The Charlotte News

Published Every Afternoon and Sunday Morning by The News Publishing Company, Inc. J. B. Dowd, Jr., President and General Manager

J. B. Dowd, Editor

W. G. Dowd, 1892-1937

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Sunday edition was added in 1910. The Evening Chronicle established in 1913, was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 1, 1926.

Republication of copyrighted articles herein is prohibited. Special dispatches that are not copyrighted may be reprinted by giving due credit to The Charlotte News.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	One Year	Six Mos.	Three Mos.
By Carrier	$10.40	$5.20	$2.60
By Mail	6.00	4.00	2.00
Sunday only	3.00	1.50	

20 cents per week by carrier

We seek truth, that we may follow it.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1938

Kilkenny Demands—

Despite Uncle Danny Roper and his throttling machine, the Little Business Men at Washington yesterday got out a series of demands which seem pretty well to indicate what they want. That is:

1.—Long term Federal loans for small business.

2.—Repeal the undivided profits tax, modify the capital gains tax.

3.—Repeal or "rigidly amend" the Wagner Act.

4.—Simplify tax forms.

5.—Make labor unions assume "equal responsibility" with employers.

6.—End "government interference" with business.

This could as easily have come from the National Association of Manufacturers or the Liberty League or any one of the Du Ponts or the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. In fact, the recommendations of Little Business are, except in one particular, almost exactly the recommendations that Big Business has put forward time and again. The exception is that LITTLE business dares to be considerably more vehement in phrasing and presenting them.

Six Years Too Late

Zeb Vance Turlington, author of the bone-dry act which bears his name, is too late. If his intentions in announcing for the Legislature are, as we assume they are, to dam the flood of legal liquor which already has inundated 28 of North Carolina's 100 counties, he missed the real opportunity to repeat that heroic performance of the Dutch lad who stuck his finger in a hole in the dyke and held it there. For the hole in North Carolina's dyke first appeared in 1933, and the trickle that came through it smelled suspiciously like beer, though it wasn't. It was only Three-Point-Two.

But with each successive Legislature, North Carolina liquor laws have hearty caught up with North Carolina drinking habits. It is now lawful in more than a fourth of the counties of the State to buy the same brands of liquor that the rest of it consumes *sans* legality and *sans* revenue. That many more of the dry counties are going to take advantage of the Legislature's permission to establish liquor stores, is open to doubt; but that any of the wet counties would submit to closing them is even more dubious, as we think Mr. Turlington will soon find out.

Narrow Escape

Georgia's Senate yesterday overrode an unfavorable committee report on a bill to appropriate $20,000 to Dr. Charles H. Herty's experimental laboratory in Savannah, and agreed by a vote which indicated sure passage for the bill to take it up today. The House has already passed it.

This money, if the appropriation goes through, will be the best that Georgia has ever spent. Dr. Herty's discoveries in the conversion of pine into paper have led already to the investment of thirty or forty millions in Southern kraft paper plants. The immense potentialities of pine newsprint have not been tapped yet, except by the construction of one small mill in Texas, but they are there, and one of these days . . .

Furthermore, Dr. Herty has perfected a process to make newsprint and other paper out of black gum, and believes that in doing so he has opened up "a vast new field of research," which means to the South the addition of "forty per cent more than already vast resources for the manufacture of paper, particularly kraft." He has discontinued this work, for the very prospect of rejuvenation of the economy of a whole section of the country, for the lack of $20,000, would have been calamitous. Only, we can understand why Georgia should balk at putting up the major part of the money for further experiments which will benefit the South as a whole.

A Statesman Proposes

Saying that Negroes should be returned to Africa, Bilbo told the Senate:

"We wouldn't have any unemployment problem then . . . Take out the 12,000,000 Negroes, and there will be a job for every white boy and every white girl."—Associated Press.

Nobody with the most elementary acquaintance with the facts of economics will need to be told, of course, that the hoary old proposal which Theodore The Man resurrects would not do the thing he claims. On the contrary, it would leave us with an incurably busted economy.

But it is curious to observe how The Man surpasses our own unfavorite Senator, Robert Rice Reynolds, when it comes to concocting, for political purposes, alleged schemes for the solving of unemployment. Robert Rice, of course, only wants to round up the aliens among us and herd them back to the country of their origin, regardless of what, including starvation and shooting, may happen to them there. But The Man — The Man wants to pick up 12,000,000 citizens of these States, born here, bred here, and, like their fathers for generations, knowing no other country than this, and drop them down, presumably, into a tropical jungle, where they'd have exactly the same chance of survival they'd have if deposited on the moon. Co-loss-ail! But why doesn't The Man propose to shoot them, simply and decently, in the first place?

