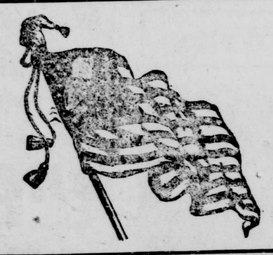
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1921.

America First.



Liberty Justice.

110,000 Starving Children



Like the one in this photograph, too weak to walk when brought to the Near East Relief orphanage at Erivan, the capital of Armenia, are being nursed back to life and health through the generosity of the American people, by contributions to the Near East Relief, 1 Madison Ave., New York. HAVE YOU A LITTLE ORPHAN IN YOUR HEART?

ARMENIAN GIRL PLEADS FOR SISTERS

Tragic Tale of Harem Victims' Sufferings.

More than ten thousand Armenian girls have been rescued from Turkish harems through the help and generosity of America. This is the statement given out by the Near East Relief, which is making the saving of these tragic victims of Turkish cruelty one of the most important features of its work.

That it is a work which in itself justifies the millions that America has spent in this stricken land is testified to by little Miss Eliza Dodurian, a twenty-year-old Armenian girl recently arrived in this country. Miss Dodurian, through the intervention of American missionaries, was herself spared



ELIZA DODURIAN.

the sufferings of exile and the horrors of slavery; but she knows all too well the terrible fate of her sisters and friends. It is for them—the soft-eyed little girls of fifteen and sixteen whom last she saw being torn from their mothers' arms and carried off on the saddle bows of the Turkish soldiers—that she makes her plea.

What their lives have been since then may be guessed by a look into the faces of any of the ten thousand who have passed through the Rescue Homes of the Near East Relief. Their heads bowed in shame, they creep into the American relief stations, trying vainly to hide the tattoo marks which proclaim to the world their story.

Thousands of these girls have been brought back to life and hope through the work of the Near East Relief. It is to rescue the one hundred thousand more still held captive that the Near East Relief is making its appeal this year.

High Commissioner Praises Near East Relief



Rear Adm'l Bristol

Constantinople: Everybody seems to have a good word to say for the wonderful work being done by the more than 500 American men and women workers of the Near East Relief. In a public address, Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, U. S. Navy, High Commissioner to Turkey, who has charge of all American interests in the Near East, went on record whole-heartedly in support of the American relief organization.

"If I have been able to encourage the workers of the Near East Relief or give them assistance in any way," the Admiral said, "I feel that I am more than repaid in keeping with the success that has attended the efforts of the Near East Relief Committee in this part of the world in the past. I hope the future will bring you greater success. It will always give me pleasure to render any assistance possible to the Committee as a whole, to any of the workers, and to the great work of humanity that the committee represents."

When 139,000 Russian refugees from the Crimea arrived off Constantinople, Admiral Bristol immediately cabled the Near East Relief for help, and the Near East Relief bakeries fed these refugees and N. E. R. workers helped the American sailors to get the sick to hospitals.

Admiral Bristol is in intimate touch with all the work being conducted by the Near East Relief and speaks from personal knowledge of its accomplishments.

INVESTIGATOR INDORSES NEAR EAST RELIEF

During the Peace Conference in Paris the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, appreciating the importance of accurate, first hand information about the Armenian situation, sent Capt. Benjamin Burges Moore of the American Red Cross as head of a special mission to study and report on conditions. Captain Moore's findings as to the value of the work done by the Near East Relief form part of his official report.

"Armenians are sincerely grateful to us," Captain Moore states, "since it is no exaggeration to say that they would have disappeared as a nation had it not been for this splendid help given them by the Near East Relief and the American Food Administration. The best that sympathetic Americans can do is to continue and enlarge the present admirable work of the Near East Relief."

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NAPOLEON'S ONE BIG QUALITY

Great Frenchman's Fascination Lay in His Directness, That's All, Says H. G. Wells.

The world has largely recovered from the mischief that Napoleon did; perhaps that amount of mischief had to be done by some agency; perhaps his career, or some such career, was a necessary consequence of the world's mental unpreparedness for the crisis of the revolution. But that his peculiar personality should dominate the imaginations of great numbers of people, throws a light upon factors of enduring significance in our human problem.

