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'TIS DIFFERENT ON RHINE NOW, MOURNS THIS GERMAN

No Longer Can He Enjoy the Play of Soft Violins and the Jolly Voices.

COBLENZ NOW AMERICANIZED

By "RHENAU" in Der Tag, a Conservative German Daily.

To-day a man hastens through Coblenz as quickly as possible. In the old days the city almost inevitably attracted me for a stay of at least some hours. My interest and delight in its old customs and manners never waned. During my many visits I never tired of the cosy old alleys and passages in the Moselle quarter. My soul expanded when I viewed the incomparable scenic setting of the city. On summer evenings I enjoyed loitering on the hotel terrace, by the side of the Rhine, and watching the massive cliffs and bastions of Ehrenbreitstein grow golden in the setting sun; following the great white tourist steamers bending their smoky course to the quay, and regarding the crowd of happy men and women who poured out of them and clustered on the banks. Tourists from every country in the world had come together to derive equal pleasure from a trip through the realm of the Rhenish romance. Violins played waltz music and the jolly voices took up the chorus of the old Rhine songs. Fair-haired ladies smiled and were smiled to in turn with uplifted glass. Then later in the evening there always was some garden arbor or some quiet nook in a Kneipe for connoisseurs and artists, where you met old friends and heard old tales, or made new friendships and drained bottles of good Rhenish wine. In those dreamy days of the past, which seem to us now like some myth vanished forever such experiences were a matter of course.

To-day a man gets out of the city in all haste, in order to escape as quickly as possible the bitter contrast between then and now. It never occurs to a German traveler to call on his old friends; or even to ask whether they are still alive and have been fortunate enough to escape from defiled Rhenish soil. One seeks to avoid the echo of his own suffering—seeks to escape gazing upon a beloved face lined with torment, or weary and lifeless with resignation. A taste for sitting long over the care-banishing wine cup long since vanished. So let us be off and away as speedily as possible, across the river and into the depths of the green mountains beyond where we may hope never to see a Yankee face!

No one takes a street car if he can avoid it. They are packed to the utmost with tall lads in khaki, with a white "A" on the round arm shield. To me they are intolerable, living, foreign deformities in the Rhenish country, where they are as out of harmony as a cloister church would be upon a western prairie. Their companions please me even less than they do themselves. Seemingly the latter compete with their gallants in unabashed rudeness, loud gossip, and boisterous laughter. To judge from their accent these girls come from the country around the Westerwald, Brigidend, but to judge by their clothing they might well belong to the better classes of the city. Disappeared are the short jackets, trimmed with silk ribbons, the bright bodices, and the head-cloths, in which the girls beyond Treves used to appear in Coblenz markets. This garb now lives only in the memory of the older generation. To-day these girls parade the streets in short coats high yellow boots and silk mantles. Only the bright discoloration of their hair betrays the origin of the wearers. To select a becoming bonnet a woman must have better taste and a keener eye for color than these girls possess, or than their advisers, John from Texas, or James from Nebraska, even with their well-filled pocketbooks can supply.

All these American soldiers have an abundance of money and without exception they live regardless of expense. Their wealth flows into the pockets of bar keepers, merchants, and these girls, whom I have just described; but it increases the cost of living of everyone else, and thus rests like a curse upon the land. The prodigal expenditures of the American soldier have naturally been checked somewhat of late by the rising value of the mark; but even to-day they are so free with their money that many a peasant girl now has more spent upon her than she ever dreamed could happen in fairyland. Naturally most of these soldiers' companions are women of the lower classes; for most of these strangers from across the water, would hardly know how to behave in good society. None the less it is not unusual to see young women of the well-to-do country class and city middle class sitting quite at home with some American in a Coblenz dining-room, chattering away in a horrible mixture of bad English and German. The soldiers themselves are mostly slender, picked men of fine physique, with the good humor of great bodies. They enjoy themselves immensely, and want everybody else to be equally happy and comfortable. Naturally they are more attractive in the eyes of our women than their gloomy, pessimistic, irritable German rivals. Many Americans have enlisted in the army of occupation from love of adventure. They have "swapped" gladly a monotonous life on the

farm for a jolly soldier life on the Rhine. In addition to their high pay many have independent incomes, and so are not to be despised as future husbands. Therefore they drink our wine and court our daughters. Some of the latter marry happily; but most of them do not have so lucky an experience.

