

The Charlotte News

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With the cracking wide open of the stock market and the fear of panic and depression in the air, we can't help wondering, with a sort of grim pleasure, what Messer Harry Hopkins, the big Relief Man, thinks of it all. It is Messer Harry who, as we have proved to our entire satisfaction, is maintaining the entire salaried staff of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York as administrator of a \$1,500,000,000 unemployment fund to practice his social-economic nostrums. It was Messer Harry who proclaimed some time ago to an audience of rural North Dakotans—all North Dakotans are rural—that "I'm committed to stock and barrel to the purchasing power theory." This country just can't run on too much of its income is drained off by Wall Street speculators, money companies, etc.

Yesterday these same North Dakotans saw what goes under a dollar and corn fall off to about 80c. This meant to them a decided loss in purchasing power, and it came about, in all probability, to them and their streets, common dimes. It looks to be about time for Messer Harry to distribute some more purchasing power, if he can lay hands on any.

Lord Rutherford

Banished obscurely in the Associated Press report for yesterday is the name of the late Lord Ernest Rutherford to dead. The good AP seems none too sure as to who he was, for it says simply that he was a noted physicist, that he won the Nobel prize in chemistry back in 1908, and that his work in physics was concerned mainly with radio activity.
But that is to leave out his greatest claim to fame. We mean that, with Niels Bohr of Copenhagen, he is the author of the theory of the atom which has had greatest currency in the last dozen or so years—what may be called the planetary theory of the atom. Under it, the final unit of matter or energy or what have you, is conceived as being made up of a nucleus, composed of a number of positive particles or charges of electricity, called electrons, and a greater number of positive particles or charges called protons—arranged at infinite distances along the nuclei as the planets are arranged about the sun, so that sufficient to balance out the excess of protons in the nucleus. Each atom, in other words, stands as a sort of microcosm of the universe. It is a beautiful theory, and, though it has been much modified, that it is essentially sound is proved by its enormous productivity of results in use.

Lord Rutherford, like many another great explorer of the secrets of the cosmos, got a great deal less notice at his death than he deserved.

We All Can't Be Butterflies

Great jumping catfish! Bob Reynolds—advise everyone to travel. North Carolinians should hop in the old rattling flivver and skip higher and higher over the landscape. He means to see the President. Reynolds' recent remarks to back up the idea, and make the very excellent point that it is a good way of escaping provincialism and taking on a broader appreciation of the Nation's problems. But for Messer "Ham-bone" Reynolds to bid all to fill up the tank and scoot about, that's dangerous doctrine, for him.
For Reynolds has made himself our North Carolina glamour boy. His remarkable life has been something of a whirlwind. He has been in the South, and he has been out of the South. Always we could think about him, according to Bill, bumping along in the North Sea or jolting be-

neath the palms on a South Sea island. We could think of Bob and Yarn for a change and travel and far, romantic places. He has done that. He has traveled. And now he advises us to get up and light out. Suppose we should. Suppose we traveled as Bob has traveled for social enjoyment and for the beauty and excitement of the world. Who'd there be to stay home and do the work and run the country?

The Inevitable Dependents

Taxes are high, goodness knows, but not yet so high that they don't leave a millionaire enough to feed and clothe his family. The horrible example cited by General Johnson yesterday must have been a horrible mistake, his or the Twentieth Century Fund's. If a corporation in New York or Illinois makes a million dollars a year, Federal, State and local taxes don't take it all. If they did, the poor fellow would do better to make but a paltry \$100,000 a year and keep some two-fifths of it.

At the same time, there are signs that the tax-gatherers have to be taken into consideration in almost every transaction involving gain or the hope of gain, and by just so much do they discourage the enterprise which has made America what it is. There was one instance when a corporation official turned down a \$100,000 raise in salary because of the extra damage the income tax-gatherers would have done to him. There was another when the corpus of an estate incorporated into the Federal inheritance taxes upon it. There was Ex-Champ Jim Braddock who put off fighting any more this year because the purse wouldn't have been worth it—after the tax-gatherers had finished with it. And there are the innumerable corporations which have postponed improvements and modernizations and the paying of their debts because of the inordinate levy of the tax-gatherers upon such transactions.

