Charlotte News

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We seek truth, that we may follow it.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1938

A Horrid Word

That 1% charge for old age insurance which comes out of employees' pay envelopes each week is not, the Treasury has ruled, an allowable deduction for income tax purposes. In fact, technically, the charge is an income tax, hence is no more deductible than last year's income tax.

The ruling is all right, but the 1% charge is badly called. Most wage-earners and salaried persons would realize, if they stopped to think a moment, that it is in reality an insurance premium and that insurance premiums paid are not deductible from income. But they will not like its being called an income tax. Coupled with reports that the Government is expending these previous receipts for its daily bread, putting up its own bonds in exchange, it may sound very much as though the Government is the one which has forgotten that they are insurance premiums and not taxes. In any event, we'd feel much better about the ultimate safety of our old age insurance if it were in the hands of some private insurance company which some government required to maintain legal reserves.

Bibb's Wife Looks Back

Senator Miss Dixie Graves, the Governor's wife whom he appointed to the Senate to hold Hugo Black's seat until Alabama Democracy could nominate a successor, has resigned just as Bibb promised she would when the time came. She hasn't done a great deal to distinguish herself, either for virtue or mischief. She was noted for the regularity of her attendance during the special session and the ten days of the regular session. She made one speech, lasting 30 minutes, in opposition to the anti-lynching bill. She got one bill through, having to do with a bridge across the Tennessee River at Florence, Alabama.

But Miss Dixie didn't try to save the country in the few months of her allotted term, and perhaps the country ought to be grateful for that. At the same time, Miss Dixie was well paid for not trying to save the country. For these four and a half months her salary came to something more than $3,500; her allowance for clerk-hire to something more than $2,500; her stationery allowance to a couple of hundred additional, we should guess, and her mileage allowance from Montgomery to Washington and back, twice, at 20 cents a mile, to some $500 more than the actual cost of the trips. Altogether, Miss Dixie hasn't done badly either by the country or herself, who they say is charming.

Asbestos Ben

The accident of geographical boundaries has thrown this city into the Carolina of the North rather than of the South, and though it is hardly more than a good sustained gallop from the limits of the city to the state line, and though Columbia is nearer than Raleigh, we naturally hang closer tab of what goes on in the capital of North Carolina than in that of South Carolina.

And it has so happened that for the last several years one could put down the reading of current events in South Carolina and take it up sooner or later without losing the thread of the narrative. The whole season has been, Olin D. Johnston, Governor, vs. the State Highway Commission, Ben Sawyer, Chairman. Governor Johnston has been running and campaigning literally, as that time we noted out the middle — for Ben Sawyer and the Columbia Ring. In consequence, the Governor returned to the capital last week from a campaign trip to Florida, and his "administration" is now in the "administration" of South Carolina by "ministerial inference."

Well, it may be. But surely an outsider may be permitted to observe that behind Ben Sawyer and his Columbia Ring a notable improvement has been wrought in South Carolina's system of highways. While the Governor has been building fires, which always went out, under Ben Sawyer, Ben Sawyer has been building roads. Machinator he may be — at any rate the Governor swears he is — but from this distance the fellow looks like one who tends strictly to his own knitting in the face of constant harassment.

Back Into the Oven

It is doubtful in the extreme that the House Rules Committee, by refusing last session and in the special session to permit a wage-and-hour bill to reach the floor, had in mind the uses of obstructiveness. But they are great. The whole genius of the democratic system of government derives from the trait. That is why this democracy has divided into two political parties, the minority of which acts, and is supposed to act, as obstructor to the impetuous will of the majority. That is why we have a constitution which can be amended only by a tedious procedure involving delays of years. That is why a House preponderantly of the same lodge oftentimes produces half-baked and freakish legislation.

