

The Charlotte News

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THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1928

Triumph in Horsehair

The horsehair sofa era was in full flower down at the City Council chamber yesterday.

So far as the comfort station goes, we don't give two whoops whether it is located in the old cemetery or at the Square. It would probably cost less if located in the cemetery, but it would be more convenient for more people at the Square. But we don't care that there was anything offensive about the place does seem to be a relic from the age when horsehair was in bloom.

The main issue—as to whether the place shall be made into a dog-park—was completely slurred over by the Council. But the ladies of the D. A. R. made it amply clear that they were quite eager to have the town chip in and help 'em beautify it—and heaven knows it needs it. But they made it clear, too, that they wanted the two strands of barbed wire, which they said they "had gone to great trouble and expense to put up," and the "NO TRESPASSING" signs, to stay put. That was the way it was, you know. You had a parlor. You "beautified" it by putting in the horsehair sofa, the upright piano, the whatnot, fifteen red plush chairs, nineteen china buildings and a dozen and a half of the rubber glass over the mantle, and 338 family portraits. And then—you shut up the windows tight, pulled down the shades all the way, locked the door, and never opened the place save for very special company indeed.

Gargantua Picketed

When at the beginning of the Summer the Great Show on the West had to be held at the Winter quarters on account of labor trouble, the big top and a number of the star performers were sent out West to augment the Al. G. Barnes Circus. Gargantua the gorilla and Frank Blue and the Flying Dutchman were the main attractions. Some of the other top-notchers were among them, and because of a far-fetched notion that these, including Gargantua, were scabs, a local labor union had as its sympathizers in Janesville, Wisconsin, picketed the show and started a riot.

Publicity Stunt

Robert Rice Reynolds, who once left the Virgin Islands in a huff and announced that they ought to be given away to the first possible taker, has now expanded his scheme for getting us into war with England, France, and Canada. Last Fall he busied himself with a proposal that England and France ought to pay off their war debts to us by handing out the West Indies to his country, Guiana, and Labrador and Newfoundland. And now he wants a corner through Canada to Alaska.

It is a little difficult to reconcile Robert's lust for the French and British West Indies with his intense infatuation with the big West Indian island which is already ours. And as for taking over the Canadian territories and carving the land in two with a corridor—has Robert asked the Canadians?

Dr. Robey

Dr. Wesley Marvin Robey, to whom death came Tuesday night in faraway California, needs no written eulogy. A thousand people spoke it for him yesterday when they said, "Dr. Robey died as he lived, sorrowed by the message, and they thought kind thoughts of him." It is no wonder that they did. For kindness itself was the essence of his nature—kindness, gentleness, and a certain rawhide toughness of character. It was this fortitude which enabled him to bear out the last years of his life, which he knew were few, with no apparent change in his cheerful demeanor. He remained the amiable and kindly philosopher, the professional man whose roots and resources went back to the soil, the helpful friend even though he himself was beyond help.

Candid Definitions

(T. W. Jones in The Toronto Daily Star)
Crease—A. A zigzag line down the front of aannel pants.
Ink. n. A red liquid used by bookkeepers.
Karatoo, n. A post-graduate's pedestrian.
Leader, n. In politics, one who goes behind his followers and guides.

Enter the Serpent

(Healy Creek, Tenn., Lexington Dispatch)
Miss ——— had the misfortune of being bitten by a snake Monday while shelling hay.

Here's Where the Hubsane Catch It

(New Bern Tribune)
The garden department of the Women's Club will meet at the clubhouse tomorrow morning at 10 A. M. with Mrs. J. L. Hodges as the speaker.

Flueth Time For Does

(Stateville Daily)
It's distressing, the amount of sickness right at primary time. The count of the absentees' votes indicates that it is a bad time for the community. There must have been right much distribution of the wealth.

GRAB RULES THE ROOST

By Hugh S. Johnson

BETHANY BEACH, Del.—Apart from Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity, what is the strength of the Third New Deal Party? It is not in the older parties, a majority in a difference in political thinking that fairly evenly divide all classes. The bulk of the higher and middle-income classes are against it, regardless of location or previous illness. The New Deal remains traditionally Democratic but for almost none of the reasons that made it so in the beginning. In other parts of the country New Deal strength rests upon two great groupings, organized labor, people on relief and the Negro race almost as a unit.

