

THE
NEW NEAR EAST

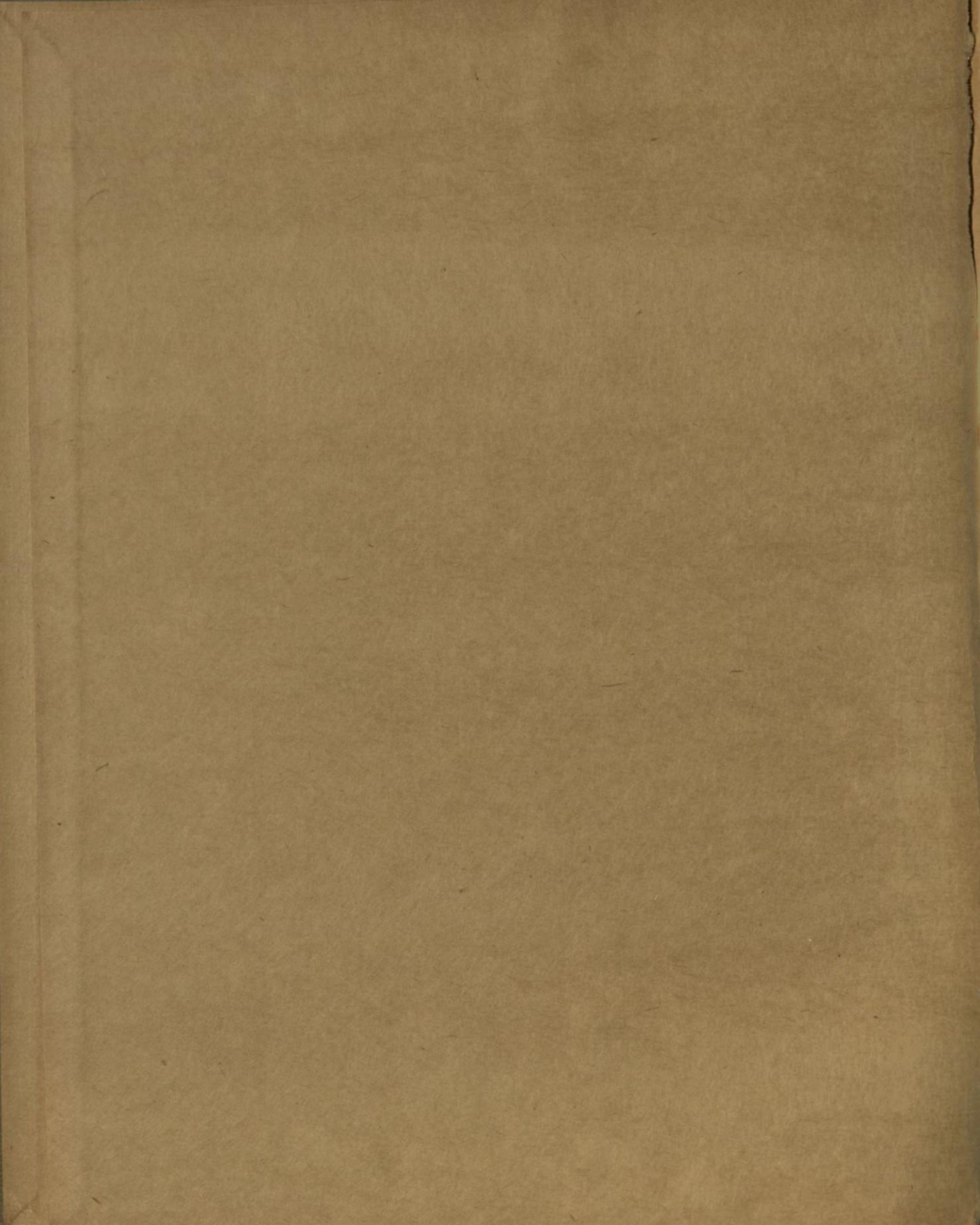
MARCH - DECEMBER 1921

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The NEW NEAR EAST

Published by the
NEAR EAST RELIEF

MARCH 1921

1 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK, N.Y.



The Way of the Cross in Armenia



Easter Week in Jerusalem. An Armenian refugee girl having a picture of the Resurrection tattooed on her arm

The NEW NEAR EAST

EDITORIAL BOARD

Charles V. Vickrey A. Estelle Paddock William E. Doughty Florence Allen McMahon, *Editor*

VOL. VI

MARCH 1921

No. VI

A Lenten Call, 1921

ARMENIA CALLS!

