

Problem of Rhine Revived by Hitler

Always Played Big Part in European Politics.

Washington.—Germany's new military program, which defies the Versailles treaty, renews the old problem of Rhineland fortifications, and again brings into the news a fertile valley which has so often been an economic and political frontier.

According to the terms of the treaty Germany was allowed to retain the left bank of the Rhine providing it was completely demilitarized. Military occupations of this zone (from 1918 to 1930) by American, French and British forces insured Germany's fulfillment of her agreement.

"The Rhine has always played an important part in European politics," says the National Geographic society. "A glance at the map shows many of the most famous Rhine towns standing on the left bank of the river. This is because the Rhine was once a frontier of Roman civilization, and it was on the west side that Roman strongholds were established. Today, starting near its source, the river marks the boundary first between Switzerland and Liechtenstein, then Switzerland and Austria, Switzerland and Germany, and finally Germany and France.

Important Waterway.

"Flowing from south to north, the Rhine is one of Europe's chief waterways. With its numerous tributaries it drains one of the most

densely populated regions of Europe, a country rich in minerals and intensively cultivated. It reaches the North sea coast opposite London, thus connecting with British shipping, and forming a natural outlet for Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

"Canals join the Rhine from the Rhone, the Marne, and the Danube. It is navigable without interruption from Basle to the sea, a distance of 350 miles. Ocean-going steamers can ascend as far as Cologne, where cargoes are transferred to river boats, but only small craft can navigate the upper Rhine above Spire.

"Since the Versailles treaty the Rhine has become an international waterway open to ships of all nations.

"Although it rises in the Swiss Alps and enters the North sea through Netherland territory, to the Germans the Rhine is their national river. It is firmly woven into their history, their art, their music, and their literature. A boat trip down this stream is a journey through Germany's past as well as her present.

Medieval Stronghold.

"The Rhine enters the Riff valley at Basle, flowing north between the ranges of the Vosges and the Black forest. At Mainz, where the Main enters the Rhine, the slopes of the Taunus hills turn the river westward until it reaches Bingen. Between Bingen and Bonn it winds through the narrow Rhine gorge beneath high cliffs adorned with an-

cient castles or steeply terraced vineyards.

"Halfway between Bingen and Bonn the gorge is broken by the entrance of the Moselle from the west and the Lahn from the east. Coblenz is built on a triangle of land between the Moselle and the Rhine. The Romans called it Confluentes. During the occupation of the Rhineland by the allies after the World War it was headquarters for the American division. On a rocky precipice above the Rhine is the old fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, an important stronghold since medieval days.

"Bonn is famous as Beethoven's birthplace, and as the seat of an ancient university. Beyond Bonn the Rhine swings north and then west through a wide plain. Cologne (Köln), third city of Germany, is a busy port, trading in grain, wine, ores, coal, and timber. Above a sea of city roofs soar the twin spires of the Cologne cathedral, each nearly as tall as the Washington monument.

"Industry and commerce crowd out natural beauty along the lower Rhine. Dusseldorf is an important manufacturing town, noisy with factories and great steel and iron works. It is particularly noted for its dyeing industries, and also as the birthplace of Heinrich Heine. Duisburg, at the point where the Ruhr joins the Rhine, is one of the most extensive river ports in the world. It is a chief center of the German steel industry, and commercial gateway of the coal and iron shipping out of the Ruhr. Incidentally it was once the home of Mercator, the great map maker.

"Coal smoke and machinery have failed to destroy the legends of the past. Siegfried was supposedly born at Xanten, near the Netherlands border, and at Cleves, Lohengrin, the knight of Wagner's opera, rescued the beautiful Elsa."

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Protection Impossible The Railroad Crossings Things Are Better When Russia Is Rich

Europe seeks some network of "treaties" to prevent a war, or bind armies and air fleets of each of those signing such treaties to protect the others in case of attack.

Unfortunately, in the new war of the air, as in secret gangster war, no protection is possible. Where one criminal has an "automatic" or "sub-machine gun," agreements among law-abiding citizens cannot protect them. And while one nation can secretly build and suddenly launch airships with poison gas and explosive bombs, no city can consider itself safe.