And it is directly because of the obstructiveness of the House Rules Committee, aided and abetted by the simple obstreperousness of Southern Democrats, that the House Labor Committee has decided to write a new wage-and-hour bill. How good the new bill may be, no one can tell; but it will not be any the worse for having been obstructed in its original form. Indeed, the chances are that it will be a great deal better, for its authors know what they are up against.

Sister Mary Benedicta

From the distressed and deeply sincere expressions of grief that came to The News on the death of Sister Mary Benedicta, it was evident that this good woman was widely beloved for herself and her works of charity. We never knew her, though for fifty years she had been one of the Sisters of Mercy of the Sacred Heart Convent at Belmont, and hundreds of persons are eager to testify to her consecration and her zeal in ministering unto the poor.

In not having known her, we are at a disadvantage when it comes to eulogizing this woman sympathetically and perceptively. But this is a deficiency that the nomenclature of her order supplies, for what more eloquent could be said of anyone than that she was a *Sister of Mercy* of the Convent of the *Sacred Heart!*

Suffer the Little Children

It's a marvel with what aplomb civilization receives the most tragic statistic, the most dreadful warning of what fate certainly has in store for some of us, and passes on unmoved and undismayed. For example, this newspaper carried the other day a terse item to the effect that of the 174 pedestrians injured in automobile accidents in this city during 1937, 63 were children. The number of children in the eighteen deaths by automobile was not stated.

But 63 children injured is bad enough — in at least two heart-rending instances that we know of, worse than bad enough. If we cared to be emotional about it, we could describe the suffering of some of these children in such a manner as to make fathers and mothers call their own broods about them and appraise their straight young limbs and sound young bodies with prayerful gratitude. But we prefer to be matter-of-fact in discussing it, and, as a matter of fact, if 63 children were run over by automobiles last year, it stands to cold reason that the same number, more or less, will this year be similarly injured. It is not, either as motorists or parents, a happy prospect.

And, yet, the automobile is a necessity, and it is necessary that we go speedily about our business or our pleasure, and if a child darts before and goes down under the wheels, it is admittedly an unavoidable accident, and the responsibility is not ours. But children are not responsible, either in law or in fact, and that is fundamental, and it antedates the non-responsibility of the motorist. Besides, we believe that when 63 children are injured by automobiles in a single year, it is high time to fix responsibility, and to exact — well, what is there to exact in return for a broken child?

Just When They're Needed

(Atlanta Journal)

It is wondered why the government is withdrawing $1 bills from circulation—just at a time when a $1 bill comes in so handy for buying a dollar's worth of almost anything.

THE CABINET INVENTORIED

By HUGH S. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON.—Yesterday's column pinned what I think is a deserved rose on the Department of Justice. Although I know many readers will disagree, I believe that Mr. Ickes has been as good a Secretary of the Interior as we have ever had. There are excellent people in the Treasury, but poor old "Henry the Morgue" isn't responsible for what goes on there. The President himself must take whatever praise or blame may be coming. He is his own Secretary of the Treasury.

It doesn't make much difference who is Secretary of War or Navy. The General Staff in one case and the General Board in the other are permanent institutions which run those departments no matter who sits in the Secretary's seat. These services are so technical that a civilian simply cannot function. But there is no more astute statesman than Secretary Swanson, and the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Edison, is a good son of a great father.

After some early bumps, Harry Woodring has turned out to be a good Secretary of War. I was pleasantly surprised to learn recently that, on the occasion of an unjustified attack on the Chief of Staff, the new Assistant Secretary of War, Louis Johnson, rose nobly to the support of a great soldier.

Faint Praise For Henry Wallace

The Department of Agriculture has long been one of the greatest scientific and technical organizations in the world. But, while nobody who knows him can fail to have admiration, and even affection, for the Secretary, I am so strongly opposed to some of the political and economic heresies on which he has allowed himself to be sold, that I regard him as one of the most dangerous individuals in the United States.