A Fortunate Land

The Dutch, who had hoped for a male heir to the line of Orange, are nevertheless not too disappointed, according to the dispatches, that Princess Juliana has borne a daughter instead.

They have no reason to be. For Holland, ruled by the old Queen Mother Emma and the reigning Queen Wilhelmina since 1901, has been one of the happiest of all countries in this century. Its position, indeed, is really amazing. Geographically, it is naturally a part of Germany. Moreover, it lies on the North Sea, with its great port of Rotterdam. And Germany has long yearned to have a great port on the North Sea. Further still, and in addition to being enormously rich at home, it owns, in the Dutch East Indies, one of the richest prizes in the Orient. Yet, it has been so resolute in its bearing that not even Hitler has ever talked seriously of grabbing it, that it managed to stay neutral in the World War, and that, without any considerable navy, it has held on to its colonial riches in a world of robber nations.

Internally, too, it is singularly well-off. The depression struck it lightly, and to this day it is on the gold standard. Its bonds are quoted as high as the best in the world. With many great industrial cities, it has no unemployment problem. And if it has any communist or fascist elements, they are small and unimportant.

Characters in Reverse

That was a curious argument which took place at a regional conference on social hygiene in New York. Up rose a politician, New York State Senator Thomas C. Desmond, to say that "the pre-marital medical examination will not wipe out syphilis, but it is a long step in the right direction."

Whereupon, up got Dr. Louise Pearce, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, no less, to denounce the notion of a compulsory pre-marital examination. Said she:

"This is not Russia, and the people cannot be ordered about even for their own good. Nor is it desirable that they should be."

That's a strange contention from a medical person — and a woman medical person at that. To be sure, society has no business ordering people about "even for their own good." But it certainly would seem to have the right to order them about for the good of the unborn. And it certainly would seem to have the right to take steps against having an intolerable load of incompetents and criminals cast upon it to support.

For once, a politician seems to be thinking straighter than a scientist.

Danger Zone

A trouble zone in the relations of the United States and Japan, growing constantly more strained in China, is the salmon fishing waters off Alaska. Title to these fishing grounds passed from Russia to this country when the territory was purchased, but the Federal Government has never formally outlined its exact claims. Meantime, however, the salmon industry has grown so that the annual catch totals up to 442,000,000.

For many years Japan has been trespassing on the grounds. But recently, according to testimony before the House Committee on Fisheries and the Merchant Marine, she has taken to fishing on a scale to cause the greatest alarm to the American fishing fleet. Worse, she has been netting the salmon on their way to the rivers to spawn, with the result that the complete destruction of the industry within five years is prophesied. Thousands of American workers, too, have been thrown out of work, and feeling among these and the owners of the fishing boats runs very high. One of the latter, indeed, did not hesitate to tell the committee the other day that unless the Government takes speedy steps to protect the waters, the American workmen will probably take things into their own hands and destroy the Japanese nets, with an excellent chance that there will be gunfire in the process.

IS THERE A FOOD TRUST?

By EDGE A. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON.—Norman Cousins, associate editor of Current History, has written a very significant piece for its February issue called, "Food For The Trust Busters."

According to this article, there is a sock-full of unexploded dynamite kicking around somewhere between the Federal Trade Commission, the Senate and the White House. It is a report on agricultural income and the consumer's dollar, which cost the Trade Commission $350,000. It is said to have been suppressed, or at least not printed and published, due to some sinister pressure, presumably by lobbyists of the "food trust." This is presumed because the report is alleged to show that there is a food trust powerful enough to fix not only the price which farmers receive for some cash products, but also the price which consumers pay.

But There Is No Definite Proof Of It

This is the hottest kind of a potato. If there is an exorbitante monopoly controlling what people eat, the public will have no patience with that. If the recent fiery administration threats of big-time trust-busting mean what they say, this is the most dramatic political field in which it could operate. But in reading Mr. Cousin's article carefully, I do not see that the case is completely made there. There has undoubtedly been a great corporate concentration in the dairy products business. The large flour milling companies have grown greater. The baking business has largely gone over to chains. The packers long have controlled the bulk of the butchering business. But to pass from that to a conclusion of extortionate control over prices is not so easy.

Prices have gone up, but even that is not proof. All food prices have risen. It was governmental policy to make them rise. From where did they rise? From destructive depression lows. It is true also, that profits in these industries have increased. But from where? From destructive depression losses.