This thing will go on for many years longer. The thought is almost unendurable to a man hurrying through the streets or along the Rhine promenades of Coblenz. Try to ignore the presence of these foreign people as you will, you cannot wear blinders which will keep them out of your sight entirely. You are forced to realize that this beautiful Rhine city is being Americanized with appalling rapidity. Mammoth automobiles tear recklessly through the streets, shaking the adjacent houses to their foundations. At important corners a German policeman stands indicating when the road is free by a whistle—an essential precaution; for the prairie boys insist on traveling at the highest speed. Young ladies of Coblenz are joking and joshing with the tall strangers, or making fun of an occasional French girl who has sought her fortune by following the Americans to this point. Show windows exhibit English signs and placards, English and French pictures and newspapers. English conversation dines in your ears from the open windows of the restaurants and bars. It is as though all the old customs, manners, and characteristics of this ancient royal town had been flattened out unrecognizably beneath some gigantic steam roller. It is the irony of fate that the Stars and Stripes should now wave here, where the population used to be fanatical admirers of the old kaiser. There in the Castle Square, Rhenish cannoneers performed artillery practice for a century. On those heights the Empress Augusta lived, and her regiment of guards paraded up there above the green shrubbery of the Casino; and cannon thundered from the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein at every great German victory during those indescribably happy years of our former greatness. One should not dwell on such things. But these thoughts intrude themselves irresistibly when you pass along the streets of Coblenz.

I turn down into the narrow streets of old Coblenz in the nook between the Rhine and the Moselle. How happily men formerly lived amidst these picturesque surroundings, and sometimes recalled with a smile or a touch of sad reminiscence, the old, old days of the Electoral Princes. Those days of the eighteenth century, so full of artistic and refined enjoyment of the senses! These buildings survived the days of the emigrants, and one imagines that he still detects a trace of a lurking jovial smile on their weathered facades, which has been inherited from this period. It was a mad time, indeed, when the pleasure-loving French artists crowded Coblenz. One of the lady writers of the period asserts that they were very popular; but on the whole they left little good fame behind them. But that period was comparatively short, and its very frivolity lent it the grace and attractiveness for which the spirit of the century had paved a way. This frivolous joyousness of the emigrants expressed itself in the gay terms and colors, which still play out with their variegated background the baroque houses and the Electoral Palace. They organized a carnival which lasted several months, and beguiled the following generation with the continuous entertainments so expressive of a disordered and decadent civilization. But the Americans lack every trace of intellectual, cultural and historical community with the land and people of the Rhine. Their cautious domination expresses itself destructively in one solitary field—that of Mammoth. We realize that the soulful charm of the Rhine people, already crushed as they are by the war and blockade and uncertainty of their future and the distress of their Fatherland, will be destroyed utterly under the rule of foreign masters who measure everything in dollars.

A WARNING ABOUT SWINDLERS

State Insurance Department Is Swamped With Complaints From Those Who Hit—but Can't Help Folks Who Refuse to Heed Good Advice.

Raleigh, September 2.—The Insurance Department for the past two weeks has been much pestered by complaints from people, many letters complaining that they have been "windied" etc., by salesmen selling stock of all kinds, with assurances that they may expect to soon "strike it rich." Deputy Commissioner Wade, who has to look after all this, declares, the department is doing all it can to help people, but it can't help people who absolutely refuse to take its advice about such matters, and as soon as they get bit write about it. But yesterday, he had conference with a Wake county lawyer, who in behalf of a Wake county client, reputed to be worth fifty thousand dollars, principally in real estate, was seeking help. This man had outstanding notes totalling one hundred and ten thousand dollars given to five different stock salesmen for five kinds of stock, and some of the notes were past due, not a dollar of dividends yet paid on any kind of "investment." The schedule of investments, for nearly all of which notes were given as presented by the lawyer, was as follows: Electric Railway stock, \$25,000; Hospital stock, \$25,000;

WINGATE MAN WANTS THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT HERE

Needed as Guarantee That Wrong Type of Woman Does Not Vote, He Says.

