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DOINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Offer of United States to Sign Treaties Outlawing All Wars.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

WAR is so obnoxious to the United States that this country is "ready to conclude with the French, British, Italian, German and Japanese governments a single multi-lateral treaty binding the parties thereto not to resort to war with one another."

Such is the important statement made in Secretary of State Kellogg's latest note to France, and he adds the stipulation that the treaty should be open to adherence by any and all other governments.

Mr. Kellogg disputes the French contention that obligations imposed by the League of Nations make impossible the acceptance of multi-lateral treaties outlawing all wars by members of the league, and asserts that the value of any treaty renouncing war would be destroyed if it were encumbered with definition of the word aggressive and by qualifications stipulating when nations would be justified in going to war. Says the secretary of state:

"I cannot avoid the feeling that if governments should publicly acknowledge that they can only deal with this ideal in a technical spirit and must insist upon the adoption of reservations impairing, if not utterly destroying the true significance of their common endeavors, they would be in effect only recording their impotence, to the keen disappointment of mankind in general."

In support of his contention that league members can join with other powers in renouncing war, Mr. Kellogg points to the fact that at the Havana pan-American conference a resolution was adopted expressing "unqualified condemnation of war as an instrument of national policy in their mutual relations."

International law experts of the league in Geneva unanimously approved Mr. Kellogg's statement that league members could sign such treaties as he proposes without violating their obligations to the league, but members of the security commission in session in the Swiss city, especially those from central European countries, commented on the American note coldly, asserting that the Kellogg plan would never work in central Europe, where specific guarantees are needed to prevent war. In Paris the statesmen at first were sarcastic but later seemed to be changing their minds somewhat and treating the proposal with more consideration.

The security commission made slow progress in drawing up agreements. The German delegate put forward a plan for forging the nations to agree in advance to accept the decisions of the league council in case of dispute or to agree to an armistice if ordered by the council. This scheme was totally disapproved by Lord Cushen-gun, the British representative, but, strangely enough, received the warm support of M. Paul-Boncour of France. On the other hand Britain has been supporting the Germans in their opposition to an extension of the Locarno treaty to central Europe, which the French desire.

SECRETARY KELLOGG explained the new French arbitration treaty to the senate foreign relations committee and that body gave it unanimous approval. It will be taken up for debate in the senate after notes have been exchanged with France making it perfectly clear that the new treaty in no way contravenes the Bryan conciliation treaty of 1914.

SENOR CANTILLO, Argentine minister to Switzerland and representative on the security commission, made occasion the other day for a well-staged attack on the Monroe Doctrine, which the Argentine government seems determined to discredit. Cantillo criticized the specific inclusion of the Monroe Doctrine in article 21 of the league covenant as a "valid

example of international engagements or regional understandings." This, he asserted, is a "historical untruth," to which other American nations never have subscribed, and he added: "It would be ineffectual to give the name of regional agreement to a unilateral political declaration which never has been explicitly approved by the other American countries."

In Buenos Aires Foreign Minister Gallardo said Cantillo's words were merely a recital of fact and should not be construed as an unfriendly gesture to the United States.

FIVE more American marines were killed and eight wounded when a pack train was ambushed by a hundred of Sandino's bandits on the trail between Yail and Ocotal, Nicaragua. Those killed were Corporal Cicero D. Austin, Crockett, Texas; Privates John C. Pump, Council Bluffs, Iowa; George E. Robbins, San Antonio, Texas; Albert Schlauch, Jamestown, N. D., and Curtis J. Mott, Trenton, Wash. The marines' casualties in Nicaragua now total 18 killed and 43 wounded.

SENATOR BORAH, who subjects all presidential candidates to a prohibition questionnaire, was himself quizzed by a Cincinnati man who asked whether the Idahoan favors the principles and practices of super-government as exemplified by the Anti-Saloon league, the board of prohibition, temperance and public morals of the Methodist Episcopal church and the late Ku Klux klan. Senator Borah said that "assuming for the purposes of this letter that I am a candidate for President—which I am not—and assuming for the purposes of this letter that the implications and inferences and statements in your questions are based upon facts," his answers were "no."

THE battle for convention delegates goes merrily on, but there was no special change in the outlook during the week. Iowa seemed to be going strongly Lowden's way, and the Illinoisan personally entered his name in the North Dakota primaries. In his home state Lowden has the opposition of Mayor Thompson of Chicago, who while in Washington recently decided to adopt the "draft Coolidge" slogan and later led the Cook County Republican organization to approve this plan. Herbert Hoover was put into the Michigan primary race by voluminous signed petitions and it was announced that Lowden would not be entered. Though the Hoover sentiment seemed exceedingly strong it was thought likely the supporters of Lowden and Dawes would try to prevent a general endorsement of Hoover by the state convention.