France and England, after elaborate experiments, announce that there is no possible way of protecting a modern city against air attacks, even though the city knew in advance when to expect them.

The only safeguard is fear of retaliation.

Deeply grieved by the killing of many school children at a public crossing, the President plans extensive elimination of railroad grade crossings. Complete elimination of such crossings would involve billions of hundreds of millions of dollars.

The work would be undertaken with careful concentration on the fact that rairoading itself is bound to change or disappear so far as transportation of passengers is concerned.

Railroads in the future must carry passengers more than one hundred miles an hour, on light railroad equipment, able to climb steep grades as easily as automobiles do now. Elimination of grade crossings will take that into consideration and include elimination of existing sharp curves at crossings, that the work may not be done twice.

Dun & Bradstreet, well informed usually, say that a big business rise is coming. Their weekly survey informs you that before the end of this quarter business progress will have developed to a degree beyond the most sanguine estimates offered at the beginning of the year.

How rich will the Russians become, with their energetic development of national resources, all over Russia and far into Arctic regions?

And what will be the effect on Communism, bolshevism and the proletariat when Russia becomes, as she may do, the richest nation on earth, and those that rule her become the world's richest men, perhaps the first multiple billionaires in history?

Expeditions sent to the Arctic have discovered coal, nickel, zinc, tin, copper, gold and oil, all inside the Arctic circle.

A regular line of freight ships has been established through the northwest passage, gigantic ice-breakers going ahead of the freighters. Already Russia produces three times as much gold as the United States. What will be the psychological effect on Communism when Russia produces more gold than any other nation on earth?

Gambling in silver, made inevitable by this country pushing up the price, goes on all over the world; poor old China is buying back at double prices silver sold too cheap, and Britain must wish she had been in less of a hurry to unload below 30 cents an ounce the hundreds of millions of ounces taken from India, when India, in a foolish moment, was put on the gold basis, only to fall off again.

If you love your British cousins, rejoice. Neville Chamberlain, chancellor of the exchequer, says British income taxes will be cut because British finances show a substantial surplus. That surplus appears in spite of the fact that Britain is adding more than \$52,000,000 to the cost of armaments.

Your satisfaction in this good news may be increased by your knowledge that the United States had the pleasure of financing the surplus and the additional armaments to the tune of \$5,000,000,000 in war debts not paid.

Senator Wheeler of Montana has introduced a bill ordering the national government to take over, own and operate the railroads of the nation beginning January 1, 1936. There is no doubt that railroad stock and bond holders would say, "Amen," if they could be sure of getting a fair price for their property. Railroad management, naturally, would grieve. To give up power is always unpleasant.

Extra Pay

By RUTH ASTON

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JUDY was only a movie extra, but Andy had fallen for her harder than if she were Mona Manning herself. Judy was twice as pretty as the famous star, only half as sophisticated, and ten times as sweet. The life guard had figured the whole thing out mathematically when the girls had come down to Long Beach on location ten days before.

But just now he stood glaring down as she sat in the sand. "So you care more about your darned publicity than you do about me!"

Her blue eyes flashed angrily. "I care about holding down my job! If you'd ever been out of work as long as I have, you'd realize how much my pay envelope means to me!"

"I don't care how much you think of your pay envelope. I don't like that guy Turner even if he is a director. And I don't want you to go out with him."

Judy shrugged shapely brown shoulders. "I'll go out with him every night in the week if it's necessary to keep my job!"

Andy glared at her. "And I suppose you'd let him make love to you, just to hold your job?"

Judy flushed, then laughed. "Don't be melodramatic, darling! Life isn't like that!"

"Don't be too sure. I've heard of directors who expected more than just good acting from the pretty extra girls."

Judy sobered for a moment. "I know. There was a girl who killed herself—"

She shuddered, but the next instant forced a laugh. "We're being awfully silly. Just because Mr. Turner likes to take me out is no sign he has designs on me!"

The man scowled. "Knowing Turner, I'd say that was quite a definite sign."

Andy saw very little of Judy the next few days although never for a moment did he stop thinking of her.