Still Worthwhile

From our thapsody in yesterday's paper over the prospect of a slum-clearance project in this slum-infested town, the realtors brought us back to earth at so much a front foot with a job. It is quite true, as we pointed out in the statement by Mr. Lex Marsh, president of the Charlotte Real Estate Board, that slum dwellers simply don't move into these brand-new, spanking clean apartment. No, no, they can't afford them. Even with the upkeep subsidy that the Government so thoughtfully provides, rents that have to be charged to make the properties pay for themselves are more than the ill-housed third of our people can pay.

And yet, the thing is eminently worth undertaking, at that. For one reason, we are going to have to pay for these Federal handouts whether or not we get our share of them. There is considerable unemployment in the building trades, which a slum-clearance project and the building of a couple of hospitals will help mightily to relieve. And indirectly, slum clearances do not merely get the crowd moving up and into the new dwellings, but their former places are taken by the crowd beneath them.

Besides, the alternative to turning down the Government's offer is to stay as the slum-dweller and do nothing about them. Anything would be better than that.

It Looks Like The End Of The Party System

It is not easy to oppose. Farm and unemployment relief are an absolute necessity. But so is restoration of a nearly normal employment and business activity. Toward that, after six years, we have seen almost no progress. Every group is organized and active for its own ends; except the largest group of all—the great middle class—professional men, small businessmen, white-collar workers and the majority of workers generally, who, for one reason or another, are not for either the CIO or AFL.

Perhaps they can't be organized. Their community of interest may not be clear enough. To them there never has been given any such direct monetary hand-outs as those which bind the other groups so closely together. Furthermore, they ought not to be organized against the meretricious claims of the other groups but only for their own protection. In short, if they could be brought together they would look more like a political party than like one of the other powerful groups.

It seems to be a pretty hopeless case and suggests a profound change in the old two-party political system. There really aren't two parties anymore. There is the wreckage of the old Republican Party on the one hand and on the other group a fairly well organized pressure group cutting across all party lines and bound together by no particular common purpose or principle among the groups, but only because they are the smart, quickest and most energetic to take their own much money as possible for individuals of each group from the public purse.

Visiting Around

Come Out Of That P.I. line, short— (Thomasville Daily Dispatch)
Dr. Philip P. Green, surgeon at Veterans' Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark., is visiting his mother, Mrs. R. B. Green, at Asheville (Wilmington Daily Record).

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(Stateville Daily)
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A Gentle Hint To Some Boys Behind Desks

Letters To The Editor

By Hugh S. Johnson

IF THE BUREAUCRATS DARE TO PUNISH MR. CORRIGAN THEY WILL HAVE TO ENCOUNTER THE JRE OF THE IRISH

Dear Sir:
It is one time the boys up in Washington had better chuck it all and say, "Hang the rule."

Mr. Corrigan is a hero. But more than that, he is an Irish hero, which means he is nothing short of worshipped. The young Irish apparently know the business of dying when he looks off from New York. He wanted something and, like a true son of Ireland, he got it. He had no permit, but that doesn't make anyone with the possible exception of a few Bureau of Air Commerce blimp, angry. If he had offended anyone at all, it most certainly should be Ireland, upon which land he is "Irishman." But as the Irish are 877 why Mr. Douglas Corrigan is second only to St. Patrick.

If the New Deal should be really punished, our beloved Capital City would be burned to the level of the peaceful Potomac before midnight, and every Irishman or descendant of Irishman in the land would have a hand in helping.

CHARLOTTE. IBERNIA.
What Is The Distance To Wadesboro, Anyhow?
Dear Sir:
The old saying that figures do not lie, but liars do figure, was brought to mind very forcibly a short time ago, when there appeared almost duplicating articles in both the Charlotte News and Charlotte Observer, in which a certain highway official was quoted as authority for a proposed shorter highway between Charlotte and Wadesboro. The statement was made in both papers, and repeated in The News about a week later, that the distance between Charlotte and Wadesboro was 56 miles; by paying route No. 218, from an intersection near Wadesboro to a point near Mint Hill the distance between Wadesboro and Charlotte was reduced five (5) miles, making it 51 miles instead of 56 miles. Just how these figures were arrived at I do not explained. It is supposed, and I have found, that the late highway maps are approximately correct. At least I have never found any other errors in them.

