TURKEY GETS FAMOUS MOUNTAIN

Persia Gives Up All Claim to Little Ararat.

Washington.—Part of one of the world's most famous mountains has changed hands as a result of Persia's ratification of a new boundary treaty with Turkey. By the agreement Persia has ceded to Turkey all claim to Little Ararat. Now both peaks, Great and Little Ararat, and their common base, lie wholly within Turkish territory. A bulletin from the National Geographic society tells of the double mountain whose name is familiar because of its association with Noah and his ark.

Ararat Holy to Armenians.

"Ararat lies in a region far from mountains of comparable magnitude and height," says the bulletin, "and so from the earliest times has been looked upon not only as a significant landmark, but also as a holy spot. On the north the snow-covered peaks of the Caucasus are 200 miles away, while the snowy summits of the Elburz range in Persia lie 500 miles to the southeast. Southward there are no mountains in Asia Minor or Arabia that approach Ararat in importance.

"Rising to a height of nearly 17,000 feet, Greater Ararat is topped by several thousand feet of snow which glistens through the long summer while the plains and plateaus below and even the slopes of the mountain are hot and dry. This unique character, the seeming impossibility of scaling the peak, and the traditions of Noah's landing on its heights, combined to build up in the minds of the Armenians who lived near-by an idea of holiness. They maintained that supernatural forces guarded the top as a sacred preserve and that no man would be able to reach it. When Parrot climbed to the top in 1829, making the first recorded ascent, the Armenians refused to believe that the feat had been accomplished. A number of mountaineers have scaled the peak since Parrot's day, including a Russian surveyor who spent five days on the summit, and James Bryce, later British ambassador to the United States.

Where Empires Met.

"Approximately seven miles southeast of the peak of Greater Ararat lies Little Ararat, 12,840 feet high. The snow line on the Ararat massif is very high—14,000 feet—so that Little Ararat is without a white cap during the summer. The ridge which connects the two peaks has on altitude about 9,000 feet.

"Little Ararat was of unusual political significance before the World war, for there three empires met: the Russian, the Turkish and the Persian. The boundary lines roughly trisected Little Ararat, as though a pie were cut into three equal pieces. The Turkish-Persian line ran southward; the Russian-Persian line, northeastward; the Russian-Turkish line, northwestward. The latter line struck across the southern shoulder of Greater Ararat, leaving the entire upper portion of the mountain in Russian territory.

"During the war, the Russian-Turkish boundary fluctuated north and south of Ararat. In 1921, by the Treaty of Kars, Russia and Turkey agreed that their new common boundary should run about 25 miles north of Ararat, along the river Araxes. Since then Greater Ararat has been entirely Turkish territory while the Turkish-Persian line has continued to run through Little Ararat. The recent agreement between Persia and Turkey pushes this latter line eastward down the slopes of Little Ararat so that the entire Ararat massif falls under Turkish sovereignty. To compensate Persia for this transfer, Turkey has relinquished a narrow strip of territory farther south. The adjustments have been made to aid both countries in the control of tribesmen living along the border."

Safety of Cathedral Now Worries British

London.—Many Londoners seem to be in constant fear that St. Paul's cathedral will either crash to earth some day soon or sink away into the ground on which it rests. The newspapers recently have carried long stories about both possibilities.

There is a far more logical basis for the sinking theory than for the more disastrous one. Gigantic St. Paul's (together with most of the city of London) is only cunningly balanced on wet sand with its foundations no deeper at any point than four and a half feet below the crypt floor.

As long as the sand remains wet there is no peril, but during droughts the cathedral already sinks several thousandths of an inch. If the underground springs and streams which keep the sand moist were dammed by excavations for any huge modern buildings near-by St. Paul's then would be doomed.

For the purpose of exploring and charting the streams and lakes which underlie the city, and by this means to establish the exact danger to St. Paul's if any large new building schemes were commenced in the neighborhood the staff of the cathedral has begun digging holes in the floor of the crypt and bore holes will later be sunk at many points within a radius of half a mile of the great church itself. The task will take at least nine months to complete.

