

Crowded Szechwan



Passenger-Carrying Wheelbarrows in Szechwan.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

FEW nations have a greater problem in feeding and clothing their citizens than a single province in China, Szechwan, where approximately 60,000,000 people live isolated behind great mountain barriers. Szechwan is the westernmost of the provinces of the middle zone of China, lying over against Tibet. None other of the divisions of the great republic has so many inhabitants.

There is a most intensive, if primitive, domestic commerce in Szechwan, and millions of the laborers of the province spend their lives on its roads, bearing burdens on their backs or pushing the wheelbarrows which supply the only wheels that ever touch the network of roads and trails.

Sharing with these carriers the burden of the nation's life is the proverbial "Man with the Hoe," usually a poor tenant giving half his crop for the rent of his acre. Frequently, however, he is able to own his own implements and a water buffalo, with which he plows his own and his neighbor's plot, receiving in turn his neighbor's help in seed time and harvest.

Still others, and on the rich Chengtu plain they are numerous, are wealthy farmers, who live in fine homes and till their estates with the help of sons and grandsons or with hired servants.

To these farmers is given the task of feeding a nation of 60,000,000 people; for Szechwan, isolated by mountain barriers, must be self-sustaining. The measure of this task is appreciated when we consider that fully 50 percent of the 181,000 square miles of Szechwan is too mountainous for cultivation, which means that these 60,000,000 are sustained on an area less than one-half that of the state of Texas.

Add to this condition his lack of scientific knowledge and the primitive implements with which he labors, as well as the necessity of securing and returning to the soil, as fertilizers, all that he reaps from it; remember, also, that rice, his chief cereal crop, is the most difficult of all cereals to produce; especially in a country where the hills must be terraced and water lifted to fill the paddy fields, and it becomes evident that the Szechwan farmer's task is next to impossible and its accomplishment little short of a miracle.

Rich Soil and Plenty of Rain. He is, however, favored with a temperate climate all the year and a naturally rich soil, an atmosphere saturated with moisture, an abundant rainfall, and a never-failing supply of water for irrigation from the melting snows on the mountain near by.

He produces nearly every vegetable and grain found in our market and others to which we are strangers. The fruits that are ours are his also. Apples are few and poor in quality, but the persimmon and orange are second to none and are produced in great abundance. One thousand oranges on the upper Yangtze can be purchased for 50 cents.

He knows little of the science of gardening, but much of its method. By interplanting, especially beans and peas, which he knows improves the quality of the soil; by crop rotation, which he knows increases his yield, and by intensive fertilizing and the sowing of vetch in the fallow season, he manages to keep his fields rich and raises from two to six crops a year. He has made Szechwan known as the Garden of Asia, the land where famine never comes.

The tenant farmer pays his rent with the major portion of his rice, which is the master crop and his chief concern and joy in life. In the early spring he plows his paddy fields, and then prays for rains to flood them, offering incense to the god of the garden, whose shrine is built near by.

When rain and gods fail him, he sets to work with endless chain, foot-treadle pumps, laboriously lifting into his terraced fields the water that he has conserved in the valley. Then, breaking up the rice soil, which has been grown from early sowing in highly fertilized plots, he transplants it in hills in the watered paddy fields. The rocky water makes the hoeing of his rice field impossible; so he does not hoe it. With bare foot he feels about the plant with his toes, and if he finds a weed, he toes it out; and if he finds a rice seedling in place again. With his right foot he toes two rows, with his left foot he toes two rows, and thus he toes four rows as he goes. That's the way he hoes. For the harvest the farmers combine

ALL FLIGHT RECORDS ECLIPSED IN TEXAS

Plane Fort Worth Shatters All Previous Attempts by Nearly One Day.

Fort Worth, Tex.—Having smashed all sustained flight records, Reginald L. Robbins and his co-pilot, James Kelly, brought the single-motored monoplane Fort Worth to the ground here Sunday afternoon a few moments after 4 o'clock after a storm-battered propeller had started to shake the engine and plane badly.

