LOOKS TO HOOVER TO SOLVE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT

Harding Has High Hopes Of Conference Later This Month.

By MARK SULLIVAN.

The mind of Secretary Hoover is primarily an engineering one. It is one of the few engineering minds in public life in any country. We have the legal mind—have it rather in excess of its due proportion. We have the banker mind, and the labor mind, and the farm mind, and other varieties of class mind. We have also, rather in excess of what we can comfortably absorb, the politician mind pure and simple, the sort of mind that makes Gavin McNab of San Francisco say that "the politician is the only animal known to nature who can keep both ears to the ground at the same time."

But Mr. Hoover has almost a monopoly of the kind of mind that can survey the economic forces of the world as a business man surveys the conditions of his own country, and figure out what is likely to result from them, and, more important, figure out what can be done to direct these forces to a different result. It is the mind of the super-business man who is a manager of industry on a large scale, plus a student of markets and trade conditions. It is this kind of mind, undoubtedly, that has led Mr. Hoover to consider unemployment; and at the unemployment conference, which will be held under his direction shortly after the middle of the month, he can be expected to provide whatever suggestion may be possible in the direction of controlling this particular economic phenomenon.

Back to Farms.

The unemployment is not as great as statistics make it out. The Department of Labor figures say 5,700,000 men are out of work. But a good deal of what the statisticians see as unemployment is really in the shape of farmers' sons who went into the factories during the war and are now being absorbed again by the farms without much discomfort. For this and other reasons, careful persons who temper statistics with personal observation and judgment say that the actual unemployment is nearer 3,000,000.

But whatever the figure, the expected phenomenon of post-war unemployment is upon us and must be looked in the face. If ignored, it might readily have unpleasant social and political results. After the civil war, the workless, discharged soldier was absorbed by the free land of the West. So far as the general public was concerned, he disappeared and was no problem. Now, we no longer have the free land, and for it we must substitute economic intelligence.

Immigration Act Indicated.

Incidentally, the sudden appearance of unemployment in America illustrates the wisdom of the act restricting immigration, which was passed during the first few weeks of Harding's administration. Otherwise, our unemployment problem might have been greatly increased. Throughout the world, great numbers of human beings have been dislodged by war and post-war conditions. These derelicts float towards us as inevitably as water flows down hill. There was some degree of truth, although more mere cleverness, of course, in the saying that America was becoming the "cesspool" of the human race. However, the new law puts a limit, even if only a loose and partial limit, on the number of immigrants who can increase and complicate our unemployment problem.

One Obvious Offset.

The one obvious offset which, apparently, the administration has in mind for unemployment is the so-called railroad bill. It is believed that if the government will arrange for the railroads to get immediately a sufficient sum on account of the railroads' claims against the government, then the railroads will be able to provide work for 1,000,000 men, in part directly on the railroads and in part at factories and mills making railroad supplies.

This increase of employment will in turn improve general business, and especially increase the volume of traffic on the railroads. With increase of the volume of traffic will come the possibility of lower freight rates, and it is hoped that this and other expedients will cause the start of a new and better economic cycle. That, if one may guess from appearance, seems to account for the administration's obvious eagerness to have Congress pass the so-called "railroad bill" immediately after reassembling.

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Amherst to Build Monument.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 5.—Residents of the town of Amherst have started a movement to secure a monument at the courthouse to the memory of the Confederate soldiers. The board of supervisors of the county is to be asked to aid the project financially.

FOUR AMERICANS GIVE BREAD TO STARVING PEOPLE ON VOLGA

Hundreds Fed in First Distribution of Relief. Gibbons Tells Pathetic Stories Of Famine Sufferers.

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tory to landing, figures began to appear among the trees at the top of the incline, and we noticed several campfires against the dark background of trees from which smoke arose.

Hundreds Meet Steamer.

The figures increase, almost all of them carrying children in arms. They straggled down the slope; pausing at times to turn and shout back toward the trees from which more figures followed. Several hundreds were at the water's edge as we made fast to the wharfboat. I went ashore with an interpreter and the secretary to the governor.

Most of the women wore long, brown, sheepskin coats with skirts attached with fur worn on the inside. The babies, mostly naked, were carried under their mothers' coats for warmth.

There was a heavy silence over all as we stepped among them.

"Tavarish, do you bring food? We starve." The eyes of the people behind the speaker were fastened on the face of the governor's secretary as he answered:

"Comrades I bring no food because there is no food and in Samara there are many as you and I."

Hope Dies in Their Eyes.

"Come you, then, and take us away from this sand pit, where we are dying hourly."

"Nor that, my comrades, because even here you are better than in the city, where thousands are gathered, and where the air is death from pestilence. You have no bread here, and neither have they there, but neither have they clean air, and the water of your riverside."