LESTER P. BARLOW

It is reported in Washington that Lester P. Barlow, noted bomb wizard of the World war, will sail soon for Russia, where he will submit his newest and most deadly invention, a device by means of which cities can be wiped out by remote control from a distance of 1,000 miles, to Soviet officials. Mr. Barlow is said to have offered his device to the United States, but it has not been accepted.

Offers "Black Light" to U. S. for Defense

Dayton, Ohio.—Gisbert L. Bossard, inventor, believes he has in "black light" a useful means of defense should United States become involved in another war.

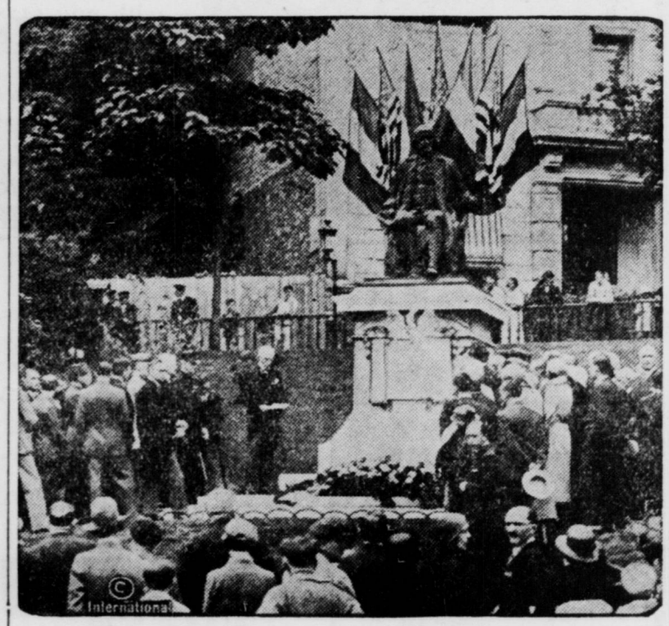
"Experiments have been carried on to the point where a person hiding in a field on a dark night can be located by these invisible light rays, or 'black light,'" said Bossard. "This is accomplished by the use of apparatus in the hands of an observer. In this manner the navy can detect the presence of enemy ships at night. This form of national defense lies in utilizing the light rays which lie outside the visible spectrum."

More than 100 patents have been issued to Bossard in this country and abroad.

Tough British Bandits Are Ordered Whipped

London.—Said to have boasted that they were gangsters, John Alfred Wright, twenty-two, a laborer, and Clifford John King, twenty, a butcher, were recently sentenced to an old form of punishment (in addition to imprisonment) on a charge of robbery, with violence. They were ordered whipped with a birch rod. Wright got 18 strokes, and nine months in prison; King got 15 strokes and six months in prison.

Paris Does New Honor to America



M. De Fontenay, president of the municipal council of Paris, delivering an address before the statue of Benjamin Franklin in the middle of the square which has been given the name of "Yorktown" in commemoration of the epochal surrender of General Cornwallis at the close of the American revolution. High American and French officials participated in the ceremonies.

GANGSTER FINDS TIMES CHANGED

Learns Chicago No Longer Gunman's Paradise.

Chicago.—Louis (Two Gun) Alterie, who ten years ago was one of the headliners in the Chicago gangland, which then was beginning to reach menacing proportions as one of the evils following in the trail of prohibition, returned to the scenes of his gangland conquests, to find that times have changed. He found that the state's attorneys and courts do not bow down to the gangsters and that now they more or less "treat 'em rough."

"I want to get out of Chicago and stay out as soon as possible," said Alterio, following his acquittal on a charge of kidnaping. "Times have changed since I was last through a court appearance."

Tried for Kidnaping.

Alterie and Charles (Buster) Brown, a minor hoodlum, were tried on a charge of kidnaping Edward Dobkin, alias Shamus O'Brien, a bookmaker, for $8,000 ransom. The victim refused to identify the hoodlums, which weakened the prosecutions' case to such an extent that there was no corroboration for the testimony of Gus Sanger, one of the gang, who turned state's evidence, and they were acquitted.