The plane had been in the air 172 hours, 32 minutes and 1 second, almost a day longer than the famous army plane Question Mark, whose record was surpassed by 21 hours, 51 minutes and 19 seconds. Robbins and Kelly by their feat eclipsed the best mark for single-motored, dual-motored and tri-motored planes, and lighter than air machines and all records for crews regardless of size.

Although the men were tired and deaf from almost 7½ days of exposure to the roar of a whirlwind motor they were so happy they forgot their aching muscles and long sleepless vigils.

The crowd, variously estimated at 20,000 to 30,000, swept all police barriers and fences aside and almost crushed the plane before the flyers could alight. Around the plane 50 men, holding a heavy rope, were crushed in until their backs were against the plane itself.

NEW PAPER CURRENCY TO HAVE ADVANTAGES

Washington, D. C.—After two years of preparation, the treasury department is about ready to present the public with the new reduced size paper currency. The new currency is to make its initial appearance early in July. Within a comparatively few months thereafter it is proposed to substitute the smaller size money for a substantial part of the \$5,000,000,000 of various classes of paper currency now in circulation. The advantages claimed for the new currency are a greatly improved appearance from an artistic point of view, a vastly greater convenience in handling, a saving in cost of manufacture, and a currency which will be much more difficult to counterfeit.

The new currency will at the beginning include United States notes, silver certificates, gold certificates and federal reserve notes. A little later national bank notes will be issued.

Each denomination, whether United States notes, silver certificates, gold certificates, federal reserve notes or national bank notes, will have on the face the same portrait distinctive to that denomination. All currency in the denomination of \$1 will bear the portrait of Washington; \$2, Jefferson; \$5, Lincoln; \$10, Hamilton; \$20, Jackson; \$50, Grant; \$100, Franklin; \$500, McKinley; \$1,000, Cleveland; \$5,000, Madison, and \$10,000, Chase.

APPLE MEN USE TRAPS Washington Growers Make Big Use of Moth Bait. Pullman, Wash.—Washington apple growers are using great numbers of bait traps this season to capture the notorious codling moth, according to Dr. R. D. Webster, entomologist at the Washington experiment station, who has just returned from a trip to the Wenatchee valley in connection with experimental work in progress there.

"Twenty-five thousand containers for the 'home-made hooch' have been sold growers in the Wenatchee district this season, indicating that the use of the traps will be more extensive than ever before," he said. "The bait so tempting to the moths is composed of a gallon of malt syrup, a cake or two of yeast and 19 gallons of water."

Army Arrives in Canton. Canton, China.—Five transports, bearing 80,000 fully equipped troops that deserted the Kwangsi cause, arrived from Hankow and anchored off Shamen, the foreign colony. They came presumably to assist the defending Kwangtung armies and 8000 more are expected shortly.

Sod Worth \$2000 Taken. Douglass, L. I.—Detectives of the Jamaica squad are trying to find about \$2000 worth of sod, which was stolen recently from the fashionable North Hill Golf club. The detectives suspect some Douglass resident knows the value of good sod and now has it about his home.

Racing Auto Kills Four in Germany. Berlin.—Four persons were killed and 17 injured when a Czechoslovakian racing automobile participating in the Zittau hill tests ran into a crowd watching the race.

J. P. Cotton Appointed. Washington, D. C.—President Hoover announced the appointment of Joseph P. Cotton, a New York attorney, as under secretary of state.

EMMETT T. ORMSBY



Umpire Emmett T. Ormsby, better known as "Red," who was struck on the head by a pop bottle in a demonstration by baseball fans during a recent game at Cleveland, is in a hospital there suffering from concussion of the brain.

REPARATIONS MEET NEAR FINAL BREAK

Paris.—Definite announcement that the reparations conference has failed to reach an agreement is looked for by many in touch with the experts, following a brief Sunday morning session at which Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, spokesman for the Germans, laid his cards on the table to Owen D. Young, American chairman of the conference. Dr. Schacht, it is understood, stood pat on his proposals.

