

UNEMPLOYMENT NOT DUE TO MACHINERY

Government Expert Says It Aided Employment Until 1929 Crash

Washington, April 18.—That modern machinery has given more jobs than it has taken was demonstrated statistically by R. E. W. Harrison, Chief, Machinery Division, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce, in an address at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

"There has been a consistent effort during the depression," Mr. Harrison said, "to discredit and restrict the progress of mechanization on the grounds that it is a breeder of unemployment. Although it is obvious that a given machine may tend to eliminate hand labor, often in a spectacular way, the machine, year by year, contributed to a larger volume of national employment until the crash of 1929 which was due to financial rather than technological factors. Increased mechanization now is not a barrier to re-employment but is one of the ways out of the depression.

"The American standard of living is measured by the use of machinery. This is illustrated statistically by an increase in the number of gainfully employed from 38 millions in 1910 to 49 millions in 1930 a net gain of 11 millions of workers. However, during the same period, farm workers actually decreased from 12 1/2 millions in 1910 to 10 1/2 millions in 1930, a loss of 2 millions and industrial workers increased from 11 1/2 millions in 1910 to 15 1/2 millions in 1930, a gain of four millions. Of still more importance service workers increased from 14 millions in 1910 to 23 millions in 1930 a net gain of 9 millions, two-thirds of which occurred in the past decade."

Mr. Harrison stated that this increase in service employment is due principally to the development of the machine which has made it possible for so many of our people to enjoy in a twenty-year period enough of life's goods to employ an additional army of 9 millions of workers to distribute and service them.

The modern American conception of service to the individual, the corporation, the State, and in many cases the Federal Government, he stated, is probably more complete than that which exists in any other country in the world, and it is fair to say that this large volume of service demanded and received by the American public is an accurate measure of the quality of the standard of living in the United States.

Doubtful If U. S. Can Prevent War

(Continued from page One.)

came, "Ah," 99.9 per cent of them said "this is an exception; we'll fight this time." And the World War began.

While flabbergasted, I still had faith to take it for granted that the United States never would break into so crazy a struggle. We all know what followed.

Surely this ought to have been enough to cure any optimism.

WHO ARE THE PROFITERS?

"Taking the profit out of war" is commendable as far as it goes, but it rests too much on the assumption that munition makers are the only profitters; producers of every class profit by conflict—notably farmers, temporarily.

And there are others.

For example, while war lasted, undoubtedly I would profit from a war in which the United States was a participant. Above military age, I couldn't be drafted, but more youthful competitors in my line of business could be, to the probable inflation of my income and an increase in the security of my tenure.

Nor are younger men so strongly averse to soldiering as is represented.

It supposedly is romantic. In an era of unemployment it involves no apparent economic sacrifice. It does involve physical risk and discomfort, but what adventurous youth is deterred, in advance by such considerations? It is a relief from personal responsibility. It's better than a CCC camp. It insures future medical care and hopes of subsequent pension and an occasional bonus.

Nevertheless, it has its drawbacks.

Unless they are otherwise provided for, there are loved ones at home to be thought of. And there is the thought of profiteering, by the privileged few, while the unprivileged many are in the trenches.

But anti-war legislation undertakes to take care of the home folk and to guarantee against home profiteering.

Why not, then, cure unemployment by warfare?

It is idiotic, but is appealing.

Political Notices

FOR MAYOR

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to office of mayor of the city of Henderson. I am asking your support and vote upon my record as mayor, which will be greatly appreciated.

In the event I am re-elected I will as in the past do all in my power for the betterment of our city and for the promotion of the welfare of our people.

IRVINE B. WATKINS.

FOR MAYOR

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Mayor of the City of Henderson, subject to the City Election to be held May 7, 1935.

If elected I will enter office bound by no promises to anyone, except to the people of Henderson, to act in all things for their best interests.

HENRY T. POWELL.

Scramble Is On To Grab Work Funds

(Continued from Page One.)

In five years, Public works have worn out, no attempt has been made to keep abreast of growing population, and immense losses have been incurred through continuance of inefficient equipment.

The federal government, in short, begins a vast work program, which inevitably will lead further and further toward socialization of public necessities.

