

The Charlotte News

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W. C. Dowd, 1883-1937

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1938

Stall

The prospect for the repeal of the absentee ballot law, to say nothing of the general reform of the registration laws and the purging of the registration books, looks pretty dim. Yet the action of administration forces in blocking action on it in the Senate at Raleigh yesterday. The excuse was given that it was thought that a master ought to be held over until the regular session of the Legislature in January. And if the question were a properly controversial one, there might be reason in that. But it is not a properly controversial question. There is simply no argument in favor of the thing, for everyone knows that it is everywhere in the state simply the instrument of cynical and all but open fraud. In view of the current revelations concerning its wide abuse, the repeal of the law ought to have been a matter of mere routine, and what better time to do it than precisely at the moment when the evidence is fresh—when the people are intensely aware of the case?

We can think of but one really plausible one, to wit: that there is a

In Which We Sit On A Fence

About Mr. Harry Hopkins' new "permanent program" to furnish between-season WPA (though non-employment) to needy Southern farmers, we are quite unable to make up our minds as to whether we are for it or against it. Whether Mr. Hopkins knows it or not—and he does seem in fact to know it—it is only for the consideration of a South by the rest of the nation. That is, there are "many thousands of Southerners in rural areas not earning an adequate living from agriculture," and went on:

If the per capita net income of farm families in the South could be brought up to the level of farmers' incomes in the North, and if the pool of purchasing power thus created would absorb twice as many goods as we export to the foreign countries.

To which he added again:

The whole trend of development of our industrial economy, the tariff, the railroads, and the effect of our export system handicapped the South.

And all that sounds very tempting. With one-third of the population of the nation, we get only 13 per cent of its total income, and that despite the fact that we are potentially by far the richest portion of the country. And it is quite true that there are thousands of farmers in the South who aren't making an adequate living from agriculture. No sensible and decent man anywhere will deny that the great body of our tenants and sharecroppers need better opportunities to get away from the diet of "prairie oysters, and gravy" which Mr. Hopkins' program will force them to. In decent houses, to wear decent clothing, to enjoy amusements more civilized than the shocking ones Mr. Kratke Caldwell has portrayed them as indulging in. The per capita income of these people is as low as \$40 a year.

Moreover, the prospect of increased purchasing power held out by Mr. Hopkins is very Alluring. In 1933 the value of merchandise exported from the United States was \$2,085,000,000. It follows, therefore, that if his figures worked out, the purchasing power of the South would be increased by \$4,700,000,000! And we all know only too well that the farmer has, for every man in Dixie, the South. Indeed, we would have to add the cost of the bill, but seeing that we are only 13 per cent of the nation, and that that 13 per cent is

very good chance that, in view of the notorious shorness of the majority of the people, the current standards will have been forgotten by January, that the agitation for repeal will have died down, and that it will be much easier now to do anything about it.

Commentary in Anatomy

Japan's celebrated "face" has been lost so many times of late that it is almost a question whether she'll have to reconcile herself before long to going without it altogether. First, she was going to be in Hankow before August 1, but now she is bogged down on the Yangtze and making progress only by the yard. Then Russia was either going to get out of the disputed territory between Manchukuo and Siberia or be thrown out. But Sunday it was Japan herself who was thrown out, or nearly thrown out. And the day before that the Russians pulled her nose and slipped her checks by the "new system in America." There is no question of repairing or improving the American system. It is easier, they think, to high-pressure the people into accepting what exists rather than to attack the evils in our system, such as unemployment.

Words instead of deeds, magic instead of medicine, aristocracy instead of statesmanship.

Anyone who wants to know why business and business men are receiving as much criticism today has only to read the description of this sales campaign which is sponsored by the United States Chamber of Commerce.

There is no telling how many business men share the attitude of the people who are putting on the campaign. Perhaps it is only a small minority. But that minority makes all the noise, does all the talking for business. And the rest of business suffers in reputation for the folly of this group.

JUST THIS CRITICISM IS NO TALE BY AN IDIOT

The president of seven leading chambers of commerce signed a joint statement to start this sales campaign. The truth about Mr. Corrigan is length out. When he landed in Ireland, he told officials there that his compass had jammed, so that he went the wrong way. There was a twinkle in his eye which said his tongue was in his cheek when he was saying it. But he went right on saying it. He said it in London. He said it repeatedly on the ship coming home. He said it facing Mayor LaGuardia in New York. And he said it to all and sundry who asked him. He said it so often that some him-minded people began to speculate that it might really be so. After all, was that not the silly season? Was not Sirius, the dog-star, ruling in the skies?

But, Monday, it was finally set-

An Issue Settled

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ied: Wonderful science settled it. In Boston, home of the codfish, beans, and learning, there, Dr. William Mouton Marston, New York psychologist, got Mr. Corrigan in front of a crowd and proceeded to apply the lie-detector to him—a device which records a rise in blood pressure when the truth is departed from. "Did you really start for California?" "Certainly," said Mr. Corrigan feebly. "But the marker rose suddenly."

