

Harder To Be Chief Justice Than It Is To Be President

Adams Appointed Marshall To Spite Jefferson—Taney's Decision Caused Furor.

It is harder to get the mantle of chief justice of the United States than to be president, writes Girard in Philadelphia Inquirer.

In 130 years only seven men were chief justice, but four times that many became president.

Marshall and Taney together headed American courts for sixty-three years.

Those two were selected for purely political reasons and their decisions quite naturally caused far

greater controversies than were seen since their day.

The very last night that John Adams was president he appointed John Marshall chief justice.

He wanted to spite the incoming Jefferson and prevent his selecting a Democrat. And it was true that, barring Alexander Hamilton, Jefferson had no other political foe who matched John Marshall.

The chief justice's future battles with Jefferson were far more momentous than any the latter had carried on against Hamilton.

Marshall's opinion freeing Aaron Burr from the charge of treason upset President Jefferson's plans.

It also created a national furor and is still the subject of heated historical controversy after 123 years.

But no other opinion rendered by a chief justice caused the violent sequel which followed Taney's Dred Scott decision.

Lincoln was among those who heatedly assailed the chief justice. Dred Scott, of course, was a slave and Taney's decision was the Southern interpretation of the vexed problem involved in the fugitive slave law.

Taney was a brilliant lawyer who was educated at Dickinson college, Carlisle. While Buchanan was president Dickinson set a record never equalled by any other college in having one son for chief justice and another in the White House.

Lincoln's opponents claimed that he appointed Salmon P. Chase chief justice in 1864 to remove him as a presidential contender.

In political circles the majestic looking Chase was regarded as a trouble-maker.

He doubtless felt himself a bigger man than Lincoln, while Stewart, the secretary of state, held a similar view about himself. Alas! History failed to put the O. K. on either.

Morrison R. Waite appointed chief justice by Grant, was entirely colorless, and Melville W. Fuller, named by Cleveland, matched him in that respect.

Not so Edward D. White, of Louisiana, whom Taft elevated from associate justice to be chief justice. White was a Confederate officer and a Catholic, so that Taft defied lightning in two ways.

I heard John J. Johnson say that White was the ablest lawyer who had been in the supreme court bench for years, or perhaps ever.

All his friends have said that Taft was much happier as chief

justice than as president.

But Taft had a remarkable knack of joshing about his own deep political—the wound caused by his failure to be re-elected president.

I've heard him more than once joke about the lonely eight electoral votes from Utah and Vermont which he received in 1912.

And when he added that famous chuckle of his those who heard him felt that here was the true philosopher, but were deeply sorry for him.

There was no more kindly man ever in the White House than Taft, as I found him when I had a long interview with him when he was president.

I've often wondered how Taft and Brandeis got along in the supreme court. It was the latter, as a Boston lawyer, who conducted that terrific assault upon Secretary Baileinger in Taft's cabinet.

College Girls Can Pet There No More

West Chester.—Two drug stores and one restaurant which they characterize as nothing but miniature night clubs and places where "petting parties" can be indulged in, have aroused the ire of the officials of the West Chester Teachers college here.

The 800 or more girl students have been forbidden, under penalty of suspension, from entering the places. College authorities feel that the atmosphere of the three establishments is not conducive to high scholastic standards.

Dr. Norman W. Cameron, principal, issued the edict at a chapel assembly. He said he was forced to act because of conditions which the school authorities thought were dangerous to the welfare of the students, and added that at least one or two girls had been expelled for violating the college regulations.

According to Dr. Cameron, the ban will be lifted if conditions become better in the future. The drug stores are in the central business section, and the restaurant is near the edge of the borough.

Harsh Definition.

A bishop was paying a visit to a certain parish and decided to address the children of the Sunday school. He had noticed many posters referring to the "bishop's visitation," and accordingly began his talk by asking the children the meaning of the word "visitation."

"Please sir," replied a youngster, "it's a plague sent by God."

Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

IT HAS been some several weeks since a crew of magazine girls has worked Shelby, but news from Morganton is to the effect that a bevy of the "won't-you-please-take-a-magazine-and-help-me-out" girls are working that town. And that may mean a visit to Shelby soon. A pleasing item, no doubt, to some men, and an irritating one to others.

IT'S RATHER interesting though disgusting, perhaps, at times, to watch those girls sell their magazines, or their subscriptions for the magazines do not always arrive. They are usually real high-pressure sellers. Which doesn't mean that they have a powerful sales talk as do the shrewd high-power salesmen who sell bonds, real estate and gold bricks. Their methods are different, yet just as smooth, and their high-pressure tactics are to press close to their victims, droop their eyes in an attempted dramatic manner that would say "Oh, you nize, big mannikins, I know you would help a little working girl out and take a couple of magazines."