Senator Reed of Missouri continued his speaking tour of the Southwest and West, and his friends believed he was increasing his chances daily. Naturally he has been indorsed by his own state, and he is not unlikely to get the votes of Kansas and Louisiana. Also he has a chance to get the delegations from Ohio, Arkansas and Indiana after they have done their duty by their favorite sons. He must benefit, too, by the religious controversy that unfortunately is certain to break the convention in Houston. Al Smith's name has been entered in North Dakota, and it probably will appear alone on the Democratic ticket in the Michigan primary.

ORGANIZATIONS interested in prohibition are determined that the vets shall not nominate a wet candidate, to say nothing of electing one President. Their leaders, meeting in Washington, demanded that there should be a plank in the platform of each major party calling for strict enforcement of prohibition laws, and even more strongly demanding that no recognized wet should be placed at the head of either ticket. As the committee on resolutions pointed out: "The strongest prohibition law-enforcement plank would be neutralized and would be practically worthless if its adoption should be followed by nomination of candidates hostile to prohibition."

CONFIRMING in a measure to the reiterated views of President Coolidge, the senate commerce committee approved a flood control bill providing for local participation in

the cost of the work, and it was introduced by Senator Jones of Washington.

The bill, which authorizes the expenditure of \$325,000,000, is regarded as going a long way toward meeting the views of the administration, although it does not do so in all particulars. It declares for the principle of local contribution and provides that local communities shall pay one-third of the cost of bringing levees on the lower Mississippi up to the 1914 standard, but that thereafter they shall be relieved of further contributions to the cost of construction of levees or other flood control works.

The chief point of difference from the Coolidge plan is the failure to provide for an economic commission to recommend the exact extent of local contributions.

LOS ANGELES, the navy's great dirigible, made a nonstop flight last week from Lakehurst, N. J., to France field, Panama Canal Zone, covering the 2,265 miles in 39 hours. The big airship functioned perfectly and the trip was without special incident. After a brief stay the Los Angeles then flew to Cuban waters, and thence back to its home hangar.

Trustees of the Woodrow Wilson Peace award of \$25,000 and a medal for his flight across the Atlantic and his other flights in the interests of international amity. The house of representatives passed a bill appropriating \$1,500 for the purchase of a gold medal for Lindbergh and providing for coinage and sale of bronze duplicates. The medal appeared before a joint session of the house and senate of the New York legislature and made a plea for legislation for the promotion of aviation.

WHILE senatorial investigators or conditions in the bituminous coal fields of western and central Pennsylvania were formulating their report, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, issued an appeal to all organized labor for money, clothing, food and supplies for mine workers there and in Ohio and northern West Virginia. "The winter months," said the appeal "have brought intense suffering and privation to the thousands of miners who are still on strike and their families depend on them."

RELATIONS between Austria and Italy were badly strained by the former's complaints about the treatment of German-speaking citizens of Tyrol and Mussolini's expressed determination that no other nation should meddle with Italy's domestic affairs. The Italian minister to Vienna was called to Rome for conference, and the duke was preparing a speech exhorting Chancellor Seipel of Austria. The Roman press charged that Berlin newspapers were egging Austria on.

Italy's colonial troops have been winning big victories over the Arab tribesmen of the Tripolitanian littoral and have virtually ended the rebellion in that region. In two battles about 700 of the natives were killed. Marshal Armando Diaz, who was commander-in-chief of the Italian armies during the last year of the World war, died Wednesday at the age of sixty-seven. After he succeeded General Cadorna he drove the Austrian forces out of Italy in a whirlwind campaign.

PITY the poor natives of British Samoa! Burdened with taxes for the support of a horde of officials from New Zealand and ruled by a tyrannical governor and complacent council, they sought relief by appeal to the New Zealand government which holds the mandate. Their pleas were turned down by a royal commission and many of their chiefs were sent into exile. Then the Mau (League of Samoa) resorted to a boycott of the local white storekeepers and this got them into further trouble. Dispatches state that 400 members of the Mau have been sent to six months' imprisonment. Samoa probably is too far away and too small to engage the attention of the League of Nations, and the natives, though their cause may be just, are unfortunate in having a coterie of contentions whites as their leaders.

Quaint Old Munster



Old German House.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

MUNSTER, with its winding streets, its ancient houses, gabled, arched, and mottoed, is one of Germany's most alluring towns for the traveler who finds a joy in quiet quaintness. It is especially appealing in the summer when its outdoor beauty may be enjoyed to the full.

