

# The Clinton Chronicle

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CLINTON, S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1937

### GIVING TO SUFFERERS

A proposal sprang up in Greenville last week, as well as in other cities, to hold Sunday afternoon flood-relief picture shows, the proceeds to go to the sufferers in the Ohio valley. Plans in that city were abandoned, however, when ministers and others expressed strong public disapproval and termed the proposal "an opening for commercial Sunday movies later."

The position of those who protested is correct. The Sabbath is already being openly desecrated, with the common practice growing of turning the day into a holiday.

When the Red Cross sounds an emergency appeal to the people to help those who have been stricken by some great catastrophe like that which now exists in the flood districts, the response should be wholehearted and voluntary, prompted only by a brotherly feeling of helpfulness and concern toward those in need because of no fault of their own. It is a reflection on any people or community that they should have to attend a Sunday show or some other amusement before contributing for the benefit of flood-sufferers. We should gladly give to such causes expecting nothing in return but the satisfaction of knowing that our gifts are being used by the Red Cross to help those who are in need, and distress regardless of the section from which the appeal may come.

### FEDERAL SCHOOL AID

A report of the National Youth Administration shows that there were 124,818 students enrolled in December on so-called NYA projects in 1,686 schools throughout the country. In South Carolina there were thirty-five schools, 1,751 students, with a monthly allocation of \$26,240 of taxpayers' money to help pay the expenses of students. A similar ratio prevails throughout all the states.

This means that the federal government is now in the education field as well as in almost every other conceivable line of business. It is making it easy and popular for boys and girls to go to school and college, with the government furnishing financial assistance. There are many educators, however, who doubt the wisdom of this policy.

We know a young man who recently was planning to enter college. A friend interested in him offered to pay his expenses. "No, sir, the young man replied. While I deeply appreciate your interest and kind offer, I prefer to work my way through college though it require long and hard digging."

If that spirit had held of more of our college students there would not be 124,818 receiving monthly government help at the expense of taxpayers. Neither would college enrollments be so large.

### A BAD BILL KILLED

A news dispatch yesterday reported that the North Carolina house of representatives had defeated a resolution proposing ratification of the federal child labor amendment.

This speaks well for that body. Their action should be followed by the South Carolina general assembly when this proposal reaches that body as it doubtless will during the present session.

This amendment, filled with dangerous possibilities, should be voted down. It means as we have before said, the centralization of more power in Washington and giving Congress the right to prohibit all labor of all persons in the United States under 18 years of age. That is a clear invasion of the home, taking as it does from parents the right to say whether their children shall work. It means the encouragement of idleness and loafing on the part of boys and girls, when everyone knows that work is preferable, that the boy or girl who early in life learns self initiative and shows a willingness to contribute to his or her support is in almost every instance the man or woman who later succeeds in life. This amendment if adopted, would put 42,000,000 boys and girls under the heels of Washington where there is a growing desire for more dictating power and authority. It would mean that your home is subject to more of these federal investigators with control over the youth of the land. This is a social and economic question that should be handled in the state, and nowhere else. We don't believe fathers and mothers in this state want any such legislation which has no direct relationship to child labor in industry now adequately protected by law.

There is already too great a cen-

tralization of power in the hands of the federal government. States rights has become a joke. It's time to call a halt.

### SOAKING THE CONSUMER

Each session of the legislature brings forth many useless or what might be properly termed as fool bills. Some of them unfortunately, get by and are enacted into law, while fortunately, a large number of them meet a deserved death.

One of the fool kind showed its head in the house a few days ago when a member introduced a bill to increase chain store taxes for the purpose of raising revenue to be used for social security purposes.

The legislative problem now is to raise revenue to foot the social security expense the state is about to assume. Somebody must be soaked to get the several hundred thousand dollars needed and the chain stores in this particular instance were singled out instead of power companies or some other tax-paying interests.

If such a tax is put upon the chain stores, or turn it around and put it on the independent stores, or on both classes, who must foot the bill? There's only one answer—the consumer, and unless one be dreadfully stupid he can see what this will mean. It will mean that the consumer must pay more for what he buys. The idea a great many people have that the few rich pay the burden of the tax load is altogether erroneous. The great proportion of taxes are paid by the masses of laboring people. When added taxes are levied on merchandise, the consumers are the ones who are penalized by being forced to pay more for what they eat, wear and use.

We show our ignorance when we allow the politicians to fool us on this tax question. Everybody in this country is a consumer, everybody has a vital interest in the cost of living. The invisible tax-eater collects the hidden taxes which on the surface are not seen. But they are there. When such contemplated legislation is enacted to place additional taxes on business, it goes right back to the consumer. It would seem that he would rebel against such legislation which can only mean more raids on his already thin pocketbook.

