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SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1933

Problem in Ditchiggers

Before filing away the final report of that census of unemployment which a new depression made out of date before the figures had been run up, let it be set down that 42 per cent of all males registered were classified as unskilled. The great majority of these were farm and day laborers, and in addition to them a considerable number, nearly 20 per cent of the male unemployed, were classified as semi-skilled, a term which could cover a multitude of inessential skills by reason of their being so readily lost. The totally unskilled are enough to think about. The existence of all these people who have no work and who know how to do nothing but the most common, back-breaking work, warrants the conclusion that always, even when industry and commerce flourish, this country will have an unemployment problem. It will take a dual form - (1) the problem of work for the people, and (2) the problem of the people for the work. After all, we can use only so many ditchiggers.

Runciman's Job

The Associated Press correspondent at Berlin reports that German official circles and journals generally view the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain's "mediator," Viscount Runciman, by Czechoslovakia as a fatal surrender of sovereignty by the little country and the beginning of a great victory for Germany. And the overall view is that Viscount Runciman has already published laws giving the Sudeten Germans equality in office-holding, language, schools, etc., - granting all that Konrad Henlein has demanded, in fact, save two things: autonomy for the Sudetens and "complete liberty for Germans to profess German nationality and German (i. e. Nazi) philosophy."

Naturally, the Czechs haven't wanted to grant these two, for they mean only to save the surrender of sovereignty over the Sudetens to Germany, and, since the small region these people occupy is the territorial key to the whole Czechoslovakian land, the beginning of the end for their country. But, since they are the only ones left, it does seem that the Germans are right and that it is Runciman's job to bully the Czechs into giving in to them without a fight.

Mr. Chamberlain's diplomatic maxim grows clearer and clearer. It is: If you keep feeding the hungry wolf with meat from other people's pantries, he isn't so likely to bite you in the leg.

Railroad Arbitrator

It is somewhat curious news that the Interstate Commerce Commission has granted the railroads an increase in Pullman rates. For it was only a short time ago that it granted the Eastern roads an increase in basic passenger rates. And one argument on which that increase was granted was that the coaches had been made so comfortable that people who had formerly used the Pullmans now used the coaches instead, feeling that the spread between the two rates was too great to be justified by the difference in accommodations. But that spread by increasing the coach rate, and these people would go back to the Pullmans: so the argument ran. But now, having increased the coach rate to make the Pullmans attractive, the spread is now more restored by increasing the Pullman rate! That is somewhat strange economics. But no stranger than the whole proposition that the way out for the railroads is to raise passenger rates. Nobody doubts that the

railroads need more revenue and need it badly. But is it plausible that the best way to get it is to raise the charges for what they have to do in a time of depression? Certainly, that does not fit with the laws of economics as they have worked out in the case of other businesses, and we somehow suspect that it won't pan out here, either.

A City Limited

They say they like it fine and wouldn't move back for anything, those numerous people who have left their 60-foot lots in the city and gone to the farms and acreage in the country. And we don't blame them, for it sounds fine - that blessed quiet and fresh air and whole woods and fields for the children to play in, probably with streams and brooks to boot. In any case, roads like Providence and Briarwood, Wilkinson Boulevard and Selwyn Avenue Extension are now lined with houses of Charlotteans who went to the country to live, and there are other sections, like Thornshoro, Hoskins and Club Colony, which have grown up outside the corporate limits.

Mention to the residents of these contiguous areas the possibility of taking them into the city, and they protest at once and blithely. They don't want to pay city taxes, and we can't blame them. Nevertheless, it doesn't make much sense that a house immediately this side of the line should be taxed by the city and receive its services, whereas the house next door, immediately beyond the line, should be out of reach. And it doesn't make much sense that thousands of people who work in the city who might, when they go away, from Charlotte, whose children go to city schools (for a moderate charge) and who are in all ways part and parcel of this urban community, should be exempt from the requirements of paying for the supply of the municipal government - many of whose benefits they enjoy and could not do without.

Seems to us as though there is a certain manifest answer to the question of city limits. As the city grows, its limits should be extended. Once the city stopped at Trade and McDowell, but surely the residents on Elizabeth Avenue did not feel that they were forever entitled to remain outside the city and to contribute nothing to its support. The city limits should be extended now is a matter not of opinion but of visible fact. Those areas which are part of the city in all but name should be included. Those areas which are still rural should remain without the growth of the city restlessly swallows them.

