The Charlotte News

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THURSDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 10, 1931.

Today's Bible Thought

DEATH OR LIFE—To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.—Romans 8:6.

Mr. Hoover says the Farm Board has cushioned the fall of agricultural prices. Maybe if they had hit solid ground they might have bounced up a little by now.

Those Touched By It.

We are superficially disposed to measure the present unemployment problem and all of its accessorial products in terms of the actual number who have lost their jobs. Just how many that is, nobody knows exactly.

Some say we have in America 10,000,000 able-bodied, usually gainfully employed men out of work. Others say that number is an exaggeration, that there are not more than 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 but whatever the actuality of the figures, we can't use this measuring stick on the present depression and casually remark that these millions out of work are bearing its brunt and nobody else much is having any of the effects to suffer.

The truth is that if there are 7,000,000 only of these normally employed out of work, we would have, by the easiest processes of arithmetic, a way to estimate the aggregate number effected thus vitally. There would probably be not less than three or four dependents for every one of these, or, in other words, a total of some 25,000,000, perhaps, immediately touched by the rigid and rigorous results of the slump in business and industry.

And still that would not take in the entire population that is bitterly feeling the fangs of the thing. We must take into account the multiplied millions more who have had such a curtailment in their incomes, whether employers or employees, as to make the depression a matter of cruel personal experience and such as to entail upon them the devastating influences of perpetual worry and harassment, which may be ultimately as blighting and as killing as to suffer in the body for the things needed for the sustenance of life. Verily it is our immeasurable calamity.

No Empty Stocking Fund.

For reasons that are fair and obvious, The News foregoes this year the raising of its Empty Stocking Fund.

We feel that the calls for relief already made, so insistently pressed and so generously heeded, and that effort now being made by this newspaper to follow more practical and needful lines in seeking supplies for the physical wants of the poor through its Clean-Your-Closet Campaign, should be given the priority.

It is not without reluctance that the Empty Stocking is not hung out again this year to secure a fund that has been utilized at Christmas time to buy some of the delicacies and trinkets of the season for the little children of Charlotte who, otherwise, would be forgotten by Santa Claus.

It was a pioneer undertaking of this newspaper in this city, and year after year, it has been a seasonal appeal that has brought into use for this purpose an aggregate of many thousands of dollars. The response has always been generous and heartening.

And what a transfiguration it has produced in hundreds of homes here that would have been unvisited by the patron saint of the season except for this kindly ministration of our people through the Empty Stocking Fund of The News!

If there was some way by which it were possible to assemble the emotions of these forgotten and forlorn little tots as they awoke on Christmas morning to find the symbols of love laid in their stocking and about their cheerless fire places—some way to break their voice of gladness upon a vocal spectrum that would reach the ears of the thousands of givers to this fund, it would make an unforgettable melody. But this must be left totally to the imagination and those may still know and visualize who have hearts to understand and eyes to see such things and appreciate such miracles.

But there is to be no Empty Stocking Fund sponsored by The News this Christmas.

We shall, therefore, let a season lapse and take a chance that in some mysterious manner the good that we have been doing in this regard, the joys that have been brought to tiny hearts through this medium, the emotions of gladness that have stirred about our doorsteps because of this ministration, may, somehow or other, reach the little children of Charlotte through some other avenue of helpfulness.

In the meantime, should there be any in this community or environs who would still like to make a contribution that some child of some poor and disheveled family might be visited by the good angel of the season, The News will not only accept it, but will see to it that it reaches its proper destination and that it works its miracle of transfiguration.

Ely at the Bridge.

It is reported that when several years ago a new football coach took charge of the hired men at one of our great State institutions he found in evidence there a spirit which would express itself after each contest in a manner something like this: Well, boys, we got beat again but we played a darned good game against a better team. **-?@&—*?&, said the coach, that may be alright but I want you boys to win occasionally.

So it is with The News' own personal bridge expert, Mr. Ely Culbertson. As the match has progressed in the first two engagements Mr. Culbertson's only leg on that $1,000 wager extracted from Mr. Sidney Lenz by the forcing system is a moral leg, a perfectly defensible alibi, if you choose, but nevertheless an alibi. Furthermore Mr. Culbertson and his partner have been set 10 times out of a total of 25 tries, and even in the bush leagues some of us often bat higher than .500, or reach for a check book instead.