### FIGURES THAT SPEAK

A statement in today's paper by Rev. J. L. Pickett, superintendent of the South Carolina anti-saloon league, shows an enormous increase in arrests for drunkenness since repeal of the 18th amendment in 1933, and the legalizing of alcoholic liquors in this state. The article should be read and studied by every man and woman who is interested in this alarming condition at our own doors which legalization of liquor has brought.

Mr. Pickett has recently made a survey of a number of cities and larger towns in the state to ascertain whether the present liquor laws are decreasing or increasing drunkenness. His survey shows that the increase in drunkenness amounts to as high as 500 and 600 per cent. In Chester, the increase was over 500 per cent; in Greenwood 500 per cent; in Columbia nearly 300 per cent; in Spartanburg more than 400 per cent; in Laurens over 500 per cent. The towns he cites may be taken as a fair average and by way of comparison with other towns not listed, are doubtless no worse. Figures are not available for the town of Clinton, but it is a safe bet however, that just as much liquor is being consumed here as in other communities, and that our record is as bad as that of our neighbors.

Who is surprised by the survey? Nobody. Every thinking person knew that the nation and states in the liquor business and urging people to buy and drink in order to raise revenue would mean an increase in liquor consumption and more drunkenness. The repeal advocates even went so far as to boldly promise that legalized liquor would decrease drinking and promote temperance. We were told by these same people who were bent on repealing the 18th amendment that it would balance the budget and help unemployment. The further brazen promise was made that bootlegging and the speakeasies were children of prohibition, and would go into exile forever, once the law was repealed. Many other misleading promises were made which the figures of Mr. Pickett convincingly prove were false.

There are today more than 400,000 places in the United States engaged in the liquor business, several hundred of these being in our own state.

There were 177,779 licensed saloons in pre-prohibition days. These post-prohibition saloons sell to women as well as to the men, and many of them to minors. Also thousands of them "glorify" the American girl as a barmaid, a feminine role never known before in the United States. Certain manufacturers even went so far as the past Christmas season as to distribute colorful advertising posters showing Santa Claus and children grouped together and depicting them as friends.

What does this all mean? There can be but one answer—the spread of drunkenness, lawlessness and crime as police records throughout the nation unmistakably show. It means that legalized liquor is leaving its path of destruction, growing daily from bad to worse.

What are the people going to do about it with such figures before them? What is the concern of fathers and mothers for their boys and girls? What says the legislature which can take action to remedy such conditions if it so desires?

Where are we headed for? God only knows.

## Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

Notice: We Will Be Closed for the Next 60 Days Making Tax Returns

We want the public to know that we will be ready to serve them in our usual capacity after March 15, 1937. From now thru then, we will be busy working for the government, making, compiling, indexing, and executing the various and sundry tax returns and tax reports.

Up to this writing, we will have to make only 17 different, distinct and separate tax returns, but this does not include the weekly and monthly records we will be called upon to keep, make, maintain and enjoy. After we finish these numerous and necessary matters (or jail), we will settle down: we can't settle up.

Naturally, we expect to lose all of our January, February and half of our March business. We simple won't have time to listen to a customer who wants to buy something or pay something on account. He will have to wait: our federal and state governments won't wait on us. It's the customers' fault anyhow: why didn't they attend to these matters in December?

If very many more tax demands are made upon us, we will be in line for the old-age pension payments ourselves before we are 55; this tax-making drudgery is bearing down upon us so hard, we look like we are around 72 years of age now. The few hairs that were serving as a fringe around our bald pate a few months ago are turning grey, also turning loose, and it won't be long now.

We note other conditions that are sprouting old age appearances and tendencies, all caused by taxes and taxes, viz: our goosier is hanging down about two inches and is resting on our collar button, and our ears that once were small and crisp are becoming soft and flabby and droopy. We observe further that our feet grow tired and painful by 4 p.m., and that female figgers do not have the appeal that they once had. Cause: Taxes and tax returns.

Yep, it's state, county, city, school district, income, unemployment, old-age, payroll, personal property, tobacco, city license, corporation, and inheritance taxes that are crowding us and forcing us onward toward an untimely death and an early grave. We hope the time will soon come when we can settle our tax matters in this manner: we will work six months for the government, and the other six months can be spent in working for ourselves and our creditors. All the tax-payer will have to do is count up what he has earned and turn it over to the tax-gatherers in a lump sum, and let them divide it.