When Thieves Fall Out

There's nothing like a politician for catching a politician. Politician Dan Talbot, of Kentucky, for instance, in coming to the August Politician Senator Logan and Master Politician President Roosevelt putting a fast one on old Politician James Aloysius Farley. Talbot says that in 1927 he went to Washington at the request of Senator Logan to see about securing Senator Logan's casus Federal judgeship. It suited Farley, who knew the Chief wanted to make Kentucky safe for Dr. Alben Barkley, and that was why he did this was in retire Logan and give Happy Chandler the place he coveted in the Senate. So Talbot says, Farley took it up with the Chief, calling Talbot back the next day to report that the Chief had three places he could put Logan, and not under any circumstances to let Happy run the show.

But Talbot was Logan's emissary, not Happy's. Anyhow, the deal didn't come off. In fact, Senator Logan denounced it with high indignation, and the President, on his re-forming, four Kentucky, Kentucky, righteously denounced Happy for ever proposing it. But as far as we know, Jim Farley has never denounced anybody. On the contrary, he has kept discreetly quiet.

And up in Pennsylvania, Politician Lynn G. Adams has accused Politician Governor Earle of depriving him of his job as commissioner of the State police because, frankly, Politician John L. Lewis "wouldn't stand for" his resignation. Politician Earle has denounced Politician Adams for a "politically-minded" benchman of his enemies, but Politician Adams sticks to his story. Somewhere in all this, the men in the observatory with the big telescope may be able to perceive government of, by and for the people at work.

Writer's Jump

Billy Arthur, New Bern Tribune: How did it hurt? I'm a young person. I told the story to yesterday. I'm right in my face. "That's a lie, Billy, and you know it!" I'm going to adopt John Haywood Jones' explanation, and tell everybody my finger was run over by a Steam-Engine. Really, I was just typing. Publishing for the "N" in Charleston the other night, my middle finger - which I use wherever for typing - slid off the "n" of my typewriter, and Dr. Joseph R. Latham diagnosed it as a sprain.

WHY WE GO FOR MICKY

By Hugh S. Johnson

BETHANY REACH, Del. - The most popular radio entertainer is a little hand-carved, shopping block called Charlie McCarty. He is the favorite of Bergen, but so great is that enthusiasm that everybody thinks only of Charlie as he carries on his spindly shoulders a program otherwise frequently as dull as dishwater and more often so - except for the chance of hearing more of Charlie - to avoid a national silence.

The most popular moving picture of recent times was, of course, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Charlie is a puppet, but they were not even just animated children's drawings into which another genius had breathed life and personality. Besides them, Mickey Mouse is by all odds the actor most in demand.

The most popular recent air adventure was "Circus" with his trailer.

The most decisive Summer political victory was Texas O'Daniel's, who crooned, wise-cracked and hill-billed through a campaign that sounded like an old-time patent medicine sales fellow in a snake oil or the magic asp made from the mystic beast - even though he is in Northern Texas and Southern New Mexico.

STAYE THE FOLKS ARE TIRIED OF SOLEMN HOPEY

What does all that mean? I don't pretend to know, but it might mean that people, so long dipped in depression and defrauded in delay, are weary of too much solemn hokum that pretends to be something else. Maybe they like their hokum raw, but insist that it be labeled under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, so that they may know precisely what they are paying for.

Charlie McCarthy doesn't pretend to be anything but a ventriloquist's dummy. But there have been popular dummies under the Grand Guignol. As a marionette, Charlie is the greatest that ever gabbed.

Other moving picture actors pretend to be real people and some do so well that the country loses them. But know what Mickey Mouse and Dopey and the rest don't pretend to be anything else on earth but what they are - shadowy, kindly fragments of the imagination.

Circus, without pretending to be anything but a well intentioned show, has been shot crisp with destiny and did something greater than many seriously take themselves for more seriously would have thought of trying.

AND, AFTER ALL, O'DANIEL LAUGHED AT HIMSELF

It isn't get altogether plain just what the O'Daniel magic was, but it very clearly recognized that political campaigns are mostly hokum and hoopla anyway.

Mostly hokum and hoopla anyway. Instead of doing out the usual brand of solemn hokum, he spread his stuff right out on the table for what it was and laughed at it with the rest of the folks.

I don't know what reason, if any, is to be learned from all this. All entertainers can't be marionettes any more than all movie stars can be treated as puppets. In our country, all entertainers, all artists, all all-around medicine-show artists.

But maybe it does mean, in politics anyway, that people would like it better without so many impossible promises of more abundant life or two chicks in every pot, without so much downright misrepresentation of the effect of politics and performance; without almost cynical professions that what is being brazenly done under the eyes of everybody really isn't being done at all, without so much crowding of whole classes of good people and stirring up of hatreds in other classes of their neighbors by orators who know that the whole world effort is unjust and destructive, and without so much left-handed talk.