Obviously the mistake that both teams have made is that of not insisting on South's place at the table, for South, if you have ever studied bridge hands, is the man who always gets the ammunition. And if Mr. Culbertson doesn't hurry up and get a real old-fashioned South hand, or if he can't manage to win a session even with the aid of Mr. Lenz forgetting what was trumps and Mr. Jacoby dedenying his partner's two diamond call holding K x x, plus knockout drops on the side, then we shall soon come to the conclusion that even an expert like Mr. Culbertson is unusually skillfull only when he can choose the hands to be played.

An unenthusiastic radio listener wants to know if Amos 'n Andy have to pay a gas tax on the Fresh Air Taxicab Company.

Public Men.

Many times ere this have we marvelled at the transformation that takes place when a private individual becomes a public man. Accustomed to the irksome financial restraints common to most of us, a man when he becomes a Solon can cast aside all high regard for the dollar and vote billion-dollar appropriations as though money grew on the trees in Washington parks. Likewise peace-loving neighbors elevated to power undergo a metamorphosis that changes them into champions of bigger armaments, into beings sometimes inconsistent with their former private selves.

Somewhat the same process seems to have been undergone by National Commander Stevens of the Legion. Now it is possible that Henry Stevens when he was a lawyer in Warsaw saw the need of a big army and an over-sized navy, felt that such forces were necessary for the protection of the United States. At the same time we may say with a fair chance of accuracy that private citizen Stevens recognized the inconsistency of this country's preaching peace and promoting disarmament conferences while continuing to prepare for war on a grand scale, and doubtless he believed, personally, that the possibility of war was remote. Certainly he felt a sympathy for the taxpayers whose funds were extracted mainly for such doubtful eventuality.

But as National Commander of the Legion he commences at once to champion the martial cause. He speaks in arden opposition to what most of us look upon as the way to ultimate peace and economy. He wields the influence of his position as though it came to him like a call to arms.

There is, of course, the chance that he may be right in spite of our not thinking so. Even so, right or wrong, if the Legion and its commanders are to take a position as agitators for armament they cannot help but recognize that they run the risk of setting the country against them, for the country, in the main, would prefer greater disarmament.

A Rainy Winter's Day.

A rainy day in Winter is somewhat on the order of a fat man—nobody loves it.

Is there any good thing to be said about it? At times rains in other seasons are actually poetized and rhapsodized, but a cold, drizzling, freezing rain in the Winter-time goes unhonored and unsung.

Perhaps, we are not fair in that attitude. Accepting the rain of Winter as cheerless and dour, we may be shutting our eyes to some virtues about it that will appear if we have a vision that can see things like that.

Take a rain like this that we have been having within these last hours, a rain that hung silvery to the trees and clung gleamingly to the shrubs!

The whole face of the countryside changed under the presence of that spectacle. The neighboring hills that ordinarily go unnoticed because they are so commonplace and unexciting grew misty and mysterious as if they rimmed an unknown country where all the unknown trails converged. A little grove of trees became a primeval forest, their trunks radiant with a bright blackness. A reaped cornfield took on the form of a limitless desolation and a tiny valley that we may have been passing for years without looking down upon it suddenly became transformed into an enchanted vale in which any imaginable marvel might lurk.

And even in the staid, bizarre city, the change is conspicuous if you have eyes that can visualize such things. It really becomes somewhat endurable when a December rain patters steadily upon the streets, a city does. The black lanes of traffic glow and glitten and mirror their long rows of incandescence, changing from dingy, dirty thoroughfares into enchanted avenues leading to all sorts of improbable surprises. Downtown buildings bulk large and mysterious.

The homes, too, are touched by the effect and appearance of the December downfall. Their commonplace sameness melts away. They are no long wood-and-mortar boxes in which the Smiths, the Joneses and the Browns live. They are places of refuge from the surrounding darkness and cold, islands of light and warmth in a trackless universe that has none too much of either.