After Dion O'Bannion, one of the first of the gang leaders of the prohibition era, was slain in his floral shop across from the Holy Name cathedral, Alterie, his first lieutenant, publicly announced that he was going to "shoot it out" with the killers of his chief. Gangland guns blazed frequently in those days, and soon Alterie disappeared. At first it was thought he had been taken for a ride, but later he turned up as the owner of a dude ranch near Denver, Colo.

Alterie, who had many times walked in and out of the police stations and the courts when he was arrested during his popularity as a headline gangster, apparently had retired from his booze activities while in good health. Several times he was reported as a motion picture cowboy.

Finds Times Have Changed.

"We never had much trouble in the old days," said Alterie. "When we got pinched we either went out on a forthwith writ or bond was scheduled at once by the handy bondsman.

"Seems though that times have changed in this town. When I was extradited here on this charge I had to lay in jail for quite some time before I was able to get out on bond. Plenty of negotiating had to be done before a bond was obtainable that was satisfactory to the courts and the state's attorney.

"Bond in my time was $5,000 or $10,000 on most anything but murder. Just think of it—I had to get a $50,000 bond—and a good one, at that—before they let me out on this kidnaping case."

Attorney William Scott Stewart who had represented Alterie before he left Chicago, had considerable difficulty in explaining to his returned client why the case, which was admittedly weak, had not been dismissed without the formality of a trial. That would have been done without question in the old days, Alterie told his lawyer.

And Alterie moaned some more after the jury returned the acquittal verdict. He wanted to return to Denver at once. Judge John Prystalski, who is to be the next chief justice of the Criminal court, said otherwise. A charge of conspiracy growing out of the same case must be tried, the judge said, before Alterie can leave.

Man Begs Meal, Then Tips From Big Roll

Orange, N. J.—Proudly erect, a hungry looking man approached two men who were breakfasting in a restaurant here.

Eloquently he explained his misery, his enforced idleness, and his hungry condition. Touched, one of the men bought him a substantial breakfast and the other handed him a fresh package of cigarettes. Then the benefactors left.

The man finished his meal, wiped his mouth with a napkin, drew out a large roll of bills, tipped the waitress, and departed, still proudly holding his shoulders back.

Dry Bean Growers Plan Acreage Cut

Largely Reduced Percentage to Be Planted.

By L. E. CRUICKSHANK, New York College of Agriculture.—WNU Service.

Dry bean growers intend to reduce acreage about 12 per cent in 1932 as compared to 1931. New York state's reduction is about 8 per cent, or 10,000 acres, and Michigan's intended cut is about 11 per cent, or 68,000 acres.

The heaviest cuts are planned in the great northern states, where Montana, Idaho and Wyoming intend to plant 26 per cent, or 60,000 acres, less than in 1931. California plans to cut 11 per cent, Colorado 10, New Mexico 3, and other states that grow about 58,000 acres also plan a 3 per cent cut.

With yields equal to the average yield in the past ten years a crop 14 per cent smaller than in 1931 would result. In the states which grow pea-beans an average increase of about 2 per cent might be expected, despite the reduced acreage, since the yields in these states were below average in 1931.

Cull Unprofitable Cows and "Stuff" Good Ones

Cows don't know anything about business cycles; and so how can they understand, when their grain is taken away and they are forced to get along on dry, short pasture, that they are expected to make just as much milk from this deficient diet as they did on a complete ration during the winter.

Even if they knew, they couldn't do much for their owner's relief, because the cow that can get along on grass alone just isn't profitable to her owner. Especially is this true in a year like 1932. For that matter, it's always a bad year for dairymen whose cows can give all the milk they're capable of giving on nothing but grass.

A cow must be able to make 300 pounds of fat a year to return her owner a worth-while profit now. Liberal feeding of a complete ration pays with cows that can eat that. Cull the poor cows, feed the good ones better.—National Farm Journal.

Clip Pigs' Black Teeth

Sometimes it becomes necessary to remove the little black teeth with which pigs often are born because of the injury they do themselves, their little mates, or the sow, according to E. L. Quaife, extension live stock specialist at Iowa State college.

The pigs may fight each other, especially if the litter is large and the milk supply limited. Or they may injure the teats of the sow or their own gums and lips with these fighting weapons which nature gave them.