And there is the statistic of Federal outlays in 1931. There was assessed against the 41 incomes of a million dollars or more a Federal tax, exclusive of State and local taxes, of 57%—and taxes have been raised drastically since that time. It can't be true, as the millionaire hasn't enough left over after taxes to feed and clothe his family; the signs are all to the contrary. But the fellow is keeping up a host of tax-eaters, and sometimes they become pretty clamorous.

A Tusk, a Tusk

George Brague, whose prize-taking exhibit at the Carnegie Art show in Pittsburgh—a place called "The Yellow Cloth"—has the professional art critic in ecstasy just now, used to be a Cubist. We mean that, in honest-to-God Cubist. In the days he made no concessions to the Philistines whatever. Some people held that his masterpieces were meant to depict the thought-processes of the cosmos in process of getting itself hustled, and others, again, argued that what they actually were intended to show was either General William Booth's ectoplasmic entry into heaven or the great winds getting up over Ireland. But George himself conceded nothing.

This time, however, George is a little different. He remains a Cubist, indeed, but a Cubist with a decided difference. There is something in his picture which is reminiscent of the cubist, but it is slightly spangled, but still a wickerwork basket—full of something else that some play of the imagination will convince you is meant for fruit and a bottle of Chianti. And then, there's something about the picture which is lower falling down in a thunderstorm, but which is in fact, and undoubtedly, the pattern of the yellow cloth gone on a rampage in mid-air. The picture, you see, is a study in abstraction, and is meant to convey to us the highly idiosyncratic fashion in which George's sub-consciousness beholds the universe before it has been acted upon by crippling conventional concepts. In the artist's say it's grand stuff, and we haven't a doubt of it. Not one, Emmy.

There Spoke the Boy

Maybe it is only the build-up of the Hollywood press agent, but somehow we couldn't get, for ordinary folks, any better than a boy with a meek as rather than with the great inattention of the rapier. And there is something too utterly naive and genuinely boy-like about the stories of the little Bartholomew and his brand-new \$2000 a week contract for such press agents ever to have cooked it up.
"My agents made a new contract with M-G-M which gave me an extra dollar of spending money a week," piped the boy to a California Judge.
No, the press agent did not plant that one. There spoke the boy with the naive accent of his own mind, and in the same breath the boy told in every place and clime. We wish him joy in his new riches of an extra dollar a week.

WE'RE FREE, ARE WE NOT?

By HUGH A. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON—There is no danger to the right of free speech, free discussion and free criticism in the United States. Is there? No man will ever be punished or prejudiced by his government for any expression of opinion. Will he? For why would a critic's mouth be shut by any force save facts and logic? If he lies, there are laws of libel. If he tells the truth, no true democratic official is afraid of truth. Is he? If criticism is matters of opinion merely, each man is entitled to his opinion. Isn't he? The fact of government speak for themselves regarding the opinion of any man. Don't they? So this country understands; and Congress has not in a century, except in war, passed any law "abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press" because the Constitution carefully says that Congress can't.

There Be Ways—and Ways

But nowhere does the Constitution say that the executive departments shall not use any influence of high office or any of the innumerable administrative powers to shut up anybody who publishes broadcast any criticism or opinion that they do not approve. There are almost as many ways in which this can be attempted as there are powers delegated by Congress to executive departments, such as control of radio broadcasting, agriculture, rivers, labor, income—air, earth, water and the inhabitants thereof. These powers are largely in administrative discretion and, unless action within them is capricious, there is no relief in the courts—or anywhere this side of Heaven. If the government more and more such power has to be delegated. The more is delegated, the more free discussion comes under executive influence and out from under the Bill of Rights.