The oldest Christian Nation in the world!

The nation that has given more martyrs to the Christian faith than all others combined!

A nation in exile!

Deported from home and homeland in 1915, and still in 1921, two years after the armistice, unable to return home, hundreds of thousands of Armenians, again ejected from their temporary abodes, must accept the fare and fate of refugees.

ASSYRIA CALLS!

The ancient Chaldean Church!

The nation that has suffered more and lost more, size considered, than any other nation in the Great War. Repeatedly decimated, harried, banished, the Assyrians have no prospect of return to their ancestral homes now seized and occupied by Moslem enemies.

SYRIA CALLS!

From the mountains of Lebanon, whence came the timbers of the Temple, thousands of

orphaned, Christian children, mutely plead for life and an opportunity to become the Christian leaders of the New Near East, ready to forgive and forget the atrocities committed upon their parents.

ALL ASIA CALLS!

From Jerusalem and the Holy Land, where Jesus commanded: "Let the little ones come unto me and forbid them not," from Cilicia, the birthplace of Paul, from Phrygia, Capadocia, and throughout all Asia, the CALL of the martyrs comes to modern Christendom to practice as well as to preach the precepts of the New Testament and to follow in the succession of the Great Founder of the Christian Church and of the Apostles of the early centuries, who in these very cities went about "ministering to the necessity of the saints" and "carrying relief to the brethren."

A CALL TO ALL!

During the sacrificial days of Lent of 1921 can we expect to have His Spirit abiding in us if we follow not in the paths of self-sacrificing ministry which He trod?

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Armenia in the Schools

ONE of the most earnest members of the headquarters staff of Near East Relief in New York came into her office one morning recently. As she was looking over her morning's mail, a stenographer came to her desk and said, "Miss Pashayan, the minute I got home last night my little brother flew to me and told me he had just heard about some little children that had no school to go to and nothing but rags to wear, and that they had so little to eat they'd be glad of the crusts he *will not* eat. I asked him where these little children lived and he said, 'Why, Sis, just think, they live over near where Noah landed his Ark on Mt. Ararat. And they need things to eat. Well, I'm just going to help them,' he said. 'I'll give 'em my 'lowance till Easter. All the kids are going to do something.' So I knew you had been at work, Miss Pashayan."

Yes, Miss Pashayan had been at work. An Armenian herself, it is easy for her to tell simply, so that her message may be understood equally by grown-ups and children, how desperately her people need the help and sympathy of all Christian people, big and little, throughout the world. It is because of this ability that to her has been given the task of seeing that American school children come to know how they can help the needy little ones in the Near East.

Miss Pashayan's work is in its babyhood. Until last fall her activities were confined to New York City. She proved so successful in this field that the larger one was turned over to her and she is busy proving that no matter where the field, nor what its size, results are equally effective. In seven states and in seven cities in other states the work is being carried

on with the endorsement of the boards of education. In eight more states the schools have been responsive pending endorsement. It is interesting to see in cold figures just what these children have done.

The children of New York City have given \$32,000.

The children of Philadelphia have given \$27,000.

The children of Pittsburgh have given \$22,000.

The children of St. Louis have given \$10,000.

The children of Washington have given \$10,544.

The children of Berkeley, Cal., have given \$9,000.



Miss Elizabeth Pashayan

We have space to print only a few of the larger cities, but in proportion these results have been duplicated in towns and villages all over the country.

This work with the children is very human and personal. Miss Pashayan says, "Children are our most generous and genuine givers and our best publicity agents. Give them a definite plan and they are with us to the last drop of their young enthusiasm.

And their efforts beget efforts.

"Twenty-five children in a little school in Connecticut brought in \$2.52. The teacher was so pleased that she matched this amount.

"Children in Marinette, Wis., placed their pennies and their dimes and their quarters in small cradles placed in each school.

"One little school in a village in the great north woods of Wisconsin, where the population is less than 1,000, contributed \$100.

"The State Superintendent of Schools of North Carolina appointed February 25 as Armenian Day all through the State.

"So the work goes," says Miss Pashayan, "accomplished more by the desire to help on the part of the little children than by my own efforts. On behalf of my people, I have a great gratitude toward the little people of America."

The Story of a Ring

"TO Near East Relief: I am an invalid, shut in, and wish to send this ring as a gift. Will you sell it, and give the money, whatever it may bring? There are some who would want the ring, but God has, in answer to prayer, made known to me where to give this—it was to 'the Near East Relief.'"

