. It is the entire theme of the very human comic strip about Major Hoopster and the action of British aristocrats and to an heroic past, and a scientific present. Stuffed shirts in private life can usually get away with it only if they are really rich, and then only partially. But one of the chief curses of this country is face-saving in public life.

HAS HE KEPT FAITH?
No public utterances were ever more generally applauded than the President's promise that if the first experiment AAA turned sour, he would be the first to recognize it and say so. Nothing ever helped more to inspire confidence than the assurance that the president came to believe that if his betting average was 500, he would be as good as the best. It was literally true. It is an accepted principle in industrial management.

Coroner's Jury
The law says that he, the other was Frank. But what did Hittpatrick and Mercer Blankenship have to do with a good deal of common sense on their side when they contended at the Coroner's inquest Friday night that coroner's jury members ought to be subjected to the same tests as other jurors.

New Look At 'Em!
(Tom Henderson, Caswell Messenger)
This farmer had an hundred-acre farm and no tenants. While his four children were small and his help was limited he was content with four acres of tobacco. His two boys now enrolled in high school, enrolled in the agricultural class, when along came the government crop surveyors and cut down the tobacco acreage on that farm to less than three acres, an acreage too small to be profitable. The boy who had where tobacco is printed for cutting. Badly this farmer told his sons there was no land on that hundred-acre tract which he owned and on which he paid taxes, to permit them to have "acre projects" in the future. The boys became discouraged, because the opportunity was denied them to make a little money while continuing their studies, and quit school. One now runs a filling station and the other works for the American Tobacco Company.

Visiting Around
What'sa Want His Hands Go Rings for—Going to Use Him for a Nutsacker?
(Adv. Newcomb Observer)
WANTED AT ONCE—Good repairer with team and four hands.
Dang! He Make Up Your Mind About Them Tens
(Lincoln County News)
An enjoyable trip over some Gaston and Cleveland counties' country lanes. Sunday morn'g, the best of them, was a white cotton field. Now that leaves are falling, the fields in meadows and on hillsides were open to view. Many are dotted with peanut and hay stacks. Some lovely streams wind through many of the farms, adding to the attractiveness. The mountains in the distance stood out boldly, making a lovely blue background for the autumn scene. Traffic was so heavy that at times it was like a procession.

Not to Be Overlooked
(Richmond Times-Dispatch)
Still, the present dole does not appear that far brighter. However, they may be thoroughly mistaken, but always at the top of the voice.

MAFLO Spirit Saps Liberty, Blights City
One Who Doesn't Bet On Horses Calls On Citizens To Heave It Out Of The Saddle.
Dear Sir:
When do we throw off the clammy hands of these parasitic reformers who have monopolized morality? I speak of the new movement to stand on betting on horse racing. I do not bet on horses. I do not know how, I do not bet on anything much, because I haven't the money which I can afford to risk that way. But that is my business, and it galls me in the gut to think that the Maflo, I don't see why the anti-gambling to itself the power of regulating me.

Their whole philosophy is irritating. They have caulked the whole town over with the pale acid of their pernicious senescence. Charlotte ought to be twice as big as it is, it ought to be a community robust and flourishing, with the red blood of free expression and accomplishment. Such a thing as the Maflo might be a good thing as a goal, a side issue, a sort of guide post as we get ahead, but as a controlling influence it is deadly. It saps the town, it isn't necessary that people bet on horse races, but for a well-rounded community it is necessary that they can decide to do so if they wish without being blighted by the dish-water morality of a thing like the Maflo. I don't see why the anti-gambling and the church members don't repudiate such leadership. I don't see why the citizens of the community don't exercise their stamina and put such a thing to rest.
L. L. K. HUNTER.
Charlotte.

THANK YOU FOR THE NOTE—WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE IN THE MATTER
Dear Sir:
The Charlotte Lodge of B'nai B'rith wishes to express their gratitude for your very kind cooperation that you extended to them during the North Carolina State B'nai B'rith Convention.

GREAT DAVIDSON TEAM OF LAST YEAR TO BE REFORMED WITH THE CURRENT RECORD
Dear Sir:
One of the things I enjoyed in this section last year was the talk one heard on every hand about the magnificent football team at Davidson College. I saw some of the games myself, and that was proof of their record—and justly so.

ON THE RECORD
Mystery in the Mediterranean
The Germans can refute it—by producing U-24.
Isn't it clear that despite the pretension that there is a free press in England, the public there are getting a highly colored and even censored version of plain facts?

Enbalm It Under Glass
(Wall Street Journal)
Of all the pressure groups in the country, the "silver bloc" can probably claim to have secured the most success on the least showing of merit. Its progress has long been hovering silver bullet into the Treasury at over 70 cents an ounce, against a world price (London market) of less than 40 cents an ounce, and a New York price of around 45 cents. The proclamation under which this operation is legitimized expires on December 31, 1937, and the "silver bloc" or "silver lobby" will then be free to do as they please.

Origin of "Suwauc"
(Atlanta Journal)
Everybody knows who wrote "Gone with the Wind," but how many Southerners know the derivation of the name "Suwauc" or "Suwauc"? I think they do are eligible to put it to rest, for the Smithsonian Institution after considerable research, has been able to do no better than suggest two probable derivations, without proving the authenticity of either.

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