

BEASLEY'S FARM and HOME WEEKLY

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Devoted to the upbuilding of the farms and homes of Mecklenburg and contiguous counties, of which Charlotte is the natural center. It believes this is to be accomplished through the ancient American virtues of honesty, thrift, imagination, and independence, and by growing cows, hogs, poultry and the feed stuffs to be marketed through them.

WHAT NEW MOVE MEANS

This is a war that moves from one point of the compass to the other like a black untethered wind, says an editorial in the New York Times. All the belligerent and non-belligerent Powers, have tried to limit it, and their efforts have been defeated. Hitler sought desperately to contain it within set bounds, but every dam he erected burst in process of construction and added to the force of the flood that drove him on and on. The British tried to hold it to the seas; the Atlantic and the Mediterranean are their chosen battlefields. Russia strove to build walls against it in the east and west. By pacts with Berlin and Moscow Japan attempted to fend off attacks in two directions while she advanced in another. Before and since the fighting started the United States has acted time and again to localize the conflict. But the storm sweeps on with a certain inevitability. No power has yet proved strong enough to wage this battle on its own terms either of time or place. The first World War had fixed boundaries; this war jumps frontiers and oceans, not only because it is in the sky or with mechanized forces, but because it is more universal. It literally shakes the central pillars and the farthest outpost of the whole world.

Hitler was impelled to strike east—his inability to end the conflict on any of the existing fronts, and this turn opens up unexpected vistas, with implications we are just beginning to grasp. There might not have been a conference between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill at this time if the Russian campaign had not cleared the way toward new battlefields. Suddenly it became clear that Great Britain could extend her field of action and that American support of the fight against Hitler was not limited to shipping supplies across the Atlantic. The war prospect, and with it the scope and direction of our aid, changed with the shift of the German armies and the time-saving resistance of the Russians.

All this is emphasized by the announcement that war planes are to be ferried from this country to West Africa and thence to the Near East. Two objectives are envisaged in this new move. The African landing fields for the American bombers are in British ports close to Dakar and other points in French West Africa. This is one means of stiffening the French to resist German demands for air bases at Dakar and also of being near at hand in case this strategic point is occupied by the Nazis. It also puts recognizable features on the vague face of danger by reminding us that if American planes can be ferried from South America, enemy planes can fly as easily from African bases to South America should the Nazis succeed in converting some doubtful state on the neighboring continent into an ally.

But the plan is above all a sign that the British and American governments are preparing for decisive developments in the Near East. The Nazi advance to the Black Sea is preliminary to a drive on the Caucasus. The Germans are still a long way from the oil fields and the back door to the East. There is time to block them in Iran and on the Turkish border, but to do this requires boldness, speed and a formidable show of force. The new ferry route is the supply line for the most important of the new battlefields.

NERO FIDDLES WHILE ROME BURNS

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to affect the Senator. A man who can speak flippantly of so profound a subject has no sense of responsibility.

The Senator refers to India and to Russia, repeating the German argument. Even Ghandi, the Indian leader for freedom, abstains from his campaign during the war, not wishing to cripple England while she struggles for life. It is nothing to the Senator that the Russians, unwillingly but valiantly resisting Hitler, will probably cripple him so much that he can go no further in the murder of the innocents.

All these windbag senators do not hesitate to misrepresent what the President is trying to do and his methods for doing it. They say he usurps authority. Unwilling to use their own constitutional powers, they whine about the President's using those given him by the constitution. They say he had no right to meet Churchill or to pledge the country to anything. They say he is secretly seeking to get us into the war. They say anything without apparent regard for its truthfulness.

In meeting Mr. Churchill the President pledged the country to nothing to which it had not already pledged itself. One of these senators, Mr. Walsh of Massachusetts, said: "The worst of the matter is that the American people have been afforded no opportunity to pass judgment; Congress and the constitutional concepts of representative Government has been brushed aside, and the President alone, and on his own initiative, has undertaken to pledge our Government, our nation and the lives of 130,000,000 persons and their descendants for generations to come."

