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We seek truth, that we may follow it.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1938

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

In Superior Court at Lexington this week, a fellow named Arman pleaded not guilty to 53 charges of defrauding the chair factory at Thomasville he had been serving as superintendent, by accepting bribes from employees. We return for purchasing their goods. Whereupon Judge Byren sentenced him to pay a fine of \$5,000 and to serve eighteen months—the prison term to be suspended on condition of his absence from North Carolina for two years.

This business of getting the cases of most serious of criminal offenses by getting them, seems to be getting entirely too common. However well it may have fitted Greece and Rome 2,000 years ago (and they in fact used it only against political opponents), it cannot be justified in this country on any principle of equity or rational self-interest. We dump our convicts over into a sister state, and have we got rid of them? Maybe, but only by passing the problem of dealing with them on to a state which has not even been created by the United States. We surely have no right to do that. And moreover, we really gain nothing. For, inevitably, the other states proceed promptly to stamp a page out of our book, and to dump their convicts on us.

In reality, everybody loses, save only a lot of people who, according to the usual view, are in the interest of society, to be confined behind bars.

Pirates at Pensance

The British Government, say London dispatches, is "aroused" by the sinking of a Spanish freighter by Spanish insurgents within the last few days, and is "redoubling its search" in the "determination" of wiping out the "pirate" submarines and planes. Oh, well, maybe so; but we bravely hazard the opinion that in the same way we can surround.

The whole business is strictly in the Gilbert and Sullivan manner. It is the obvious of the obvious that the British Government can steam a squadron of cruisers into Palma any day it pleases, and that when they come out they will not be met by a single gun. The Spanish navy, on the other hand, with which to continue their entirely illegal blockade. And it is the obvious of the obvious too that, within any twenty-four hours, the British Government can launch from Gibraltar planes enough to sink not only every plane on Mallorca but every plane that Franco has in Spain. It is flabby ridiculous, indeed, to tell us that twenty British destroyers roaring through the waves 40 miles an hour can't find a submarine moored at eight miles an hour toward its one possible base on the eastern end of Mallorca.

But, alas, those Inurgent ships and those Inurgent planes and that Inurgent blockade of the World War. This calls attention to Franco's greatest mistake.

Not a mistake in feeding the Belgians; it wasn't that. Hoover was a wonderful feeder. The food was supplied by the United States. It was the Belgians, the Belgians, Belgium, the whole world, that Hoover was amazed.

Backward, Turn Backward!

Herbert Hoover is still a big man in Belgium. He will soon sail for that country where he will be honored as a celebration commemorating his work as food administrator during the World War. This calls attention to Hoover's greatest mistake.

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His mission served from Belgium to the Belgians, Belgium, the whole world, that Hoover was amazed.

... Then came his mistake. He became a politician, a candidate, finally a President. The halo began to wear. Instead, before it was over, poor Mr. Hoover was in a mind to have the halo replaced with a sign which says "No Use Here". His mistake, he was not quitting when the quitting was good. If only he had let it go at feeding the Belgians, he would have been a prophet not without honor even in his own country. As it is he has returned to an earlier order of things, and on the cheers of the populace and the acclaim of a grateful nation.

Sooner or Later

The cows do grace which the Countess delivered. The Blue Laws turns out to have been instead a fair pair; in good old Americana, a fumble. The shade of our religious code is not a degree lighter than it was, and the penalty for violating what was left of the Fourth Commandment is not a jot less. The law got through modernizing it to suit its own comfort and convenience—that penalty is still, if the worst comes to worst, a stretch in the hoosegow.

At the same time, we find within us the patience and the delay. If the present City Council doesn't re-enact the liberalizing ordinance at its next meeting, dotting all the eyes and crossing all the tees, why it will do it a few meetings later. Or, if the present City Council loses its nerve, the next one will muster sufficient courage and have done with the thing; or, falling that, surely the one after will do the needful. For it is a state of mind, rather than any caprice, before which Blue Laws are not so much a yoke as a yoke's prongs. He gave it as his opinion that Panny, the eight-year-old elephant in his barn, could demolish Gargantuan without any trouble and that such a bout would be no more than a breather when it took to a yoke of the gorilla's prongs. He gave it as his opinion that Panny, the eight-year-old elephant in his barn, could demolish Gargantuan without any trouble and that such a bout would be no more than a breather when it took to a yoke of the gorilla's prongs. He gave it as his opinion that Panny, the eight-year-old elephant in his barn, could demolish Gargantuan without any trouble and that such a bout would be no more than a breather when it took to a yoke of the gorilla's prongs.