Hope died in their eyes like the shadows which come when the clouds pass before the sun. There was not an outburst of complaining voices one might expect when starving wretches hear from the lips of a well-clad and well-fed official the words that spell their doom.

Promises American Food.

"I can bring you only words of the help that has been promised, and I have brought with me four Americans, who come to see your needs and to send back messages to their people to the end that food may be hurried to you from across the ocean."

These were the secretary's closing remarks.

Some of the listeners simply turned slowly on their heels and walked back across the sand.

A young woman with large, round eyes that shone with a light only found in a mother's eyes, beckoned me within a small corral of boughs where a child of 3, with dull, wide open eyes, laid flat on its back, staring straight upward. The child's body seemed covered with a pillow over which a blanket had been thrown, making a mound several feet higher than its head.

Stomach Filled With Clay.

The mother removed the single covering, lifted the naked child to feed, and revealed the horror. It was a "kewpie" exaggerated to the grotesque—it had legs and arms of a brownie and the body of a billiken—the diameter of its girth was equal to its height—it was a toy balloon of tight-drawn yellow skin with the head and limbs of a child affixed. It was alive, but beyond saving. Food was of no avail.

The child could not eat—could swallow nothing—its body was stuffed with clay—black, greasy clay, called "eel," which has no grit and which sticks to the teeth like dough and which stills the gnawing of hunger in the stomach.

This substance is beyond the elimination powers of the human system, with the result it remains in the intestines together with all that follows it. Then comes the swelling of the abused "innards," together with masses of worms and the horrible distension that changes the likeness from that of a man to that of a super-inflated goblin. The rest of the body wastes, and death comes as the only possible relief.

Tax Collectors Take Grain.

The interpreter and I sat on the sand with an old man who had a face like the Nazarene, with long hair and a beard still black. A small silver cross was suspended from his chest by a greasy cord. His black shirt was open at the throat. Three children with ghostly white puffs under their eyes hovered near him.

"Our needs are bread, comrade. We are dying," he began.

A recollection of my ample luncheon aboard the steamer came back with shame as the starving man talked slowly on without apparent agitation.

"We have worked, comrade—look at our hands. My sons have been given to the war—to the revolution. I have lost everything. First, went my granaries to the tax collectors who came around and took the surplus that we had stored for the winter—took even the grain for the next seeding—stripped the granaries which we have kept filled for centuries against the time of need.

Land Became Desert.

"Then the rain failed, and this year the crops burned in the fields. We picked a few seeds from the stocks that were left. We fought with the starving birds for them. Then our animals died, and we ate them. Then we had to leave the land because it was like a desert. And we have walked many, weary versts, meeting others like us on the road, and here we are at the river. It seems our last move.

"One daughter and two of my grandchildren I have buried in the last ten days, one of them only yesterday—there, comrade, see in that sand hummock through the trees—there, where you see three crosses that I made out of a few sticks with my knife. We just scooped out a hole in the sand to keep the dogs and the wolves away, and we have to leave them there at rest while we live on to suffer.

"But it will not be for long, I know. I am about to die, and my peace with God is made. Better, though, that I had died last year—better still, had I never been born to see these days and to see my children waste to death."

Bread Still on Sale.

Several hundred feet away from these dying humans bread was on sale, together with butter, some roasted chicken, all constituting the small surpluses carefully saved by the more fortunate peasants, who, squatted on the ground in two rows near the water's edge, sold or bartered, but they never seemed to fear that those 400 hungry ones lying 200 feet away among the trees would move down and take the means of life which was denied to them.

Four of us Americans, who had brought promises only to this land of need, bought out the waterside bread market—it only amounted to seventy-five or eighty pounds of bread and cost 350,000 roubles, or about $2 each for the four of us. It was almost dark when the purchases were made, and a big ship's lantern was held over two tables on the sand, while the captain and several of the crew cut the bread and passed out the black chunks. They grabbed it with their claw-like hands, which stretched into the circle of yellow light and clutched it for life. The tears came into the mothers' eyes as they held the unexpected food to their babies' mouths.

Sixty in Line Not Fed.

Then came talking in the crowded tense darkness surrounding the lantern. There were 372 chunks of bread handed out and each went to a different mouth nd athere was no more. Sixty of those who had waited in line were not fed and we sent a man on horseback to a town four miles away where we managed to buy thirty pounds more which we distributed an hour later.

It was the first distribution of American relief in the Volga country but we had no mistaken ideas about the good that it did. We could only feed that mite to some who had passed the food-craving period and it would only renew the tortures that they had already gone through. We, who gave the bit of food, received more good from it than those who received it because in a measure it atoned for the fact we had in our bodies the warmth of ample food and were wearing whole clothes and were housed on a boat while 400 fellow humans of our color and belief in our God were dying miserably within a stone's throw.