Here is an analysis of the PWA survey of projects believed necessary—estimated to cost three and one-half times the sum the president has at his disposal:

Type of Work	Number of Projects	Estimated Cost
Heavy engineering structures	2,832	\$2,903,846,911
Streets and highways	25,373	2,872,621,978
Buildings of all kinds	10,764	1,303,283,345
School buildings	29,647	943,431,834
Drainage, flood control, irrigation and reclamation	4,405	1,774,564,541
Sewers	5,537	946,802,237
Water works	5,837	864,442,277
Power	1,814	591,558,059
Grade crossings	2,892	577,249,230
Creation	7,399	347,744,230
Airports	758	44,226,196
Miscellaneous	4,900	768,598,777
Total survey	94,178	\$13,988,369,980

Gravelly's Group Fears Money Bill Will Pass As Is

(Continued from Page One.)

drew Mellon's Gulf Refining Company and others. Now when the bill comes up for third reading, you come running up wanting to re-open the bill and put in amendments to make up the deficit. Why should we show you any more consideration now than you showed us several days ago?"

When the bill was still under consideration in the committee of the whole, the administration forces, or those who felt that the budget should be balanced, pointed out that if the revenue and appropriations bills were to be brought anywhere within balancing distance that the Senate must either keep the food exemptions out of the revenue bill or put back into it the sections taxing dividends from stock in domestic corporations, the chain filling station tax and the tax on hotels, even with the additional \$790,000 a year it decided to divert from the highway fund. But the opposition sat tight and refused to do any of these things, although its members well knew that they were removing millions of dollars from an already unbalanced revenue bill.

It is generally agreed that many of the senators who voted to remove the various taxes from the bill and to put the exemptions back into the sales tax section did so because of political promises made in the campaign and because of political obligations to constituents, in the hope that they

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

CHAPTER 45

STEWART had been listening to Willowby tell Consuelo of the gypsy folk as he had seen them. And Consuelo had been sighing for the past—trying to recapture it.

Stewart was not at all pleased. He was determined to get Consuelo off to the dinner party which he had arranged.

"Come, now, you're being morbid," Stewart interrupted. Consuelo had forgotten he was in the room. "I hate to spoil this jolly talk, but we'll be very late if you don't start to take off your makeup and get dressed. I'm sure Mr. Willowby will excuse you now."

"Why, yes, yes, of course," Willowby hastened to say. "Oh, now, don't go! What is a party? We can go any time."

"Just as you like, my dear, but supper was to be served at 12:30 and it's almost that now," Stewart's voice was petulant.

"For an instant her eyes narrowed. 'Listen, my darling—' anger was well concealed under a coaxing voice—'you go and tell them that I am detained and will be there later—just a bit later. You will, like a darling one, won't you, and I promise that I will not be too late!'"

"Oh, come now, that isn't fair!" She hesitated. Her eyes had narrowed further.

"Oh, yes, my darling. You are so good at making excuses, make them for me tonight." It was dismissal. "And they asked you to stay to eat!"

"I'll see you later," he said crossly. "Yes, my darling. Tell me, Mr. Willowby, how long were you around the camp?"

Stewart slammed the door behind him.

Willowby smiled. "I live there—that is, part of the time. You see, I have a farm in Kentucky just outside of Louisville where I breed horses. I spend part of my winters there. Your father's camp this year was only a short distance away. I saw quite a good deal of him and the others."

"Tell me all—" Laughter rumbled in her throat. "Oh, Lord, but I am happy! My people, my own! It is not a dream that once I was a gypsy who danced down dusty roads as free as the birds above! I wonder if I shall ever do that again." The laughter died in her throat. "Tell me more about them. I am so hungry!"

Consuelo forgot that she had prom-

ised to meet Stewart later. She forgot the hands on the clock. She and Willowby had supper together in a quiet little restaurant where there were no blaring orchestras. She listened eagerly, intently, and asked a thousand questions which he could not answer. It had been a month since he had returned to New York. Then they had not spoken of breaking camp. Giera had not sent any message except this, "Tell my little bird one to forget this old gypsy and be happy."

"The day before I left, the big fellow, Marcu, came to my farm. He was wearing new clothes, a green silk shirt, striped sash around his waist and a scarf knotted around his head. A gypsy girl was with him. 'See,' he said, 'this is the one I am going to marry. I have already paid my gold for her.'" Willowby had kept this till now.

"He is taking a wife?"

"Yes, that is what he said."

"He is taking a wife—" She played with her fingers upon the tablecloth. Absently she turned up the palms of her hands and stared into them. "After a while she looked at the man."

"I used to be able to read my palm or else I read my life and made the lines follow. I do not know—but now I can no longer tell what will happen. I have forgotten the gypsy art of looking into the future and seeing clearly. I am confused. I have tried not to be a gypsy. I have dressed like a gorgon. I have done all of these things that a gypsy would not do and now when my heart is crying out to return to my father's wagon I cannot. This comes of tampering—"

"I am quite sure your father would welcome you back." Inwardly she was not so sure.