Real Issue Is The Margin Of Profit

The significant figure in all these monopoly assaults is the percentage of profit to the alleged monopolist in the price he charges. Everybody knows that the character of service in all these industries has increased marvelously. The essential question is — is the public interest impaired? Is the charge for that service too great? This article is completely silent on that point and that is the only point about which the public cares very much.

The truth is that our distribution system is terrible. The farmer gets too small a proportion of the consumer's price. Waste and duplication in getting his product to the consumer's table costs too much—not in extortionate profit, but in an inefficient system.

Maybe A Real Trust Might Be Best Way

I once saw a study of bread distribution in New York City. It showed as many as sixteen bakery wagons daily serving the bread counters of retail stores and piling up their product competitively, with a result in stale bread returns sometimes as high as 60 per cent—not to mention the tremendous expense of duplicated distribution systems. The system for concentrating perishables in the metropolitan markets is an unregulated mess which results in alternate gluts and shortages which often rob the shipper of any net return at all. Congress, in 1921, conducted one of the most exhaustive studies ever made on this subject. It revealed this condition of waste and duplication, but nobody ever did anything about it.

There is good ground for believing that greater, rather than less, concentration in our food gathering and distribution system would be better for both farmers and consumers. But if there is greater concentration, there would have to be public controls rigid enough absolutely to insure against extortion in either price or profits.

When the Ghost Walks

(Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch)

A speaker declares that a woman should get a man's wages. Quite a number of them do regularly.

Two Disagree On Blue Law Repeal Theme

One Sees It As Boon To Honest Folk Who Need Relaxation, The Other As Godless.

THE AFFIRMATIVE

Dear Sir:

I think the repealing of Sunday blue laws was one of the finest things that could happen in our "Friendly City." They should have gone further and allowed shows to open.

On the other hand, I feel ashamed of those ministers of our city, who are trying to keep Charlotte closed as "tight as a clam" Sundays.

What is this world coming to, when, in a "land of liberty," ministers try to shrivel the happiness and freedom of the people of this great city by trying to force them to attend church?

People who work hard six days a week, find only Sunday in which to relax, to enjoy complete freedom, their minds taken from that everyday grind.

Is it sinful on Sunday to enjoy one's self in clean, wholesome and exciting entertainment, something to relax the mind, before the next week's grind begins?

The writer, having lived in cities from coast to coast, does not find that open Sunday hurts attendance at churches, and does not believe it sinful to go to a good show. Atlanta churches are well attended, and shows there are open and ball games are played, with proceeds, over expenses, going to some worthy organization. Why can't this "Friendly City" operate in the same way?

Make Charlotte, not only a "Friendly City," but a "City of Life" on Sundays instead of a "City of the Dead." Let those who wish to go to church go—but please, ministers, don't do away with the pleasure and relaxation thousands enjoy on Sundays.

DONOVAN HASSLER.

Charlotte.

THE NEGATIVE

Dear Sir:

We as a people find ourselves in opposition from practically every standpoint. And many are beginning to wonder why. I have come to the conclusion that our leaders are leading us away from God. I am wondering how many of our lawmakers seek to know God's will before they vote.

Take our national laws and our state laws that govern us. Of course we understand that they are based on God's will. But we cannot understand why so much suffering among the people unless we, like former nations, have drifted too far from God's will concerning his people.

Take our Councilmen—they ought to know God's will concerning the laws before they vote. Maybe they do. But remember the story of Judas, Matthew XXVIII, 3-5 and take warning before it is too late. Also remember that there is a God and He has a will concerning the laws that govern the people of this earth. Especially the Sabbath law, which is at issue now?

C. S. ROUSE.

Charlotte.

The News solicits letters from its readers upon topics of the day, especially when opinions contrary to the editors' are expressed. Such letters should be short, typewritten if possible, and signed.

Birthday

(Atlanta Journal)

Among the master spirits whose birthdays come at this turn of the year—poets, statesmen, heroes, philanthropists—there is one for whom "no minstrel raptures swell" and over whom wry faces innumerable have been made, but who deserves nevertheless to stand with the World's benefactors. We refer to Quinine. Three centuries ago, this week, the Countess of Chinchon, whose husband was viceroy of Peru, was cured of an aching fever by the bitter but blessed bark of a tree which her physician had obtained from the Indians of that country. When the countess returned to Spain she took some of the bark with her, and soon it was noted throughout Europe. The tree was fittingly named for her, chinchona; but the medicine was called after its Indian word, quinaquina, quinine.