WANTS TO PURIFY ELECTIONS

Prof. M. L. White, of Wingate, writing in the Raleigh News and Observer of August 26th, says: Verily, it warmed the cockles of my ancient heart to see the "Old Reliable," August 20th, 1920, assume the poke-berry line at its masthead in token that the Volunteer State does not place women on the social and political plane she occupies in Turkey, China and Japan; nor yet where she was placed by the North American Indian. One consoling reflection is that W. J. Bryan, J. S. Carr, Josephus Daniels, Judge Clark, Buffalo Bill and other celebrities have not lived and labored in vain.

What little I have said and written has not been in an acrimonious spirit; for men of honest convictions and exalted patriotism have opposed woman suffrage. Some were prompted by a mistaken idea of chivalry, while others never studied the question, but are "agin" any departure from time-honored customs and traditions. These same people would have opposed steamboats when Fulton had a vision of more rapid water transit, would have ridiculed the dream of Columbus, of Morse, of McCormick; or the philanthropy of DeCortix.

But let victors be magnanimous and pull for the retention of the State-wide primary under proper safeguards, and the Australian ballot. The present open ballot is a relic of a rudimentary civilization, and no such a thing as a fair election is within range of probability. While North Carolina is the State of my adoption, two-thirds of my life has been spent there, and I feel identified with her material, civic and educational interests. I am tired of seeing men of no electoral or suffrage qualifications delivered at voting place as sheep to the shambles, their sacred birthright prostituted by bribes and coercion. The most specious objection urged against woman suffrage was the debasing influence at the polls. Under present conditions the scarlet woman will be in demand, just as the untutored yokel is. But arrange so nobody can vote that can't prepare his own ticket, and the low order of both sexes will be eliminated. Men unscrupulous enough to buy votes, will want to see the vote delivered before they invest money. No man or woman under forty years of age has any excuse for illiteracy in North Carolina; albeit men of sixty-five to seventy-five years of age can frame some excuses. But, generally speaking, men really capable of exercising suffrage even at that age can read and write. The late W. M. Massey, of Cleveland county, this State, entered the Civil War an illiterate boy, while a soldier he learned to read and write; and acquired good property, was an excellent county commissioner; and a tower of strength in promotion of education and church activities. Now when women have been grudgingly granted the ballot, let us purify elections so far as possible, and the Australian ballot suggests itself as a very efficient agent.

No great reform ever originated with a time-serving, self-seeking politician. The ones I know the best are "agin" it, and endorse the present disreputable methods.

Twenty years ago I was for good roads, better schools, woman suffrage, and the Australian ballot and it seemed hoping against hope for their realization. I have seen three come to pass, and thank God and take courage that omens are auspicious for the fourth.

Oil Company stock, \$19,000 Oil Company stock, \$10,000; Fish Products stock, \$18,000.

On the first day of last month, a man representing himself, he was a Wake county man, too, and thirty-two others, told of having given notes aggregating two hundred thousand dollars, and notice of his visit to the department and his tale of woe, was published all over the State. It was hoped that there was not such another case on record and never would be again. But here is a single individual, well-to-do, living in the shadow of the State Insurance Department, and in the same county as the other victim, who not only buys all kinds of stock but buys it liberally and gives notes recklessly. Deputy Wade is much interested in the movement in New Bern and Greensboro to have official law enforcement aid in the blue sky security field. He says he doesn't wish to tire the public with department warnings and pleadings not to sign notes for any stock under the sun any further. But he wants help from the business interests of the State to save some people from their folly.

Central Methodist Church

Rev. John W. Moore, Pastor. 10 a. m.—Sunday school, conducted by Prof. R. W. Allen, Supt. Preaching by pastor at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Morning sermon specially to students soon to begin school work. "Encouragement" is theme of evening discourse. Let all members attend. Public most welcome.