Of course there is not a word of truth in this. But the Reynolds and the Wheelers and the Lindberghs, will tell it over and over. Of the Walsh statement, the New York Times says: "So far as the published record is concerned—and it is on the basis of the published record that Senator Walsh makes his criticism—President Roosevelt has made these commitments in the name of the American people: (1) commitment to the premise that the United States cannot isolate itself from the consequences of a world revolution; (2) commitment to pour American weapons into the hands of the British people, for the defense of our own institutions, until this war is won; (3) commitment to use American influence to help construct a post-war world in which we shall be safe against the dangers which now threaten us.

"These commitments have the endorsement of a great majority of the American people. The 'polls' and the 'surveys' say so. More important, the vote of the American electorate says so. Mr. Roosevelt made his last campaign on a platform which openly pledged to the British people 'all the material aid at our command,' consistent with the needs of our own Army and our Navy. He had repeatedly identified Germany as our No. 1 Enemy; repeatedly declared that the day of isolation is dead and gone; repeatedly called for 'full speed ahead' until the Nazi tyranny is destroyed. He had signed, in an election year, a bill which conscripted the young men of the United States for military service. He had taken the unprecedented step, eight weeks before the American people voted in November, of transferring fifty American destroyers to the British Navy. And he was re-elected to office by the American people on the basis of this record."

If Congress had the power to make a foreign policy, the power which the constitution gives to the president, we would never have a foreign policy. Congress, broken up by provincialism and local pressure, can produce no leadership. The framers of the constitution knew this would happen because their experience had already proved it, and so they put the foreign policy of the country in the hands of the president, subject only to the power of congress to approve or disapprove treaties, declare war and vote or refuse to vote supplies in case of war. The makers of the constitution knew exactly what to expect of congress and it has always run true to their prediction. Mr. Roosevelt has developed his foreign policy, just as Jefferson and Monroe were compelled to develop theirs, without the advice or sympathy of congress. If congress had followed the foreign policy of Wilson we might not now have this war.

Apostle spoons, the ones bearing the figure of an apostle with his emblem, were first made in England during the latter part of the Fifteenth century.

NO NEARER WAR SAYS PRESIDENT

Complete Accord With Mr. Churchill and Next Move Is to Help Russia Resist

President Roosevelt landed back in Washington Sunday from his momentous ocean trip in which he and his military advisers met with Prime Minister Churchill, and some of his military men, and talked over the world situation and issued a proclamation telling the world what to expect when Hitler is defeated.

In reply to questions he said that affairs in every continent were discussed but that we are no nearer active war than before. More material aid, especially to Russia, is the program, and close cooperation with respect to Japanese aggression. The conference was held on board the British battleship Prince of Wales and the American cruiser Augusta, but never has been revealed where the meeting took place.

Within half an hour after his arrival in Washington, the President met with Secretary Hull at the White House for a discussion of the seething international situation. It was understood that he wanted to talk to Secretary of State particularly about the strengthening of French ties with Germany and the crisis in the Far East.

As a result of the conferences at sea with the British Prime Minister and high British military and naval officials, Mr. Roosevelt was more abreast of developments in the war in Europe than of events in the Far East and in France.

Together, beneath the protecting guns of British and American men of war, President and Prime Minister had drafted a joint declaration which spoke of the "final destruction of Nazi tyranny" and outlined their program for a post-war world. They proposed to Soviet Leader Joseph Stalin, and he agreed that a conference should be held in Moscow to discuss the means of getting a maximum of supplies to Russia for her defense against Nazi attack.

Presumably, the discussion with Secretary Hull included the question of when this conference should be held and who should be the American representatives. There was no word, however, as to any decisions.

It was presumed, too, that the discussion included other specific anti-Axis steps which may have been agreed to at the Atlantic conferences. That far-reaching measures were in the making was taken for granted. But a press conference which Mr. Roosevelt held Saturday when he came back to American soil at Rockland, Me., produced not even a vague delineation of the specific steps which now are to be undertaken by the three powers. It appeared that they might remain secrets indefinitely.