Those Good Old Times of Long Ago  
A few days ago I read an article that was written by somebody. I do not now recall whom, deploring the awful fact that the government was helping the farmer to make a living.

This writer went on to recite . . . how the farmer used to grow all the cotton and corn and stuff that he could . . . and how fine it was to be able to buy a barrel of flour for \$3.50, and good old fat-backs at 5c a pound, etc., etc.

He should have gone on and said: "Yep, that's true, but very few folks had the \$3.50 or the 5 cents needed to purchase those necessities." I remember all about those fine low prices. I also remember that a good clerk in a store got \$25 per month for his services of around 16 hours per day.

Our cotton mill workers pulled down around 10 dollars every two weeks. Our preachers lived on wind and the gospel. Our children were half naked and went to school four or five months during the year . . . to a school teacher that drew a salary of \$25 or \$30 per month. There was not enough money in circulation to provide a couple of half dollars to lay over the eyes of the few corpses that came and went in our community.

The average farmer rarely ever saw a dime from the time he sold his few bales of cotton in the fall and paid for his guano and for his cheap



groceries till the next fall when he got a few more bales of 5-cent cotton ready for the market. A good telegraph operator drew about \$30 per month: I know—I was one. (My boss said I wasn't worth that much).

That was not "good times." No matter how cheap anything is, it's too high if you haven't got the money to pay for it. The chaingang or the penitentiary is heaven compared to trying to grow cheap cotton and cheap wheat and cheap other stuff. It's pleasant to think back, but it ain't right to overlook the bad sides and pick out only the good . . . while reminiscing.

The production of everything else is controlled: why not let that control extend to agriculture. A cotton mill or a factory of any kind won't keep on weaving and spinning and making cloth and materials that they will have to sell below cost. There's no more harm in controlling crops than there is in controlling the output of automobiles. The farmer is truly the forgotten man: yet, he deserves first consideration from every person who lives and breathes and has his being. But the pay he usually gets for his pains is a krek in the pants.

whether the amount of water I can save will make any difference—these are not the questions. "The only question is: Am I doing my best?"

This Can't Be the Goal!  
I remember the Christmas day when my father presented me my first watch—a big silver affair that he himself had carried for years. I was ten years old, and the gift amazed me. It had never occurred to me that I should ever own a watch until I was twenty-one.

I remember how my wife and I saved up patiently to buy our first car—a second-hand Ford. I remember our first antique, which we loved for months before we could finally acquire it. And the joy of seeing a savings account grow slowly; and the thrill of building a library, one book at a time.

Now the kids smash up a dozen watches before they are six. And they start life with cars, and with furniture; and at twenty they have rushed through all the emotional experiences that lasted us leisurely through forty years. Don't mistake me: I'm a booster for the new generation. They are healthy,

direct, and fine. Only sometimes I wonder—  
I wonder when, on my way home at night, I pass a big house in which lives one of New York's famous neurologists. It's an expensive house, paid for by nerves. Limousines are always stacked up in front of it.  
It would seem almost as if the prize of life in America is to own a limousine and park it in front of a nerve specialist's door. Every one seems to be racing to get there.

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## BRUCE BARTON SAYS...

### Only One Big Contest

Last summer there was a water shortage in a town where I was visiting. I happened to be chatting with my host, while he was shaving, and I noticed how careful he was to use very little water.

"It seems sort of silly for you to be so conscientious," I remarked. "It may not make much difference in the final result," he said, "but it makes a lot of difference to me."

He said that when he graduated from college, a quarter of a century ago, there was a great deal of popular emphasis upon so-called "social service." Science had begun to introduce wonderful new inventions for increasing human happiness. Men were stirred by the hope of a quick millennium. Young people graduated with the notion that a few years of earnest effort would transform the world.

My friend was one of the most eager of the reformers. He organized, and voted, and agitated, and did all the things that he should. But nothing happened. The good causes for which he cast his vote were defeated. Human nature showed a discouraging unwillingness to change. "I went through a period of deep disillusionment," he said. "I thought to myself, what's the use of doing anything when one's single effort seems so futile? One day while I was in this mood I discovered these words ofocrates:

"I, therefore . . . consider how I may exhibit my soul before the judge in a healthy condition. Whereas, disregarding the honors that most men value, and looking to the truth, I shall endeavor in reality to live as virtuously as I can; and when I die, to die so. And I, invite all other men, to the utmost of my power; . . . to this contest, which, I affirm, surpasses all contests here."

"That flashed across my mind like a bolt of lightning," my friend continued. "It clarified everything. I realized that I am not responsible for my own best effort in that cause. Whether my vote be effective or not;

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