Passes Out Black Bread.

Late this afternoon when our droskies appeared coming across the sand after a trip to the inland villages the hungry ones re-emerged from the cottonwood trees and lined up in three rows—the children first, mothers with babies back of them and the men in the last row. We passed out another 500,000 roubles' worth of black bread—almost a half pound each. We tried not to see the tears of gratefulness which rolled down cheeks here and there. We prevented the women and children from throwing themselves flat on the ground and kissing the sand at our feet by announcing through our interpreter that this form of greeting was most objectionable to Americans. With the distribution ended we walked back past a tarpaulin covered mount which we had noticed on the shore. A solitary soldier, smoking a cigarette with his rifle leaning against the mount, was on guard.

One Man Guards Seed Grain.

"What is under the tarpaulin?" I asked the governor's secretary.

"I am surprised, you have been here two days and you do not know," he replied. "That is 17,000 poods, or 612,000 pounds of grain seed for next year's harvest."

"And these people are dying here without eating it—one soldier surely cannot keep 400 starving humans away from food within their reach. Why haven't they rushed it?" I queried.

"ou do not know Russia," replied the secretary. "The seed for next years harvest is sacred. These starving ones may not live to see the next harvest, but there must be seed for those who survive to plant. It is the nature of those who love the land."

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VILLAGES GIVEN UP AS FIRE ADVANCES

Desperate But Losing Fight Waged in Northwest Against Flames.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 5.—The towns of White Pine and Solona have been abandoned and the inhabitants are fleeing before forest fires, according to reports here late tonight.

All women and children were taken from White Pine as the roaring fires crept almost to the city limits. Orders for inhabitants to evacuate Solona were issued.

Gov. Preus and more than 500 National Guardsmen and a great force of volunteer fire fighters are at McGrath, where thousands are working desperately to save the town. At nightfall a twenty-five-mile wind sprang up and again the blaze that is forming a triangle between Solona, White Pine and McGrath became a roaring furnace.

Scores of homeless fire victims are coming into McGrath.

BIRTHS.

White.

George M. and Addie M. Gooch, boy.
Frank M. and Nellie S. Humphries, boy.
Henry C., jr., and Winnifred Davis, jr., girl.
Antonio and Emilio Condello, boy.
Leonidas B. and Bessie Rose, girl.

Colored.

George C. and Louise Mathews, girl.
Alfred and Anna Janifer, boy.

WILL CELEBRATE 145TH ANNIVERSARY OF COUNTY TODAY

Montgomery Citizens to Gather at Courthouse.

TO HONOR FOUNDERS

Ten Trees Will Be Dedicated, With Bronze Tablets.

ROCKVILLE, Md., Sept. 5.—Celebration of the 145th anniversary of the founding of Montgomery County will be opened at 1:30 o'clock tomorrow, with singing of national airs by a chorus of Rockville voices, on the courthouse grounds here. The chorus is in charge of Mrs. Summerville Dawson nad William Prettyman.

The audience will be welcomed by Mrs. Frank P. Stone, regent of Janet Montgomery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, under whose auspices the celebration is being conducted; and by Preston B. Ray, clerk of the court, in behalf of Judge Peter, who is on the bench at Frederick. Other speakers will be Col. Washington Bowie, jr., of Baltimore, C. C. Magruder and David J. Lewis. Mrs. Dawson will sing "Follow Old Glory," written by Marie O. Sprinkle, of this county.

The feature of the celebration will be dedication of ten large trees on the courthouse lawn to the ten commissioners who functioned at organization of the county 145 years ago. The trees will bear bronze tablets, with the names of the ten commissioners inscribed thereon, as follows: Nathan Magruder, Zadok Magruder, Allen Bowie, Henry Griffith, John Wilson, Joseph Wilson, James Perry, Richard Wooten, Thomas Cramphin jr., and John Murdock. The tablets will be placed by descendants of the commissioners, except for Thomas Cramphin, who died a bachelor, and Col. Murdock, whose descendants have not been located.

DEATHS.

White.