Legislature Not So Good As Home With the Family

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Declaration of Independence. Gov. Brodgen of North Carolina, Gov. Hendricks of Indiana; Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina; Ex-Governor Graham, Ex-Governor Vance, and Generals Johnston, Hill and Cox were present.

June 10: "My father-in-law, William P. Robinson, departed this life, ending his career at the age of 79. He left a sorrowing widow and four children to mourn his loss. The funeral services were conducted at Providence church by the Rev. Dr. Davis, and remains were interred there. He appointed me as his executor and divided his property among his children."

Beginning August: "I purchased Mr. Reid's interest in the steam engine and Mr. Donaldson and myself built a gin house and fixed up to gin cotton. I moved my gin and screw down to the mill. We purchased a mill from Mr. Vail, 60 saws for \$120.00. We had many difficulties to contend with as it was something new. Everybody was afraid of getting their cotton burned up."

"We ginned 210 bales that season. The saw mill business paid Mr. Donaldson and myself well."

Nov. 17: "As executor I sold all of the personal property of my father-in-law's estate. Sold well; good mules brought \$150.00, saddle, mare, \$100, and wheat \$1.50 a bushel."

December: "I was pressed with business this year. My own affairs—farm, sawing and ginning, and three estates, on my hands, namely, John Wolfe's, Captain T. A. Walkup's, and Mr. Robinson's."

"I made about 20 bales of cotton and 400 bushels of corn. My labor for 1876: Adam Withers, Jock Arley, and Peter Ke, croppers; wage hands: George Andrey and family, and Jap Houston. Alm, cooking for us. Mules—Dove, Tom, Sal, Kit, Pet and Loose, and two horses, Fannie and Fleet."

Political Activities

"In the county convention I was nominated for the state legislature with Capt. R. A. Shotwell for my colleague, and Dr. T. J. Moore for Senator."

"Governor Vance was nominated by the Democrats of the state for gov-

COMEDY THAT MADE STAGE STARS FAMOUS

A collection of rollicking Dialogue, gags and horseplay of Weber and Fields which evoked applause and laughter from an older generation of theatre-goers and which kept the comic team going for 65 years. Don't miss this feature in the August 24th issue of

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ernor—he had been the War Govern-

Great political excitement during the war. High processions and speakings. Negroes leaving the Radical party by the hundreds and voting with the white people. Hays and Tilden running for President. General Wade H. Hampton running for governor of South Carolina.

"Our state and county Democratic tickets elected by large majorities. "We had to be in Raleigh November 21 for a session of the General Assembly."

The Union county member of the House that year was C. Austin, Democrat, that of Anson, R. I. Dunlap, Democrat, and Rowan, John S. Henderson and J. S. McCubbins, Democrats; Cabarrus, E. E. Harris, Democrat.

Half a dozen Negroes were in that Legislature. They came from Caswell, Franklin, New Hope, Pasquotank, Pender and Warren.

The State House of Representatives was composed of 89 Democrats and 37 Republicans, a majority of the latter coming from Eastern counties.

Notes jotted down in 1877 read: "As a member of the Legislature I spent January and February and until March 12 in Raleigh. We had a pleasant and trust, a profitable session. Our State is in much better condition than before. We now have a Democratic Governor, other State officers, and a legislature for the first time since the late war. I made many good friends among the members and my attachment for many of them grew very strong. I boarded at the National hotel. It is a great sacrifice and self-denial to be absent from my dear wife and little ones. My friends and associations will compensate for them."

"How rejoiced I was to get home to loved ones and the home so dear to me!"

Moon Sparkling on the Mississippi Reveals America

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subway rush, and the bridges twinkling over the river, and the transplanting of trees from Rockwell Center, and Doyler and Pell Streets and the "old-law" tenements and the slums under Brooklyn Bridge, and the Wrigley sign dancing at Times Square, and the waters of the Hudson lapping against the Hoboken ferries where the Half Moon once sailed.

Main Street

Then I thought of the Southern country I had just been traveling through, and the palmetto and pine, and phrases like "cabin in the cotton" and "blat bags" and "high galloped" and the little pickaninny who looked and smiled up at me when I gave her a nickel and the big new aluminum plants at Mobile, and the darkies singing in Atlanta, and the iron lattice-work on some of the Charleston houses.