When the pigs seem inclined to do damage, the little black teeth should be cut off with a sharp pair of tweezers or clippers. Care should be taken not to injure the gums. After the teeth are cut off the mouth should be swabbed with a weak solution of iodine. Pulling is not advisable because this practice leaves an open wound in the jaw.—Successful Farming.

Controlling Worms

No effective method of treating seed corn against either cut-worms or grub-worms has yet been found. The best control for grub-worms is crop rotation and avoiding plowing of sod in a "grub-worm year." The most practical method of cut-worm control is use of moist poisoned bait, scattered broadcast evenly over the infested area at nightfall. The following mixture will treat three acres: Thoroughly mix twenty pounds of bran with one pound of paris green. Squeeze the juice of three oranges or lemons into three and one-half gallons of water and chop the remaining pulp and peel into fine bits before adding to the mixture. Also dissolve two quarts of molasses in the liquid. Then thoroughly dampen the bran and poison with the liquid.—Wallace's Farmer.

Lime for Sour Soils

The quantity of lime which may be used on sour or acid soils varies according to the amount of acidity. If ground limestone is used, which is the most economical form of lime to use for soils, one to three tons per acre may be used. For golf courses, Bent grass or Brown Top is about as good a grass as can be used. These may be used extensively for this purpose and for more or less permanent pastures. Both will be found entirely satisfactory.

Around the Farm

Expensive weed eradication programs will accomplish but little while farmers continue to use poor quality, ungraded seed.

* * *

When hay containing less protein than alfalfa is fed, one should feed a protein concentrate with the corn or other grain.

* * *

Hereford cattle, as they have been selected and developed in America, are admittedly superior to those of any other country in the world.

Our Pet Peeve

MORE ALIENS LEAVE THAN COME

Change in Immigration Tide Laid to Depression.

New York.—America has just about ceased to be a land of opportunity to the European peasant and unskilled laborer if immigration figures on record at Ellis island can be accepted as a criterion.

The influx of aliens is diminishing week by week. During the fiscal year ended June 30 the total immigrants admitted at this port from all foreign countries fell to 116,765—approximately. This is only a little more than one-third of the total entries for the fiscal year of 1929-1930, which was recorded at 302,304.

On the other hand the number of aliens leaving these shores for their homelands is increasing steadily. During the twelve-month period which has just come to a close some 184,680 of them filed through Ellis island on their way back to the "old countries" as compared with a corresponding total of 170,412 for the fiscal year which closed June 30, 1930.

Old Man Depression is to blame—or be credited. With mills and factories closing down or running on reduced schedules throughout the country, building operations coming to a standstill and farmers unable to hire help, the alien within our gates is finding it more and more difficult to find employment—even by undercutting the native-born worker. In many places, too, preference is given to America's own needy in the distribution of relief funds—another thing which makes it difficult for the sojourning immigrant to understand this land of ours. At least that is the way the immigration officials size up the situation.

The immigration tide began to turn outward early last year. Between January 1 and the end of June of that year the departures outnumbered arrivals in the country by 9,348. Figures for July, August and September materially increased the excess. The peak of the overflow was reached in May, when a total of 8,577 aliens departed voluntarily to the lands whence they came and when another 1,597 who had been found undesirable for one reason or another were forcibly deported. During the same month the total of incoming immigrants amounted to only 2,479 admitted for permanent residence for all ports of the country.

This compared with an average of 3,051 monthly for the preceding ten months of the fiscal year. The May total was 69.4 per cent below the monthly average of 8,095 for the last fiscal year, 87.7 per cent below the monthly average for 1930 and 89.4 per cent below the average for the fiscal year 1929—the figures dealing in each case with immigrants officially classified as aliens defined for purposes of the record as immigrants who announce their intention of making their homes here.

The department's figures show that immigration as a whole and for the entire country has declined 90.3 per cent since three years ago when the influx from all sources except Mexico was practically normal. The proportionate decrease was larger in some cases, particularly for the Irish Free State, Scandinavian countries, Germany and Great Britain, while that for Italy was 68.5 per cent, and for Asia only 50.2 per cent.