We hope that puts your mind at rest.

Letters To The Editor:**Just Suppose An Epidemic Broke Out!**

A Letter In Support Of The Hospital Drive, With Some Observations On The Nature Of Mecklenburgers

Dear Sir:

I hope you are right in the confidence you expressed Sunday and in a previous editorial last week about the certainty of Mecklenburg coming across with enough money to make sure of getting the proposed Memorial Hospital. I'm not so sure about it, but I hope you are right. It is a pity of you to remind the people that the hospital would spend \$200,000 annually here and that it would put money in everybody's pocket. It certainly would. Think what a rush there would be to get a factory that brought in a \$200,000 payroll! And it has been my observation during a long residence in Charlotte that a lot of its people always begin with the question: "What's in it for me?" And that the best way to get anything done is to show them that there is something in it for them.

Of course, the real reason that the money ought to be raised is that the town and the surrounding territory needs a good hospital pitifully bad, that dozens of people are already being turned away from our hospitals every day, and that if an epidemic broke out, Charlotte would be simply horribile.

Interest in the safety of their own lives and those of their loved ones ought to be incentive enough to make enough cash up his share. But I still think it was wise to point out the fact about how much the hospital will spend.

P. L. R.

Liquor Stores Seen As Cause Of Our Ills

Dear Sir:

In this cowering and crumbling world, who speaks for humanity and justice? Not a voice! Geneva has disappeared. Where are the great Allies who fought the war to end all wars? All broken into fragments. They are now speechless or they mumble words that nobody can understand. They prepare for even greater orgies to come. It is the day of the weak soap-boxers in power.

Governor Hoy could drive down the First grizzly and the liquor trust from our 1937 Legislature and from this great state. He could have abolished the corrupt and wicked ARC laws (abominations, buncions, and corruption) with their armies of outrageously overpaid Sir John Falstaffs now drawing blood money from state and county-gated liquor control stores. Hoy can eradicate the crooked, corrupt and broken liquor traffic in this state in 1939. But soft, coasting, soap-box statesmanship is not sufficient.

The recent ARC prosecutions of the bootleggers are as foolish as would be the prosecution of the immorality and unchastity on Harvard college campus of this nation's most notorious underworld bootleggers, anti-red-light dealers.

We need statesmanship in this state and nation today that can pull heavy loads upwards and against the opposition of the devil. We need far more than smooth preaching and perfumed oratory in the pulpits. The New Deal will never prosper nor succeed. It is forever dimmed from the old liquor steal. It must be separated from liquor drinking back to recovery.

R. L. GODWIN

Dunn.

NEXT MOON

By Loraine Lashley

If someday I should meet you on an unfamiliar street

And you remember ice were once the best of friends,

I hope you'll grin and say, "Hello! How goes it?"

I've learned that many things soon end . . .

If you should tip your jaunty hat And leave a friendly wind-brouched hand,

I'll pause, remembering, smile I'm sure

I won't forget . . . to understand.

Perhaps you'll say, "Let's walk a block—

Discuss the weather, speak of casual things

Without a trace of last year's June—

Remember—

And think no less of what the years shall bring.

Visiting Around

We Bet They Didn't Have No Bathing Beauties

(Dallas item, *Gastonia Gazette*)

"Miss Dallas of 1938" will be crowned Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the local high school auditorium in the annual beauty pageant, sponsored this year by the Workers' Circle of the Dallas Methodist Church.

Names, I Name

—Williamson Enterprise

Unusual names also spring up from time to time. The Williamson 1 State Employment office has actually registered. In the recent past Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Fasier Flaxers, Car Flax, Green, Swartie, B. Williams, Woodrow Wilson, Queen Victoria, King, King, Samuel Smith and George Washington.

Watered Corn

(Stanley item, *Gastonia Gazette*)

Some little damage was done to the corn crop on the lowlands during the past week when the streams overflowed.

(Billy Arthur, *New Bern Tribune*)

He yelled at William Dunn, Jr., about a half block away the other day, expecting a return greeting as he always gives me. But he said nothing and looked at me.

As I approached he still said nothing, and I asked: "What the ---- is the matter with you?"

"Can't talk," he whispered. "Lost my voice."

Then I recalled that he once facetiously said that if he ever lost his voice it wouldn't make much difference at home, because he never could get in a word there.

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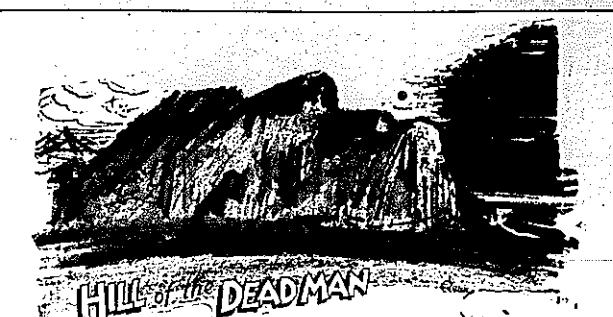
We hope that puts your mind at rest.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

On request, sent with stamped, addressed envelope, Mr. Ripley will furnish proof of anything depicted by him.