And then I thought of the mist streaming across the Pacific harbor, and of Telegraph Hill, and the bay and big ferries, and of Fremont and Monterey, and the quiet bells of the Spanish monasteries. And then I thought of some reason I found myself oddly moved by it, of Saturday night on Main St., and the cars parked diagonally in the court house square, and the trees cut down to make an ugly White Way, and of the A & P store next to Woolworth's, and Safeway's next to Sears-Roebuck's, and the Western Union office and the Chevrolet dealer's, and the First National across the street, and the black bounded at the corner by Hank Waterman, Liggett's drug store, swarming with noise and boys and girls and double-thick chocolate-cream malted milk and toasted cheese sandwiches, and across the way the public bandstand and the public announcement system, and the cast iron fountain and a few of the trees that the people had left because they had a vague sense that they were ornamental, and in any case were convenient to hang electric light bulbs on; on Saturday nights.

Kind of Game

And this same town, a block away, has just finished the new wing to its brick high-school, surrounded by elms, the finest building in town; and proud of it—say, stranger, that's the best many difficulties in the world, and if the baseball team doesn't rank up at the top of the Tri-State league this year then I miss my guess, that's all. Well, you can finish it out for yourself. It's a kind of game. You can go on indefinitely. How many Americans do you know? And each one, to somebody, means America; it is the country that he would defend, it is the social class he regards as typical, it is the region that is his own. And they are all worth preserving, of course. It is pretty certain that no matter how big the circle is that any American draws his country, it will leave out part of the circle of somebody else.

And yet there is one thing, it seems to me, that is common to them all, that Americans for the most part can go their own way and live their own lives, and move from circle to circle and place to place, and marry the boss's daughter and find that whatever is their religion or ancestry, or economic circumstance, they are entitled to a vote, and an opinion as much as the next man.

These are some of the thoughts that came to me as I wandered out and found the moon shining on the Mississippi at New Orleans. They are pretty general and nebulous thoughts, I am not sure that they have any place in this series. And yet at a time of crisis it is interesting to reflect every now and then, I think, when we say "America," how many Americas there are and how different, and yet how common goals and aspirations must be that can keep them all stuck together instead of flying apart, like the nations of Europe.

Opportunity Knocks READ THE ADS

BALTIMORE IS A FRIENDLY PLACE

Mrs. Tyson Says It Is Just Like Carthage, Only a Little More of It—People Pleasant

By RUTH HARRISS TYSON

How friendly and familiar Baltimore looked on those first glimpses from the car window!

The row houses, block after block of them, with the famous white steps, were right there, just as described in Augusta, Tucker's book, "Miss Susie Slagle's." I had expected to find them depressing, but on the contrary, they seemed rather cozy. For the rest of my life, the word "Baltimore" will invoke a moving panorama of red brick row houses gliding through my mind, with the slow motion of a train easing to a stop. And there will be a woman on her knees scrubbing the white marble steps.

At the time these houses were built, marble was very plentiful around town, so they used it for the steps to the houses. The steps that are not marble are painted white to resemble marble. And the house keepers scrub the steps every single day.

My first afternoon in the city included a sightseeing tour of the wharves and the fish market, where every kind of sea food imaginable was for sale. There were baskets of live crabs to be had at \$3.00 a dozen. They're very scarce this year.

We saw a Chinese junk with dragons carved on the prow and operated by sails that had just come in from Orient. How in the world so small a craft could have crossed the Pacific, I don't see.

On one of the Bay boats, bridesmaids in evening dress carrying arm bouquets, and ushers in white tie and tails were gayly going aboard. We did not see the bride and groom. But evidently the wedding attendants were seeing them off on their honeymoon.