The Prinzipal Markt of the city is not, as its name suggests, a great open square, but an arched street, one link in a chain of curving streets and markets, which incloses the cathedral, the university, and other ancient buildings.

To the right one sees the tall, delicate tower of the Lambert Kirchg thrust forward where the Roggenmarkt turns out of sight behind the tall gables. To the left, beyond the jutting balcony of the ancient weigh-house, the Rottenburg curves from view—a jumble of steep gray gables and scarlet roofs. One cannot decide which way lies the lovelier picture.

The city is very quiet on Sundays. A few early churchgoers hurry under cover of the arcades to the cathedral or to St. Lambert's. A little girl trips by, in her arms a loaf of bread almost as long as herself.

In the middle of the open space before the church a dog sits, yawning drowsily. Is this all the "liveliness of the market-place"? Munster sleeps late on Sundays.

Across the way are some charming houses, four or five stories tall, gray and gabled; some frankly old, other manifestly "restored." The ground floor is a shop, but the upper stories of the house extend above the pavement, resting upon pillars and arches; the effect is very pleasing to the eye and in stormy weather the arcade is for foot-farers, a great comfort.

All German towns can boast charming window gardens but few are so lovely, so rich in bloom, as those of Munster.

Lovely Window Gardens.

Fancy a high, narrow facade of smooth, cool gray stucco dripping with purple blossoms from attic window to arched ground floor. The vine is apparently our large-flowered purple clematis. Every window is massed with it, the long tendrils swinging and swaying in the light wind, the greenery almost hidden by the mass of bloom. Beside it a gayly building, gleaming with new paint and "restorations," finds its fresh colors rivaled by the pink blossoms in its window gardens, and beyond it a structure of dark gray stone makes a delightful background for a wealth of scarlet flowers.

And here and there behind each flowery screen one catches a glimpse of moving hands, of shining watering-cans, and sharp pruning-shears, sometimes of a friendly face. Usually the face is masculine; the master cultivates the flowers while the mistress is busy in the kitchen. Sunday dinner is too important to be left in a maid's incompetent hands.

An hour after church service the market is as quiet as in the early morning. Munster then dines. Afterward it naps, then drinks coffee, after which it is ready for church and amusement once more. But the traveler can well utilize this quiet period in the sunshine for sightseeing.

For a while the streets are deserted, but later smiling family groups begin to appear—father, mother and a troop of chubby children; young couples arm-in-arm, newly engaged or married (one knows whether it is "engaged" or "married" by observing if the girl leans upon the man's right or left arm)—going to the parents for

the sociable coffee-drinking, an everyday function, which upon Sunday receives a pleasantly, leisurely holiday flavor and offers convenient opportunity for offering light refreshment to one's family and friends.

St. Lambertus' Tower.

In the Prinzipal Markt one may notice now and then some passer stop and gaze intently at St. Lambertus' tall tower. It is undeniably lovely, graceful, altogether satisfactory, as it soars upward from the market, but these people who loathe longest do not look like students of picturesque architecture.

Finally one discovers the objects their eyes have been seeking—three long iron cages swinging just above the clock face on the tower. They recall Munster's most harrowing days, those when she went mad with frenzied religious zeal and followed blindly the vicious teachings of John of Leyden.

It is unjust to saddle upon a sect the evils practiced by its leaders, but all Anabaptists suffered in reputation and Munster in stern reality by reason of the vicious excesses there indulged in by this John of Leyden and his associates. The wild orgy ended with John's overthrow. He and his chief intimates, Kalperdolfinck and Kreeching, died by torture, and their bodies were exposed in these iron cages upon the stump of St. Lambert's old tower, for the present graceful structure has scarcely been finished a generation.

Churches and Parks.

Munster has several beautiful churches besides the Dom, the largest and finest church in Westphalia, notably Ludgeri-Kirche, older yet than the cathedral in part, and the beautiful Gothic Ueberwasser-Kirche, more rhythmically the Church of Our Lady. The cathedral (St. Paul) was built in the thirteenth century upon the site of an earlier church, traces of which may still be found by antiquaries; but the later additions made in the sixteenth century are far more apparent. From some corners of the great tree-shaded Domplatz the edifice is very beautiful, from others unimpressive.

Munster's old walls and gates are all gone. One or two plain old towers alone remain of all her stout fortifications. Her "rampart-promenade," a ring of small parks crossed at intervals by well-paved streets, takes the place of walls and moat, and from it American cities could well learn the art of landscape gardening within narrow limits.