Prearranged Yells

Townsmen R. C. Birmingham's and B. J. Turner's conference at Washington includes a sad commentary on the workings of the democratic spirit. Somewhat as we had suspected, a loud handful of Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers had previously determined to "yell hell" and that they did, to the considerable embarrassment of the more dignified majority. Even so, say Charlotte's representatives, the conference served a useful purpose.

But the impression we got, and the impression, in fact, of all the readers got, was that a vehement, angry wrangle took place, and that Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal caught the devil. And isn't that, now that we think of it, an illuminating illustration of the paradoxical political situation, wherein Pennsylvania and New York, and all the elements those states symbolize in America, are yelling bloody murder so loudly that the rest of us can't hear ourselves think? And pretty soon we're yelling down at them to "yell hell" and that they do, to the considerable embarrassment of the more dignified majority. Even so, say Charlotte's representatives, the conference served a useful purpose.

Necessity Knows a Law

At any rate we were pursuing a 4-2-1 planibility these men, and any when we proposed that the City Council disregard the precedents and move for Supreme Court authorization to maintain the new Charlotte Airport. It seemed that the time had come. The latest never had passed on an airport as a public necessity, but then, times change and new needs arise. It appeared ludicrous that the City might own a valuable property quite legally but be unable to access taxes for its upkeep.

City Attorney Boyd, with the Council's sanction, thereupon appeared before the Supreme Court and made vigorous and eloquent argument that the time had come for the Court to exercise its discretion and admit municipal airports to its list of public necessities, just as it had done for public parks.

But the time has not yet come. In the Supreme Court, four Justices turned thumbs down. It is true, but two of them believed that the City might properly protect its airport property, whereas Justice

Clarkson agreed that it might maintain it. That is consolation, but we still have on our backs the Democratic Party's "Public Safety" and the ludicrous situation of owning an airport without being permitted to use tax money to keep it up.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEYWOOD BROTHMAN
 SARASOTA, Fla.—Arthur Brisbane was right. I've met Gargantuan the Gorilla, the gorilla who is wearing horns and there isn't a doubt that he could take both Louis and Schellinger; nor would it bother him much if Braddock and Parr were thrown in for good measure. The big ape lived up to his billing. He is the fiercest looking thing I have ever seen on two legs. And probably it is a powerful creature. I was all the more impressed because he did look a good deal like a distant relative. No one was allowed to go close to his cage, because Gargantuan can reach about five feet through the bars and get a hold on a visitor whom he dislikes. Moreover, he didn't seem to like anybody, which may have been one of the reasons why he reminded me of a relative.

They used to let him have large tin cans to bang around, but he flattened them in such a way as to hurt them through the bars like a bullet.

But Cap Davis says Jocko's a Mere Mook's way as to hurt them through the bars like a bullet.

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County Ought To Keep Out Of City Row

Rural Ministers Have No Business Mixing in Blue Law Fight Before Town Council.

Disagreeing with them as I do, I was still not particularly annoyed at the attitude of the Charlotte ministers on their stand on the new open-Bunday law. Rather, I was somewhat pleased that they contented themselves with a resolution. That was to be expected, and we should not be too critical of them for that.

But upon reading about the matter in your paper, I was a little disturbed about another factor: that the Mecklenburg ministry was also voicing objections, and for the life of me, I am not sure why. It might have been, I feel, to see where the rural churches have anything to say about it. They are not a part of the City of Charlotte, yet by law they are.

Over 75 per cent of the county's tax is paid by the city, yet the city makes no attempt to regulate affairs in Pineville, Huntersville, Cornelius, or any other lower town in the county. They have their own elections and are allowed to carry on their own municipal government.

The city is part of the county, but the county is NOT part of the city.

CHARLOTTE.

IN WHICH WE EXPERIENCE A CHARMING RENAISSANCE AND BLUSH BECOMINGLY

This is all the paper I've got left but I am hereby using it to a consecrated purpose. It is a sacred paper, I am going to write the truth. Here it is and I've got no axe to grind. So here is fact—I have been reading a few copies of the Charlotte News this morning and I am so impressed (as ever) with the quality of the editorial writing that I am going to use it as a model for my own writing. I am so impressed (as ever) with the quality of the editorial writing that I am going to use it as a model for my own writing.