Then we went to Federal Hill where in 1861 a Secessionist demonstration was crushed. Later, in the Civil War it was taken by the Yankees. On it once stood a signal tower to signal Baltimore merchants the news of approaching cargoes of silk from China, coffee from Brazil, and staples and finery from the four corners of commerce. The view of Baltimore and the Bay was marvelous, and the old brick houses so charmingly quaint, the grass and trees so refreshing, I decided I would like to come here some day, all by myself and spend the day. But after looking into the faces of the bums on the benches, as we walked around the grounds, I decided it would be better to leave before dark, if I did.

On our way home we bought a watermelon from a huckster's cart drawn by a pony. This was to become a very familiar sight. The loads looked too large for such small animals. But they trotted quite briskly along at an incredibly fast pace. We paid 40c for the melon—the same price charged for the same melon in Carthage. You would think we could get them cheaper here.

The next morning, I was awakened by the clatter of horses' hooves going down the alley just beyond my bedroom windows, and a hearty, resonant voice calling in a kind of chant, "Boying up rags, old newspapers, bottles," etc., etc. They came around every few days.

The Most Beautiful Spot

The most atmospheric spot in Baltimore is the Washington Monument at Mount Vernon Place. It was designed by the same architect who designed the Washington Monument in Washington, and was erected before that monument was.

But the most beautiful spot to me was Johns Hopkins University. The buildings all take their tone from Homewood, the home of Charles Carroll, and is considered the most perfect specimen of early republican dwelling in the United States. The brick were imported from England. The new Alumnae House at W. C. U. N. C., Greensboro, is a copy of Homewood. The founder, however, specified that the University should place the emphasis on the quality of the teaching rather than on buildings. In consequence, Hopkins professors are noted for their ability. Woodrow Wilson once taught there, also the poet, Sidney Lanier.

By the way, we had dinner one evening with Sidney Lanier's grandson, Robin Lanier, and his wife. After dinner they took us to hear Grover Cleveland's son speak on "What Shall Our Peace Terms Be After the War." It is quite fashionable in Baltimore now to buy up the old brick carriage houses of the Victorian era and spend eight to ten thousand on them making them into apartments. We went to a party at one of them, given by the artist, McGrath, whose etchings and wood cuts have quite a vogue during the Christmas season. It was one of the most attractive places I saw in Baltimore.

We also attended a party given by the famous Polish portrait painter, Rimsy, who was celebrating the first public showing of a portrait he had done of Dr. Lancaster, head of the department of romance languages at Hopkins. I met a lot of Hopkins professors here.

Among the famous places I visited were the Lexington Market where you find anything under the sun, and Johns Hopkins Hospital, in the lobby of which stands the marble statue of Christ bearing this inscription on the base, "Come upon me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Sargent's picture, The Four Physicians, hanging in the Medical Center library, is also of interest.

It is said that Sargent disliked one of the physicians, Dr. Halsted, very much and painted his face with cheaper oils than he used on the others, so that in a few years his features would be obliterated. At any rate, his face did fade so badly that only recently they had to engage an artist to retouch it.

Fort McHenry, during the bombardment of which Francis Scott Key wrote The Star Spangled Banner, and Edgar Allan Poe's grave were also points of interest.

I found the people of Baltimore friendly and hospitable. Indeed, it seemed just like Carthage—only there was a little more of it.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. H. C. PENINGER

(August 24—Hebrew 9:11-22)

In the study before us we consider the better benefits of the new covenant. Bible scholars have never been satisfied as to who wrote this epistle. Some think it was Paul while others think it was some other inspired man of God. But whoever it was, it certainly has a touch of divine inspiration and has been looked upon by all orthodox Christians as one of the best documents in all the holy scriptures.

The argument here set forth is an effort to show that the privileges which are now mine and yours in Jesus Christ are in every way superior to the privileges given to the people who lived under the Mosaic covenant. Ours is a better revelation, a better Canaan, a better possession, a better priesthood, a better sacrifice, a better tabernacle, and the sum total is a better covenant.

In this lesson we have a perfect description of the tabernacle which Moses erected in the wilderness and in which Aaron the priest served after being sanctified. Read the account. Its construction was according to careful instructions given to Moses by God on the Mt. of the Law. God said to Moses: See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the Mount. God's word of caution throughout the old Bible is: See, or see thou. In this sense, the suggestion is that Moses was permitted a short glimpse of the true tabernacle in heaven. And Moses is now commanded to make a copy of it to set before the people of Israel. But after Moses had done the best he could the tabernacle he had built must remain a perishable construction throughout all time and eternity.