Flowers and shrubbery, smooth green turf, and thick-foliated trees lie, the quiet walks; sweethearts and little romping children; old people, slow and patient of step; parents with growing families; soldiers, students, bold and assertive; coquettish nursery maids out for an airing; school girls, blushing and giggling—all to be met with on a holiday afternoon.

Adjoining the ring of promenades is a stately Schloss, once the residence of Munster's proud prince bishops, but now belonging to the state, and beyond the promenades are Munster's most charming residences.

BRINGING HOME THE BACON.

(By D. J. Walsh.)

DON BUNKER, demonstrator and expert salesman for the Consolidated Motor company, after assisting his wife and small daughter from the taxi carefully assembled their baggage piece by piece, as was his custom.

"Where's the brown bag, Elizabeth?" turning to Mrs. Bunker, who was at that moment engaged in animated conversation with a bevy of sorority sisters who had assembled at the station to see her off.

"Oh, it's there somewhere, Don," in a don't-bother-me tone of voice.

"But, my dear, it is not!" persisted her husband.

"Mary Helen wanted to carry it—I naturally supposed she would put it in the taxi," explained Mrs. Bunker, who had a talent for shifting responsibility.

"It has all the baby's wardrobe in it. I take it?" queried the exasperated father with a rising note of sarcasm.

Mrs. Bunker nodded assent. "And her bottle?" "Surely!"

"Well of all the careless tricks, Elizabeth," he grumbled. "Trusting that bag and the baby's food to a eight-year-old child!"

But the approaching limited cut short the controversy. A Yellow cab was hastily summoned to go for the missing article, which must now come by the next train, after which the mother and child and the remaining bags and bundles were rushed on board, further upsetting the complacency of orderly existence.

"The porter will bring milk for Pat," Mrs. Bunker hastened to assure her husband, "so why worry!" "And I'll be careful of her dress," she added as an afterthought.

"She'll not drink out of a cup!" he retorted gruffly.

"When a young matron at the baby clinic announces: 'My baby will not eat so and so,' Mrs. Bunker related flippantly, hoping thereby to divert a lecture on thrift. 'Doctor Sayre always scores with: 'Your child will eat what is given it, like any other child when it's hungry enough, madam!'"

"Brute!" commented her husband. Then, not to be sidetracked by any subterfuge, he launched out vigorously on his favorite theme—system.

"I always count my luggage—coming and going"—he concluded his arraignment, "as carefully as a surgical supervisor counts her towels and sponges!"

"Besides that," he grumbled, "it cost me a dollar to send for that bag! Just a dollar thrown away! What wonder we do not get ahead faster?"

"One does get fed up on this efficiency stuff, darling," Mrs. Bunker confided to her small daughter after the outraged father had gone in quest of food for his offspring.

"Just as if it were my fault that Mary Helen abandoned the bag when she saw an ice cream wagon—I remember now. Well, we'll get you home somehow, sweetheart, though you do look a bit disreputable. Too bad, darling, you fell heir to such a slipshod mother!"

"The firm is sending me to Bristol on important business," Don announced to his wife with ill-concealed elation a few days later. "Fine!" replied that lady. "But why shouldn't they send you? Aren't you the brains of the institution?"

"You're making fun of me now, Peggy," he grinned in great good humor. He was really very fond of his happy-go-lucky wife, although her logic—her utter lack of system—was past all understanding. Nevertheless, in her own good time she made him very comfortable.

"I am not!" she cried loyally.

"Didn't you consolidate three rival agencies which were all headed for the rocks and made a going concern of them?"

"Well," replied her husband cautiously, "I'll admit that we have a highly efficient force and are doing more business twice over than the three old factions, with overheads cut in two, but it would ill become me to take all the credit. I've just been fortunate in my selection of employees, and, of course, the other fellows put up the money! Aren't you coming with me, Peggy?" he suggested hopefully. "We'll spend the week-end with mother."

"Sorry," replied Mrs. Don, "but my only decent rag is at the cleaner's; besides we're playing semi-finals in the golf tournament Saturday. But really there's no reason why Pat should not go on a visit to her grandmother. It will save hiring a woman to stay with her tomorrow. We'll make that dollar back which you have been lamenting so sorely since our Kansas City trip," giggled Elizabeth.

"Have Patricia ready at 11:30 promptly," Don Bunker admonished. "I have not a moment to spare. I'll be out for her as soon as I demonstrate the 1927 model to the old gentlemen from Springfield."