No one who has followed this column can be in much doubt of the very high regard in which it holds the State Department—and that goes from the Secretary down. I doubt if this country ever had anything to compare with Mr. Hull and such juniors as Sumner Welles and Francis Sayre.

Amiability Gives Out Here

But what words are adequate to deal with the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor?

It was the business of Secretary Roper to keep calm and sweet the relations between government and business—and just look at the mess they are in!

It was the business of the Department of Labor to promote peace and progress on the labor front—and take one slant at the greatest labor unrest and confusion in our history.

Dead Cat At Commerce's Door

Mr. Roper is the product of the trade in the Chicago Convention when Mr. McAdoo paid off his grudge against Al Smith. He has never had the confidence of business. He knows so little about it that he can't predict trends of opinion and action. He doesn't know how to select the bellwethers as advisers who could have kept the peace. There is no excuse whatever for the present sniping and hostility between business and government. Nobody was ever more adept in political leadership of business than Franklin Roosevelt. That he was ever allowed to get into his present bitter frame of mind is a killing of the goose that lays the golden eggs and a crime against the American people. If that isn't the responsibility of the Secretary of Commerce, whose is it?

Dead Cat At Labor's Door

The same kind of responsibility hangs like the dead albatross around the neck of the Secretary of Labor. I know intimately both William Green and John Lewis. This Government, in my experience, never asked either of them for a concession for the common good that he did not make. I know of no two men who are easier to get along with, or more public spirited.

If the present impossible labor condition isn't the responsibility of the Department of Labor, whose is it?

On the face of the record, these two departments are complete flops.

Not the Caliber

(Elizabeth City Advance)

Judge William Parker Stacy is not the only North Carolinian mentioned to succeed Justice Sutherland on the Supreme Court.

Another North Carolinian whose name has been put forward in connection with the appointment is Frank R. McNinch of Charlotte.

The Daily Advance would take no pride in the appointment of Mr. McNinch. He is a positive and forceful man and an ardent New Dealer.

But he can be all of that, in this newspaper's opinion, and still be totally unfitted for a place on the Supreme Court bench.

Buses Told To Stick To Their Lanes

And Not Only To Obey Traffic Regulations But To Be Considerate.

Dear Sir:

Germs for an unhealthy situation are now festering in the city.

These germs are the buses being installed all over the city.

The reason for the germs are traffic and traffic regulations.

What traffic rules must the bus drivers obey? Will they be allowed to drive from side to side without thought to the lanes of traffic?

Already they have begun to crowd from the curb out to the fast lane without apparent attention to other cars.

The other automobiles must either be crushed or stop and wait.

This is not fair. The bus drivers should certainly be instructed to observe not only the traffic laws but also to be courteous in their driving.

If they are not, a loud grumble will soon be heard from the automobile drivers in the city.

MOTORIST.

Charlotte.

FOR MEN ONLY, THIS; WOMEN WARNED THEY MAY BE EMBARRASSED

Dear Sir:

I have just weakly returned the phone receiver to its hook after listening to a five minute solicitation from a business lady for an ad for her organization's paper.

When I first answered the phone I was asked, "Who is the manager there?" To which I enlightening replied I was. Then came, "What is your name, please?" When I told her my name I was sweetly and nonchalantly told, "Some of your friends said that you might be interested etc. etc. etc."

If some of my friends said that I might be interested etc. etc. etc.—why, oh, why did she have to ask who the manager was and his name? That reminds me of the story—well never mind, guess I've said too much already.

If my next communication is on hospital stationery, you'll know that I'm a married man and that my wife and her sister Business and Professional Women's Club members read The Charlotte News.

ROBERT H. LONG.

Charlotte.

WE THINK WE'RE SURE TO GET A SUBSCRIBER FROM THIS INQUIRY

Dear Sir:

I will appreciate it if you will quote me the subscription rates on your paper for four months, six months and for one year.

JAS. A. TAYLOR,
Offices of Frank Hancock, Candidate for United States Senator.
Oxford.