My reference to the current map it will be found that the distance to Wadesboro via route No. 74 is 54 miles instead of 56 miles. The distance from Wadesboro, via route No. 218 to the intersection of state route No. 81, near Mint Hill, is 54 miles. From that point to Charlotte is twelve and one-half miles, making the total distance between Wadesboro and Charlotte via route No. 218 at least 61 1/2 miles, which deducted from 54 shows a saving of only two and one-half miles instead of five.

As a matter of fact, according to the map, the air line distance is about 45 miles, and just how this is going to be reduced to 40 miles is something I would like to have explained. Do not all speak at once, but let's have an explanation.

FOR THESE THE AMERICAN TRADITION HAS FADED

Ernest Lindley is one of the best informed journalists in America. In this book he and his wife give us the facts and they give us the background.

The facts are encouraging. The work of the NYA is one of the major successes of the New Deal. But the background is not encouraging. The problem which the NYA has to face is dark with menace for American future.

In November, 1927, 3,000,000 boys and girls between 18 and 24 were unemployed—that is, able to work and seeking work, but unable to find it in private industry. There were almost two and a half million boys who needed jobs and could not find them, and a million and a half girls.

In the pre-war world which people still dream of restoring, America was supposed to be a land of hope, of opportunity, of youth. What has gone wrong, when almost four million young people find that America does not need them?

If we look at America as part of today's world-picture, we find that our country is the luckiest on earth. But if we look at America in relation to her own recent past, we find that here, too, the time is badly out of joint. We have been lucky, but we can no longer muddle through on our luck.

Valley areas of the country suffer from the human devastation revealed in Louise Armstrong's book. And millions of our young people grow up into a world that does not seem to want them, that imposes on them the frustration revealed in the Lindley's book.

IN WHICH THE NEW DEAL IS CALLED CONSERVATIVE

I have got sarcastic letters when I write that the New Deal is conservative. The human devastation revealed in Louise Armstrong's book. And millions of our young people grow up into a world that does not seem to want them, that imposes on them the frustration revealed in the Lindley's book.

Definition
(Wilmington-Salem Journal)
Cynical Sam says a maniac is a woman who goes crazy over a worthless man.

Peculiarities Of People

By F. Romer

JOHN RUSKIN

While this great essayist-critic was being painted by Millais, the artist, ran off with Ruskin's wife. He insisted that Millais return and complete the portrait "as a duty to art." Millais did, neither exchanging a word, but Ruskin was satisfied.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

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

BLANK VERSE
A MOVIE — OUT ON LOCATION WAS HOCKING THINGS INCONSEQUENTIAL; THE — "SHE CRIB, 'ARMY VOCATION," SOME — FROM USS PROVISIONAL, CHORUSED — "AND GOGA BIV DIVATION.

CAN YOU FILL IN SPACES WITH WORDS OF THE SAME LETTERS?

Answer Tomorrow



EARLY AND YEARLY WOOD-CHOP TWINS
THE MCLISKY BOYS OF MARKED TREE, ARK. CHOP WOOD IN UNISON, WORKING AS A TEAM THEY DO THE WORK OF 2 MEN
Today's Cartoon Self-Explanatory

New Deal And Youth

By HERBERT AGAR

YESTERDAY I wrote about the foolishness of thinking that there is an easy road back to "normal." Lots of Americans still refuse to admit that anything serious is happening to the world. They think that if it wasn't for the New Deal everything would be all right and we could soon recapture the security of our lost youth.

But there is no quick way back to that pre-war idyllicity. The time is out of joint. The sooner we face the fact, and admit what a hard job we have on our hands, the better our chance of leaving a tolerable country to our children.

Anyone inclined to question the statement that the time is out of joint should read "A New Deal for Youth," by Betty and Ernest K. Lindley (Living Press). The book is a study of the work being done by the National Youth Administration.

Like Louise Armstrong's "We Too Are People," the Lindley's book tells of a side of American life which comfortable people ignore. If they did not ignore it they would have a hard time remaining comfortable.

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