

The Charlotte News

Published Week-Day Afternoons  
and Sunday Mornings by  
The News Publishing Company, Inc.  
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General Manager  
J. E. Dore, Editor  
W. C. Dore, 1909-1927

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1877. The first edition was dated in 1877. The News Publishing Company was established in 1904 and was purchased by W. C. Dore, Jr. in 1909. The News Publishing Company is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of North Carolina.

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One Year \$10.00  
Six Months \$5.00  
Three Months \$2.50  
Single Copies 10c  
In Advance Only  
No money back without notice

SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1933

Omitting Oil

In the note which Secretary Hull has made Mexico agent payment for "unlawfully confiscated" property of Americans, nothing at all is said about the oil properties.

Regarding that, the Associated Press reports that "persons close to the President" said last April that the administration would insist upon full and fair indemnification of persons who had invested money in oil.

All right. That is probably a fair enough rule. For the oil properties, generally speaking, were acquired in the days of the old Dollar Diplomacy, and it is to be believed the reports of Americans who write books about Mexico are not without some basis.

But what is the oil companies' doing? Won't the oil companies submit their claims to the Arbitration Mr. Hull demands for the agrarian claims? Or are they to draw by lot in penalty for their delay? Or could it be because they are big and loutish? Eh?

Courage, Clarence!

There was bad news for a lot of admirers of Chambers of Commerce, intent on turning their towns into roaring metropolises, in the report which the National Resources Committee made to Mr. Roosevelt last week. In 1900, says the report, the nation's population will probably reach the ultimate peak—150,000,000 people. But it may reach it by 1935, with 140,000,000 people, and then decline to an equilibrium in 1960, with about the present number. Reasons are: steady decline in birthrate since 1923 and increase in life expectancy, resulting in a greater proportion of older people to children. In 40 years, there will be an average of only 1.5 children for each woman.

The report points out many advantages, but, alas for the Chamber of Commerce men, it says also that it inevitably means that the growth of cities will hereafter be slower and slower. But before Mr. Roosevelt collapses we hasten to say that the report contains some visible comfort for him. There is one great exception to the general rule of birth rates, etc. It is the South, and especially the Southeast, in which Charlotte stands. In this Southeast, the number of children is 77 per cent greater than the number of their parents. And though the section receives but two per cent of the national income, it still produces thirteen per cent of all the babies born in the nation. So Charlotte may yet be a winner.

Br'er Railroads Say Nothing

You'd think that if anybody would be dead set against lowering freight rates on shipments of iron ore to the North, it would be the Southern railroads. They stand to lose revenue by it, lose at a time when railroads generally are begging for higher rates in order to make ends meet.

But as a matter of fact, Southern roads are "benignly neutral" in this fight. Some of them may actually be hoping for the South to win. In any case, it is not they but the Northern industrial interests which are opposing the reduction with all the power at their disposal and with no effort to conceal the intention that impels them. The explanation of it is, with a reversal of the ex-

planation of the Southern railroads attitude. The North is "frank" and the Southern railroads hope that the reduction would better the South's competitive position so greatly as to multiply Northbound shipments and justify their lower charges. What the South is after, in essence, is an opportunity to compete with Northern manufacturers for the rich Northern markets on a basis equal so far as Government-made factors (tariffs) are concerned. The South argues that its remoteness from these markets is enough of a handicap, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission should not lend its authority to a further handicap. The North argues that the South enjoys certain advantages, such as climate, proximity to raw materials, lower labor costs and the like, and that an additional barrier is placed against it, to keep the South's chickens out of the North's corn. And of Br'er Southern Railroads, they don't say nothing.

Envious Note

It's a shame that W. C. Peimer, reformer, died and newest member of the State ABC Board, couldn't have made his speech before some other body than the North Carolina Association of County Alcohol Control Boards (hereinafter to be called by the short title of ABC Assn.). What he said—that the only real question about liquor was whether the bootleggers or the public authority should dispense it—was true enough, but this assembly had probably reached that same conclusion independently. The United Drys, now—there would have been a fine crowd to have heard Mr. Peimer, though they might have called down maledictions on his head, or the North Carolina Association of County Commissioners, or they could have listened to this speech with profit to themselves and the wet cause, for they are influential in carrying or defeating elections.

But on second thought, we believe it would have been even more enlightening to the hearing Mr. Peimer's speech for the county commissioners, especially of Mecklenburg, to have sat in on a budget-making session of Pitt County's commission-ers this past week. In Mecklenburg, we know, the tax rate is going to have to be raised. How much? The same condition is typical of most of the counties.

In Pitt, however, the commissioners had hopes of reducing the tax rate. They were waiting for the results of the Pitt County ABC Board. When it met, the tax rate was raised from 35 to 75 cents.