[Dear Mr. Taylor:

Our subscription rates are inclosed.

We'd like very much for you to take The News during these next few months. We're going to have a lot to say about the race between your man and Their Bob, and you oughtn't to miss it.

EDITORS, THE NEWS.]

SISTER MARY BENEDICTA

By Minihyl Davis

There's a place in the world that can never be filled,
Made by a heart that's suddenly stilled.
She's left this life, and gone on her way,
But memories of her kindness are here to stay.
Food for the hungry, and clothes for the cold,
Rich or poor—they were all in her fold.
She lived a life that was filled to the brim
With goodness that years can never dim.
What a blessing to have known her a little while,
For the years will be brighter because of her smile.

Visiting Around

No, Sir, You Don't Get Any Washers in the Collection Plate

(Correspondent, Monroe Journal)

Some few editions ago ye editor spoke of a certain man that could tell what kind of a church each community had by watching the cars that were parked out in front of the church when preaching day came. I wish to know what kind of a church he'd say a community had when there was quite a good sized crowd inside and no cars on the outside? You certainly can't judge a man's heart by a big automobile. No, shree.

Sorry, Mister, You'll Have to Spell It Out; We Can't Read

(Cherryville Eagle)

Have you enrolled in the adult school? The number is increasing.

Are you going to let this opportunity slip by?

Do you mean to say you want to be counted an illiterate?

Think it over.

It takes courage to step out and attend but be courageous this once.

It will be time well spent.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT — By Ripley

Explanation of Today's Cartoon

THE LOSER OF 23 MOUNTS—General Prince Johann I of Liechtenstein (1760-1836) defeated the great Napoleon in the battle of Aspern, on May 21-22nd, 1809. In this battle the general had 23 horses killed under him, but escaped unhurt.

ON THE RECORD

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The Lack of Confidence

If the issue in this country were really what the President says it is: the people vs. a minority of recalcitrant Economic Royalists, there would be no serious opposition whatever to the New Deal—and certainly not in this column. There would not be that serious lack of confidence which the President takes so lightly, forgetting apparently that confidence is a prime necessity of democracy.

The lack of confidence arises out of observations, which, with all the good will in the world, it is impossible to avoid making. Organizing that "the evils that men do live after them," and that this administration has inherited the egregious mistakes, follies, wastefulness, greed, planlessness, exploitation of natural resources, erection of top-heavy corporate institutions—erected, incidentally, by means of the collaboration of a capitalist-dominated state—granted all this—what do we see now?

We see that the attempt of the last few years, while it has provided many palliatives, has brought about no fundamental betterment, but instead has brought new evils into existence.

A New Class Of State Wards

Far from even starting the elimination of the proletariat, which must be the object of genuine democracy, it is nationalizing and institutionalizing their distress and meeting the unemployment problem by the withdrawal of millions of our people from productive enterprise, segregating them into what threatens to become a permanent sub-standard class, politically manipulated.

Far from bringing about the decentralization of wealth—although this is latest rallying cry of the administration—its only program for achieving this desirable end is to centralize everything under the control of the Federal government with the promise to decentralize it later.

This hope has been held out time and again in history, but the promise has never been kept, and will never be kept as long as man is a power-loving animal.

Far from meeting the problems of technological unemployment in a constructive fashion, it has put into operation taxation policies which definitely accelerate the process.

Far from encouraging and releasing fresh energies and new enterprise, through which alone the national income can radically be augmented, it has adopted policies which have already tended to freeze production at last levels and now to shrink it, to hold ownership where it has been, to burden the whole wealth-creation process with a huge load of public debt, and a large non-productive class of inspector-bureaucrats, so that the burden of maintaining and increasing the goods and services that, produced and consumed, are the national income, fall on fewer and fewer shoulders.