So The Despotism Begins

It would be very dangerous if ever, directly or indirectly these powers were used to silence criticism. Wouldn't it? Control of opinion and expression is the very thing an intending Hitler or Mussolini aims to seize. That controlled, the rest is easy. Our great secret is that no American would submit to any executive threat of attempting such a thing. Would they?

No newspaper publisher would shift his duty of free, if sometimes unwelcome, criticism to be affected in any way, by the indirect—punitive—use of any of these powers. He would hold up to the multitude by hint and innuendo as a tax slacker or opposed to human legislation because of its tax burden on himself. Would he? He wouldn't even consider the harm of such capitulation to his paper and its circulation. Would he?

He Wouldn't, Would He?

The great broadcasting chain, though wholly at the mercy of an executive branch for the very license on which they operate, would fight to the death before they would comply with any executive attack at all of censoring their powers to silence or influence any critic. Wouldn't they?

No American executive would think of taking anyone to task for an expressed opinion, or by talking about it, or by the very heat of his wrath, or by any other means, to prevent him from saying all that he might say, or to prevent him from saying all that he might say.

Visiting Around

New. If We Just Had Some Bread—(Vanderbilt Times, New York Tribune) Several from her attended the circus in Daytona, Wednesday night.
(Herald, Grove Item, Goldsboro News-Army)

It's a Wise Smoker

Bill Womble and Huldon Joyce, the kingpins around at the Standard station on the corner of Carthage and Zeno streets, were both smoking cigars the other day when customers drove up. They laid down their stogie and proceeded to answer the call of trade.
When they repaired once more into the service station there was argument about which cigar belonged to whom. They settled by matching for the longest.
Variety in Sports
(Longhurst Item, Roxboro Courier)
The Longhurst baseball team went to Durham in the football game Friday, then returned for a banquet that night.

Boake's Logic Is Panned As Mere Ranting

No Room For Criticism of F. R. on South American Policy, This Reader Thinks.

Dear Sir:
Do you print Boake Carter just because he is a British agent on the radio, or have you ever read his copy? I cite you the pundit's remarks, front-paged in Monday evening's paper:
"The United States conducted more business with Japan last year than with all the nations of South America combined."
That bald, bare fact—and that alone—stands as a damning indictment of the shallow and superficiality of Franklin Roosevelt's junkie to South America. It is a condemnation of the state department's policy of wishing to save the morals of the world at the expense of London's foreign office and at the expense of United States citizens, who must pay with their own lives any slip that Roosevelt and his state department might make.

Mr. Carter continues to exhort Mr. Roosevelt with such astonishing logic. The amazing thing is that, in the end, he advocates what is correct—that we stay in our own sphere of influence and let Japan alone.

But I call your attention to the logic. We should do this because we did more business with Japan than with all South America. And we should curse Roosevelt—because one of the soundest glories of his administration has been his "good neighbor policy" toward South America, his trip to South America, and the state department's careful cultivation of South American goodwill!

I suppose synthetic logic—it's not even that. It's historical phrase-mongering—sounds impressive over the ether waves. In type, on a well-ordered front page, it sounds silly.

L. JOHN SILVER, Charlotte.

Editor's Note—In the period 1928-30 our exports to South America averaged \$445,400,000 annually. In the same period exports to Asia averaged \$200,000,000. In 1931 the value of exports to South America fell to \$150,000,000, and the value of exports to Asia to \$284,200,000. Both have been increasing steadily since. Export trade with South America in 1931 ran to \$173,000,000, and with Asia to \$276,500,000.

It is obvious, however, that we still export goods to less than half the value formerly exported in South America, whereas exports to Asia have gone back to a good deal more than half their former value.