A Statesman Labors

Robert Rice Reynolds' only contribution to legislation may be a scheme to bound unfortunate aliens. But North Carolina is proud of him. For he is certainly the traveling man who ever cooled an itching heel on a Capitol Hill desk. To date his itinerary for six years reads like this: to Raptanania in India, to Russia, to Denmark, to Sweden, to Norway, home. To Cuba, where the luscious Senecitas grow, to Mexico, To the Virgin Islands where he went to settle a fight and promptly hauled out on it. United States in a cabin case. To Haiti, to the inauguration of President Quizon. Home around the world by way of Bombay, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Libya, Albania, Morocco, Spain, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, to Puerto Rico, to Panama, to Colombia, and down the West Coast of South America through Ecuador, Peru, Chile, across the Andes to the Argentine, and up the East Coast of South America through Uruguay, Brazil, French Guiana, Guiana, Dutch Guiana, Trinidad, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, and Mexico again. And now he has just crossed the continent to Seattle, and is on his way through Canada to Alaska. He still hasn't got to Australia yet, but after the top of the world, the bottom seems the natural thing to watch out, Australia!

Al, yes, your heart's swell with pride in Robert, especially dear old Tar Heel name, which some clowns used to call provincial, around the world and proving to the ignorant aliens that we really are a most jovial and urbane people. There is only one thing about it that troubles us slightly, the thought that we might have got a man from Cook's to do it for less than \$10,000 a year. On second thought, indeed, here and now ourselves formally offer to take over the job merely for traveling expenses.

Two With A Wallop

(Mrs. Benn Dorn, Shelby Rice)  
Joe Louis was seen on the streets of Shelby this morning! Oh, yes, he was too. But he wasn't prize fighting. Instead, he was a mule, drawing a garbage wagon and a team, and his driver, a colored citizen, was waving, proudly, to the crowd. The mule was pulling a team of mules, and the driver was waving to the crowd. The mule was pulling a team of mules, and the driver was waving to the crowd.

Three On The Old Cemetery

Canto One Deals With The Sad Memories Of A Man Who Had A Plan Long Ago; Canto Two Embraces The Sorts Of An Alien Gazing From Afar Upon Our Piety; And Canto Three Considers A Paradox.

Dear Sir:  
I warned you and Dottie Knox both that the old cemetery was "no man's land," and that you were trading on dangerous ground, as it was mined with high explosives that would blow up at the sound of your voice. I knew whereof I spoke.

About twenty years ago the late E. L. Mason and myself were on the Board of Aldermen and conceived the idea that the property on the south side of West Sixth Street, between North Church and North Poplar Sts., would make an excellent location for the seat of the City Government which was out-growing the quarters on North Tryon St. (This was before the present magnificent quarters were even thought of on East Trade St.).

We had the District, Matheson and Sumnerway lots surveyed and a plot made, after talking the matter over with the owners. The idea was to face the City Hall on North Church St. with

the Police Department in the rear and the Fire Department on North Poplar St.

The cemetery was to be worked over and as many as possible of the graves levelled and covered over with marble slabs, it being our understanding that in Westminster Abbey the graves were treated in this manner, only three feet square being allotted to a king, but we reckoned without our hosts (or ghosts).

The D. A. R., the S. A. R., to say nothing of the B. W. D.'s jumped on both sides and we were forced to get from under. This was before Chic Sale had ever been heard of, but we found out that, while three feet square might be a large enough space for a King of England, it took a whole city block for a sliver of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

OSMOND L. HARRINGTON, Charlotte.

Dear Sir:  
I would like to preface this commentary by a salute to your paper and to the editors who fearlessly speak their opinions (and approximately 60,000 out of their 100,000 daily readers) to the public. To a person, not a resident of Mecklenburg County, or of the City of Charlotte, the actions and views of some of your city leaders are amusing, in the least. As a daily reader of The News, your opinions editorially expressed, are refreshing and give an inside angle on the happenings in the Queen City.

As usual, dear old Charlotte is consistent—and I am not being complimentary in using that word. First we have a suggestion for an open Sunday in Charlotte, which would be of great benefit to many thousands of the population, and a minority group, headed by a Council that I was under the impression was elected on a liberal platform, screamed, "I'm agin' it!"

The MAFLO organization, inaugurated after the farcical liquor election, needs no comment. By the way, are they still looking for "Robert Taylor?" Now, we come to the question of a rest room and a park, and run smack into more agitation than a hornet's nest at a picnic occasion. For my part, I think the Presbyterian church property would be the most logical location. I'm a frequent visitor in Charlotte.

AL K. HALL, Wadesboro.

Dear Sir:  
If the rest station is objectionable in the old cemetery, why relocate bathrooms in houses?

Isn't that silly? The ideal Plumbing right next to the room where Uncle Ezra died. And the kitchen drain goes right down the pipe into a few feet from the bathroom. And his grave was or was it sweet potatoes—in 1937.

Of course, the pipe is nowhere connected with Uncle Ezra or Grandpa, but there is evidently desperation somewhere.

JOHN GANTT, Charlotte.

On His Way

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)  
Just another Spain or two of that final victory in Berlin, and Franco will be a career man.