Marat was a far more noble, persistent, subtle and pathetic figure; Talleyrand a greater statesman and a much more amusing personality; Moreau and Hoch abler leaders of armies; his rival, Czar Alexander, as egotistical, more successful, more emotional, and with a finer imagination. Are men dazzled simply by the scale of his flounderings, by the mere vastness of his notoriety?

No doubt scale has something to do with the matter; he was a "record," the record plunger; but there is something more in it than that. There is an appeal in Napoleon to something deeper and more fundamental in human nature than mere astonishment at bigness. His very deficiencies bring out starkly certain qualities that lurk suppressed and hidden in us all. He was unhampered. He had never a gleam of religion, or affection, or the sense of duty.

Directness was his distinctive and immortalizing quality. He had no brains to waste in secondary considerations. He flung his armies across Europe straight at their mark, there never were such marches before; he fought to win; when he struck, he struck with all his might. And what he wanted, he wanted simply and completely and got—if he could.

There lies his fascination.—From "The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells.

HOTEL MEN NOT ALL BAD

Wayne B. Wheeler Tells Good Story to Prove the Truth of Assertion He Makes.

Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon league said in San Francisco:

"I think we're unjust to hotel men as a rule. We are too ready to accuse them of robbery. As a matter of fact, they are a very fine lot.

"I once knew an engineer who was traveling in Nevada. He had a good deal of money with him, and one night he put up at a very primitive hotel in the wilds. The landlord of this hotel looked like a brigand, and the engineer could hardly sleep for fear.

"Nothing, however, happened, and the next morning he set off with a relieved heart. The mountain trail was a lonely one, and on toward noon, in a wild and desolate spot, three desperadoes fell on him, emptied his valise and pockets, and made off.

"The engineer was convinced that the landlord was at the bottom of this holdup. Accordingly he turned back to notify the authorities. But he had only gone a mile or so when he met a mounted messenger, who handed him a small packet. Pinned to the packet was a note from the villainous landlord that said:

"'I inclose your pocketbook containing $850, which you left under your pillow last night. Please send receipt by bearer.'"

Have You Euphoria?

It takes a doctor to give a high-sounding name to a well-known phenomenon. "Euphoria" means "feeling fit." It is as much a physiological fact as scarlet fever.

Nature makes it worth while to be alive simply through euphoria. The joy of making a good tennis stroke, the delight that a woodsman gets in the open air, the artist's rhapsody—all are due to euphoria. Why do we drink alcohol—when we can get it—or smoke tobacco? To effect euphoria. When a lunatic thinks that he is Napoleon and demands the homage due an emperor, he has euphoria in its worst form.

Too little is known about euphoria. Since it can be effected by drugs and chemicals, who knows but it may have its seat in some gland?—Popular Science Monthly.

Aerial Photography in Sales.

Aerial photography has entered the real estate field. Now, if you wish to buy a suburban residence, a downtown property or a country house, you can go to a broker's office and examine, probably with a reading glass, a most interesting and detailed aerial photograph of the neighborhood that you have in mind. The aerial picture very quickly brings the customer to a decision, either, to see the property or to look elsewhere. It saves time and the expense of long and often futile trips.—Youth's Companion.

Plan to Keep the Raisin Busy.

There is an unprecedented demand for raisins at the present time because of their use in the manufacture of home brews, but it is anticipated that this will be changed in the course of a few years because the interest in the preparations will decline and in view of that the Agricultural department is at work in discovering new uses for raisins so that the industry will not be wrecked. When the raisin-growers' product shows signs of a drop the government will step in with some valuable suggestions for its continuance.

To Whitney Warren, a well-known American architect who has given himself whole-heartedly to the cause of the allies, comes the flattering offer of the task of restoring the beautiful buildings of the University of Louvain, which were destroyed in 1914. If he accepts the appointment he can doubtless find many rich Americans who would like to contribute to this great work of reconstruction.