Frederick B. Hausman, 26 years, Emergency Hospt.
Leonia Shepherd, 18, en route Emergency Hospt.
Florence N. Dean, 1, 143 Lawrence st. ne.
Vernon Burdette, 31, U. S. Naval Hospt.
Nathan E. De La Vergne, 72, 318 C st. nw.
Edmund A. Reith, 38, 4209 8th st. nw.
Jacob Gagus, 86, U. S. Soldiers Home.
Robert Sweeney, 50, St. Elizabeth's Hospt.
Francis Hufty, 80, Garfield Hospt.
Florence H. Johnson, 57, St. Elizabeth Hospt.
Sallie Dickinson, 7, 4115 Chesapeake st. nw.
Annie L. Scott, 76, Wash. Asylum Hospt.
Daniel C. Curtain, 39, 224 4½ st. sw.
Henry F. Bauman, 59, U. S. Soldiers' Home.
John P. Flaherty, 6, 5406 41st st. nw.
Emanuldo Fronani, 84, 3654 11th st. nw.
Lillian M. Lake, 54, 2033 Park road nw.
Elizabeth Mace, 65, Providence Hospt.
Millard F. Peake, 1 day, 1424 Ames place ne.

Colored.

Fanny Berry, 72, Home for Aged and Infirm.
Marcellus Wade, 60, 138 Canal st. se.

DEATHS

CURTIN.—On September 3, 1921, at 10:30 a.m. at his late residence, 224 Four-and-a-half street, DANIEL C., beloved husband of Julia Curtin (nee Long). Notice of funeral hereafter. 1521

FLEHARTY.—On Saturday, September 3, 1921, JOHN PARKER, beloved son of Ralph B. and Inez D. Flehartv, at his home, 5406 Forty-first street, Chevy Chase, D. C. Funeral Tuesday, September 6, at 2 p. m. 1547

Birds and Beasts Think There'll Be Chilly Days Soon

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Various weather experts have been predicting an early and unusually severe winter and their opinions are backed by the animals in the parks.

Squirrels are storing up unusually large quantities of nuts. The prairie dogs, a full month ahead of time, are carrying food down into their diggings and plenty of it. Robins and blackbirds are flocking together, presumably preparing for migration a month earlier than usual.

Raymond L. Ditmars, curator at the Bronx Zoo, admits the animals are making preparations for winter much ahead of the usual time, but he inclines to the belief they have been deceived by the misbehavior of the seasons. Spring came in a month ahead of time this year and now the leaves have about reached the end of their summerlife. Ditmars says we may have an unusually lon autumn with a protracted period of Indian summer, or we may jump headlong into an early and very severe winter.

The animals and birds, however, are taking no chances.

BODIES OF YANKEES ON ZR-2 ALL FOUND

HULL, England, Sept. 5.—All the bodies of the American victims of the disaster to the ZR-2 have now been recovered and preparations for transporting them to the United States were under way today.

The last body, that of William Junius, of Los Angeles, was found yesterday, together with those of several British victims.

BRITISH TO HONOR VICTIMS OF ZR-2

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The bodies of the American naval officers and men who were killed in the wreck of the ZR-2 will be conveyed by train from Hull tomorrow, to Devonport Dockyard, leaving the town near which the ill-fated airship exploded, shortly after 6 o'clock in the evening.

At 10 o'clock Wednesday morning an honor guard of the Royal Air Force will turn out as escort for the bodies, while a naval guard will meet the train and remain with it until the embarkation on the Dauntless, which has been placed at the disposal of the American government by Lloyd George and which will carry the bodies of the victims to America.

The Dauntless will sail immediately after the bodies have been placed on board.

CAPT. KIPATRICK ON WAY TO STATES

PARIS, Sept. 5.—Capt. Emmet Kilpatrick, of the American Red Cross, is on his way to America to go out West and heal his lungs of the taint they have suffered through his being pent up in a sealed room with two tubercular prisoners while a prisoner of the Soviet government of Russia.

Kilpatrick has arrived in Paris, apparently healthy, blue-eyed, blond, smiling, with his cheeks a little more plump, so he says, than when he was released with others as one of the conditions upon which the United States agreed to help Russia fight the famine.

He will rest here for three weeks to regain strength and then sail for New York, whence he will go to Uniontown, Pa., his home, for a visit. Later he will visit his mother in Mobile, and then start West. The doctors tell him he can be cured quickly.

Moonshiners Take Lightning Rods to Make Equipment

LURAY, Va., Sept. 5.—In order to obtain equipment for moonshining, buildings in this county are being robbed of hollow lightning rods, which are converted into worms.

E. T. Brumback, a farmer of Marksville district, recently had lightning rods placed on one of his barns located about a mile from his home in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, and next morning the rods had been removed. This is getting to be a frequent occurrence.

Three Children Stray Away; Two Gone at Late Hour

Three children strayed from their residences yesterday. Edward Figgins, 1810 Ninth street northwest, 2 years old, disappeared about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and has not been found at a late hour.

Julian Stubbs, 7 years old, 223 M street northwest, was missed at 9 o'clock in the morning and had not returned late at night. Margaret Minson, 14 years old, 800 F street northeast, frightened her family when she was missed about noon. Police were notified and a search begun, when Margaret, who had been at the police ball game, according to police, appeared.