MAUDE WADDELL.

In Wildest New Bern

(Billy Arthur, New Bern Tribune)
 Policeman J. Neal Smith captured a hold-up man on the street early Monday morning, and how in the world it got to town news of us have been able to determine. It was the second that the policeman has captured on "Little Broadway."

Neal said he saw something apparently knock over the street like a piece of paper. Then he saw it go back, and he knew it was a piece of paper not blow against the wind; so he investigated.

It looked like a cat, but was too big for a feline; so the policeman shined the flashlight on the beat, and it was a big possum. He chased it in the front of the Berk store, blinded it, and then hit it over the head.

It weighed about six pounds, and Neal declares you should have seen the half-asleep Negro cook dozing in the Williams jump when told of the beautiful feat he could prepare for himself.

Visiting Around

Mr. Mack Ebers and Miss Helen Stewart, of Shiloh Township, were married Tuesday afternoon at Do's Beauty Shop by Mr. N. D. Tomlin, Justice of the peace.

The Joy Ride Is Over (Adv. Marshallville News)
 BWAP—Second-hand, wares for a fresh milk run. H. W. Hurley Griffin.

Afterthoughts (Ezra and Astoria Courier)
 Paul Johnson visited Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dennis and daughter Tuesday night.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

ONE-EYED GOLDFISH
 Owned by J. MACO
 Birmingham, Mich.

PRESBYTERIAN PASTORS IN RALEIGH, N. C.
 REV. WHITE
 REV. BROWN
 REV. BLUE
 REV. GREY

EVENING WRAP
 MADE OF WHITE
 OAKEN FEATHERS
 BY ELISE BAUER
 Oakville, Ia.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT
 of SALEM, Mass.

BLIND HISTORIAN TRIUMPHED OVER AN INCREDIBLE HANDICAP AND WROTE THE MOST ACCURATE AND DESCRIPTIVE HISTORY OF PERU!

Explanation of Today's Cartoon

THE BLIND HISTORIAN—William H. Prescott (1795-1859) lost the sight of one eye through an accident and the sight of the other as a result of an inflammation, so that to all intents and purposes he was totally blind before he started his career as a historian. He purchased an instrument called a "scotometer." This implement, consisting of a frame crossed by a number of brass wires, held a sheet of thin carbon paper on that Prescott wrote a select of great works on the history of Spain, Mexico and Peru, with an endurance that baffles comprehension.

CITY HALL TOPICS

The law is an expanding science, designed to march with the battalions of life and progress and to safeguard and interpret the changing needs of a community or a country. The great definition of the law by Justice Davis, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, is about the most comprehensive statement I've ever seen of what the law really is.

And it is disappointing, to say the least, that the majority of the eminent Justices of the State Supreme Court displaced the law from its honored position at the head of the marching battalions of life and progress and conformed it to the rear of the column, struggling to keep pace. Surely, in the recent decision in the Charlotte airport case, the law was not interpreted progressively. Aviation is a new thing, and an airport bears the stamp of the Twentieth century. Aviation facilities are now, as they were in the past, a part of the life of the community. And municipal governments face the problem of providing for their cities the means whereby progress can be made and the present and the future served.

In an effort to break the shackles holding back progress in this important mode of modern transportation, the Charlotte municipal administration undertook a test case to secure an interpretation of the law as to whether it could expend public funds for operation and maintenance of the Jureaux airport. But in spite of the eloquent plea of Basil M. Boyd, City attorney, who closed his argument to the court with Justice Devin's fine definition of the law, four members of the court held that an airport is not a public necessity and that funds for it cannot be expended except by an approving vote of the people.

And so North Carolina cities will be forced to continue their struggle to march forward, hampered by a ruling which says in effect that the law is not designed to march with the battalions of life and progress.

Often, workers in the City Health Department will tell you the Negro made call upon the clinic, pointing out that they are employers and asking for information on themselves. One of the whole works got a big laugh out of one who telephoned this week to say, "This here is Mrs. Jones. I is going to the hospital soon to have a baby. Will it be all right for me to keep my girl? I likes her just fine." It was as apparent as if the Negro maid had stood before the clinic worker; that the caller was "Mrs. Jones" but the servant, who was trying to find out if the arrival of a new baby in the house of her mistress would have any effect on her employment, since she was taking treatment for a

Municipal workers walked away with many of the honors at the square dances at the President's Birthday Party. Policeman Red Porter's string band won the Blue 28-00 for the best band. Detective Sam Dewese carried third place in the contest for catter of cigars, and Patrolman Willie Yandie and Fireman Marshall Pettus were among the best individual dancers.

