

THE CITY OF MOSCOW STILL CLINGS TO THE SMALL TOWN METHOD OF EXISTENCE

Moscow, Sept. 9.—The window of the ground floor room in which this is written looks out on a cobbled street in a section of Moscow which so far has undergone few outward changes attributable to the revolution. (Hardly 300 yards from one of the busiest centers of the city, there is here only one passing vehicle each fifteen or twenty minutes.

Were it not for the large apartment building fifty yards away, the illusion of being in a small town would be complete, for there is no other structure in the neighborhood distinctly of an urban character, and there is but a faint echo of the din rising from the busy thoroughfares near by. For fifteen minutes at a time on a late afternoon the only distinct sounds are the chirping of birds in an adjacent garden, the shouts of children at play in the street and the drone of a piano.

Even the fire station at the corner has a small-town atmosphere about it. There is something in the appearance of the building with its tower that recalls the station house in a typical American community of 8,000 or 10,000 population. The scene outside the station house doors is strikingly familiar, for the firemen sit about on chairs or benches, or stand in groups, swapping stories and waiting for action. Their uniforms along seem out of place—knee boots, khaki packets with leather belts and khaki or blue trousers.

Fire Bugle Warns Traffic

When an alarm is sounded and the motors of the trucks are started, there is the same scampering of small boys to the station that takes place in any one of several thousand American small towns and cities every time the fire bell rings. As they jump to their places on the trucks, the firemen don shining brass helmets similar in shape to the tin hats worn by the Belgian army.

The bugle, which in America is hardly more than an obsolete emblem outside the volunteer fire companies, is here an active, noisy, "fire-fighting" instrument. From the time a truck leaves the station until it reaches the scene of the fire, a bugler keeps up a continuous hubbub to warn traffic.

On Ulitsa Gertizina, but a short distance around the corner from the fire station, is the Church of the Ascension, where until the revolution, some of Moscow's "best families" might have been seen at worship on a Saturday evening or Sunday morning. Many persons were attracted to the services by the excellence of the music. Here a century ago Pushkin married Natasha Goncharova, considered then the most beautiful young woman of the city. It was this nonchalant Natasha who unwittingly caused the duel which resulted in the poet's death.

Withstood Years of Upheaval

The white, classic structure, with its dome and its pillared facade, is somewhat shabby today, but it has withstood comparatively well the fourteen years of upheaval. Already Moscow has lost many of its churches, and the plans now being drawn up by a city commission provide for the demolition of scores of others.

When the services of a recent Sunday morning began there were perhaps 250 persons assembled in the nave and transepts. Taking into consideration that worshippers are accustomed to come and go at will as the lengthy Russian Orthodox rites are performed, it is probable that altogether nearly 350 persons participated in the service. The church probably would hold 2,500 persons without crowding.

On Sunday most of the worshippers, close to 90 per cent of them, were above the thirty year mark. There were a few young women, and several children below twelve years of age, but not more than half a dozen young men. There is no doubt that the Russian youth, for the time being, is through with the Church. The devout Russians of the pre-war period are dying away, and their places are destined to be left vacant.

Except for the dearth of youth and for the small size of the congregation, there was little at the Sunday morning service to reveal the truth, that religion is suffering in Russia, that a red flag was flying across the street, and that the city was flooded with anti-religious posters. The richly robed priests sang the service lustily, and the communicants came and went without any apparent fear that they might be made to suffer in their persons for this manifestation of devotion to the old faith. Just as in pre-revolutionary times, the entrance to the church was crowded with beggars.

Children Appear Happy

Every morning groups of young children pass this window, going to and coming from the school house situated just beyond the fire station. These youngsters are well tanned, and most of them appear healthy and happy. The majority wear shoes and sandals to school, but apparently many of them discard their footwear at the first opportunity.

There is no uniformity about the costumes. The girls wear dresses of figured or checked materials in various colors; the boys, shorts with or without shirts or jackets. Half socks or completely bare legs are the rule. There is an obvious effort to expose as much as possible of the body to the sunlight as a health measure.