"Now you are wrong, but I would like to believe you. And you think this other, this one with his new bride, would welcome me back?" she asked scornfully.

"Well now, I don't know about that. I think you hurt him dreadfully by going away."

Silence.

"This Dummy, too, you have hurt."

"Your father—"

"If my life might pay I would gladly make payment." The words were uttered from the depths of her being.

"Tell me about the Dummy," she said a bit later.

"He finished a picture while I was there. It is the prize of his work so

far and in my opinion, a masterpiece. He let me take it only on the condition you would see it. He gave me a note to give to you when you saw the picture and commanded that I tell you no more. I am going to hang the picture next week. There will be a very select audience invited. If you care to come then you are welcome, but I would like you to see this picture first—alone. It will mean much to you."

She promised.

Over and over she asked him to repeat until at last there was nothing more to be said. He escorted her home and lingered on the doorstep. Her voice was unsteady when she thanked him and she begged him to come to see her again.

"I wish you were not so lonesome, little gypsy."

"Ah, now, how can you say that? I have everything. A thousand things more than a gypsy ever had—"

"I said lonesome."

"Lonesome—I have you now for a friend and you have known them, so I will not be lonesome again."

"Goodnight, little gypsy."

"Goodnight, my good friend."

The days that followed were strange, unreal days for the Gypsy Consuelo. She forgot she had become a lady. She quarreled with Stewart. She was through being nice. What was a temper for if it could not be used? All the pent-up emotions of weeks were released and Stewart stayed at the club and did not go near her. She broke appointments and no one could talk with her. She came to the theater like a whirlwind and danced like a mad woman and heaven help the one who crossed her will. Engagements made weeks before were forgotten.

She phoned Willowby time and time again, only to be informed that he had been called out of town. She received a short note from him from Detroit offering apologies and promising to call her when he returned.

She tossed the note into the fire and called Doug. Together they disappeared in the mornings and returned at night. Doug's ears were frost-bitten and he began to have rosy cheeks and acquired the annoying habit of opening windows when others were freezing.

Called to Stewart for an accounting, he explained that he and the gypsy had gone into the country and had found green trees and ground where the "ice cubes" had vanished and had ridden horses like "jinns."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Merging of Counties Is Eventuality

(Continued from Page One.)

where the school is located.

Proponents of abolition of the county superintendent plan of school administration cite great inequalities existing under the present setup. In Camden county, for example, there are only three schools employing a total of 23 teachers. Yet Camden county, like the more populous counties, has a county superintendent.

Many believe that the county superintendent is destined to go. In his stead will appear district superintendents. Highly possible, of course, is that the larger and more populous

counties will be districts in themselves. Those who believe the latter plan will eventually prevail see in the establishment the beginning of the break-up of the present 100-county government, followed by county consolidation. Because the State supports the eight-months school and without regard for property valuations in individual counties, there appears little excuse for administration by counties. The State highway department has, for instance, only five districts with 25 sub-divisions for administrative purposes. Most advocates of county consolidation as an economy move believe that 20 to 25 counties would be much superior to the present 100 counties.

1837—John Pierpont Morgan, leading American banker-financier of his generation, patron of artists and letters, father of the present Morgan boron at Hartford, Conn. Died March 31, 1913.

NOTICE Of City Election

TO BE HELD ON Tuesday, May 7, 1935

Books Open for Registration

In the several wards for seven days From Friday, April 19th, 1935 to Friday April 26, 1935

That the registration and voting places and the Registrars appointed shall be as follows:

FIRST WARD: At the Municipal Building fronting on Garnett street, R. D. Starkey, Registrar.

SECOND WARD: At the Farmers Warehouse fronting on Garnett street, W. D. Burwell, Registrar.

THIRD WARD: At the Big Henderson Warehouse fronting on Zene street, Charlie Davis, Registrar.

FOURTH WARD: At the High Price Warehouse fronting on Montgomery street, J. R. Carter, Jr., Registrar.

S. B. BURWELL, City Clerk.



To distress... I bring comfort I'm your best friend I am your Lucky Strike



I give you the mildest smoke, the best-tasting smoke. You wonder what makes me different. For one thing, it's center leaves. I spurn the little, sticky, top leaves... so bitter to the taste. I scorn the coarse bottom leaves, so harsh and unappetizing. I do not irritate your throat. I bring comfort. I am the best of friends.

Radio Flash
Luckies go on the air Saturdays, beginning April 20 with THE HIT PARADE over NBC Network 8 to 9 p. m. E. S. T.