The creditors will have their final say Monday, and they also are believed to have made up their minds to stick by their guns.

The German spokesman is credited, in brief, with rejecting the allied reservations in his reservations, and the allies will not accept the German reservations.

Therefore conference observers see no hope for that "complete and final settlement" which the experts had so confidently expected to reach at the beginning of their work weeks ago. Dr. Schacht told Mr. Young exactly where the Germans stood, and Mr. Young passed it on to the creditors at the brief meeting.

When the creditors, after sleeping on it, give their answer to Mr. Young, the American chairman, knowing the width of the gulf between the payer and the payee, will determine whether or not there is a chance for compromise.

SHORT NEWS NUGGETS

The Chinese nationalist government has ordered the arrest of Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, central war lord formerly known as the "Christian general," as a rebel.

Church of Scotland and United Free Church of Scotland, at their respective assemblies in Edinburgh, voted by overwhelming majorities to unite. Formal act of the union of the two bodies will take place in October.

The Bulgarian chamber of deputies ratified the government's adherence to the Kellogg-Briand renunciation of war pact and also approved the treaty of arbitration and conciliation recently concluded between Bulgaria and the United States.

Ex-King Amanullah's spectacular campaign to regain the throne of Afghanistan, which he was obliged to relinquish some months ago, apparently has ended in failure. Dispatches from India say Amanullah will soon leave for Europe.

Roosevelt Governor of Porto Rico. Washington, D. C.—President Hoover announced that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Jr. would be appointed governor of Porto Rico. Colonel Roosevelt will succeed Horace M. Towner of Iowa, who has signified a willingness to continue in office until September or October.

King to Express Thanks for Recovery. London.—King George, almost completely recovered from his long illness, has decided to attend services at Westminster abbey on June 16 to "render thanks to almighty God for his recent recovery," it was announced officially.

Salvation Army Head Injured. New York.—Evangeline Booth, commander of the Salvation army, who was in an automobile accident recently, was pronounced by physicians to be suffering from concussion of the brain and severe cuts over her eye.

FLASH The Lead Dog

By George Marsh

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CHAPTER XII

The Battle on the Carcajou

All the morning the dog-team traveled north. At noon the lake narrowed to its outlet and shortly the boys were following a ridge which paralleled a headwater branch of the Carcajou. But, to their surprise, on inspection, they found that the trail which followed the ice of this little river, had not been used in weeks. Still, the cautious Gaspard held to the timber, rather than travel the easy river road. Once seen from the hills, they could be easily ambushed from the shore, so the team held to the hard and circuitous going of the thick scrub.

All morning they had traveled under a matted sun, and in the early afternoon the north unfurled its lead-hued banners of the coming snow. In midafternoon, to avoid a circle of the shore, Gaspard had followed up the shoulder of a high ridge from which the valley of the stream opened before them for miles. They stopped to rest the dogs, for even with the good going of the hard crust, the five hundred pound load of food, which would carry dogs and men through to April, made rugged hauling on the hills.

While Gaspard smoked a pipe, Brock curiously examined through his glasses the unknown country to the north. How long and great a river was this Carcajou which flowed into the bay to the northwest of Cape Henrietta Maria, no one at Hungry Horse or Elkan had known. Whether they were now on one of its headwaters, neither he nor Gaspard was sure. Somewhere to the west of the Carcajou lay the watershed of the great Winkas. This river they followed might swing to the west—night, for all they knew, be Winkas water. But of one thing they were sure. The Crees who hunted this country knew the fate of Pierre Lacroix, and to learn what that had been, was the sole object of this wild adventure.

Brock had swung the glasses far down the little valley, when suddenly, he exclaimed: "By golly, Gaspard! There's a dog team traveling north on the river trail!"

The halfbreed sprang to his friend's side. Brock handed him the glasses. For a space, through the falling snow, Gaspard studied the black speck on the river trail. Then he returned the glasses.