Immigration officials up to a year or so ago were inclined to give credit to the diminishing immigration tide to a strict enforcement of the immigration quotas laws. Under a policy laid down by President Hoover in September, 1930, consular offices began withholding visas from applicants who might become public charges upon their arrival here and so zealously was this rule carried out that it came to the pass where a majority of aliens admitted for permanent residence were near relatives of American citizens and aliens resident in the United States. This, of course, cut down the influx tremendously.

But it is only in the last 18 months or so that the outflow has begun to gain the balance in volume and the authorities say there is no doubt the depression is primarily to blame.

FORMAL GINGHAM

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Gingham goes formal. There's nothing swankier to dine and dance in than a gay little frock of plaid gingham made up as formally as if it were satin or silk or any one of the more pretentious materials. These audicious little ginghams sally forth fashioned with the new and very smart floor-length skirts and necklines cut somewhat decollete, tiny puff sleeves and all the other details which distinguish the dressy dress. With these "partyfied ginghams," sashes of sheerest bright velvet are worn, and sometimes a bow of the velvet decorates the bodice at the shoulder in lieu of a corsage bouquet.

Lights of New York

By WALTER TRUMBULL

Many of the artists who now occupy fashionable apartments, penthouses and big ateliers used to live in the old Van Dyck studios on Eighth avenue. They were happy, young and poor. Everybody knew and helped everybody else. If anyone sold a picture or illustration, it was an event celebrated by all. One day a painter who now is well known, but then was just beginning, got an invitation to a fashionable wedding. Though he thought there was a fair chance that the invitation was a mistake, he was more than anxious to go. He always had heard that at these big house weddings the food was excellent.

The trouble was that he didn't have the proper clothes. He did have a shirt, which would do for a foundation, and he also had a collar, a necktie and a pair of gloves. The Van Dyck turned itself upside down to outfit him. One friend contributed a pair of striped trousers, another a morning coat, another shoes and silk socks. Nobody owned a silk hat, but one of the artist's friends knew a man who had one, and borrowed it. The hat was a little large for the wedding guest, so they stuffed a little paper under the sweatband.

The day came and, with the help of all, the invited artist was shiningly arrayed. He wished to walk the mile across town to the wedding, but that idea was vetoed. By a unanimous vote of the Van Dyck it was decided that he should take a taxi. He really was not going as an individual but as a representative of a district. With a due sense of his responsibility, he entered the cab and stuck his head out to wave a dignified farewell to all the friends who were leaning from windows. The taxi started with a jerk. The silk hat, never too secure, toppled to the street, bounced under the rear wheel of the car, and became just a memory. That is one of the tragic stories of the old Van Dyck.

* * *

Those were the days when a certain well-known illustrator was so poor that, while he had a cake of soap and a tin basin, his only towel was a piece of old curtain. This aroused the finer feelings of a faithful model. Each day she used to bring him a present of one or two nice linen towels. Finally he had more than a dozen, and they were all marked. They bore the names of most of the large New York hotels.

* * *

William C. Lengel, the editor, tells me that the first book he ever read of Theodore Dreiser's was "Sister Carrie." He thought he should read it because he was working under Dreiser at the time, so he bought a copy for 40 cents. He started it sitting on a bench in Central park. He read until it was too dark to see. He couldn't finish it that evening because of engagements he couldn't break, but the next morning he went to the beach, where he figured he would not be interrupted, and completed the book. After that he never missed one. Dreiser is another Indiana author, having been born in Terre Haute. His first journalistic experience was on a Chicago newspaper. At various times he was editor of half a dozen magazines.

* * *

There is honesty, even in New York and in these hard times. A woman came out of a bank clutching $25 in one-dollar bills. It was raining hard. In putting up her umbrella, the woman slipped and involuntarily opened her hand to catch herself. The bills were scattered by the wind, but beaten by the rain. Wet, they stuck to the sidewalk and street. Passersby, for half a block, hurried to pick them up. Then they gave them to the woman. She counted the wet bills to see how many she had lost. She had 25. I might add that only a woman would do what she did then. The bills were caked with mud. She took them home, washed them in the bathtub, and ironed them. Good as new!

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