This now gets us into deep waters with little space in which to wade out. But let me say that every sane man and woman is building some kind of a tabernacle here in this world. That tabernacle is a type of picture of the one we are building beyond this vale of space and unseeingness. Reader the two tabernacles must and will correspond. I warn you, be careful about your material and how you build. Keep in mind that Jesus, our high priest, is standing in mine, and your behalf in the true tabernacle which our Lord pitched and not man. The tabernacle built by Moses passed away. But that built by Christ will stand the jar and friction of clashing worlds and will still be impenetrable to earth and hell and then be standing throughout the cycles of all eternity. The tabernacle in the wilderness was a large tent divided into two rooms. The outer room was known as the holy place. The inner room was called the holy of holies. The two rooms were separated by a curtain. This separation has its type. These curtains had to be made according to instructions and of the best material to be had. Wish I had space to explain the types. Maybe your teacher can.

Into this outer room the priests or preachers went daily, holding service. I pause to ask a question: if all our priests, or preachers in Monroe, Brunswick, Md., or any other city of the world, enter their tabernacles, churches, once daily for prayer and

worship, what would happen? Every Christian who reads these lines knows perfectly well what would happen.

We will get back to the tabernacle. Into the holy of holies went the high priest once a year. It was his office to carry the blood of atonement. There in the presence of God he just outside the garden of Eden and ended up at Mt. Calvary.

Since I can't finish, I will mention a few points for teacher discussion. The New Covenant, which is Christ, is better than the Old Covenant which was based on the Law of Moses. 1st, it has a better sacrifice; 2nd, it is based upon fuller and stronger promises; 3rd, its basis is faith and love and not fear; 4th, it gives a personal revelation of Christ to every person; 5th, it provides a remedy for the complete removal of all sin; 6th, it rests upon the blood of Jesus Christ rather than the blood of birds and animals; 7th, it holds good for all time to come and will never need revision.

SAW F D R AND WINSTON

One Charlotte boy saw the famous meeting of President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill on board the Prince of Wales, somewhere in the Atlantic, and is back in Charlotte to tell about it.

The local boy was Woody Wilson, now a member of the crew of the U. S. S. Tuscaloosa, one of the ships that conveyed the presidential vessel to the unannounced rendezvous with the British prime minister who was aboard the H. M. S. Battleship Prince of Wales.

On leave in Charlotte, Woody said the journey to the meeting place was shrouded in absolute secrecy.

"Not even the officers had the dope on that cruise," was his reaction. "The captain went around in his own private fog."

When the announcement came that 70 men would be allowed to board the British battleship for church, Woody was absorbed in swabbing down the decks. Without hesitation, however, he headed for his petty officer to obtain permission to be one of the lucky 70. Permission was granted.

LIQUOR POURING

The Mecklenburg county police on Monday poured into the sewer 153 gallons of white liquor, and turned over to county fiscal authorities for sale to legal liquor stores 168 1-2 pints of Federal tax paid whiskey.

Whirl! No wonder he's in a WHIRL! ARITHMETIC • SPELLING • GEOGRAPHY HISTORY • FOOTBALL • MOVIES REDDY KILOWATT SAYS: BOBBY NEEDS BETTER LIGHT! A cute little lamp like that above was never meant for studying. It puts such an extra strain on working eyes that it's no wonder Bobby can't concentrate on studies. Give him a Certified I.E.S. lamp with at least a 100-watt bulb. You'll save his eyes from strain and you'll make his studies easier. Chances are that his grades will pick up, too. And while you're protecting his eyes try better light yourself. You'll soon want it all over the house. I. E. S. Lamps Sold on Easy Terms Tune In WBT 12:45 P. M. Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Tune In WSOC 12:15 Daily Except Sunday DUKE POWER CO. 430 South Church St. Phone 2-4112