

TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA

Common Impressions are Sadly Misleading.

MOSCOW PROSPEROUS BUSY CITY

Whatever is Desired May be Had for the Money—There Has Been Much Distress; But Now Things are Hopeful—Speech is Free and Life and Property are Safe.

New York World.

The Rev. John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Community Church, who returned last week from a visit to Russia, has written for The World this brief outline of his impressions:

I entered Russia on the long railroad line from Riga to Moscow—one train a day each way! This road is in good condition though the traveling time is slow. Rolling stock is in fair condition, though inadequate in amount. Locomotives are its chief weakness; ours broke down going in. But at one station on the line I saw on side-tracks forty brand new locomotives, of the most modern European type. They were described to me as the first consignment of an order for 240 locomotives, placed in Germany.

Moscow at first glance presents a depressing sight. The whole city has fallen into an almost indescribable state of disrepair. The wreckage of the revolutionary fighting four years ago is still visible. Pavements on streets and sidewalks are broken as though by earthquake. Buildings are unpainted, crumbling in roof and cornice, dingy, dirty and unsightly. But all about are the evidences of reconstruction. The work of repair and rebuilding is well under way and is being pushed day and night.

Dirt a Betsing Evil.

I saw in Moscow some of the best pavements in Europe, freshly laid. I inspected apartment houses, from cellar to roof, recently put in as good condition as the best houses of the type in New York. I saw stores and houses newly painted, well repaired, clean and attractive.

"Give us two years," said a Russian to me, "and Moscow will be as handsome a city as there is in Europe."

Dirt is still a besetting evil. Pigs and cows kept in the city are sources of dreadful filth. Flies swarm by the millions everywhere. Bedbugs are common and lice a constant menace. Toilets and other sanitary arrangements are in an appalling state of decay. The water is undrinkable until boiled. Improvement in these conditions, however, is rapidly progressing. The streets are now being well cared for by a regular corps of street cleaners. Lice and other vermin are being successfully fought. Plumbbers have put at least a few places in a condition livable according to Western standards.

Churches in Good Condition.

The churches of Moscow seemed to be in a better condition than any other buildings. The famous Church of Christ the Saviour was as beautiful and as richly decked as any cathedral I saw in Europe. The unspoil'd treasure chambers were open to the inspection of visitors. I looked in vain, in this and many other churches, for any evidences of damage, despoilment or insult. Worship in churches and services was going on without interference. The National Art Gallery was open, and the pictures excellently cared for. It is one of the noblest collections of modern paintings in Europe.

Street cars are in good condition and are running on regular schedules on all lines. I rode in them frequently, and always in crowds that reminded me fondly of New York. The cost for a ride is 150,000 rubles per zone; the average ride costs 300,000 rubles. Cabs or droskies are numerous and charge from 2,000,000 to 6,000,000 rubles a ride, according to distance. There are practically no automobiles except those owned and used by the government, about a thousand in all.

Business Flourishing.

Business seemed to be flourishing

"THE BAMBINO OF THE BABE."



When George Herman Ruth, Sultan of Swat, wallops one over the fence the crowd can sing "The Conquering Hero Comes," but little Dorothy, 16 months old, sings "Here Comes My Daddy Now." Mrs. Ruth is holding the apple of Babe's eye. She (the baby) weighed only two pounds and a half at birth, but look at her now.

When I was in Moscow. The streets were swarming with peddlers selling bread, fruit, berries, vegetables, shoes, stockings, hats, hardware, pictures, books, papers, etc. All stores were open and seemed fairly well stocked with goods. I saw stores given over to clothing, furniture, drugs and toilet articles, groceries and provisions, china, crockery and glassware, jewelry, dry goods, and one very large, four-storied department store, which was thronged with purchasers. I was able to buy everything I needed, and nearly everything I wanted. Prices were high, very high; Moscow was the most expensive city I visited in Europe. The cost of living was well up to the New York level.

Good food and plenty was procurable in all the hotels and restaurants. If you had the money to pay for it, an excellent meal could always be had. In the homes, however, where I lived or was entertained, eating was conducted on a very simple basis. Bread and butter, fish, potatoes and tea were the staple articles of diet. Milk was very scarce. I had it only once.

The city had every appearance of thriving activity. The streets were crowded day and night with busy people. There were no idlers; everybody was going somewhere and had something to do. Clothing was varied in the extreme. A woman dressed in complete Western European style would be followed by another woman bare-foot and bare-legged. One man would be arrayed in a familiar business suit, the next in peasant smock and trousers. There were few rags. Beggars appeared here and there, especially by the churches, but they were hardly noticeable after the beggars of Berlin and Vienna.