This note was enclosed with a diamond solitaire ring, worth \$150 to \$200, in a tiny envelope inside a little blue bag which was folded within a religious journal, wrapped in brown paper and brought by a young woman

into the office of the Near East Relief in Washington, D. C.

Sheer romance, in a brown paper parcel! The elements of the romance can only be approximated, but this we know, they did not lack suffering and sorrow and, without doubt, sacrifice.

Someone will want this ring. The one who will want it most will be one who not only appreciates a bit of pure romance, but whose heart will be touched with the suspected sacrifice. Because of this the note is going to be given to whoever purchases the ring.

Journeys of a Jacket

THE Boston train rumbled into the railway station at Portland, Maine. Four quaint figures descended from the train. These people were broad of build, swarthy-skinned and dark-haired; they were young, yet about them hung an atmosphere of tragedy, and their clothes, while whole and warm, were a curious mixture of the conventional west and the picturesque east.

They went into the station and stood waiting. They were not curious about their surroundings, nor were they disturbed by the hustle and bustle of this American terminus. Their life in their far-off home country had been so full of horror that new experiences failed to move them and recently they had been so buffeted about in the course of their long journey that it would take a place far more impressive than an American railway station to rouse their curiosity.

So they stood stoically waiting.

Soon a young man entered the station, looked about him for a moment and then, with a pleased ejaculation, came quickly forward and greeted his four cousins from the Near East. The last to return



the warm welcome of Nathan Asdourian, was a young girl, who was a little shy of her smart American relative. Since their last meeting life had smiled upon him and made him happy, but for her the years had held every imaginable horror. This trip to America was the first thing with a promise of happiness that had come to her since their last meeting.

But Asdourian knew how to dispel that shyness. He clasped her hand and with glad words he made her know that her hope for her American future would be fulfilled. She smiled. He stepped back to view the effect of his assurances. His eye wandered over her simply clad figure. Suddenly he laughed outright. Her smile quavered.

"It's all right, cousin," he said. "It's just the jacket. My jacket. It's one that I sent with a bundle of clothing to Near East Relief over a year ago. See, I'll prove it to you."

And, turning back the flap of the pocket, he showed her his initials inside.

This sad Armenian mother, her baby the progeny of an enemy race, is depending, as are others, on us



Beneficiaries Turned Benefactors

NOT long ago, in fact quite in the present, a certain group of Kaffir folks came to know Christianity and to understand Christian ideals and aims.

Just how they came to know of the needs of their Christian brothers in the Near East, we are not quite certain, but come to know of them they did, and in the spirit of their new enlightenment they sent to Near East Relief a contribution of money to buy food for the hungry people of Armenia.

This money lost none of its value in travel, nor did the kindness that inspired the act drop any of its richness by the roadside. Rather, the remote thought and its practical spokesman bear a quality of picturesqueness that intensifies their value and usefulness.

J. D. Mbengo-Nyangi, minister of Inde-

pendent Church, East Bank Location, East London, South Africa, sends us the accompanying photograph. His congregation numbers 250. The men in the photograph are those of his congregation that he could coax to overcome their superstitions sufficiently to face the camera. The first two rows are red Kaffirs, those who paint themselves with red ochre and go about the village in a nude state. Those in the background, in coats and even a few collars, were no more civilized than their brothers and sisters two years ago.

But whatever the state of their civilization, the binding note of Christian charity is in their hearts, and there are those who would otherwise have starved in the Near East who can think of them with a thought as linking as charity—that thought is gratitude.

Tonic for the Soul

FOR your body's good you would be willing to go without a meal, would you not? Would you be willing to do the same for the good of your soul?

"Pooh," you'll say, "how can anything so material as a dinner affect the soul?"

Near East Relief has a quick answer for that, but before giving it we'll tell you a story.

The students of Manchester College, one of the colleges of the Church of the Brethren, North Manchester, Indiana, are, most of them, quite poor. Many of them are working their way through college. As they work to obtain their education they are not forgetful of the many of the earth's children who, work as they may, not only fail to get an education, but lack even bread to eat.

So as they work to nourish their minds they put what they can aside to feed hungry mouths in many corners of the earth.

Already they have given generously to various relief appeals—to the China Fund and to the European Relief appeal—so when it

came to the needy ones of the Near East, they were aghast. They could not give to one and neglect another. So they said, "Well, we don't *have* to eat every mealtime. One day each week for a month we'll go without our noonday meal and the cost of that meal we'll give to Near East Relief." All the students dining in the college commons said this, so did the faculty who lived on the campus and so did the president.