"Pack an overnight bag for me—with my golf toga, of course. I want to stay the night at the Country Club. Put Pat's things in your suitcase and send my golf clubs—they will be all."

"You need not bother to send me. I can get some on the train, but put in two bottles in case of an accident," were his final instructions.

Mrs. Patricia Bunker arrived at the home of her grandmother well fed, well-groomed and in a happy frame of mind.

Bristol was reached in ample time for a demonstration of the Imperial Six, which resulted in procuring a desirable agency for the Consolidated Motor company, after which the successful representative of the concern enjoyed a round of golf with old friends.

Sunday morning was devoted to his mother, followed by one of her famous fried-chicken dinners. Really this had been a delightful week-end, marred only by Elizabeth's absence.

Bags were strapped and in the front hall in anticipation of the 5:30 express next morning—everything on the list furnished him by his wife accounted for.

"Big!" went the telephone.

"This is Bunker speaking."

"Yes, I could demonstrate for you this evening!"

"Surely! I could drive it home for her tonight in the cool. That would be fine!"

Mother Bunker had gone out for a few minutes carrying roses and a dish of home-made ice cream to cheer a sick neighbor. There was no one to remonstrate against this change of schedule.

The big machine was soon rolling up the driveway and bags were hastily stored.

Now anxious to be off, the demonstrator chafed at his mother's absence. Then deciding not to wait, he hastily scribbled a message on the back of a contract form, explaining his sudden flight and placed it conspicuously on the library table.

Under his skillful manipulation the splendid car moved off rhythmically—triumphantly.

"It was a magnificent run—seventy-eight miles in a trifle less than two hours—not so bad for a new car!"

"Nine forty-five," consulting his timepiece before inserting his latchkey, Elizabeth would still be up, though not expecting him.

"Hello, dearie," he burst in upon her. "How went the semi-finals?"

"I brought home the bacon, all right," he continued eagerly.

"I procured the best garage and the best salesman in Bristol for the Consolidated model on the trip home! How's that, old dear!"

"All baggage present, too! One suitcase containing seven dresses, one white sweater, one pink sweater, two bonnets"—he enumerated. "One overnight bag, one set of golf sticks—two, three—all here?"

"Yes!" questioned his wife dubiously.

"Yes, what?" a bit ruffled at her apparent skepticism.

"Surely, Don!" she drawled provokingly. "but where is Patricia?"

Telegraph and Railroads.

The history of the development of the electric telegraph in the United States is inextricably bound up with that of American railways, says the Western Union Telegraph company. The first public telegraph line, constructed by Samuel F. B. Morse between Baltimore and Washington in 1843, followed the line of the Baltimore & Ohio railway, the first American railroad, and to this day the greater part of the 2,000,000 miles of telegraph wires in the United States are constructed along the routes of the various railway systems. The Western Union company alone has working contracts with more than 350 railroad companies.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Johnny on the Spot.

Minster—Who giveth this woman? Bride's Father—I do. And now, folks, I wish to remind you that today's program is coming to you through the courtesy of Walter G. Blubbish, father of the lovely bride and president of the Blubbish Bussing and Winch corporation, manufacturers of the "Little Wonder Winebox" and "Mildly Dainty Bussings," at all hardware shops of the better sort.—Life.

Expression Is Grecian.

"Eureka" is of Greek origin. It is a past perfect tense meaning "I have found." In English it is used as an exclamation of triumph upon making a discovery. According to legend, when Archimedes discovered a method of determining the purity of the gold in King Hiero's crown, he cried: "Eureka." I have found it. It is the motto of California.

Blame for Colds Put on Overheated Homes

The modern man, fairly wise in fundamental health rules, wouldn't think of walking out into a cold winter night direct from the steam room of a Turkish bath, but thousands rush out into the cold blustery open space direct from offices heated to Turkish bath temperatures.

Softened by this daily "roasting," their bodies are easy targets for colds and influenza and as a result these

ailments reach their highest peak in the latter part of February and in March.

Overheated houses and office buildings are among the most prolific breeders of colds.

The purpose of ventilation is to surround the body with atmosphere of such a temperature that heat loss from the body takes place at the proper rate.

If the home or office is kept too warm, the body is unable to throw off its excess heat. This places an extra

burden of work on the body. Overheating takes place and when the person is chilled by a draft or by going outdoors the possibility of taking cold is greatly increased.

The most comfortable as well as the most healthful temperature is between 68 and 72 degrees. There should be a slight amount of air motion in all rooms such as is produced by a small window opening. If the temperature is kept between 68 and 72, the moisture of the air will be kept at a satisfactory point.