It would be highly interesting to know just what percent of prospects are sold by the magazine girls in Shelby, or anywhere else. They appear to work on older men more than young men, which would indicate that they are well versed in their game when they start out, for the men around the midway post in life, or a little beyond, are not so accustomed to close contact with little vamps who will know how to put the best foot forward when working on an always gullible man—which is to say that the men up in life, with their spooning days many years in the past, are easier to thrill with goo-goo eyes, puckered lips, and shuffling, lithe bodies no longer covered up than are young men accustomed to dating up with just such things every night. Perhaps, since the monkey gland theories have not as yet proven a success in actuality, the magazine girls are serving a good purpose in life by making elderly men feel skittish as colts—for 15 or 20 minutes anyhow.

One thing making it hard to check up on actual sales made by the magazine girls is that many of the men sold hand over their money and ask that the magazine, or magazines, not be sent to them. For

that they have an excellent reason: wives do not lose their reasoning power at the time of their marriage, and when a couple of fiction magazines begin coming to a man who seldom ever reads anything other than the stock market page, friend wife likely poms some embarrassing questions at her lesser half.

All of this non-essential preamble, by the way, merely leads up to the following magazine girl episode related by William Leslie in his Morganton News-Herald column:

"The whoopee magazine girls descended upon our peaceful little village last week.

"One of the young ladies, after exhausting her usual repertoire of high pressure methods on Mr. Newt Hallyburton, leaned near him, patted him on the cheek and said, 'You will buy one, won't you dear?' Mr. Hallyburton reached in his pocket, produced some change and placed it in the young lady's palm with the remark, 'Here is two cents. Go buy a stamp and write your papa to come take you home.'"

IF ALL auto owners were as particular about preserving their cars as is "Goo-goo" Webb, cars would last a lifetime.

"Goo-goo," for the benefit of the few who may not know one of Shelby's weirdest characters, is the blind, deaf, and dumb negro who pushes a car (his auto) about the streets of Shelby. Despite the fact that he can barely see, can hear nothing at all, and can talk only in the unintelligible grunts, he has for years pushed his car through the uptown traffic without a serious accident. He has on his car an old Klaxon auto horn which he sounds every minute or two to clear a path in front of him. But this is a story of "Goo-goo's" method of taking care of his car. Each evening, or night, when he goes home he parks his car under a tree in the

yard. Feels around for two strips of cardboard and runs the wheels of the car upon the cardboard. Apparently the idea is to keep the damp ground from rotting his tires and that despite the fact that the tires are of iron. The next move is to spread a heavy piece of wrapping paper over the entire car.

Quite a number of Shelby people can "talk" with "Goo-goo," carrying on their conversation with grunts, signs and nudges of the body. The Rudasill family operated a laundry here for years and Lillian Rudasill tells a good one about "Goo-goo's" method of telling when he wanted his laundry back. He would put the palms of his hands together and rest his head upon them in the stage manner of indicating sleep. Then he would raise his head back up and go through the same motion in that meant he would be back for his skirts after two nights, or two days—the motions describing two sleeps. If he would be back in three days he would indicate it by three times indicating a sleeping man, and so on.

"Goo-goo" being that mysterious, unreadable mask, made so by more physical handicaps than this department has ever seen inflicted upon one man, must have quite a shrewd brain such as it is to survive and get along as well as he does. Necessity in his care, of course mothers his ingenuity. Think of having to make your way in life without being able to speak, hear or see—and, to make this a regular Pollyanna chat, pat yourself on the back.

WILL CARROLI wonders how many people remember the big eagle which was kept inside the high fence around the court square here two score years ago. The eagle, he says, would pounce upon a hen the minute one was tossed over the fence to him, but would never get close to a rooster.

IT'S THE time of year when it


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becomes a ticklish business for office-seekers to express an opinion in any controversy. Daniel Allen Fedder, the lawyer-poet, wrote a letter to The Charlotte Observer some days back telling about a strange tree which he planted. He asked, so he wrote, numerous people to tell him what kind of tree it was. One of those asked, he said, was M. Hamrick, cler. of Superior court, but it was recorded that being an office-holder Mr. Hamrick would not express an opinion.

He believes, presumably, the old adage that "the man who says nothing will never have to take anything back." In that caution, which most men in public life practice, Mr. Hamrick has a boon companion in Andy Newton, register of deeds. Every time you are able to persuade Mr. Newton to express his opinion upon a matter under controversy this colyum will present you with an imported French limousine.

In 1928, D. M. Jones, for 13 years a policeman on the force in Los Angeles, resigned because he inherited millions. Recently he went back on the force because he was bored by retirement.


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