The change seems fairly to shout out to you. This is not the old town, with its ugliness, drudgery and monotony and unloveliness. It is mystic and haunted, ghosts are walking through it, wraiths jump hither and thither that remind us now that it is the habitation of wanderers who have strayed from light into darkness and trying to make the best of it. Its buildings where the lights gleam from countless windows, are the abiding places of miracles and its streets, even the meanest and the most unremowned, lead somewhere to unpredictable glory.

Monotonous Monologue.

Realizing all of a sudden that Christmas Eve was hardly two weeks removed she sat down to make a gift list, placing thereon all of her own and all of his immediate family and such outsiders as were expected themselves to bring a gift and consequently must be met in kind. Among the tabulated names was that of her Uncle Wilfrid, somewhat aged gentleman who had left the family health many years ago for the wicked city, where he had spent his time since in such pursuits as served to keep him forever just outside the range of the police but never in physical comfort or with means. She said what should they send Uncle Wilfrid and he said how about a book on criminal law and she said hush, not to say such things. Uncle Wilfrid was just weak, not criminal. He said well, Uncle Wilfrid might be weak but he was pretty stout at getting out of trouble once he had got in and she said well, that might be so but it wasn't helping her select a present for him. So she thought a while and thought some more and finally she said maybe Uncle Wilfrid would like a backgammon board and he said ha, and she said she'd bet he'd get a lot of fun out of it and he said yeah, Uncle Wilfrid would see those dice and want to know what the board was for.

Mr. Culberson says that the poor playing of his opponents has enabled him to come out of the first two nights only about 2,000 points loser. The inference is that if the other side had been really good there is no telling how far down Mr. Culberson would have been.

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

Justice

I never credited the assertion that some people have no sense of right and wrong.

As soon as a child is old enough to walk he knows what he should do and what he shouldn't, sometimes better than he will when he grows to maturity.

I remember hearing a parent reproaching a child for some offense he had not committed. The little fellow burst into tears, and cried out:

"You scolded me when I was good."

It is not greatly to the credit of a race, which has lived in the world for uncounted thousands of years, and ought to have the benefit of all history and all experience, that it has to have courts and penalties to make it behave itself, and to act with justice.

If we had progressed as rapidly in square dealing as we have in science, a good many million dollars now spent on jails and courts of law would be available for purposes of education and better standards of living.

The great stone courthouses that stand in every important city are not so much monuments of justice, as evidences that a large part of the population refuses to be just until it is forced to, as far as possible, by the still imperfect machinery established to try to make man be just.

The education in justice comes too late when it has to be applied by a judge and a jury.

It ought to begin in the home.

It is the business of fathers and mothers to make their children understand their obligation to treat other children fairly.

It is a mistake for an indulgent mother to take the side of her youngster after a quarrel with a neighbor's child until she has first found out whether he was right or wrong.

Make him think that everything he does is right, because he is the one who does it, and he will grow up into an unfair sneak or bully according to his physical ability.

I have never seen a very young child misbehaving when he did not know he was misbehaving.

Conscience is more active in children than in adults, but it can be dulled very early if the child is "spoiled," which means that his parents will endure from him what they would never endure from a neighbor's child.

There are many needless wastes of energy and money, but none of them is more needless than the expenditure of both on all sorts of courts, big and little, needful to force people to behave as they ought to behave, and as they know they ought to behave.

We cannot do much boasting about our civilization so long as we need the ruling of courts and the police power behind them to force us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

More Truth'n Poetry

By James J. Montague

A Sad Story

Dejected, weary and alone
A poor bootlegger sat
And gazed with many a piteous moan
Around his ten-room flat.
And when a scented little note
With heavy eyes he read,
He heaved a sigh to clear his throat,
And this is what he said:

"She used to have three limousines,
Nine diamond rings she wore,
But I can't pay for them machines
Nor jewels any more.
But now she's wrote to say good-by,
No more, I'll see her face,
For we'd of starved with Scotch and rye
At sixty-five a case."

He sighed, and added: "When the trade
My every want supplied,
In them affooent days, I made
That lovely gal my bride.
But soon her love to hate was turned
And that was not so queer,
For she found out I only earned
A hundred thou' last year.

"And if the stuff gets lower still,
With all my help to pay,
(As everybody says it will
Before the First of May.)
An' I can't cut it any more—"
He sobbed a heavy sob—
"It won't be very long before
I'll have to hunt a job."