"You keep on wid de dog," he said. "I go have a look at dat Cree."

With heart pounding with expectancy, Gaspard swung and slid and dodged down through the timber on his snowshoes, for in timber the crust is flake and seldom strong. At the river shore, the halfbreed abandoned all caution and slipping out of his shoes, took to the ice, for the team he followed was traveling at a trot at least a mile below him. Downstream ran the tireless son of Pierre Lacroix through the fast thickening snow, rifle and snowshoes in his hands. At last he approached a sharp turn, and sure that his quarry was near, cut directly up through a shoulder of high shore to obtain a view of the river below him. Hurrying through the scrub he looked downstream.

"By Gai!" gasped the panting boy, his eyes widening in astonishment.

On the river ice, hardly three hundred yards below, two dog teams lay in front of their sleds. In a group four men talked, their laughter clearly audible to the hunter watching from the timber.

"He meet den traveling upstream," muttered Gaspard. Then the deep-set eyes of the boy opened, as his lips framed the name: Gros-Pied!

Gros-Pied, Big-Foot, one of the team of the missing Pierre Lacroix, had risen and stood sniffling the air, as the heart of Lacroix's son pounded in his chest. Yes, it was Gros-Pied. There was no dog marked like him, with that black head and that single white sock. He was in the team headed down-river—good! But where he was, Gaspard was in danger from the keen noses of the huskies. He must move back and warn Brock. From where he lay he could kill or wound them all, before they got to their rifles on the sleds, but he wanted an unhurt prisoner. No, he would cut back and find Brock; then, in the morning they would ambush the sled headed south, with Gros-Pied, his father's dog.

The light was going fast as the snow thickened. Brock would already be making camp back in the timber, upstream. He must find him. Tomorrow they would have a prisoner, and then—After four hours of blind search through the timber below the ridge where he had left Brock and the team, Gaspard saw the yellow glow of the fire.

At daylight six inches of new snow lay on the crust and, to the boys, one thing was clear. If they wished to

overtake the Indian heading down-river, they would have to abandon the safety of the timber and take the hazard of the river ice.

So Gaspard went ahead to the river, to reconnoiter, while Brock followed with the team. In a half hour, as the sun rose, lighting the forest, the halfbreed met Brock packing the new snow ahead of the toboggan.

"I saw den start—tree, up-dilvere; one, our man, go down-stream. Een little piece you swing out to de ice and follow me. I go ahead to head beam off. He got no load, he travel fast."

With a wave of the hand, Gaspard was gone.

Carrying his loaded rifle, Brock traveled ahead for a half hour, then angled out to the river, followed closely by Yellow-Eye and the team. The three men bound up-river should now be far on their way, he thought, as he looked out to the ice where the broken snow marked the passage of sleds since the fall of the night before. Stopping the team, Brock went to the cover of some shore willows and looked up-stream. The freshly broken trail ran for a mile and disappeared behind a bend. They were miles away by this time, so returning, he drove his dogs down to the ice and out to the river trail.

With the start of over an hour the Indian in front of him would be far down stream. Gaspard would have to travel hard through the bush to head him off.

Brock was excited. At last they were in the enemy's country—getting some action. Any moment, now, things might happen. The safety of his friend gave him little concern. Gaspard had but one man to deal with—a man traveling with his gun cased in his sled. Gaspard would get his man, unhurt, without a fight. It was the safety of the dogs and the precious load of grub on the sled that occupied Brock's thoughts.

He had traveled for an hour, when, as he approached a sharp bend in the river, throwing the trail close to a shore, thick grown with scrub, like the last of a whip a premonition of danger flicked his nerves.

With a fierce, "Haw, Yellow-Eye!" Brock swung the team to the opposite shore, and with a rough "Marche!" led them on the run into the scrub.

He had barely reached the cover of the spruce when the opposite shore roared with the explosion of rifles. A cut spruce twig fell on his shoulder.