And then early one morning she came down to the beach, and his strong heart began doing strange things in his deep chest.

She carried herself with a determined air this morning that was new to her. Andy was puzzled as she strode out to the end of the windy pier. Surely she wasn't going to dive? The undertow beneath the pier was terrific. Only an expert swimmer could withstand that pulling toward the piers.

Good heavens! She was standing outside the railing at the pier's end, her shoulders drooping, her whole attitude that of hopeless dejection! Andy looked about wildly for movie cameras, but none were in sight. He was the only person on the beach. And just as he looked back at her, Judy slipped off into the water.

The life guard raced to the pier and covering its length in Marathon strides, dove into the water. He saw Judy clinging to one of the barnacle-covered piles under the pier. If only she could keep her grip! But the barnacles were sharp and would cut her hands. With long swift strokes he swam toward her.

"Hold on!" he shouted, but his voice sounded tiny.

She must have heard for she turned her head to look at him. A strange expression came into her eyes. Then deliberately she released her hold and dropped into the rushing green-black water!

Andy dived after her but soon discovered that she did not want to be rescued. She struggled desperately to free herself.

"Let me go!" she gasped when they reached the surface of the water. She kicked violently with her legs and pounded him with her fists. Andy was bitterly determined. "Stop that! Do you want me to knock you out?"

One of his arms encircled her tightly, and with his other arm and legs he kept them both afloat. She tried to push away but Andy raised his fist menacingly.

"All right," she gasped. "I'll go with you."

Her body relaxed, and with one hand on his shoulder she allowed him to tow her.

Laying her head gently in the soft dry sand, she asked, "Are you all right?"

Without answering she gave him a smile of unbelievable sweetness.

Andy took one of the cold white hands in his. "Darling, I don't know what's happened, but I love you, and I want to marry you. I want to take care of you always."

"You're sweet, Andy."

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes. I didn't want you to rescue me. But when you did, I found I loved you. Do all the ladies you save fall in love with you, Andy?"

The man ignored her question. "Darling, why did you try to drown yourself? Promise me you'll never do a thing like that again."

Judy smiled, salt water still clinging to her long eyelashes. "I wasn't trying to drown myself, Andy. I was just practicing for my big scene tomorrow, with extra pay. I'm doubling for Mona Manning in a suicide act! I was supposed to swim away under the water, but you spoiled it all by rescuing me."

Art of Walking in Long Skirts

Graceful Motion Not Hard to Master; Simple Exercises.

Now that long skirts have come into their own again for afternoon and evening frocks, it is important for women to know how to walk in them. The short skirts which have prevailed in the long period of mannish styles permitted wearers to adopt a mannish stride, if they so wished. The long skirts require the wearer to pay heed to her steps lest they betray an awkwardness and unaccustomedness to dainty feminine apparel. No one who wishes to make a good appearance will slouch along or take mannish strides, in long skirts. The grace of a person accustomed to society's dictates in costume and carriage can be acquired with practice.

To gain the desired poise, try the following simple exercise, standing, and preferably out of doors, or in a room fragrant with fresh air. Take a deep breath, then draw in the abdomen, and slowly exhale. Do this ten times, at one period and have three such periods. Again raise the arms slowly to a horizontal position while inhaling, draw in abdomen and slowly drop the arms to the side while exhaling. It is amazing how erect and well poised one gets by such exercises.

After such exercises walk around for a few moments, avoiding extra long strides or mincing steps. Keep the head well up. Walk naturally. Affectation of any sort detracts from charm. The poise and improved carriage of the body will be a great aid in a graceful walk.

When you go to the theater and see plays of the date when women wore long skirts, with trains, note the manner in which the actresses manage these trains. It looks so easy! But these women have not acquired the grace without much practice. They know exactly where to place the foot to advance, and just how to swing the train with the other foot so that it straightens out or circles in the direction wanted. Costumers used to give their inexperienced patrons advice about these things. The patrons gladly practiced under the eye of the couturier.

Without such aid and training, the modern woman has to teach herself or be awkward. A graceful walk can be acquired with practice.

