

The Charlotte News
And Evening Chronicle
Published Week-Day Afternoons
And Sunday Mornings by
The News Publishing Company, Inc.

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Sunday edition was added in 1910. The Evening Chronicle was established in 1914 and was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 1, 1924.

Publication of copyrighted articles herein is prohibited. Where necessary, notices that are not copyrighted may be reprinted by giving due credit to The Charlotte News.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches received by it or otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year \$10.00
Six Months \$5.50
By Carrier \$10.00 \$5.50
By Mail \$10.00 \$5.50
Sunday only 2.00
20 cents per week by carrier.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1937

Hold On, Everybody!

Eighteen million dollars ought to be enough to run the U. S. Government for one day, even in the style to which the New Deal has accustomed it. But, alas! it isn't. The Treasury report for September 27 shows that it isn't. On that day Mr. Morgenthau took in \$18,143,801.15 Paid Out \$22,002,593.19

Out of Harm's Way

The saving of Mussolini's face is a problem that engages the thoughts of the British diplomats these days. He's always sticking it into situations which require the most adroit manipulation to get out again unharmed. The diplomats know all too well that the mysterious manning which have been sinking ships off the coast of Spain are either Italian or controlled by Italy, but when France and England began to set up barricades and police the seas Mussolini demanded parity on terms of full equality, and that was a power.

This Is What Booms Are Made Of

Waiting more or less breathlessly for the validating of this recent newspaper booming of former Senator Cameron Morrison as a candidate for his old seat in the Senate, we haven't been getting anywhere. It was one swell build-up, and no kidding. All the Sharon planter had to do was to step aboard and he'd have been off on a nice long campaign preceded by an advance guard of fine publicity. But he didn't fall for it. He wouldn't say anything to keep the boom going, just as he had said nothing to start it. It materialized without impetus from Farmer Cam.

Matter of fact, we know how it all started. The first outbreak came from Raleigh. It must have been a poor day for news and Correspondent Tom Boob of the Great Northwest was up against it for a story, or, there being no shake-ups in the state government, no political shenanigans of consequence, nothing on which to build a story, he sat himself down and made up one. Morrison for Senator! Other papers, likewise needing a story, caught on, took the agent of Tom's imagination,

infated it and sent it soaring into the political stratosphere. It must have impressed even Farmer Cam, though not, apparently, to the point of view hallooing. And that's what booms are made of — this boom, you know. Talk and talk and talk about the KKK membership Tom; trip is nourished. Besides, it rhymes!

Persons Kicking Themselves

It was a pure happen-so: at the same time, the juxtaposition in yesterday afternoon's paper of the headlines selling of Justice Black's refusal to talk about his KKK membership and Judge John J. Parker's appointment to the chairmanship of the American Bar Association's judicial section was a terse satire on politics. The New Deal, the headstrong Mr. Roosevelt and all these who all themselves liberal. Justice Black, the ex-police court judge, was in hot-water. The obscurity from which he so recently emerged had become opaque and not at all to his sponsors' liking. Judge Parker, on the other hand, was receiving further professional recognition. Judge Parker's nomination to the Supreme Court was turned down by the Senate at the insistence of the then so-called liberals. He had elected according to the law and not labor's preference in one musty case involving the yellow-dog contract, and he had made a candid remark on the white and Negro races in a speech delivered some 25 years ago. Turging the liberals would have called for him, but it wasn't long before they began to kick themselves all over the lot for their foolish misjudgment of the man. The quality of the appellate decisions and the evident depth of his intellect, contrasted to the variability of Justice Roberts, whom the Senate confirmed in his stead, made them rue the day they had attacked Parker.

Referred to Committee

The Charlotte Chamber of Commerce is a departmentalized, modernly organized body, with subdivisions prepared to take part in all the relations connected with the community problem that might arise. This includes commerce, industry, civic activities, agriculture and other things, including labor relations. This comes to mind in connection with a letter that was written by employees in North Charlotte, where for 17 days the mill has been closed and the workers idle. This reacts against the community's progress as well as against the company and the employees. In that phase, the Chamber of Commerce has a legitimate interest.

Awful Choice

One of the blindest ideas exhibited to the American people in many a day is the assertion of Frederick H. Stinchfield, president of the American Bar Association, that the nation may have to choose between the President and the lawyers and the United States' friends and fellow-citizens' what a choice is there! The oft-repeated assertion that we have to choose between Franklin and Communist is a nothing to this. We must take Roosevelt, or we must take the lawyers—but suppose we don't think either is any too reliable, what then? Somehow we are getting a little tired of all these assertions that we must choose this or we must choose that. Suppose the American citizen should say flatly and firmly, "I choose vanilla." What would Mr. Stinchfield do about that?

Visiting Around

Just Mr. Willie Goin' About His Farm Work
(Five Forks item, Monroe Journal)
'Poiks in this community were badly frightened Tuesday night by a large fire near by. It was the largest fire I have ever seen. Several cars passed hurrying to it, but it was only Mr. Willie Phillips burning off his new ground.

With the Naked Eye

Fortune telling, notes a writer, is more widely practiced in Europe than anywhere else. Why is this? There is more of the discerning ones in Europe, can tell a fortune at a distance of 3,000 miles.

PRIZE BOOB OF THEM ALL

By RICH S. JOHNSON

NEW YORK CITY—History will probably record the financial administration of the United States in the past twenty years as the most incredible insanity since the Mississippi Bubble. Starting with the most luscious national credit of all time, this country spent far more on the war than it had for billions of dollars. There was any need or excuse for spending. By not making proper use of the money that was paid for billions of dollars, other nations lost them and that paid for a large part of the cost of the war, not only to the Allies but to Germany. We were the international fat boy with a bag of candy. The money was so plentiful that we could buy our farms and factories going and selling poverty after the war. By lending bankrupt foreign customers the money to buy our goods. Again we sent uncoupled private billions across the sea and the lost many of them. In a collapse of this foolish policy that shook the world and brought the depression.