MAN GIVES UP TO SEE MOTHER

Absconding Postmaster Surrenders After Two Years of Dodging Officers.

IS CHANGED BY INJURY

Dual Personality Results From Automobile Accident, Man Claims—Fear of Capture Haunted Him for Months.

Chicago.—On Halloween in 1916 a recklessly driven automobile crashed into a telephone pole on a highway near Falls Creek, Pa., hurling three joy riders to the pavement. One of the trio was Joseph A. McGrath, 24 years old, a law student.

Shortly after the accident, McGrath told federal officials recently, he developed a dual personality. There were days when he was normal, in possession of all his faculties. There were days of splitting headaches, when time seemed to pass in a haze. He worked to save when he was normal. At other times he was a spendthrift.

A Good Job—and Trouble.

When the war began he tried to enlist, but the examining physician refused to pass him. "Psycho-something," the doctor said.

The home folks pitied McGrath. Somebody thought of the postoffice. He was made postmaster. For a time he prospered. He had only his mother to support; she was the only girl he wished, he said. Then he began to have trouble. On the days when his mind seemed in a haze his accounts were usually short.

In September, 1918, an inspector found something was wrong with the books. He told McGrath he would call again. When he arrived McGrath was gone. So was $1,000.

A few days ago McGrath, emaciated, beard a month old, eyes sunken and furtive, stopped "Al," the elevator man at the federal building and asked for a deputy marshal. He was sent away. Three times he returned before he was permitted to go to the eighth floor, where he surrendered to Deputy Marshal Tom Smith.

"The federal people in Falls Creek want me," he explained. "I was postmaster there two years ago. I was short in my accounts."

The deputy marshal took him to the back room, bought a dinner.

"I never have seen my mother since the day I left," said McGrath. "I



Asked for a Deputy Marshal.

didn't dare to write home. I haven't heard a word.

"I Want to See My Mother."

"I haven't dared to get a good job. I have worked hard at what I could find, but I couldn't get ahead.

"I'd work in one place until I could not stand the down and outers any longer; then I'd move. I became a wanderer. Fear of capture haunted me. I wanted to live with real people again and most of all I wanted to see my mother. But all the time I was afraid.

"Yesterday I got to thinking. I didn't know whether mother was alive or dead. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I'm here."

REUNITED AFTER 45 YEARS

Sisters Meet in Minneapolis First Time Since Leaving Home as Girls.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Reunion of two sisters who had not seen each other for 45 years, when they were young girls together in their father's home in Green Bay, Wis., took place when Mrs. J. R. Flynn of Rapid River, Mich., met her sister, Mrs. Pete Sorrell of St. Paul, in the home of Mrs. Flynn's daughter, Mrs. J. M. Carlton, 515 Twenty-Seventh street west.

Mrs. Flynn is the mother of ten children, and Mrs. Sorrell is the mother of a family of nine. The reunion for Mrs. Flynn was not only one with her sister, but also with her sister's children, whom she had not seen.

After the sisters were married, at early ages, their ways never happened to meet. Wrapped up in the interests of their new families, they stayed apart for 45 years, while their respective families grew to maturity.

Mabel and Myrtle.

Representative Dawson, the anti-suffrage leader, said at a luncheon:

"Woman's place is the home. When she starts out to imitate man she is absurd.

"Mabel was a new woman. She said to Myrtle one afternoon:

"'We'll make a night of it. Come to the Ratz with me and we'll have a fellowship dinner.'

LOOK OLDER THAN LONDON"

Many American Cities Suggest Age and Permanence, Says E. V. Lucas, Visitor From Europe.

Looking back on it all, I realize that America never struck me as a new country, although its inhabitants often seemed to be a new people, writes E. V. Lucas in the Outlook. The cities are more mature than the citizens. New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington—all have an air of permanence and age. The buildings, even when most fantastic, suggest indigenousness or at least stability; nor would the presence of more ancient structures increase this effect.