And do you think the sum they saved and turned in to Near East Relief by going without their dinners had no effect on the soul? No, you must admit that such an act of service is the soul's best tonic.

And spring, right now, is tonic-taking time!

Gifts From Empty Hands

THOSE rich with worldly things can give with ease. Yet it often happens that these very people are so busy with worldly contacts, their complicated routine of living and their enormous obligations, that some forget how easy it would be each time they open their check books to sign checks in payment for their huge necessities and their soon-forgotten luxuries, to sign one check to buy flour and milk for starving people, or woolen clothes for those who shiver in war-stripped countries.

Those who have lived life close to the road of bare necessity, those who have seen the effect of malnutrition on young and old, those who have felt what war leaves in its wake—the needs, the desperation—these are the ones who, when their hands go into their pockets for money to pay the grocer and the rent man, smile upon a quarter and pass it along to buy bread for those who are still less able to meet the demands of meager living than themselves.

A letter has recently come in to Near East Relief headquarters in New York from the Colonel of the Recruiting Depot at Fort Thomas, Kentucky. The letter says:

"Enclosed is bill of lading for the ninth shipment of underwear and clothing contributed by the enlisted men of the army passing through Fort Thomas Recruit Depot. Since these shipments have been started to the relief of the destitute in the Near East, I have forwarded an aggregate of clothing as follows:

1226 Union Suits	139 B. V. D's.
446 Drawers	465 Hats and Caps
438 Undershirts	26 Sweaters

"All these have been voluntary contributions on the part of enlisted men who, rather than dispose of these several items for cash, have preferred sending them as their contributions to those less fortunate than themselves.

"These articles, prior to shipment, have all been laundered, caps and sweaters only excepted, at an expense of \$142.26, in order that the articles received by you could be shipped as received without the delay of unpacking, laundering, sorting and repacking.

"The recent act of Congress reducing the army, and the immediate cessation of all original enlistment, puts a stop to the source from which contributions of clothing sent you are derived. This is very much regretted. The men of Fort Thomas have been glad to have had the opportunity to help your more than worthy system of relief."

How much do you think this amount of clothing represents in A. W. L. pleasures voluntarily sacrificed by these men? Many a smoke, many a theatre could have been had for the money which the sale of these clothes would have brought them.

What could the price of a new limousine buy for thin Armenian babies? What comfort could the money spent for one new spring frock bring to a weary mother of the Near East?



Photo by the Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

The Window That Saved Lives

By Mary Jenness

HERE is the window that saved sixty lives of Armenian children in less than a week. A living poster, it remained in action till the seventy-five orphans of Concord, New Hampshire's Near East quota had all been brought inside the gate of "Concord's Generosity."

The window was planned and arranged by the Reverend Mr. Robbins Wolcott Barstow, pastor of the South Congregational Church and chairman of the Near East Relief drive for Concord, N. H. Mr. Barstow's two years' service in Mardin, Turkey, 1911-1912, included experience in relief work that has enabled him to express dramatically the difference that American generosity makes to the helpless orphans of the Near East.

To the right of the dividing wall are the forlorn little victims of war and massacre, hiding in caves, crowded under rags or lying about quite shelterless. Here and there a heap of tiny bones suggests the tragic end of many a story. The number of children outside is the number daily listed as "Waiting."

To the left are the orphans whom Concord's money has brought in to safety and comfort under the Near East Relief. They are gathered around the bountifully spread tables, or com-

ing from the Relief tents, or standing contentedly about; they are visibly plumper and happier than the lean mites outside the wall. Again, their number is significant, for it corresponds daily to the number under "Rescued."

It is "Before and After" most appealingly dramatized. It catches the eye, informs the mind, touches the heart. Slight materials carry a great message. The sandpaper desert, the oyster-cracker banquet, the seventy-five dolls from the Five-and-Ten Cent Stores—these present a momentous living story that makes Concord stop, consider, and reach for its pocketbook. Here is a moving picture, moving because day by day the rescued children disappear from the desert and reappear under the two flags. Through daily articles in both papers, Concord is invited to keep the picture moving.

Arresting, and deeply significant, "the window that saved lives" is the effective symbol of that invisible wall that stretches down the length of Turkey to-day. For half a million refugee children, that unseen barrier is the dividing line between death by starvation in the desert, and life and comfort and the chance of usefulness under the protection of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East.