PALMETTO FARMER RAISES BROWN AND GREEN COTTON

Growing Apples on Pear Trees Is Nothing to This South Carolinian.

GROWS PINK KIMONAS ON STALK

After experimenting for several years in producing cottons of color, A. W. Brabham, of The Hermitage, Olar, S. C., believes that the end sought, which is the production of black cotton, is in sight. The following account of Mr. Brabham's work is taken from the Savannah Morning News:

Mr. Brabham has sent the Morning News four samples of cottons of color which sustain his claim that he has successfully produced these cottons of extremely fine fibre. The four samples shade from light green to dark brown. He says that there has never been a softer or finer fibre than the dark brown sample and that cloth woven from such cotton would make a fabric that would surpass in softness any textile material yet developed.

Four years ago Mr. Brabham sent his first specimen of cottons in colors to the Morning News and to the Savannah Cotton Exchange. He says now that he has never abandoned the idea of producing cottons of that class but for two years he made no progress, the crop each year having been destroyed before reaching maturity. This year great care was exercised in the few plants of this cotton that he grew. When the plants open up in full Mr. Brabham thinks that other colors besides the four he has now may appear.

Luther Burbank wrote Mr. Brabham that he would undertake the job of producing black cotton for a million dollars. Mr. Brabham says that a glance at one of his samples shows that he is in a fair way to produce it at a much lower cost than a million. He says further that he is sure he would have produced black cotton this year had not a package of blue or tinted or lined cotton imported from India miscarried. Mr. Brabham has a Hindu botanist of Delhi gathering specimens of his cottons of colors in India, and this botanist has located blue, grey and light pink. He hopes to have another consignment of seed from India in the near future, and is also hoping to get the colors growing in Peru. It is, however, he says, very difficult to get foreign seed because so many careless or dishonest persons handle the packages in their long journey.

Mr. Brabham has also sent three specimens of corn in three colors, a glance at which, he says, should prove that black corn will be his next year. By crossing red and blue corn will in two years, he claims, develop black corn. This being true, Mr. Brabham argues that by crossing the blue Indian cotton with the darker shades which he has developed from white cotton he is bound to obtain the long sought black cotton.

Not only cotton and corn but almost any other crop, Mr. Brabham feels convinced, can be produced in colors. Although he does not expect himself to reap the commercial profits of his discovery, he is content in the satisfaction of believing that he is bequeathing to posterity a contribution of enormous value in scientific knowledge.

ARKANSAS COTTON SEED

Prices Now About One-Third What They Were Last Year.

The price of cotton seed in Texas is said to be \$25 a ton, or 57 1/2 cents a bushel.

While Texas seed are said to be inferior, on account of the dry climate, it is predicted that the price will be low this fall. The Arkansas Gazette says:

Owing to the tremendous decline in cotton seed oil and compound lard since last year, the prices of cotton seed opened up in southern Texas at twenty-five dollars per ton, said W. F. Bridewell, local cotton seed products broker, recently. Mr. Bridewell says the drop in cotton seed oil is due to the fact that China and Japan and Australia had perfected the manufacture of oil from cocunut and certain kinds of beans when the war started, and that during the war they kept up this manufacture, with no outlet for the goods, with the result that when the armistice was signed the Orient had cheap oil to bring upon the market in great quantities and the world has now more crude oils of this kind than it has learned to use. For this reason, he thinks, crude cotton seed oil has declined since last October and November from twenty cents per pound to eight cents a pound, the present quotations.

"At present there is very little demand for our Southern cotton seed oil," said Mr. Bridewell, "due partly to the fact that there has been a large importation of Oriental oil and very little demand for compound lard for export. We are told that there is to-day on hand in Chicago five times the amount of lard we had on hand this time last year, and from present indications the market for cotton seed products will drag until some export demand comes in."

"Cotton seed meal sold last year at \$75 per ton, and new crop meal is quoted to-day at \$25 per ton. Last season cotton seed hulls sold as high

as \$16 and new crop hulls were reported to-day at \$7.50 per ton. Cotton seed linters, a by-product of cotton seed, which sold during the war at seven cents a pound, are going begging to-day at one cent a pound. There have been several sales recently of linters carried over from last season at one cent a pound f. o. b. cars, Little Rock.