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Danger in Overworking Child Musical Prodigy

Even students of music and the majority of their pedagogues are only dimly aware of the extensive ravages of the occupational neuroses affecting musicians, for all over the world they are plagued by specific occupational diseases pertinent to their profession, Robert Pollak says in an article on the psychic ailments of musicians, in Hygeia, the Health Magazine.

For the overworked child prodigy who shows unusual musical talent, the danger is especially imminent; often little attention is paid to his diet, exercise and relaxation. At best, youth is a hazardous period. The danger zone of puberty is one of physical, mental and social crises. The youth with talent must be guarded in some way from his own excesses, from the blindness of his parents and sometimes from the stupidity of his teachers. The modern teacher must be something of a pathologist as well as a musician. He should be able to detect the tendencies toward occupational disease in this formative period. He is responsible for the teaching of the hygiene of work and rest as well as for instruction in harmony and counterpoint.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

At Least That

Stratosphere picture makes the earth look like a checkerboard. Well, everybody is trying to keep one jump ahead.—Birmingham News.

"I'VE WON OVER 300 AWARDS"

Says Mrs. M. E. Ryerson of Clayton, Indiana. "My cakes and pastries won 44 awards at the Indiana State Fair last year and all were baked with Clabber Girl."



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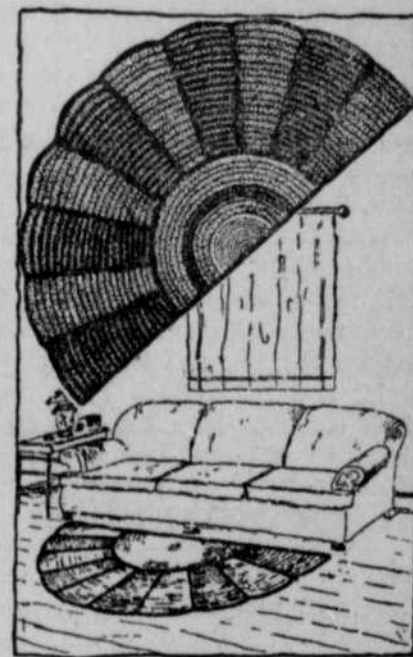
MOTORISTS WISE



SIMONIZ

HIGHLY POPULAR "FAN" RAG RUG

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



This "Fan" rag rug has attracted a lot of attention and to our knowledge quite a few home rug makers have made one or more like it. It must be seen to be appreciated. Made up in brilliant colors, the panels in alternating light and dark shades and the center of dark green and red, this rug is bound to catch the attention of anyone upon entering the room. This model measures 58 inches across and 30 inches deep, and requires about four pounds of material to crochet. The ten panels are made first and then crocheted together. The center half circle is made to fit opening for it and in turn is slip stitched into space.

This beautiful rug is one of the twenty handmade rugs shown in colors in rug book No. 24.

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Famous German Boy Choir Visits America



The oldest and most famous of boy choirs, the Dresden Kreuzchor, as they arrived at New York recently. This choir, whose history dates back to 1200 is composed of 60 boys ranging in age from ten to thirteen years. They will make a tour of the United States.

Lights of New York

By L. L. STEVENSON

Curious things happen in the City of the Seven Million. For instance: Ira Wolfert, dramatic critic of the North American Newspaper Alliance, with his wife was awaiting the opening curtain of "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles," when a friend touched Mrs. Wolfert on the shoulder and asked her if she had lost her purse. Hasty investigation showed that she had. The friend explained that she had boarded an Eighth avenue subway train and happened to see the purse under the seat. Opening it, she found Mrs. Wolfert's name. Knowing where her friends would be, she followed them to the Guild theater and made restoration—and saw the play with the Wolferts. Incidentally, the purse contained all the current funds of the family.

After all this time, I've found an ally in the crusade against red fingernails. He is William H. Allen, secretary of the municipal civil service commission. He holds that red fingernails remind him of the "blood of a dead horse." He has issued no orders against such feminine adornments in his department but refuses to give dictation to the five or six stenographers who serve him, if their fingernails are that deep red. Also he regards fresh air and exercise as better than make up. His attitude has caused quite a lot of talk among the girls in his department. But there is a noticeable paleness of both fingernails and faces.