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Ripley

**HILL OF DEADMAN**

La Loma del Muerto

STARTLING FORMATION OF NATURE IN CIENFUEGOS, CUBA

EUGENE MD

SIGNATURE OF DR. EUGENE SOLE

Brooklyn, N.Y.

OTIS HALE HAS PLAYED 12 YEARS ON ONE BALL CLUB

—WITHOUT MISSING AN INNING AT DORA, FLORIDA

THE COLLAPSIBLE CHURCH Highland Park, Florida

—BUT FOR THE PROPS THE CHURCH WOULD FALL DOWN USED DAILY

Today's Cartoon Self-Explanatory

Realism at the Trough

BY RUGH S. JOHNSON

BETHANY BEACH, Del.—Senators Barkley and Happy Chandler are reported to have wound up their campaign in a boasting contest about their relative abilities to get things out of Washington for Kentucky. The Senator says that he knows his way around that snobby labyrinth no much better than Happy that he can bring home more bacon. Even the President hinted at something of the same sort. Happy insists that Mr. Hopkins' bragging has been so bad that Kentucky is one of the few states that actually pay into Washington more taxes than they take out in pork, and further, that he, Happy, is a much better spokesman for the Senator.

These are both great guys and may be the best man win. This sounds like pretty low stuff on which to say for votes, but it happens to be the grim, candid truth of a principal issue. Under the present system whereby the Federal Government has grabbed so much power to take the states' money away from them to spend in their behalf, the state that hasn't excellent panhandle as its representatives is just out of luck. Its money will be taken away in taxes but it won't be sent back. Other states with better almanacs in Congress will get it.

This kind of law-enforcement is worse than no law-enforcement at all.

The remedy was more dangerous than the ailment, not only to any other persons who may have been on the roads at that time of night in the path of two automobiles recklessly driven, but to the three young bucks whose lives were shot out. After all, pistols fired, machine gunned, and recklessly driving, whatever they may have thought about it, is not a capital offense.

We have every sympathy for police officers, knowing something of the foibles and felonies with whom they must deal. But as guardians of the public safety, they should be disengaged from this doubly jeopardizing that very thing, and the only way we know to discourage them is to hold them accountable, with the criminal element, for reckless driving and assault with dangerous weapons.

Even in lesser jobs there seems to be something about service. Civil government has to be held to account, and the best way to do that is to let them know that they are more than a minor part in God's great design for the universe. Some insight into the fact that they are servants of the public, regard all callers on official business as inferior nuisances and the time of their visitors as worthless.

If you are not somebody of sufficient importance to inspire a little caution and, at least ordinary politeness, you are pretty apt to put your pride in your pocket when you exercise your constitutional right to "with the seat of the Government."

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT THAT ONCE ANIMATED South Carolinians, that she did not indignantly spurn such an inferno with her deepest indignation, from the Cabinet of Washington?

Earlier Days

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

AUGUST 9, 1843
75 YEARS AGO

FEELING IN THE ARMY

A gentleman in this place has received a letter from his son in General Lee's army in which he expresses surprise and indignation at the existence of any feeling like despondency, which he had heard exist to some extent in North Carolina. He says:

"This is all wrong. You do not find it in the army, which is just as confident as it ever was, and the fear of being overpowered or subjugated has not once presented itself to the men of this army. They are the men who do the fighting, and the brunt of the war, and if they think themselves competent to the undertaking, who should they be? They should set up the bugle and cry we are whipped; we had better make peace on any terms; and such like erroneous and injurious statements."

—Fayetteville Observer.

AUGUST 9, 1843
100 YEARS AGO

INTERFERENCE IN STATE ELECTIONS

The Charlotte Mercury lately boasted that it had seen a letter from Mr. Polk, Secretary of War, declaring that he was opposed to the re-election of Mr. Legare because he was not sufficiently zealous in support of the administration, and recommending, at the suggestion of Mr. Calhoun, that either Judge Huger, Col. Memmings or Mr. Bennett be brought out in opposition to him.

Where is the spirit that once animated South Carolinians, that she did not indignantly spurn such an inferno with her deepest indignation, from the Cabinet of Washington?

—Fayetteville Observer.

Rounding the Circle

(Winston-Salem Journal)

Progress of civilization. From picture writing to picture magazines.

Peculiarities Of People

By F. Romer

GALLANT GORDON

ENGLAND'S great general, Charles George Gordon, born to die in battle and a hero of breath-taking glamour in India's fierce campaigns, feared the sound of cannon as a boy. He spent his childhood days in dread and trembling when artillery and battle practice went on near his home.