The Bachelor's Lament

(Tribune Virginian-Pilot)

The trouble with British newspapers, says the Gotham News, is not censorship imposed by the government, but self-censorship. "Our British newspapers," he said, "are too genteel, too 'refined,' too mildly-mannered. They are perhaps the blindest in your newspapers, and I would rather have a dash of downright rudeness with my truth, than only a dash of truth with all my meaningless gentility."

All of which encourages us ruffians to take heart that it is still lawful in America to produce such a thing as the new musical drama, 'I'd Rather Be Right'—and still quite all right for the American Press to report that in St. George M. Cohan, made up to resemble President Roosevelt, sings a song including these lines:

If I'm not elected
I'll never fear for hunger
I'll never fear for cold
I'll never fear for DuPont
And another one with Hearst.

My messages to Congress
Are a lot of bona fides
I'm not so fond of Reinhardt,
But I'd like to meet Tallulah.

As long as a people may rag their rulers their essential freedom is still intact. In Germany where the press is so free, the German press is so free that it is still lawful in America to produce such a thing as the new musical drama, 'I'd Rather Be Right'—and still quite all right for the American Press to report that in St. George M. Cohan, made up to resemble President Roosevelt, sings a song including these lines:

My speeches to the Reichstag
Are solemnity mixed with spleen
I fear she's not a Nazi,
But I'd like to meet Marlène.

(We can do it too—Ed. News)
[Tallulah—bait! Marlène—bait! Said Rignow slightly.
"It's a gorgeous girl, it's true. But I prefer 'em not so skinny."]

Diogenes' Own Man

(Tribune Record)
Tuesday afternoon Diogenes Chamber and Ed Pippin were sitting in front of Kennan's Cafe. Passing along I remarked: "You boys among yourselves?" A. D. said, "No, we are just watching the circus." Ed said, with a sigh, "We're watching the women go by."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

On request, sent with stamped, addressed envelope, Mr. Ripley will return proof at anytime desired by him.



THE ANIMATED BANK LEDGER—Barthold Niebuhr (1778-1821) was a Dane who became famous as a historian and statesman in the service of Germany in the East Indian bank in Copenhagen. The bank ledger, containing 1800 accounts, was destroyed in a fire and the bank was threatened with disaster because the ledger was irreplaceable. To everybody's amazement, Niebuhr came forward offering to rewrite the 1800 accounts from memory. He accomplished this incredible mental feat in 1824 and the affairs of the bank were balanced without a fault. Niebuhr proved himself a memory marvel of great power throughout his life.
"THE ONLY MAN WHO NEVER SAW GERMANY"—Don Alonso el Sabio (1226-1242) was king of Asturias, Leon and Castile when he was elected German emperor in 1257. Although he exercised the nominal duties of a German emperor until his deposition in 1262, it is a fact that he never set foot on German soil.

Explanation of Today's Cartoon
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IT SEEMS TO ME

By HERWOOD BROWN

THERE must be days and days and even years and years during which David Windoor never sees or hears of this column. But his tough logic is my good fortune.

A little while ago a friendly word was said here concerning the approaching visit of the Duke and Duchess to this country. No specific date was set for him to spend a week-end in Stamford.

It is true that this doesn't result in confusion, because it may be that to a dog of Tycoon's age, kings and commoners are very much alike. Still, I'm quick to take a hint, and he learned to bark at economic capitalists long before he saw his kindred.

In the old days, before the possibility of peace came to play thunder, he would roll over and play dead if anybody mentioned William King.

ORDERED TO CHIEF THEIR HEADS OFF

The friendly gesture from Hunting Ridge was made before the Duke of Windsor went in so heavily in his brother act with Adolf Hitler. A former king could be excused for buying a return trip ticket to Berlin with the privilege of a one-day stopover, but Windsor could have been excused for the political consequences of the love feast to which he committed himself. Obviously, the Nazis were ordered to cheer their heads off for the young man.