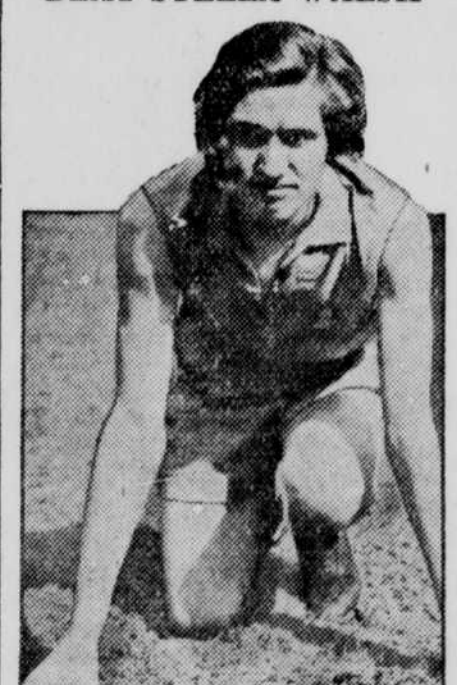
In the opinion of William P. Mulrooney, who has just completed two years as head of the state liquor control board, New York has the most liberal and the best enforced liquor law of any state in the Union. There are defects, of course, he admits, holding that perfection in handling liquor will never be reached. Incidentally, Chairman Mulrooney is a teetotaler and always has been. That, after 37 years in the police department, he should be in the liquor business is a constant surprise to him. In the

last two years, the state has collected \$43,000,000 in liquor licenses.

Not so long ago, the news broke that an investigation had disclosed that a downtown financial club had run a foul of the liquor laws because the stuff that went into the highballs and was served straight, lacked authority. There was no prosecution, however, Chairman Mulrooney explained why. The guilt was not on the house committee or those connected with the bar. It pertains that the night watchman and porters liked their liquor, and to conceal their takings, had added water to the bottled goods.

An announcement by William Felwells Morgan, Jr., commissioner of markets, indicates that a colorful bit of metropolitan life is to come to an end at last. The announcement concerns push-carts of which

BEAT STELLA WALSH



Helen Stephens, a high school lass from Fulton, Mo., defeated the heretofore unbeatable Stella Walsh in the 50-meter final of the A. A. U. women's track and field meet at St. Louis.

there are about 4,000 scattered all over the city. Instead of allowing them to continue to park in the streets, Commissioner Morgan is planning on putting the merchants under cover and thus making small shopkeepers of them.

The start, according to present plans, is to be made on Park avenue, between One Hundred Eleventh streets, and One Hundred Fifteenth street, about June 1. The New York Central railroad runs above ground there and the railroad elevated structure will serve as a roof for 467 stalls, each 7 by 8 feet. The cost will be \$200,000 and in return the city will receive \$3.50 a week rental from each merchant.

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Reach Alaska in Four and One-Half Days

Chicago.—Nome, Alaska, in the shadow of the Arctic circle, is 7,000 miles from New York and Atlantic seaport cities. Surface transportation time is 34 days, but now it is possible to travel from New York to the little city near the top of the world in far off Alaska in four and one-half days, announces United Air Lines.

Here's the new schedule: Leave New York on United plane at noon, arriving in Seattle in time to catch a steamer for Juneau, Alaska's capital. There one boards a Pan American plane flying over the Gold Rush trail, and in a few hours the passenger is at the farthest north city under Uncle Sam's flag.

SNAKE WITH Hind Legs Is Found in Nebraska

Omaha, Neb.—A snake with two legs was brought to town by Henry O. Palmer from his farm at Louisville. He says snakes with legs are not rare, but they do have them sometimes. The fact that these may properly be called hind legs makes the reptile particularly worthy of notice, in its captor's opinion. The snake is a spreading viper, one of the nonvenomous kind. It is two feet long and its legs are about five inches from the tip of the tail. They don't amount to anything to speak of, because they measure only a little more than a quarter of an inch, but nobody can deny that they are legs.