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Law Is Wonderful.

Law may not be the stupid thing Mr. Bumble called it in his celebrated opinion, but like a magician's hat, it is full of amazing wonders.

The other day four chiropractors were hauled into a California court and charged with practicing surgery without a license. This is a misdemeanor, and a jail sentence is the worst punishment that could be dealt them. Fortunately for the accused men, they are charged with actually practicing surgery. If they had only planned to engage in surgery, without actually doing so, that would be a felony—according to the law—and a penitentiary term is punishment for this.

In Omaha, Nebraska, last week, the strange workings of law presented a surprise package to Mrs. Carrie Eden, when the Court of Domestic Relations informed her that she had been granted a divorce from her husband, Carl.

"Why, I didn't want a wivorce" gasped Mrs. Eden. "I thought I was just suing to get back some money my father lent Carl."

But even the legal profession itself is becoming increasingly self-conscious over the inconsistencies and contradictions of law.

At a section meeting of the American Bar Association in New York City a few days ago, Arthur Vanderbilt, president of the association, pulled no punches in affirming, "America has the most antiquated system of judicial procedure in the civilized world. The people are vexed by the technalities of law and its delays, but the people must believe in the courts if we are to have a representative, democratic system of government."

We hope this means that law procedure is due for a streamlining, that its verbiage is due for a vacuuming. We would like to believe Mr. Bumble was wrong when he harrumphed, "The law is an ass."

Football Is A Business.

The Federal tax collector has just added some important new names to his call list. Following last week's significant Supreme Court decisions, he'll be able to nibble into the salaries of workers employed by quasi-governmental state agencies. The Federal tax collector has been given carte blanche, also, to the assets of intercollegiate football powers. Whether universities' boards of regents, the athletic coaches or sports enthusiasts may say about it, the Nine Men of the Supreme Court college football, like oldtime players making fly spray or raising chickens for sale, is a business and therefore subject to taxation. The University of Georgia brought its case before the high court to prevent collection of a 10 per cent levy declaring intercollegiate football to have an essential feature of higher education. It was a Pyrrhic victory for Georgia. If such sports are essential, isn't it because they're such darned good business?

Nazi Mumbo-Jumbo.

With a flourish and finesse that tops even their brilliant past record in the field of international mumbojumbo, the Nazi leaders have just succeeded in putting one over on the American authorities.

The event was the affair Grieb, the mystery of the missing wife-slayer, a mysterious in three acts. Act one saw Dr. Ignatz T. Grieb, American Nazi leader, held as an alien enemy in a federal investigation of spy activities. Act two brought some confusion as Dr. Grieb's family sprinted aboard the German liner Bremen. Act three: Dr. Grieb appeared before a Nazi judge and agreed to protective arrest and arrest pending deportation by the Federalend as well as the law.

The protective" kidnapping of Dr. Grieb was another coup for the Nazi chiefs, but a coup that may well turn out to be a boomerang. The speed and dispatch with which German officialdom rescued a witness from the spy investigation seems to indicate that the witness could have told all the Nazi embassy had been allowed to speak.

The Nazis, through their clever-ness, have failed to life the spy scare out of the comedy class onto the stage of serious drama.

A Fur Cry.

Carlisle naturally, is hundreds of miles from New York City where political doctrines wage a constant war against democracy and among themselves.

It is realized that little they do in the East can affect us more than indirectly, but a recent happening should make the town sit up and take notice.

Walter Winchell, "ace" columnist, orthodox Jew and hater of all things Fascist—which includes the present in New York—probably will be sued for libel within a short time.

Now freedom of the press is guaranteed, but there is a limit to how far editors and writers can go in discussing personalities. Winchell, taking "pot shots" at the New York Nazis, has called them "Hatzis."

The "Hatzis" leader, Fritz Kuhn, has indicated he will seek recourse in our courts for "damages."

It is open to argument as to whether he should be permitted recourse to legal action, for this reason. The "Hatzis" and all of their ilk hate democracy as typified by the United States. They pay homage to a foreign dictator whose methods advocate absolute ruthlessness; they parade in symbolistic dress, and sometimes their intimate rather strongly they would like to see another form of government than democracy in America.

It's all right to intimate such a thing. Voice all the protests you care to. But isn't it different when you pay allegiance to a personage, openly, whose methods are revolutionary? And isn't it different when a sort of spying is practiced on whereby a certain nation's existing government is to be overthrown?

To the Judge whose court will try that case, should it come that far, it is suggested the use of a firm hand in the event anyone is found guilty of treason be launched against the "Hatzis."

Winchell has done a courageous thing in exposing the Nazis in their true light. Maybe his methods were strong and perhaps he is influenced by what happens to German Jews, but the point is the "Hatzis" have no right to such methods too.

Americanism may take notice and realize it is time to fight fire with fire, as these visiting Nazis really are boring into our country.

Raising A Prodigy.

There's a lesson for parents in a news story from London. Yehudi Menuhin, the prodigy, has just been married to Miss Nola Nicholas, 19-year-old aristocrat heiress.