Visiting Around

Wood By (Stoney Creek Item, Caswell Messenger)

Overby Underwood . . .

Not But One Full-Size Person in the Whole Circle

(Rodanthe item, Dare County Times)

The Ladies Aid Society met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Elroy Midgett. Members present were Mrs. P. L. O'Neal, Mrs. Cora Midgett, Mrs. D. B. Midgett, Mrs. Dewey Midgett, Mrs. Calvin Midgett, Mrs. Cecil Midgett. After the business session refreshments were served by the hostess.

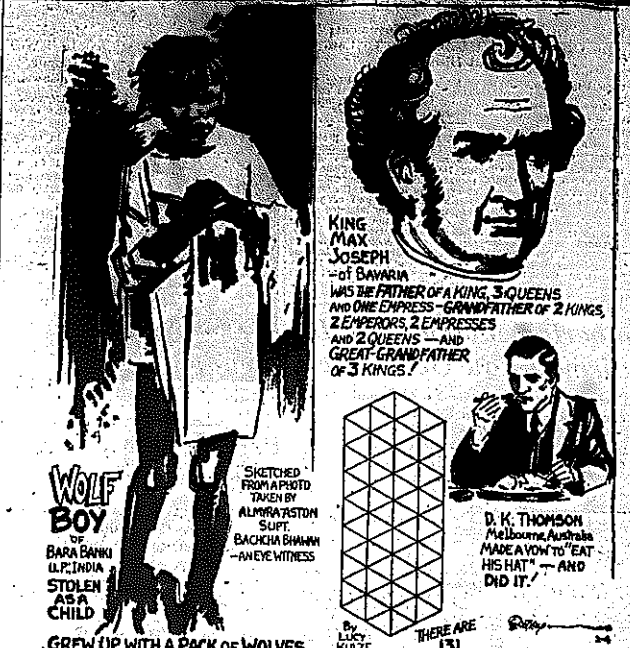
If They'd Only Gone Motor-Boating, We Could Say "Popp-Popp-Putt-Putt"

(State Port Pilot)

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Popp, of Bolivia, were visitors in Southport Sunday.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

On request, here with standard, abridged version of Ripley's great work of marking elapsed by time.



Explanation of Today's Cartoon

WILD BOY OF BARA BANKI—In 1928, irrigation engineers working in Bara Banki, United Provinces, India, disturbed a pack of wolves while marking lines through the tall moongrass, and much to their amazement found with them a small boy walking on all fours. To capture him, they had to surround and trap him in the same manner they caught wild animals. Taking the boy to the nearby village, he was claimed by a family who said he had been dragged away during the night by wild animal six years before, when he was less than a year old. At the time he was photographed, the boy had just learned to stand and walk like a human being; he could speak simple sentences, but still snarled and growled when defending himself from other children.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEYWOOD BROUN

I WISH I had studied harder when I was a growing lad. Science is a stranger to me. My curriculum was based upon the silly system of taking no courses which came much before eleven in the morning, or were more than one flight of stairs up.

These were all affairs in which some professor talked amiably, and we were supposed to take notes and did not. Naturally I didn't run into tough subjects like chemistry and physics. I have never been in a laboratory, except as sightseer.

My reason for repining right now is that I have just spent my annual evening with Paul De Kruif. If he is a kindly section of the research worker group, then I believe that sort of training should be universal and compulsory. Never have I known a man who pursued knowledge with such gusto. He rides to microbes as other men follow hounds. I almost can imagine him sounding "tantivvy" before taking up a test tube. Pity the poor bacterium which learns that this G-man of the germs is on its trail.

The Doc Has A Mania For Hard Fact

The doctor is very good for me, and I refer less to helpful hints on health than his salutary effect upon my manners. It wasn't always so, but I have become one of those pests who tries to get the floor and hold it. A kindly friend, who was seeking to get in a word edgewise, complained—that this was a filibuster which had continued for twenty years. He was mistaken. Once a year it is broken. Nobody can take the play away from Paul De Kruif when he gets talking.

In my time I have rudely interrupted my betters on numerous occasions. Once I nailed Herbert Bayard Swope in full flight and brought him fluttering to earth for fully fifteen seconds.

That can't be done with De Kruif. Not only does he know his stuff, but he presents it with such passion that the would-be heckler finds himself in the teeth of the hurricane. Paul is pretty big, and when you try to say, "But just a second, Doc," he sort of pushes you out of the way. Once when I attempted a rebuttal I found myself ten miles away, but I could still hear him.