SOUR MILK MAY HELP EXPERTS IN CANCER WAR

Paris, Sept. 3.—Sour milk contains the natural acid which world radiologists hope may curb and eventually cause cancer to disappear.

Since the conclusion of the International Radiology Congress, European scientists have been experimenting with lactic acid in cancer treatment, as advocated by the discoverer Dr. Boris Sookoloff of the medical school of St. Louis, Mo.

Wide Search

For two years, Dr. Sokoloff has experimented with lactic acid on mice and made his first public announcement at the Paris congress. European scientists were prompt to take up the work and will make the first announcement of their experiments in December.

The lactic acid is known technically as "ethyl-L-lactat." Thus far, the treatment has been made by injection, and Dr. Sokoloff doubts whether it would be effective if absorbed as food, in any other way. However, scientists agree that persons accustomed to taking sour milk and sour milk cheeses might be aided in cancer prevention.

30 Per Cent Absorption

In an interview before starting for a holiday on the French Riviera, preparatory to returning to St. Louis in October, Dr. Sokoloff declared that this new department in treatment of cancer growths has resulted in 30 per cent absorption of the most malignant form of cancer-tumor, "sarcoma 180," common in mice, and that the remaining 70 per cent of cases saw the growth stopped and the disease remain stationary.

Dr. Sokoloff explained that cancer is a strong multiplication of cells.

"It long has been known in medicine that the body eliminates lactic acid through all its parts, but the biological significance of this fact was not known," Dr. Sokoloff said. "These recent experiments showed that lactic acid is a preventative element in the body, in that it discourages the multiplication of cells."

"A very small quantity of it placed on yeast prevents this unusually rapidly growing organism from developing at all. The same is true in the case of protozoa of unicellular organisms."

Mice Aided

"Applying this inhibitive influence of lactic acid on cellular growth proved to be extremely satisfactory, and when the most resistant form of cancer tumor in mice was given an additional treatment of radium, the cures reached 70 per cent."

"Further experiments showed that mice, treated to subcutaneous injections of lactic acid during a period of 20 days, were rendered immune to cancer. The great advantage of this treatment is that lactic acid can be introduced into the body in great quantities without any detrimental effects, thus facilitating the treatment. Another interesting discovery was that subject afflicted with cancer have less lactic acid in their blood than the healthy being."

Dr. Sokoloff pointed out that the results of this discovery in the treatment of cancer tumors in the human being can not yet be stated definitely, as this part of the work is still in the experimental stage.

MANY LONDON STATUES UNKNOWN TO THOUSANDS

London, Sept. 3.—London's statues and monuments are legion. There are hundreds of them dotted around the metropolis, and few people can claim to recognize more than 25 per cent of them.

There often has been a public demand for the demolition of some of them, sometimes on aesthetic grounds and sometimes because they have become a nuisance. The Albert Memorial Eros in Piccadilly Circus and Epstein's Rima in Hyde Park are three which have come in for a good deal of criticism.

It has been left to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, however, to take the first step toward eliminating some of the massive Victorian works of art that crowd one another in the Abbey.

Cornwall's Masonry

They have decided to turn out a particularly ugly and massive piece of masonry erected to the memory of Capt. Cornwall, who was killed after a display of desperate valor in an engagement with the French off Toulon in 1743.

Nobody ever before thought of this simple solution of the Abbey's overcrowding problem, with the result that since about 1800 masons and sculptors have filled every corner and many of the side chapels with tons of memorial marble in designs of peculiar horror. Some of the chapels are entirely shut off.

Quite half a dozen are as great a nuisance and eyesore as the Cornwall monument, already shrouded in sheets for removal.

As the tourist enters the Abbey by the great north door—and an endless queue of people streams in all day long at this time of the year—all the Abbey to his right is hidden by Pitt's house-high monument and two others.

Pitt's Statue

Premier Pitt's statue beggars description. A three-times-life-size marble Britannia is the central figure, sitting down. A couple of twice-life-size man and woman lie at his feet.