"These declines naturally will reduce the amount of money paid for the Arkansas seed crop around twenty million dollars, but it is hoped that before the cotton seed market opens in Arkansas, which will be about the last of September, the lard market and oil market will have advanced to enable the oil mills of this state to pay more for cotton seed than the Texas mills are paying now. The price of cotton seed products governs the price paid for cotton seed. There is one feature that will help the farmers of Arkansas and that is most of the products of cotton seed are shipped to Eastern markets and when the new freight rates are put into effect our products will bring about \$5 a ton more than the products of southern Texas, due to the cheaper freight rates.

THREE KILLED IN TRAGIC ENDING OF A LOVE STORY

Beginning in Constantinople, and Ending in Washington With Three Deaths—Came to North Carolina.

A true love story that reads like fiction is entwined in the history of the three Greeks recently killed in a downtown boarding house in Washington, according to George Anthony, of Lumberton, second cousin of Jean and Kathryn Odiscus, two of the Greeks killed, and who says he knew all the Greeks when they lived in Constantinople.

Theo Kukos was a servant in the Odiscus home, beginning work there when a mere lad, according to Anthony. The Odiscus family was one of the oldest and most prominent in Thrace. There were three children in the home—two boys and a daughter—Kathryn, Dan and Jean. When the Balkan war broke out the Turks captured and destroyed all the property of the Odiscus family along with that of hundreds of others. Through fear that the only daughter might be captured by the cruel Turks, an effort was made to send Kathryn, accompanied by her brothers, to America. Just as the three were ready to sail for America the World War broke out. Dan managed to continue the trip to America at that time. Jean and Kathryn were held in France and spent four years there. They came to America in 1918.

It was while serving the Odiscus family, and yet while he was a lad that Kukos fell desperately in love with Kathryn, his master's daughter. Social lines barred Kukos from marrying the idol of his heart in the native land. Learning that Kathryn had come to America, the land far famed for its democracy, Kukos followed. He dreamed that in this good land the social barriers would be raised and that he would be free to pay court to her who in the land of his nativity was far his superior in caste.

Arduously he sought the hand and heart of the fair Thracian girl, only to be rebuffed. Jean and Dean were opposed to Kukos paying his respects to their sister, whom they considered his superior. Jean, accompanied by his sister, left Kukos in Washington and evaded him for a year. It had been a year since Kukos had seen the idol of his heart. At last he succeeded in trailing Kathryn to Wilmington, then to Greenville, N. C., back to Norfolk, Va., and finally located her and Jean in their apartment in Washington.

Just what happened in the room where the three were killed will probably never be known. Kukos was found in the room dead, his head having been mutilated with a hatchet. Kathryn lay cold in death with a bullet through her heart, and Jean was unconscious, two leaden bullets having pierced his head. He died without regaining consciousness.

Anthony's version of the affair is that when Kukos attempted to pay court to his sister—Kathryn—Jean attacked him with a hatchet, inflicting fatal wounds, and that after he was fatally wounded, Kukos fired the shots that ended two other lives—one of them that of the woman whose hand and heart he had tried for years to win. Anyway the sad tragedy ended a love story that began in Constantinople several years ago.

Mr. DeLaney Says Union County Cotton Crop a Failure.

(From the Charlotte Observer.)

"Here's a specimen of the cotton in Union county," said Mr. W. T. DeLaney, a prominent citizen of that section yesterday, showing a cotton stalk over seven feet tall and which was sparsely settled with bolls. "You see the height of this stalk," said Mr. DeLaney, "but there are only four bolls and seven squares on it. It would take ten acres of cotton like this to make a bale. The rains have just about ruined us down in our country. We figure that we will make about a half a crop. We'll be bankrupt if somebody doesn't help finance the crop this year."

Garden Luck.

"Is your husband having any luck with his garden?" "Oh, yes. He got a sunstroke and collected two hundred dollars health insurance."—Boston Transcript.