Parts of Mr. O'Daniel's platform were the "Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. Some fun was poked at that, but the truth is that they would be platform enough for any candidate, if he could convince voters that he meant it.

Visiting Around

We Heard You the First Time - Clearmont News, Catawba News-Enterprise.

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Box, There's An Ideal! (Winnsboro News & Herald)

During the week, Mr. and Mrs. M. Holler are enjoying a vacation trip to relatives in different parts of the state.

T. B. Hospital Greatly Needs More Funds

Correspondent Thinks It Is Less Important Or Less Pressing Causes

Dear Sir:

I think the people of Mecklenburg County should get a good verbal picture of the manner in which the Mecklenburg Sanatorium is operated, and the tremendous odds under which such an able man as Dr. H. L. Slay has to labor in order to get proper funds on which to manage this institution. No one doubts the capability of Dr. Slay or his nurses, and God knows they are exerting every effort in trying to cure the unfortunate who are entrusted to their care. His nurses are competent but few; Dr. Slay is capable but discouraged by constant refusals of the board to give him the means to conduct the place on a sane basis. Proposal after proposal is presented to the board and the inevitable result for these proposals is the waste basket.

The city can put on divines to provide funds for a swimming pool, an auditorium, or a million-dollar hospital to give asylum to drunks who wreck their cars on the highways, but any mention of adequate funds to properly maintain a place in care for those stricken with the treacherous germs of tuberculosis only reverberates in the ears of those who are in a position to give aid as so much money.

Proper diet and the best of sanitary conditions combined with X-ray and laboratory equipment are most essential to fittingly conduct any sanatorium, yet these are not even up to par in Mecklenburg Sanatorium.

If in the first pages of our newspapers were less smeared with the accounts of bootleggers and the recurring stories of bank failures and in its stead, in double size bold type, a proposal to raise money for the tuberculosis in Mecklenburg County, it would be a far more humanitarian act.

CHARLES P. BELDING, Charlotte.

Present Relief Plan Is A Vicious Circle

Dear Sir:

The spending of so much money for relief doesn't seem to be getting us anywhere. The other day the President asked for \$175,000,000 more, which is to be spent for relief work, making a total of \$1,425,000,000, for expenditure on projects of the Works Progress Administration. This amount should meet our relief needs until Congress has the opportunity to re-survey the situation. But, after all this amount of money is spent, how much better off will the people be? Those on the relief rolls will still be on the relief rolls.

Spending money at the rate they have in the past few years will never get business on the building-up road again. Because there is no foundation to it. If the money spent for relief is spent in such a way that the work the men do will bring in enough profit at the end of the next three months to run the work on, then the money spent for relief will be doing the country some good. As the situation is now, when money is appropriated for certain jobs is spent, the men are left until Uncle Sam hands out to them. This amount should meet our relief needs until Congress has the opportunity to re-survey the situation. But, after all this amount of money is spent, how much better off will the people be? Those on the relief rolls will still be on the relief rolls.

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I have noticed one thing in the paper that will help the farmer if it is carried out. There is some talk of making the American bale of cotton a much larger bale at the present way the cotton buyers have to cut the bales in order their samples out leaves a very ugly bale. There is some talk of adding a device to the cotton gins that will take a sample from the center of the bale. This will save the buyer from having to cut the bagging on cotton, which I think it will, then I say do it, because the farmers enjoy every break they can get to help the sale of their products.

Medicine Needs To Be Socialized This Far

Dear Sir:

Thousands of American people are in pain. They originate need medical care. But they are afraid to go to a doctor. They will not accept charity, and they are afraid of what the bill may be.

These people could probably pay a small amount each week toward a fund supporting a clinic in which they might go for medical attention when they needed it. The physicians treating them could be well paid. Both the doctor and the patients would benefit. If it does not have a sound foundation, you cannot build a ten-story building on a three-story foundation and expect it to stand or prosper.

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ALL OVER BUT THE SHOOTING, EH?



The Everlasting Nay

By HERBERT AGAR

RETURNING from a trip to Europe, John D. Rockefeller tells the reporters that the billions being used by the Federal Government to bolster re-employment are "a futile although an expedient measure." And he adds: "I am still old-fashioned enough to think and believe that the only ultimate solution to our present unemployment is through increased business."

It isn't necessary to be old-fashioned in order to believe that the way to employ more men is to have more business. We will want more business, and the people who want it most of all are the millions of unemployed. I wish Mr. Rockefeller had made some suggestions as to how he thinks we might get it. Like so many others, he is content to say that the methods used by the New Deal are "futile."

DOES SIR ROCKEFELLER KNOW A BETTER WAY?