Conditions of law and order were remarkable. I saw no intoxication, no disorder, and policemen were so scarce I had to hunt for them. I went about the city at all hours in perfect security. My home for a time was two miles or more from the centre of the city, and at no time did I have the slightest reason for uneasiness in going back and forth. I smiled more than once as I contrasted the peace and security of Moscow with the violence and brigandage of New York.

Conditions of thought and opinion seemed to be perfectly free. I came and went, talked and argued, criticized

and questioned, without the slightest restraint. I met numerous men and women who were not Communists, who told me why. Critics and opponents of the government were encountered more than once, and they made no concealment of their views. A droschky driver, who berated the Bolsheviks in his chance passages, and prayed for the return of the good old days of the Czar, gave me one of my best "stories." Terrorism may have prevailed in Moscow once; if so, it prevails no more.

All this in the capital city of the country, which has been described as the centre of all evil and misery, and where famine and disease still rage in certain areas! What is the explanation? That is another story, but here's the gist of it: The famine and disease are the last chapter in the dreadful tragedy of agony and death written in Russia during the last five years by the great war, the Allied blockade, the counter-revolutionary conspiracies and invasions, and last, the failure of the harvest.

The turn in the tide has now come. Russia is recovering. She is started on the upward road. The bleak winter of misery is behind her, and the warm summer of happiness and prosperity is ahead. This is the reason why Russia, or at least Moscow, seems so cheerful, stimulating, inspiring. After the demoralization of Germany, and the dead despair of Austria, Russia seems the brightest spot in Europe. It is the one place where the future seems a thing of hope and not of dread and terror. If I had to gamble on the future of the various European nations a decade or a quarter century hence, I would place my stakes on Soviet Russia every time.

Agriculture constitutes the chief source of the power and wealth of the Japanese people in spite of the rapid strides made recently in the manufacturing and mining industries. Sixty per cent. of the population of Japan is rural.

Only 16 out of 142 institutions in the United States formerly known as "drunk cures" are now conducting a business similar to that which they pursued before the advent of national prohibition of the liquor traffic.

KILL HIM NOW

Whittle Gives Advice Relative to Destruction of Boll Weevil.

One of the most effective steps in boll weevil control is the early destruction of cotton stalks, writes C. A. Whittle of the Soil Improvement Committee. Just as soon as the cotton can be harvested, go into the cotton field or rip them up with a plow. The object is to destroy the cotton plants.

Weevils can not feed on dead cotton stalks. When their food is destroyed they migrate to where they can feed or else go into winter quarters. Whether they are thus driven away from your farm or driven into winter quarters the probabilities of their damaging you again next season are greatly reduced.

Over most of the cotton belt it is possible to gather the cotton early enough to permit of the destruction of the cotton stalks three to four weeks before a killing frost will destroy them. Three to four weeks earlier in going into winter quarters means that death will be greatly increased.

It is the last weevils that go into winter quarters that cause damage in the cotton crop the next year. If all of these were starved out by destroying cotton stalks early there would of course, be an end of the weevil. While one can not expect that cotton will ever be destroyed early and completely enough to accomplish a complete eradication of the weevil, it is true that to the extent that this is done the number of weevils and their damage will be reduced.

Chopping down stalks leaves stubs that sprout new growth on which the weevil can feed, therefore, the only safe way is to uproot the stalks or else, with the aid of a drag chain to turn them completely under the furrow slice.

Knowing that many cotton farmers do not plow deep enough to cover up cotton stalks, the safest general advice is to uproot the stalks with a plow and to watch that no new growth starts up.

As long as there is green cotton growth left in the field, the weevil will be found.

It will crawl into a lock of cotton or half opened bur to keep warm and come out when the sun shines to feed on the green stuff.

Don't burn the cotton stalks. Let them lay on the ground. When the ground is plowed they can be turned under where they will decay and add the organic matter which the soils so much need.

Why not organize a community-wide, or country-wide movement for the early destruction of cotton stalks. It means less trouble from the weevil next year.

Fully two-thirds of the 45,000,000 inhabitants of Bengal have hookworm and more than one-third of the 30,000,000 inhabitants of India are victims of the disease.

CLAIMS OUTLOOK BRIGHT.



Senator David J. Walsh of Massachusetts, chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, declares that the campaign opens with favorable prospects for the Democrats.

A plant has been discovered in India which is an effective remedy for malaria and blackwater fever.

An automobile, packed in knocked-down form, was shipped from Detroit to Cleveland by aerial freight.

FOR FINAL DISCHARGE.

NOTICE is hereby given that on Saturday, October 14th, 1922, I will make Final Settlement with the Probate Court as Administratrix of the Estate of J. J. McCARTER, deceased, and that I will then and there apply for my discharge from further liability in connection with said administration. MARY MEEK McCARTER, Administratrix, Estate of J. J. McCarter, Deceased. 7314t

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