ALWAYS HOPE

Wall Street will come back as soon as the lambs go out and get more money somewhere

LOOK OUT FOR HIM

Santa Claus will have such a light load this year he may get here by the middle of the month.

NEGLIGIBLE

Apparently the President thinks that the Navy League is one of the minors.

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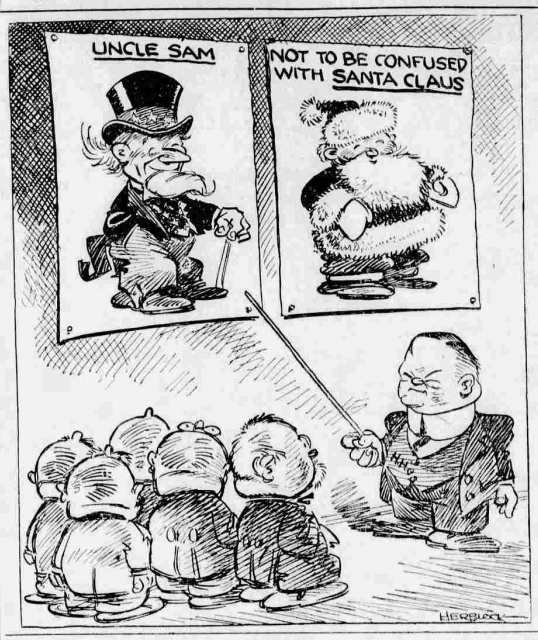
Suggested Message To Congress

By Herblock



In The Editor's Mail

Please be as brief as possible, use only one side of the paper, and write legibly. Letters must be signed but your name will not be published if you so request.

THE ISLE OF A YAP

By Andrew Hewitt

There's many a sap on the Isle of Yap
And there's many a fool to boot,
They wear rings in their snouts and their mouths are agap
When they see a man dressed in a suit.

The Isle of Yap is just a dot on the map
Somewhere in a southern zone,
I know it's down south 'cause the natives about
Shop with a carload of stones.

In the small Isle of Yap they don't give a rap
If their currency is a little bit rough;
If we'd adapt this money, poor pap
Could get a new hat and grandma her snuff.

BRICHT ALEC HA' A WOOSH.

Editor The News:

Fluffy asks me why I took the gate. Well, that guy, Hobby Burns would have done the same thing if you ask me. His dope would go something like this:

If a lassie hears a laddie
Talking 'bout her weight,
Then I do advise that laddie
Take the backyard gate.

I followed that advice alright, but, Fluffy, if you'll be good and behave yourself I'll come back. But that's not all—here's my woosh. N' I'm not even going to suggest a remedy.

MY WOOSH.

Why were you born, off Fluffy poet,
Were you born,
Were you born?
I hope your children have soft corns
And your namesake more than all the rest.

—SMART ALEC (Esq.)

USE AN AXE—
A LARGE, SHARPE AXE.

Editor The News:

Two very disturbing pieces of news have come into the open this week.

President Hoover says there must be more taxes raised.

Mr. MacLean, the tax expert of the last general assembly of North Carolina, says that there are "fair sources" of revenue which have not been taxed. Mr. MacLean was very nice about it. No more taxes for land, he said; neither can business and industry be taxed to death, but he refers to incomes.

Is there no end to taxation? Shall we, before long, find one-half or one-third of the citizenry working themselves to death to support the other half or other two-thirds, warmly fixed in government jobs, eating the substance of mere fools who haven't sense enough to get government jobs?

Why not abolish about every other government job? You know well that we could go through the lists of government employees, city, county, state and federal, and pick out every other man and never know the difference so far as efficiency is concerned.

Except for firemen, teachers and policemen there is no such thing as an essential city employee.

Why not reduce the number of congressmen from North Carolina to one, the number of senators to one, and do the same thing all over the United States? What difference would that make for legislative efficiency except to increase it?

Consider a small business man or a large one, for that matter. In addition to being compelled to pay enormous taxes of varied kinds he is worried to the breaking point in keeping books on his taxes. He is all but driven out of business. If the word gets out that he is making any money some greasy politician comes along and proposes to take it all away from him.