Whether the trip was taken with the sanction, or even at the suggestion of the British Cabinet is a matter of conjecture. The fact remains that it plays along with the desire of British conservative leaders to put the oil on Hitler and the heat on Mussolini.

And this might seem smart strategy on the surface if it were not for the fact that it works against those European nations which are actually committed to peace.

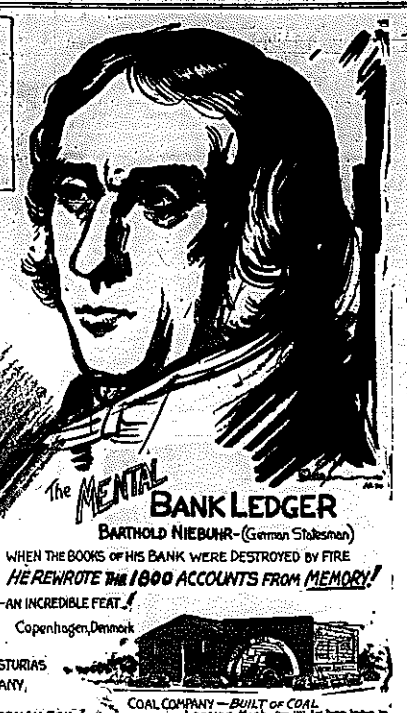
NO SALE

David Windoor was once known as a salesman for the British Empire, but it would seem now that he is about to take an aside-line.

Seemingly, he was equipping his sample case during his German jaunt. Surely we want no more Nazi propaganda in this country, even if it is cooked out to us by induction. Let's ought to give Windoor a cool receipt.

By Ripley

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Earlier Days

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

75 YEARS AGO

NEWS FROM THE COAST
The news from the coast begins to be of more stirring character. It is believed by many that the enemy intends to make a movement soon upon the railroad at Hardeeville. Several prisoners taken by the troops yesterday say that an attack will be made upon Saranah in two weeks time. They say that General Mitchell has a very large force, and several days ago ordered provisions cooked for five days. The order was being carried into effect and everything prepared for active service and a long march.

NEGROES IN THE NORTH

What is to become of the poor, ignorant and helpless negroes who either run away or are stolen from their comfortable homes in the South and sent up North by the Yankee invading army. Is a problem hard of solution. When they get there they find themselves among strangers and enemies rather than friends, and will be denied even the privilege of working for a support. Only the other day the association of slaughter and packing house men in Chicago passed the following preamble and resolutions at one of their meetings.

"Whereas, It has come to the knowledge of the meeting, that it is the tradition of one or more of the leading factories of this town to bring negro labor into competition with that of white men, for the purpose of reducing wages of the latter to the lowest possible standard.

"RESOLVED, that we, the packing house men of the town of South Chicago, pledge ourselves not to work for any packer, under any consideration, who will in any manner, bring negro labor into competition with our labor."

A Poet, We Guess

(Nashville Ledger-Dispatch)

In the bombing of Madrid several hundred persons were injured and an author escaped. There is said to be general regret.

Say This—and Duck

(Hialeah Daily)

Experiments indicate that the flavor of meat increases with the age of the animal. Which, maybe, may account for the sharpened of a woman's tongue as she grows older.

Fish Dinner

(Wall Street Journal)

It sounds like a weak story, but Harold Thomas of Saratoga Lake, N.Y., has trained a black bass to come for its meal when the dinner bell is rung.

Last spring, Mr. Thomas, noting a bass of good size in the water at his boat landing, dropped bits of food to it, which the fish ate greedily. It soon became so tame that it rose to the surface whenever Mr. Thomas appeared at the landing. When it did not show up promptly, Mr. Thomas would whistle, bringing Mr. Bass up in a hurry. Later, out of curiosity, he rang the dinner bell, which had the same effect. Perhaps any other noise Mr. Thomas could make would bring the fish to the surface, but he is getting a great kick out of showing his friends, and especially the doctors, the way to how to attract fish with a dinner bell.