Little Pitt is tucked away upstairs in a niche.

Then come three gallant sea captains who perished in a naval engagement in the dim and distant past. Against a massive screen of black marble a stout Britannia stands. She stands on the edge of a rocky cliff, with a lion minding her shield. Be-

side her is a memorial column on which a flying angel is hanging plaques on pegs. On the top of the column another angel balances, carrying trumpet and wreath.

While—best of all—in the frothing marble sea at the base of the monument a snorting sea-horse plunges, with Poseidon lying in an apologetic attitude on his back, chatting to Britannia.

So it goes on. There is the Wolfe memorial of insane size, covered with marble soldiers and weeping lions. Under a stone canopy like an early Victorian bed, there is Charles James Fox expiring in the plump arms of marble giantesses—and a dozen other memorials smothered in flying angels crying into stone handkerchiefs.

Another statue which may be removed soon is that erected to James Cragg, member of Parliament before he was 30, and a friend of Addison and Pope.

HE ALWAYS WANT TO HEAR THAT FELLAH

(By Sterling Brannen)

In common with other members of "Welcoming Committees," I have come across "all sorts and conditions" of men and women while in my humble but sincere way greeting strangers at Church. One incident I shall never forget:—

A local worthy had strayed into Church one bright Sunday morning, to the evident surprise of those of his fellow-citizens who were also present. He had not, somehow, been known hereabouts as "a pillar of the Church" nor as a frequenter of Church edifices except perhaps to gaze curiously at repairs or alterations. At any rate, after service I told him quietly how pleased we were to see him and that we hoped he had enjoyed the Service. "Yass," he drawled, much more loudly than a whisper, "I always wanted to hear that fellah." The Church dignitary he thus complimented does not know of it yet, but he may read it in "The Mail," and some day I shall have an opportunity to tell him.

It would be o.k. with us—dandy, in fact—if the ant went to the sluggard.

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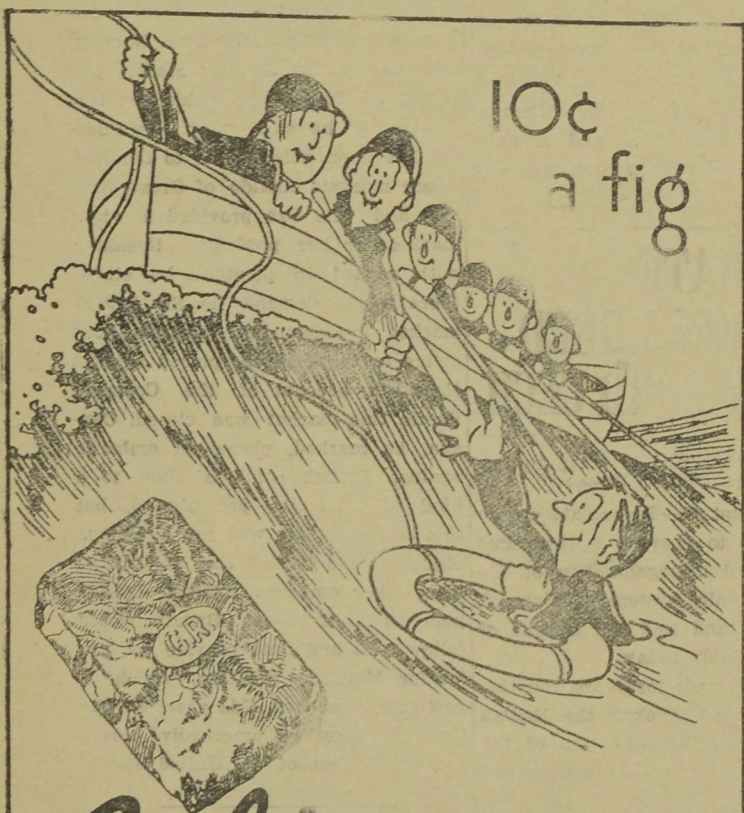
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