CLEVELAND MAN ERECTING MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS

Prof. White Commends Fine Act of Mr. J. P. D. Withrow, a Merchant Prince.

COST TO BE FIFTEEN HUNDRED

Wingate, N. C., Aug. 29, 1920. To the Editor of The Journal:—As all your readers are aware, the world recently passed through a disastrous war, from the shock of which it is not likely soon to recover. The sturdy citizenship responded with alacrity to the call of arms; forever disproving the cynical jeer that we are a nation of money-grabbers, and that the image of the dollar mark has been burnt into every soul.

As a result of every conflict, especially one of such stupendous dimensions; many sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

To successfully prosecute such a gigantic undertaking required men of heroic mould who band their bosoms to the on-set of the furious Hun; the man who would contribute the sinews of war; the husbandman who would toil in the heat of the day that patriots might eat; the artisan who help provide transports, ordinance, guns of smaller caliber, clothing, tents; and the coal that furnished power to float the throbbing magazines of death. After more than four years the bugles pealed out, "Cease firing," and we felt the thrilling assurance that God reigns and the government lives. Now, in the language of Kipling, "Lest we forget," it is meet that the towering shaft shall arise to commemorate the deeds of daring performed by our khaki-clad heroes who returned; as well as those who made the supreme sacrifice, and whose bodies slumber in the fields of sunny France.

The enclosure shows how an enterprising citizen and captain of industry in the county of Rutherford has launched an enterprise to duly commemorate the slain heroes of both Rutherford and Cleveland county. Granite and marble shafts perpetuate the daring deeds of the men who followed Lee and Jackson in the sixties, in Shelby, Rutherford, Monroe and the Capital Square in Raleigh and elsewhere; and no man but feels a pride at seeing the manifestation of patriotic pride, even if his relatives wore the blue and fought under "Old Glory," following the fortunes of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.—Corn Cracker.

(Enclosure.)

Mr. J. P. D. Withrow, the merchant prince and foremost citizen of the county, at Hollis is building a monument to be dedicated to the memory and honor of the soldiers of the World War from Cleveland and Rutherford counties. The foundation is completed. It is a beautiful mass of granite 13 1/2 feet high, 12 feet at base and 3 feet square at the top. A life sized statue of a soldier will be placed on top of the monument. When completed the monument will be a credit to both counties and an everlasting memory to the love, devotion and patriotism of Mr. Withrow for the cause of liberty. He is a great friend of the cause of freedom and always delights in making the soldiers happy. On the west side of the monument will be proper engravings to the memory of the soldiers who went to the World War from Rutherford county April 6th, 1917 to November 11th, 1918, and on the east side will be the same to the soldiers of Cleveland county. The monument will be within two miles of the county line between the two counties.

Invoking services will be held at Hollis soon, when the soldiers' monuments will be unveiled. Some prominent speakers will be present and a big barbecue will be held. It will be gala day for Hollis. Hundreds will attend the services.

The monument will cost about \$1,500. People of both counties, especially parents who have sons that made the supreme sacrifice, are asked to help in building the monument. They will get proper credit for it as their son's names will be engraved on the monument and the list of all donors and the amount donated will be published later. The monument will be built by Mr. Withrow if no one donates a cent towards it, but all should have a chance to help do honor to our brave soldiers. Make your subscription to-day. You will get credit for it.

Mr. Withrow is also building a Methodist church at Hollis out of stone. It will be 60x60 feet and will be built in the shape of a Roman cross. Mr. Withrow states that this will be his last stone building to erect and nothing will be spared in making it one of the nicest churches in the State. The church is being erected on a lot which Mr. Withrow deeded them free while the monument is on the school lot of two acres which he donated free to the school. The donors and amount donated to the church will also be published soon, in the case of the monument. Both buildings are now a certainty. So far as we know, they will be the first of their kind erected in the State. Many people in both counties will gladly help Mr. Withrow in his laudable and worthy undertaking. They mean honor to the county as well as to the soldiers who took part in the fight to "make the world safe for democracy." The county has just reason to be proud of Mr. Withrow's activities. He has put Hollis on the map.