EASY TERMS

Next came the New Deal financial debacle. We cut the gold content of the dollar and that was forgiveness up to 40% of every debt owed this country either by foreign nations or individuals. It was a special discount to foreigners, as contrasted to Americans, 40% on the purchase of any stock, bond or manufactured article in our markets. And they took advantage of it by the billions. We also bought silver and gold by the billion from foreign nations and paid more than 170% of the price and much more than the market price, an outright gift.

AN ODDIOUS COMPARISON

England and France had much bigger debts when the War began. They were bankrupted by the War which hit them harder than us and left them with much greater debts—impossible debts. We paid off much of our debt before the depression. They paid off a lot less, if any. The depression hit them as hard as us—but they did not use it as an occasion to double their debt—as we did. Nothing in the world's experience can excuse the wretched financial management that has permitted us to approach the bankruptcy that threatens European nations. Certainly the statement that we are no worse off than those unfortunate is no excuse. It is an accusation.

Even the Game Laws, HE INTIMATES, CAN AT TIMES BE ASININE

By B. L. MOORE

Dear Sir:
Aside from every other consideration that may enter into the equation, I cannot bring myself to believe that Burton Smith will or can kill the joy that doubtless wells up in the heart of the Moore lad over his winnings in the dog sweepstakes a few days ago. It is true that Mr. Smith may have a point of law in his favor. It may still be "agin the law" to hunt 'possums, but if it is the sentiments expressed by a prominent citizen of Charlotte in the yesterday could very well apply in this case. This prominent citizen was the owner of several business buildings on Tryon street, and on making some repairs on a store room he sold about of the law because he had neglected the important detail of securing a permit from the City. The prominent citizen protested vigorously and the officer explained to him that it was "the law." "Yes," said the store owner with emphasis, "and the law is an ass."

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

"Possum Bill" Still Holding To His Prize

And Expects To Tree Those Drafted Possums Again, With Drum's and Driver's Help.

Dear Sir:
I read your letter on your page in Tuesday's News. I want to thank you for wanting to help me out of trouble and save a prize money for me. You are a good friend. I didn't know I was being wrong at the dog show by having the 'possums. I had a good time, everybody had a good time. I want to thank the people for clapping and getting me the prize. My dog's name is "Driver." The spotted dog is Daddy's dog named "Drum." Other people had good dogs there, I like hunting dogs. I hope there will be more hunting dogs there next time. It was a good show. The 'possums liked it. They were still grinning when Daddy carried them back to the farm. Drum and Driver will tree them again later.

EVERYBODY HAS A SECRET

By B. L. MOORE

Dear Sir:
Aside from every other consideration that may enter into the equation, I cannot bring myself to believe that Burton Smith will or can kill the joy that doubtless wells up in the heart of the Moore lad over his winnings in the dog sweepstakes a few days ago. It is true that Mr. Smith may have a point of law in his favor. It may still be "agin the law" to hunt 'possums, but if it is the sentiments expressed by a prominent citizen of Charlotte in the yesterday could very well apply in this case. This prominent citizen was the owner of several business buildings on Tryon street, and on making some repairs on a store room he sold about of the law because he had neglected the important detail of securing a permit from the City. The prominent citizen protested vigorously and the officer explained to him that it was "the law." "Yes," said the store owner with emphasis, "and the law is an ass."

ON THE RECORD

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Concerving Vermont

LATELY, and because I am homesick in New York for its green pastures, its bright streams, its comely villages, its quiet mountains, I have been thinking about my adopted State of Vermont. Vermont has a population of under 400,000. About a third of that population live on farms, and 90 per cent of those farms are operated by their owners. There is very little large-scale agriculture. The country is mountainous; a great deal of the tilled land is on mountain slopes, difficult to work with machinery. There is almost no such thing as single-crop agriculture. Nearly every farm has its wood lot, its maple-sugar grove, its apple orchard, its small fruits, its vegetable garden, a few chickens, a herd of cows, small or large, according to the property of the farmer. For cash the Vermont farmer sells chiefly milk. After that, maple products, potatoes, apples; sometimes eggs and poultry.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

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



Explanation of Today's Cartoon

SMALLEST LOT—Workers in the office of the city engineer, Providence, R. I., experienced mild thrills of discovery this summer when they found out that what they thought was only an ink spot on the map was really privately owned land. Engineers surveying a few years ago during road-building, left a tiny triangular piece of land, slightly over a square inch, still in technical possession of a railroad. Had they surveyed correctly, so that the minute detail, the plot would have been included in the highway. However, the railroad decided they had no use for the land and the city acquired it through condemnation proceedings.

ON THE RECORD

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Concerving Vermont

LATELY, and because I am homesick in New York for its green pastures, its bright streams, its comely villages, its quiet mountains, I have been thinking about my adopted State of Vermont. Vermont has a population of under 400,000. About a third of that population live on farms, and 90 per cent of those farms are operated by their owners. There is very little large-scale agriculture. The country is mountainous; a great deal of the tilled land is on mountain slopes, difficult to work with machinery. There is almost no such thing as single-crop agriculture. Nearly every farm has its wood lot, its maple-sugar grove, its apple orchard, its small fruits, its vegetable garden, a few chickens, a herd of cows, small or large, according to the property of the farmer. For cash the Vermont farmer sells chiefly milk. After that, maple products, potatoes, apples; sometimes eggs and poultry.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell
The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean tide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including page numbers and other markings.