Private enterprise having failed to supply enough business, the Government is trying to make up some of the difference through the use of the national credit. It is this effort which Mr. Rockefeller tells us is "futile although expedient." By "expedient" I suppose he means it is a good way of attracting votes, but not a good way of stimulating business.

Then what is a good way of stimulating business? If Mr. Rockefeller doesn't know, who does? If nobody knows, how can we be sure that the administration has chosen a bad way? Even if it is a difficult and a dangerous way, may it not possibly be the only way available?

This problem of what to do for the people who are not taken care of by private enterprise is an old problem in America. It might even be called an old-fashioned problem. An old-fashioned man like Mr. Rockefeller might be expected to have faced it long ago.

THIS PROBLEM HAS BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME

If he has faced it, he must either have found an answer or have failed to find an answer. If he has failed to find an answer, why does he talk so big?

As long ago as 1913, Woodrow Wilson said in his First Inaugural Address, "There has been something crude and heartless and unfeeling in our haste to succeed and in our haste to get on. Let us have a sound foundation. You cannot build a ten-story building on a three-story foundation and expect it to stand or prosper."

Gain for Neville

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

Heinrich Moody returned to this country the other day with a dental that she is all eyes with Helen Jacobs. That relieves everybody and probably explains one of those three bright spots Mr. Chamberlain said he could discern in Europe.

There is the same old problem, a quarter of a century ago. Through our "haste to succeed and be great," we have built a system under which millions of Americans cannot look after themselves. How shall we make it possible for them in do so? Can private enterprise give them this chance? Or must the Government take a hand? As the son of a man who was notable for his "haste to succeed and be great," Mr. Rockefeller should have a special interest in this problem. Has he really nothing to contribute except the suggestion that the New Deal is "futile"? I can never grow accustomed to the uncertainty of our conservatives. They still haven't learned how to say anything except "No." "No! You can't

The Manuscript Plague

Mrs. Theo. R. Davis, Zebulon Record

Perhaps I should have been flattered when a young woman who desired to be a writer sent me a long manuscript asking that I go over it to correct and criticize and then tell her what to do to make it sell. She said she had offered it to several magazine editors, only to have it rejected, but no one told her just why it was unsuitable. The story was full of mads and butlers; of house-particles, balls and evening gowns; of foreign phrases with which I am hardly on speaking terms; and no matter how much I'd love to help, I didn't know what to do. I've never had experience with more than two hired helpers in a home, and two only in time of sickness. The only butlers I ever knew doubled as gardeners, chauffeurs and whatnot, and were hired because they gave more value for money than could a woman servant. I'd put me down in one of those fashionable house-particles like the one described in the literature sent me for suggestions, and I'd be too embarrassed for words - and for several reasons, I've never seen one from the inside, and I can't write about what I don't know.

Herrings and Divorce

(Rare County Times)

"All I can say," added the Drummer, "is if I were a woman, I would be more inclined to divorce any man who made me eat herrings every day." "But you're not a woman," said the Old Sea Captain, "and you and your male herring's been eaten and in Norway, where herrings are staple articles of diet, there is practically no divorce. In fact, you can check the fish eating sections of your own country, and families who eat a lot of fish, do not have divorce. It is only when the men get away and go in eating beef and pork that strange ideas get into their heads."

The Good Provider

(Mrs. Theo. R. Davis, Zebulon Record)

At our house the annual debate is on over how much of everything to eat. I want enough, but see no sense in having jars and jars left for several years. My husband never sees a stopping place until every knobby apple, every misshapen tomato, every wormy peach or hickory nut has been gone over and given the personal touch if any section is usable.

I feel that canning is a method of keeping fruit and vegetables, not of improving them; he has an idea it is a kind of redemptive and regenerative process, and that inferior stuff may become delicious if cooked and sealed up in a can. He's a few years older than I, but my mother's age, and if so, I hope he marries a cannery.

Repatriate

(Billy Arthur, New Bern Tribune)

Supr. F. G. Godfrey broke one off in Postmaster R. R. Eagie the other morning. The Postie walked into the drug store and addressed the superintendent, "Hi, there, Beware!"

Mr. Godfrey shot back: "Hello, Airmail!"

The exchange of greetings, for some reason or another, suddenly ceased there.

Peculiarities Of People

By F. Romer

BARNUM BECAUSE an inn keeper wouldn't cancel reservations the troupe couldn't use, Barnum had his company disarrange the beds and knock. He went; received breakfast for all in fifteen minutes. Immediately thereafter he ordered luncheon prepared. Afternoon spoiling that, he decided the dinner be served, paid the frontie hotel man and departed.