"I knew it!" gasped the crouching boy, knife drawn to loose the dogs in a case of a rush over the ice. Gripping the traces beside the trembling dogs, mystified by the shots from the opposite shore and the actions of their master, from his cover Brock watched the river ice. He had fooled the people in ambush—once! What would be their next move? For move they soon would.

If he cut the dogs loose, now, they would cross the river, only to meet a hail of lead. No, he must hold them—keep them with him, until he was rushed; if the Crees had the nerve to rush him. Then he'd cut the traces of Flash and Yellow-Eye and show these murderers how two Ungavans could fight. And God help them, if the dogs reached them!

And Gaspard? Had he heard the shots? If he had he'd back-track on the run and his rifle would soon be singing. But suppose he traveled up the ice straight in to range of the Crees in the scrub?

Fearing his plunging dogs would snap their traces, Brock unhooked the leader and rear dog and lashed them to separate trees, within easy reach of his knife. Silt-Ear and Kona he left triced to the heavy sled. Then with elbow on knee he lined his sights on the thicket across the stream and waited for the flash and blue wisp of smoke from the Crees' guns to give him a target. For he knew that the Indians would not hold their fire.

For minutes the boy held his sights lined on the ambush—but no rifles belched their yellow flame from the green scrub. His eyebrows knotted in surprise. Then, like a flash, he guessed the cause.

The Crees were not there! They had crossed the river behind the cover of the bend, below him, and were stalking him, as his own shore! With a leap he reached Kona and Silt-Ear and cut them loose.

"Get 'em, Kona! Silt-Ear!" he cried and pointed down stream. Yelping madly the two dogs disappeared "Down Yellow-Eye!" he fiercely commanded, winding his wrist with the cut traces of the lead dog. "Shut-up! Flash! Steady, Flash!" He reached the puppy, frenzied with excitement, cut him loose, and gripping his traces with the hand carrying the gun, plunged inland from the river shore (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Three Good Reasons for Study of Greek

There was once a rough and uneducated man who had made money and who entered his boy in a swell college preparatory school. The head master asked him if there was anything he was particularly desirous his son should be taught, and the uneducated one replied: "Yes, there is. I want him to take Greek."

"May I ask," inquired the head master, in considerable amazement, "why you are so insistent upon his pursuit of that particular subject?"

"Well," said the rude parent, "there are three reasons why I want him to learn Greek: First, because it's hard; second, because he don't want to; and third, because it's no good anyway. If he learns it after all that, he'll show he's got some stuff in him."

Moral: This fable has morals enough to fill a book.—Edward C. Duffee, Scribner's Magazine.



IT'S folly to suffer long from neuritis, neuralgia, or headaches when relief is swift and sure, with Bayer Aspirin. For 28 years the medical profession has recommended it. It does not affect the heart. Take it for colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. Gargle it for a sore throat or tonsillitis. Proven directions for its many uses, in every package. All drug stores have genuine Bayer Aspirin which is readily identified by the name on the box and the Bayer cross on every tablet.

ASPIRIN
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Originated Dating System

The custom of dating events from the birth of Jesus Christ originated with a learned monk of Rome, Dionysius Exiguus, who compiled and computed the paschal cycle. Dionysius lived in the Fifth and Sixth centuries, dying about 555.

Difficult Packing

Famous Explorer—On my last hunting trip I bagged two immense elephants.

Flapper—How thrilling! Did you have much trouble getting them into the bags?—Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

The Ideal!

"Do you serve course dinners?" asked the caller.

"Land sakes, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Neurich. "We are rich enough to eat only the most refined victuals."

Tea Talk

"The fortune teller said I'd fall in love with a tall man."

"Don't you know any tall men?"

"Not one—outside of my husband."

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Fable

The old fellow was ninety-four and old reporters he didn't attribute his longevity to any particular diet.

Harvest Assured

No man ever sowed the grain of generosity who gathered not up the harvest of the desire of his heart.



DR. CALDWELL'S THREE RULES

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not habit forming.

The Doctor never did approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their system. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headaches, and to break up fevers and colds. Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois.

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