If ever a child had the right to be called a prodigy, this brilliant young violinist earned that right. Hailed by the musical critics of the world, Yehudi went on from triumph to greater triumphs with each passing birthday.

And yet, within the limits of time, Yehudi has lived a normal life. In his retreat in the California hills, he spent one whole year in seclusion, living the life of a normal adolescent, and grown to manhood, his marriage marks the beginning of a normal adult life.

Through his years of growth, Yehudi's parents have fought to save their brilliant son from the ills of genius, to give him both the rights of childhood and the acclaim of musical success. Always, their thought has been not how to save him for themselves, but how to save him for himself. In a relationship where love and selfishness too often become mixed, they have been brilliantly successful as parents of their son first, and a genius, second.

For every father and mother, to each of whom their own child is a potential prodigy, there's a lesson in the story of Yehudi's success. Let the child grow through from child to man, the difficult job of growing up to the world, Yehudi has shown the way.

The Football Business.

When next you watch eleven good men and true fighting it out on the gridiron for your dear old school, don't call it a game, it's a business. That suspicion, subject of millions of words of discussion, has recently been confirmed by none other than the Supreme Court.

It all came about because of Georgia Tech. The University of Georgia, contending that football was an integral part of a college education, recently decided to dispute the right of the Treasury to collect taxes on football contests. The high-skin game, they reasoned, was an essential function of a university's educational program and therefore, in accordance with the Constitution, was exempt from taxation by the Federal government.

But the Treasury, with one eye on the million collected yearly in gate receipts, refused to see the argument. "No, no, no," said the Treasury. "That the members of a football team are students does not make them professional players." Whereupon the old grad may well ask, "Why, then, are they playing football?"

Whatever the old grad may think of the affair, the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the Treasury. Football, they decided, is a business, and as a business enjoys all the rights and privileges of business activity—including taxation. In the future, when Bill Corcoran races down the field with those winning points, he's doing it not only for dear old alma mater, but for dear old taxation as well.

Wanted—A Remedy.

Yet it is not Europe alone that laments for all the dreadful and counter-thrusts of warring ideas, classes, and races which today precipitate such furious eddies in the onrushing stream of history. In the great Arab world of the Near East, Britain sits fearfully astride a powder-keg, attempting to tame —with bayonets and bullets—the centuries-old hatred between Jew and Arab. The fires of that hatred have crackled steadfastly and bitterly for ages, but with grim stubbornness the imperial British believe they can quench its flames through violence. With equal stubbornness and driven by wild dreams of empire and an inflexible religious zeal, the little warriors of the Rising Sun proceed (this week with their dearly bought conquest of China. The world indeed stands badly in need of headache tablets at this hour of its history. Anyone with a sane, soothing remedy will surely find forward please. The world, we believe, would welcome a surcease from the noisy blather of warmakers.

Good News!

It isn't often, as everyone knows, that the National Industrial Conference Board has reported good news of late. The bulletins of this fact-finding body have frequently fallen on the ears ancholy side, but last week they made up for it with the announcement that unemployment in the United States decreased 233,000 from March to April. That's a step in the right direction, particularly as employment figures are in time with that step.

Voice Of The People.

The voice of the candidate, it is becoming increasingly evident, seems to have something to do with the voice of the people, particularly in determining the party for whom Vox Populi casts its lusty huzzahs. We have even heard some people venture to say that they would vote against President Roosevelt and All M. Landon in 1936 not really a human but a larynxes. However that may be, it has now become clear that congressmen's wives have been secretly attending classes in public speaking at the Congressional Country Club in Washington. Like the good and devoted wives they are, they well know the rigors of the Fall election season imposed on their campaigning husbands—the frayed tonsils, the raw and burning vocal chords. Hence, the loss, a campaign promise made in the hoarse, squeaking voice is very low vote-getting power. This year then, we'll undoubtedly be hearing the voice of Mr. Congressman's wife in the land, seeking to win the voice of the people.

Monday Holiday.

Opponents hotly call it an "un-called for invasion of patriotic principles."

Proponents call it a more sane, sensible and wholesome observing of our life, living and holiday-making.

The core of the whole dispute lies in a New Jersey assembly-man's proposal to have all the holidays occur on Monday. Instead of having Memorial Day come in the middle part of the week, backers of the Monday-for-holidays movement believe celebrations will doubly enjoy that extra day-off if it were always tacked on to the end of the Sunday preceding.

Merchants and patriotic societies in New Jersey heartily flail the measure, with the former charging that holidays generally lose in driving on Monday would make too deep and drastic a cut on their incomes.

Even without a law, the country is getting a well-filled quota of Monday holidaying in 1938. Labor Day, as usual, turns up in every state on that date, and so will the Fourth of July. May 30, a legal holiday in 49 states, also fell on Monday.

However, there's something to be said for the plan. It would turn at least one Thursday-or-Friday every year into a red, white and blue Fourth of July.