To the eye of the ordinary Englishman, accustomed to work in what we call the city, in Fleet street, in the Strand, in Piccadilly or in Oxford street, New York would not appear to be a younger place than London, and Boston might easily strike him as older. Nor is London more than a little older, except in spots, such as the Tower, and the Temple and the Abbey and that little Tudor row in Holborn, all separated by vast tracts of modernity.

Indeed, I would almost go further and say that London sets up an illusion of being newer even than New York, by reason of its more disturbing street traffic both in the roads and on the footways, and the prevalence of the gayly colored omnibus which thunders along so many thoroughfares, in notable contrast to the sedate and sober vehicles that serve Fifth avenue and are hardly seen elsewhere.

LEARNED SECRET OF INDIANS

Boy's Chance Discovery Revealed How Aborigines Constructed Their Bone Arrow Heads.

Cushing, an eminent authority in matters pertaining to the Indians, has told us how, as a boy, he learned the way Indians made their flint arrow heads.

He had unearthed a beautiful harpoon of bone. He had a toothbrush with him, and the bone handle of this he chopped off and ground down on a piece of sandstone to make a harpoon of his own; but he could not grind such clean-cut barbs as those of the relic.

The boy then took his flint-scales and chips and set to work with them. The flint cut the bones away, but left the work rough. Then accidentally he made a discovery, for no sooner had he begun to rub the bone transversely on the flint than the bone cut the flint away. Not jaggedly, as his hammer-stone would have chipped it, but in long, continuously narrow surface furrows wherever the edge was caught in the bone at a certain angle.

He never finished that harpoon. He turned it about and used it as an arrow cutter, by tying it to a little rod of wood with a shoestring. He had found out how the Indians made arrow heads.

One Against the Archbishop.

In his book, "Our Family Affairs," Mr. E. F. Benson, the English novelist, tells of a joke he played on his father, the archbishop of Canterbury.

The archbishop was a loving but exacting parent, although he sometimes nodded. He certainly did so one hot Sunday afternoon when Mr. Benson was deputed to read the life of St. Francis to him and the assembled family in the garden.

The tranquillity of the listeners became after a while so remarkable that the reader decided to test it by giving them a senseless jumble of lines selected at haphazard from different pages of the volume. No one stirred till the cessation of his voice caused the primate of England to open his eyes.

"Wonderful!" he said. "Is that the end, Fred?"

"Yes, that's all!" said Fred.

"Money? Pouf!"

"I don't know how much Sarah Bernhardt got for her recent farewell performances in London, but I don't suppose it was much less than the £1,000 a night she was paid when she last appeared at a West end music hall. The divine Sarah has made and spent more fortunes than any other woman, one of her American tours realizing £50,000.

But she cares nothing about money. 'My earnings during my career?' she says. "Nothing. Nothing, I say. It comes, it goes. I keep no account. Could I not spend money, I would not earn it. Money is to spend. I detest accounts. I don't bother. I have enough. I never calculate. I can't calculate. Oh, bother the money!"—London Tit-Bits.

United States King Celebrates.

Mike Fogel, "King" of Moorea island, who at one time was a San Francisco musician, recently gave an elaborate banquet and hula hula dance to all of his native subjects in celebration of the first anniversary of the beginning of his reign. Fogel became "king" when he married Tanta Mata, native "queen" of the island, whose husband died when influenza swept the Society islands. At the banquet Fogel served native foods cooked in European style. The natives, who never before tasted foods cooked other than in the time-worn manner, enjoyed the banquet immensely. Ten oil cans and four ancient hollow drums furnished "music" for the dancing, in which 200 girls took part. The dance lasted until daybreak.

It is said British ex-service men are finding it hard to secure jobs. So short is the memory of a grateful public that forgets the time when it hailed every service man as a hero, says Baltimore American. Perhaps instead of honoring the private soldier by burying one of them in Westminster abbey, the rank and file would be better satisfied to have recognition given the living in the way of adequate employment.

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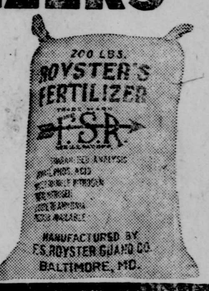
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