Remember The Most Noble Experiment

The attempt to create a balance between agriculture and industry by a minute control of agricultural production, acre by acre, leads to quota systems which become value-determining factors, stifling enterprise and assuming the control from responsible ownership to irresponsible government bureaucrats, opening the gates for the law evasions which we knew under prohibition, and to nationwide political corruption permeating the grass roots.

The possibility of extended minute control over industry, placing the destiny of multitudinous and ever-dynamic activities into the hands of inexperienced, inefficient and irresponsible people, who suffer no personal losses by their mistakes and win no personal gains by their successes, will again divorce control from responsibility for consequences.

The centralization of government, the receding of power and responsibility from local units toward remote Federal agencies, further deprive the citizen of direct participation in his public affairs, and diminishes his power of control over those who govern him.

At The End Of This Trail Lies A Despot

In a country founded "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity," where the idea of a government of limited powers and the antipathy to extensive interference in private affairs, is ingrained in the whole tradition inherited from Anglo-Saxon history and law; where there is no mysticism of the state; where our educational system has traditionally stressed the development of the individual to the point where he can stand on his own feet—these tendencies of the New Deal encounter profound psychological resistances, and these are the bases of the lack of confidence.

And if the conflict is exacerbated, between a dependent and unfree population looking for security to the benevolent state, and a still free and aggressive population jealous of liberty, we shall have a fateful struggle in this country.

And the knowledge of this is the basis of the lack of confidence. For the experience of all history would seem to indicate that the outcome of all such struggles is Despotism.

Little Drops of Water

(New York Times, in a Lighter Mood)

Well, now, about this new budget. It's a billion here and a billion there, and by and by it begins to mount up into money.

Stickler for Honesty

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Then there was the conscientious congressman who bought three Pullman sections and lunched hourly in the diner to use up the 20-cent mileage allowance.

Earlier Days

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

JANUARY 13, 1863
75 YEARS AGO

LIQUOR FOR THE SOLDIERS

We are overrun with all sorts of communications, many more than we can find room for. The authors do not generally take the trouble to condense and so run the risk of its not being printed at all, as they would be if they were brief.

Among those which we see no hope of publishing is a long written article, only too long, from a soldier in the 21st Regiment in camp in Virginia, controverting a recent expression of our opinion that the soldiers ought to have a small whisky ration; especially as they get no coffee. The writer says that his 19 months' experience in the army satisfies him that it is better to do without whisky. That he drank it moderately for the first 10 months of his service, but since that time, serving under Jackson, he has encountered all sorts of hardships with little food or covering and no liquor and finds himself all the better for abstinence from the latter. He says, however, that above all things the soldiers covet it and give $1.00 for a drink of perhaps half a gill. He has heard of $3.00 being paid for a drink. By the quart it sells for $12.00 in his camp. He says that the only rations issued to the soldiers are, one and a quarter pounds of flour and one and a quarter pounds of beef, or sometimes one-half pound bacon in lieu of beef; and three pounds of salt each 100 men per day.

—Fayetteville Observer.

JANUARY 13, 1938
100 YEARS AGO

FROLICK IN KENTUCKY

A fight came on at Maysville, Ky. on the 29th in which Mr. Caulster was stabbed in the side and is dead; a Mr. Gibson was well hacked in the side with a knife; a Mr. Farris was dangerously wounded in the head, and another of the same name in the hip; Mr. Showmaker was severely beaten and several others seriously hurt in various ways. This entertainment was the winding up of a corn husking frolic, when all doubtless were right merry with good whisky.

—Fayetteville Observer.

Tip to the GOP

(Statesville Daily)

Dr. Glenn Frank's job is to arrange a program of policies for the Republican Party to follow. That ought to be easy. Just call in General Hugh Johnson, Mark Sullivan, David Lawrence, Dorothy Thompson and their fellow columnists and let them write the creed at so much per.

Strike One! Here's the Pitch!

(Columbia State)

The Japs are fast workers. At one time they were two apologies ahead of our demands.