The Egyptians had a good word for taxes—"give away" money.

We could rid city, county, state and nation of about two-thirds of the office holders. If they are unable to make a living by their own efforts why not let them apply to the Associated Charities. It would be cheaper for the working public to support them in that way.

"Raise income taxes"—that is, take from the pockets of the working people, whether white or blue collared working people, the money they have earned with tremendous difficulties to support themselves, their wives and children and with that money support an increasing army of government employees!

That's a wonderful suggestion.

The legislature—that crazy crowd that kept business torn up for months last winter—could easily be reduced to one senator and one representative from a county. Let the others go out and make their own livings. Let them try working for a change, producing and selling things on merit in open competition with energetic people. Let the government employees in jobs that these legislators have created try, for a change, to make their own livings. Shame! Living off the poor.

Business goes down, commodity prices go down, wages go down—but taxes go up.

The revenue of the railroads goes down—and taxes go up.

The cotton farmer is in rags; the wheat farmer goes hungry — and taxes go up.

The only way to decrease taxes, or keep them from going up, is to cut government in half.

Use an axe to decrease, a large, sharp axe.

CITIZEN.

Charlotte.

—The— Office Cat

Copyright, 1931

There would be many more thin humans in this fair land of ours if it were half as much fun taking it off as it is putting it on.

Half the world would like to know how to persuade the other half to let loose of its money.

A man used to go to the golf club a great deal coming home rather late. His wife became suspicious and went through his pockets one night and found nothing but—a hole in one. . . . The world is made up really of three classes. Those who really try, those who half try and those who don't try at all.

A speaker at a ministers' meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows:

"This is not an appeal. It is a report. I have no pants."

Love

If she can't talk, you call her a taciturn.

If she's a gossip, you call her a brilliant conversationalist.

If she's skinny, you call her fashionably slender.

If she's fat, you call her pleasingly plump.

If she's tall and seedy, you call her willowy and graceful.

If she's sawed-off, you call her petite.

Old Block—When I was a little boy your age I didn't tell lies.

Chip—How old were you when you started, Pop?

It's Merely a Habit

Mary has a compact cute.
And everywhere she goes,
She takes a half an hour to shoot
More powder on her nose.

From a Minnesota paper:
NOTICE—Don't bring more grain as I am now full.—George E. J. Miller.

He was brought to Santa Fe in an ambulance, and escaped with a few minor cuts and scratches.—Albuquerque, N. M., paper.

Clara—What's the cause of Janet's unpopularity?

Ruby—She won a popularity contest.

Irate Passenger—Madame, what do you mean by letting that brat snatch off my wig?

Mother (with sign of relief)—Oh, it's a wig, is it? I was afeared for a minute that he's scalpt yiu alive!

Little Benny's Notebook

By Lee Pape

Our cook Nora resigned and left on account of having bet on the stock exchange and won the bet. an last nite after supper ma said to pop, Willyum Im trying to figure out the best wording for an add to put in the paper. I want a fairly young woman and yet if I say not over 30 years of age Im sure to receive a visitation of wimmin anywhere up to 90 years old with wrinkles from top to bottom.

Then you better make it 20 years of age, pop said, and ma said, Well even then you'd be surprised. And if I say I want a strong gerl theyll hobble in on crutches too weak to lift the telefone receiver off the hook, and if I say I want a combined cook and generel housewerker Im sure to baff to interview a perfect bevy of so called specials. Well who ony want to do one thing such as take care of down stairs or just make up the beds like airy butterflies. In other words everything has to be exaggerated for miles before they can understand a simple sentence of one syllable. I wish you'd write an add for me. Willwum, ma said. And make it emfatic that they dont need to expect to start in at 80 dollars a week, she said.

Always at your service, pop said. And he got a piece of paper and wrote one, being:

WUNTED—a half grown gerl formerly in the piano moving or boiler making profession. Werking hours from 8 a. m. till midnite weendays. 4 a. m. till eleven p m. Sundays. Must be able to shave and cut hair, sew, darn, imbroider, hemstitch, dry clean, and make over, dont apply unless you are an experienced house painter, paper hanger, plumber and electrician. No wages to start and advancements according to ability.