Visiting Around

PART AND COMING ATTRACTIONS  
That's All Until Next Year  
(Lexington Dispatch)  
It is reported here that the annual footwashing held at Tom's Creek Primitive Baptist Church near Denton yesterday was attended by a very large number of people, probably 1,500. There was an all day service with much interest in the event.

A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE



Orn Playing Ostrich

By HERBERT AGAR

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once wrote, "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." It is easy to see what those words meant in the days of the American Revolution. People who are willing to fight to make their country free have got to hold their safety lightly.

Now I have recently heard Franklin's words used twice—in a speech, and once in The American Mercury—with a different and an unworthy application. Both times they were applied to the demand of the modern workers for some security—the demand that white society cannot give them work it must give them something to live on.

Such an application of Franklin's thought is an insult. It insults the minds of the workers, and it is a deep insult to the morals of the workers who are making a pitifully small demand upon society. To meet that demand with a demand to ask for a new, and a far more dangerous, American revolution.

THE RIGHT TO STAY IN IS LESS THAN PARADOXICAL

The people who make such remarks are not, I suppose, naturally cruel. But they show a lack of imagination which would do small credit to a month-old babe.

Take the case of the unemployed in Cleveland, where relief funds recently ran dry. For a period of weeks thousands of men and women—and children—were in a state of semi-starvation. Think of stilling those people that by asking for "a little temporary safety" they are giving up "essential liberty."

Very few people regard the right to starve slowly as one of the "essential liberties" which they dare not let go. And when a man's family is practicing the right to starve, that man is not likely to be all too ready to lecture on self-reliance and independence.

It is impossible for our torpid understanding that the American system to dole out millions of our citizens in a position where they cannot look after themselves? It is such a simple fact, so easily proved by a few weeks' tour through our industrial centers, with occasional side-trips through such agricultural districts as the San Joaquin Valley in California.

NO PLAN IS FOIBLE

UNTIL FACTS ARE FACED  
Once the facts have been faced that simple fact, several responsibilities follow from it inevitably. The first is that the system has got to be repaired, because if it goes on working as badly as it has worked recently it will be overthrown and another system (perhaps a worse one) put in its place.

The second proposition is that while the system is being repaired, the victims of the system have got to be cared for by the rest of us, by those of us who are getting a fair return from the system. And the care must be ungrudging. It must be the same sort of care we would give to the victims of an earthquake. Otherwise we shall have an explosion on our hands. And this fault will be ours.

It is all we can fairly ask, at the time that they face these simple facts. Having faced them, the forces will work out their own plans for repairing the system, and for looking after its victims. Those plans may be better than our plans—which would be a lucky break for the country.

At present the best we can do is plan, because they deny the facts. It is plain,

A Last Year's Editorial

(From The News of July 24, 1932)  
THE KURUS COME BACK  
Over in a South Carolina city newspapers yesterday carried advertisements reading, "Ku Klux Klan Rides Again in South Carolina," and "Communists to Daingerous. Americans, Protect Your Homes."

Well, about communism we seem to be agreed. But there are things even worse than communism. Anarchy, for instance. And the Ku Klux is precisely the incarnation of anarchy.

There was a time, once, when, for a few brief months, an organization bearing this same name—led by a far different sort of men—rendered the South a great service. For a few brief months, it was justified. But it was justified simply by the fact that the Southern people had been stripped of all control of their government, that practical anarchy already existed.

Nothing of the kind is true today. Communism, however unlovely, is not in the saddle among us, and has no prospect of getting there. And the broadsheet racket, which, affecting to speak in the name of Americanism, sets out to destroy all that is good in Americanism, is an infinitely greater menace than all the Reds in the land.

Kitchen Desecration

(Louis Vireux, Chapel Hill Weekly)  
Descending the stairs with a lively ambition to attack the eggs and bacon, one morning this week, Mr. and Mrs. Koch whiffed nothing of the fragrance that customarily came from the kitchen at that time of day. Instead they found the kitchen dim and damp, and empty of any human presence.

The awful truth was all too plain: Biand Cotten, the Negro man cook, had failed to report for duty. They were surprised. Biand had his faults, but for years he had been a faithful comrade in the morning.

"We'll go up town and get breakfast," said Mr. Koch.

Five minutes later they entered the new establishment called the College Sandwich Shop. As they sat down, the door leading to the kitchen opened and out popped a familiar face. It was Biand, and he had a new job. The proprietor told Mr. and Mrs. Koch that he had come to the restaurant the day before, accompanied by an older man who said he was Biand's father, and that the son hadn't had anything to do for a long time and needed work mightily bad.

Peculiarities Of People

By F. Romer

ALGERNON SWINBURNE

HIS lyrical nature poured forth in undying poetry, but in practical matters Swinburne was a child. He always insisted that the cat fare anywhere in London cost a shilling. Wherever he visited, his friends had always to still his outcries and save him from the cat's claws, for he would rather refuse to pay any additional tariff.