In This Corner

An actress last week said there was something "dramatic" about an empty theater being razed. She preaches the highest form of drama; it's a first class tragedy.

General Goering states no one can make a fool out of himself and German nation," he certainly is right. That job's already been well done.

A plan to reward safe drivers is published by a leading magazine. A form of sympathy perhaps for a man who has managed to negotiate traffic on the road without becoming a raving case of nerves.

Senator Bilbo says a new German microscope will magnify 100,000 times, or enough to make the pro-Hitlerites in the United States look like a crowd.

Ambassador Joseph Kennedy attended a London social event without the traditional knee pants.

Enthusiasm
(Richmond Register)

Lack of every great reform had every great invention there stands some individual who was imbued with a towering passion and who disregarded the jeers and the epithets of his contemporaries and thought only of the triumph of his ideals or his idea.

When Mohammed began to preach that there was but one God, all Arabia laughed at him. In the early years of his preaching he was able to win but three converts—his wife, his cousin and his slave.

His friends tried to make him see his folly, but to no avail. He was convinced that Allah and Allah alone had revealed to him what men must know and obey the God of his belief if they were to be saved.

At one time, when he was the center of a great storm of opposition and ridicule, he said, "If they placed the sun at my right hand, the moon at my left, ordering me to hold my peace, I would declare, 'There is but one God'."

The great flame of enthusiasm that engrossed Mohammed's soul could not be quenched, and within ten years from the time when all were calling him a lunatic and a fanatic his religion had gained such proportion that it was the leading religion of Arabia.

Today over two hundred millions of people are adherents of Mohammed's religion, believed and taught, and Mohammed is considered by them to be a prophet of God.

William Lloyd Garrison, the great abolitionist, was often insulted, and at one time was dragged through the streets of Boston because he advocated the freeing of the slaves. When his opinions were first voiced they only lived to see the day when he could advocate the abolition of slavery in the northern states without risking his life, but he was chosen as a speaker at the re-raising of the American flag over Fort Sumter after the close of the Civil War, and there, on Southern territory he reiterated his belief in freedom for all amid great applause.

It is impossible to estimate the effect the enthusiasm of individuals has had on mankind's history and progress. Elbert Hubbard once said, "One great, strong, unselfish man in a community is worth the whole of it." Every village has its town character, and though he may be considered a joke by the majority of the people, he is a great force in the community. He is usually a man who has had a dream, and has had the courage to follow it. He is usually a man who has been misunderstood, and who has had the courage to stand by his convictions. He is usually a man who has been ridiculed, and who has had the courage to keep on working. He is usually a man who has been misjudged, and who has had the courage to forgive.

Every village has its humorist, and Fidelity was no exception to this rule. Our wag was a tenant on one of the larger farms in the bottom, but he lived in a small new house, about the only new thing in Fidelity, down by the graveyard. He was not a native, that is, he was not born in the community but had come from some six or seven miles away and then had the aloofness that every great critic of society is supposed to have. He also had the advantage of being fully grown and married before he moved into Fidelity; thus he did not grow up with reverence for any of our local idols. Every community needs at least one person who neither knows nor cares for the amenities, so far as the timid rules of society are concerned.

Things that struck us as a matter of course seemed to afford our village wag. Even a funeral had its comic side to him. He was a born mimic and could set us all laughing by his antics directly following a burial. He was one who had no vested interests to protect and could know a joke when everything. When he made his remarks, often a whole crowd was startled for its sit. None of the wiser ones could possibly put a finger on some of the statements that he would settle with a single word. He was a perfect joker, ableu comment. He looked upon selfish soul in every community as a legitimate prey, and the world filled with enthusiasm, have blazed and until the hard hand of an iron fate has taken away all of his belief that the world was perfectly content to run in a groove.

HAS AMERICA FORGOTTEN?

(Nashville Banner)

If the wave of terrorism that started in Germany a little further north has not yet reached Nashville, it has invaded one lesson that should go down in history as the most expensive that experience affords.

The destructive effects of this period of lawlessness left their stamp on this nation as a perpetual reminder of folly as the whole year after the actual scars of the Civil War remained and the period of decadence continue to impose their costs. The nation still is paying for the political setback suffered during the hysteria of strikes and riots which began to engulf this land almost from the moment of organized radicalism's rise to power. In no detail did it pay more heavily than in the forfeiture of confidence that this is America, and that being America—certain rights and attitudes, invasion of which brands the agencies of such invasion as alien and subversive.

Did America absorb the full impact of the Haymarket riots in Chicago in 1886? Or the Homestead strike at Akron and at Detroit a total of 4 weeks ago, which resulted in the death of three persons, one of them possibly fatally, in street fighting? Or the Republic Steel strike in Chicago on Memorial Day, 1937? Or the Kohler strike in Wisconsin, a battle took place between pickets and a shift of workers brought in to enter an oil refinery.

Each one of these events has left its scar on the history of the nation, but the one that has been most completely forgotten is the Haymarket riots. Here is a case in point. Here is a case in point. Here is a case in point