There you are, you mite get somebody that can at least clean the front steps if you send that in, pop said.

Wich ma dident, thinking one up for herself after about 20 minuts, being: Wunted, cook and general housewerker.

The Once Over

By H. I. PHILLIPS

So This Is Bridge!

Bridge addicts cheer up! The first few chukkers in the championship contract tils between Ely Culbertson and Sidney S. Lenz have shown that even the experts can be terrible.

On the opening night of the big bridge lamp orgy both sides got set oftener than the lady next door who always drops into her husband all the way home from the bridge party over such points as how many cards there are in a suit and whether the ace is a higher card than the king.

Mr. Lenz even forgot what was trump once and lost a sure game. This is one of those errors over which homes are torn asunder, domestic ties shattered and marital bliss given the works all over the land wherever contract bridge players gather to make faces at one another.

There were moments in the first few rubbers when kibitzers would have been surprised if Mr. Culbertson had asked, "What cards are wild this time?" and Mr. Lenz piped the cheering remark, "I think I have a full house but I'll have to lay down my hand and let somebody tell me."

The hands were the hands of bridge but the voices were those of pinochle, poker and rummy.

The rubbers so far played have proved nothing except that both authors should read a good book on how to play bridge.

The boys did everything done by Mr. and Mrs. Gus Q. Dubb in one of those afternoon bridge parties where the radio is kept going and little Esther is taking her piano lessons in the next room.

If Culbertson and Lenz played correctly that first night then millions of followers have been playing the wrong game for the past two years.

Mr. Culbertson announced before play began that he was through with big matches, which should give you an idea of the prevailing morale.

An army officer referred. Before the series is over the contestants will need Smedley Butler and the Marines.

There were times when it almost seemed as if both titans of contract and their partners were playing with the viewpoint of those people who yawn after every deal and say, "Oh bridge is all right . . . if you don't take it seriously!"

Still the tournament is proving a great thing for the country. Heretofore millions of contract addicts have been in deep despondency over their game and on the verge of giving it up just because they couldn't seem to master the simplest details.

Thanks to Culbertson and Lenz they now realize that the feeling is unanimous.

Still there is some hope that both boys will do better. All they need is some lessons.

A Real Nonentity

Add similes: As obscure as a football player who doesn't make some newspaper's All-American.

Hasn't anybody thought of sending Mayor Walker to Asia to plead with Japan for a pardon for China?

Can You Remember

Away back when a girl of 18 or 20 thought one quart of whiskey would be enough to bring to the football game?

Who Are You?

A Barnwell?

THE

Romance Of Your Name

By RUBY HASKINS ELLIS

Barnwell

THE coat of arms reproduced here was found on the seal of Colonel John Barnwell, the American immigrant, and is the same as the arms of the Barnwell family of Crickston, County Meath, Ireland, the parent stock of which the noble houses of Kingsland and Trimleston branched, and which was established in Ireland by Sir Michael de Barnwell.

Colonel John Barnwell came to this country from Dublin, Ireland, in 1701, and settled in South Carolina. He held many offices of trust and importance in his adopted land, becoming Deputy Secretary of the Colony. Other positions which he occupied in public life were clerk of the council and "Colonel Commander" of the expedition against the Tuscarora Indians in 1712. He was appointed agent for the Province in London in 1719. His commission from King George was a signal honor and his deeds in behalf of his State fill almost a volume in the London State Papers from 1719 to 1722.

The surname Barnwell was assumed from the locality of Barnwell in Ayshire, Scotland. The name literally signifies "a field of wood" or forest, from the two Old English words, beame meaning wood and wella a field.

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The social whole of the United States is neither a nation in the historic sense, nor a community and continuity of civic life in the political sense.—Lucien Romier, distinguished French journalist.

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

That Word "Devil"

You may have used this word hundreds of times without ever guessing its origin. For those interested in beginnings it is "a peach"—one in which investigation is amply rewarded.

Take the worst scandal-monger or gossip you know and you would find her very much insulted if you called her a "devil." And yet the devil takes his name from a gossip.

And to one who has ever suffered from gossip or slander, it will not be difficult to understand how the arch fiend himself should have taken his name from it.