And, Besides, He Talks Up A Storm

A few years ago I lost an apartment lease because De Kruif came bounding in at ten in the morning filled with information on the latest laboratory discoveries concerning those ailments which were more known in the press as "social diseases."

The landlord said that he didn't object so much to the candor of my scientific friend, but to his vocal carrying power. He stated that some of the other tenants did not care to face the facts of life so early in the morning. Indeed, he expressed the opinion that one more such lecture might give the place a bad name.

Program For Training Up The Young

But as a matter of fact, Paul De Kruif is just as well informed on motors as on microbes. He can discourse as eloquently on Homer Martin as on the common cold.

Generalizations are dangerous, but I am wondering whether it may not be always so that most discussion should be left to men of factual training. I don't suppose it would be practical to bring up every little boy and girl as a physicist or chemist. But everybody who means to come out into the world and be articulate ought to serve an apprenticeship. In that period, however long or short, the neophyte should rigorously eschew opinion. He should be trained to put one little fact after another and keep his yap shut.

The graduation ceremony could be severely simple. On some Spring day the all-wise dean of the institution I have in mind would approach a promising pupil and tap him on the shoulder. Bustlingly intent on saying, "Go to your room," he would remark, "You've learned your stuff. Now it's your turn to talk."

Jilted But Not Jolted

(25 Years Ago, Transylvania Times)

A local lady, whose name we will not reveal, was to have been married to a Mr. Hopper, who hopped away on the day set for the wedding, but the young lady, having ordered the wedding feast, didn't let a little thing like the absence of the groom worry her. The guests gathered as though nothing had happened, and with a straw man in the seat of honor, the feast went on. We congratulate the lady on her good sense and are sure that she will not wait long before she will have a groom who is neither a Hopper, nor a Skipper, nor a straw man, nor a dummy, but an old fashioned Stayer.

A recent news item states that John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, saloon keeper and actor, is in bankruptcy. John never passed as an apostle of sweetness and light, but he has consumed enough wealth to start a small college or an asylum for the inebriates.

The Whole Tribe

(Billy Arthur, New Bern Tribune)

We were discussing weaknesses yesterday, and some declared that poker was theirs while others admitted whiskey was their failure.

"Blondes are Billy's weakness," one of the fellows suggested.

I denied it.

"Then it's brunettes."

I denied that.

"Well, what is it?"

"Women," I told them.

Earlier Days

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

FEBRUARY 4, 1863
75 YEARS AGO

IMPORTANT RUMORS

We have nothing within the last few days of much importance, unless some of the several important rumors should turn out to be true.

First, it has been reported that the "Oreto," Captain Maffitt, has been sunk or burned by the Yankee ships in the Gulf. The story is improbable, and if true, it is most probable that the Yankees would have had the particulars.

Secondly, the day following that report there came another that the "Oreto," the "Alabama," and the "Harriet Lane" had sunk the "Brooklyn," one of the finest and most powerful of the Yankee steamers. This report is said to have come from Baton Rouge, and therefore from the Yankees who have possession there. But it is too vague to be relied on without further information.

—Fayetteville Observer.

FEBRUARY 4, 1838
100 YEARS AGO

THE NEXT PRESIDENT

It is not our design prematurely to agitate the question of the next Presidency, but we feel impelled by great public considerations to declare now, explicitly, the course we intend to pursue in relation to that matter. And we respectfully ask our Whig brethren throughout the state, especially those having control of the presses, to favor us with a similar expression of their views.

It is now reduced to a certainty that the Whigs will have in the selection of a candidate for the Presidency to choose between three distinguished citizens, viz:— Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and William Henry Harrison. In expressing our determination to support Mr. Clay, we must not be understood as detracting in any degree from the high merits of the other gentlemen named. Their characters and services and actions are before the world, and speak out for them, in a voice that cannot be silenced. But it is undeniable that, at the present juncture, Mr. Clay is the favorite of the South and, so far as North Carolina is concerned, the only one of the three who can command her electoral vote. The current of public opinion is spontaneously directed in his favor. And, in devoting our humble efforts in the promotion of his success, we do not attempt to lead public sentiment, but follow in its wake.

—Fayetteville Observer.

What It Means

(Andersen Independent)

When a man starts showing an unnatural affection for people, and making contributions to country, churches and going in heavy for the welfare of clubs and organizations he normally never visits, it is a good barometer. He will likely as not, soon be in politics.