Mama Dionne's worries of child care are all when compared to those of the City Board of Education, who, as secretary in the City School Board office, has to look after 10,000 school children.

Came a package at Christmas to the home of a prominent Charlotte citizen. Surprise-looking it was found among the presents under the Christmas tree. It was too mysterious to open; it might be a bomb. Police were called. An X-ray picture was made to reveal the hidden contents. And, sure enough, the X-ray showed a clock device with springs and other gadgets—a thing of death if opened. But Chief Littlejohn pointed to a key that the X-ray had revealed. "It's nothing but a toy," he said, and ripped off the paper covering. And behold! the engine of death and destruction which renders it particularly dangerous is a toy clock.

The wives of three Councilmen dropped in at this week's Council session to see what their husbands had done at the City Hall. They were Mrs. J. Nance, Mrs. Roy Hudson and Mrs. J. H. Hunter. When graciously recognized by the Mayor, Mrs. Nance replied in a neat little speech.

Douglas, Negro jurist of the City Hall, wanted me to have my copy of the News with that picture of the Herrin Avenue ghast, concocted by the ghost specialist, C. A. Paul, with the assistance of Photographer Tom Franklin. He took it home and showed it to his boy and now he stays home at night.

Conversations to Tom Watkins, my friendly enemy of the morning sheet, upon his promotion. Good luck and success but no coops, Mister.

A Backward Industry
 (New York Times)
 Housing is one thing which cannot be used to prove that practice makes perfect. Men have been building radars for perhaps fifteen years, and automobiles for fifty years, and telegraph lines and railroads for not much more than 100 years; and in all these fields they have achieved wonders. On the other hand, men have built houses of one kind or another the tens of thousands of years for fifty years, and telegraph lines and railroads for not much more than 100 years; and in all these fields they have achieved wonders. On the other hand, men have built houses of one kind or another the tens of thousands of years for fifty years, and telegraph lines and railroads for not much more than 100 years; and in all these fields they have achieved wonders. On the other hand, men have built houses of one kind or another the tens of thousands of years for fifty years, and telegraph lines and railroads for not much more than 100 years; and in all these fields they have achieved wonders.

Say That Again
 (Charlotte News & Courier)
 The theory of the News and Courier is that the newspaper that habitually and successfully avoids the expression of unpleasant and discouraging opinions and criticisms is likely to get more money out of the people as long as they have a few dollars that they can hold up to the public gaze (the old-fashioned way). We recommend daily meditation on Poptone's success to the doctored world.

Earlier Days

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

FEBRUARY 4, 1863
THE RAPPANNOCK CROSSED
 Philadelphia.—The Washington Star of yesterday received. It has the following important intelligence in regard to the movements of the Army of the Potomac under General Burnside: "The understanding in Washington today is that a portion of the Army of the Potomac, General Hooker's division, has at last certainly crossed the Rappahannock, and the movement took place yesterday."

FROM FREDERICKSBURG
 A Snow fell yesterday to the depth of three inches. This was succeeded by rain. The enemy were quite active yesterday, large trains of wagons, supposed to contain provisions, being in motion, and going down the river. It is more than possible that but for the rain something would have turned up here today. As it is, the Yankee army is most probably stuck in the mud. All quiet this morning.

FEBRUARY 5, 1863
100 YEARS AGO
BEAUFORT HARBOR, N. C.
 The writer in the New Bern Spectator says that there is a depth of 23 feet of water on the bar at Beaufort. The writer adds: "None but those who are acquainted with the seaboard and have cast an eye upon the beautiful and commanding location of this harbor—its spaciousness, its safety, and its proximity to the great cities of the world—can appreciate its superior claims, and its value, if improved, to the State of North Carolina. It should indeed be viewed as one of the richest treasures of our state's possessions. And here we have it ever before our eyes, when we think of its neglected condition, we cannot but deplore that fatal indifference to the public welfare, the want of energy and want of state pride which has permitted so important a spot to lie in obscurity and suffered every project which has been set on foot for its improvement to be left to the ground."

Backward, Turn Backward!
 (New York Times)
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