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One Madison Avenue, New York

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H. C. Jaquith

Constantinople Director

H. C. JAQUITH, Assistant General Secretary of Near East Relief, has been appointed Managing Director at Constantinople, to take the place of Colonel J. P. Coombs, whose resignation becomes effective April 1.

Colonel Coombs retires after conspicuous service for two years, which is greatly appreciated by Near East Relief.

Mr. Jaquith went to the Near East first in the summer of 1919 as leader of the Sunday School Commission, which made a tour of investigation of conditions. This service gave him wide touch with the field.

In November, 1920, Mr. Jaquith, one of three delegates representing the United States, attended the International Philarmenian League

conference held in Geneva, Switzerland. Subsequently he accompanied Dr. W. W. Peet to Constantinople, where he remained for some time as headquarters representative of Near East Relief, making journeys to various parts of the field where Near East Relief is operating.

Mr. Jaquith's conspicuous executive gifts, and his wide acquaintance with all phases of our work for nearly five years, have qualified him in a very unusual way for his new position. He is familiar with all the ideals and methods of work of the organization, both at home and in the Near East, and is eminently fitted to carry out, in a most successful way, the new work to which he has been assigned.

Mr. Jaquith's many friends will rejoice in the new opportunity for service which is given him and join in wishing him the greatest success in the work ahead.

Lighten the Shadows of the Cross

A GROUP of American men and women, with Major-General Leonard Wood at their head, have formed themselves into a Lenten Sacrifice Committee and they declare that the Armenians shall be saved.

The past few years have bound the world together in a call to sacrifice. Not one nation, but all the nations of the earth have been called to sacrifice—men, money and personal comfort—for the state. The Armenians have had their share in this national giving; but above all they have been called to give their lives because they are Christian.

In Christianity's name, then, is the Lenten Sacrifice launched. The coupon book on the opposite page represents its form. Each coupon will feed one of the wards of America for a week; a page of coupons will feed a child for a month; the entire book, valued at sixty dollars, will cover a full year.

The books have been distributed to all the states and the states intend to fill out their quota of child feeding in the Near East for the fiscal year ending June 30.

The idea of the coupon book, and indeed of the Lenten Sacrifice Appeal, which gripped the imagination and won the approval of the practical state secretaries of the Near East Relief at their recent meeting in Atlantic City, must be accredited to the efficient secretary of the state of Pennsylvania, George E. Silloway, who, not content to collect and deliver forty carloads of clothing for Armenia, has raised in the state of Pennsylvania alone, \$358,000 since July first.

THE sale of the majority of the books will not be accomplished by the officers of Near East Relief; they will be sold by the thousands of friends of the Near East, who are pledged to save the children of Armenians and kindred races who have lost all but life in the terror of persecution that has followed these people so relentlessly during the past four years.

Fraternal organizations have enthusiastically enlisted their brotherhoods in the selling campaign and women's organizations, national, state and local, have pledged their membership to responsibility for the lives of thousands of

children, who, helpless, naked and alone, would perish without the aid of America.

There is no hesitation in offering to the public these coupons, for the people of our land have enough to share with the whole wide world. Our granaries are full, our warehouses are filled with surplus stock, and our country enjoys the credit of the nations. Americans will not willingly allow a child to starve; they only need to be shown how to save lives and the means are forthcoming.

THE books will be on sale in the rural districts, at creameries, canning plants and at grain elevators. Wherever men congregate, the coupon books will be ready for buyers.

The churches of America have given liberally to Near East Relief. Many of them have oversubscribed their quotas, but the members of the churches will not be content. They are enlisting as salesmen of the coupon among their friends. They cannot forget that many of these children are in Bible lands and that all of them are children of fellow Christians.

The Lenten Sacrifice Committee, headed by Major-General Wood, whom the Armenians favor as envoy from America to help solve their political and economic problems, is ready. They call to sacrifice. Not the sacrifice which the people of the Near East have known. God forbid! Who of us dare claim that we would be ready for such sacrifice? The call is for sacrifice during Lent that will keep the sacrifice of Christians of the Near East from passing unheeded in the annals of historic Christianity.

The trustees of Near East Relief have never let despair shut out the vision of a hundred thousand children looking to America for help.

From the workers in the field one never hears that they are sick of their task, that they must be released from their daily agony of soul because people are dying who might be saved.

Shall we, in the security of peace and plenty, withhold our help? No! In His Name, who died on the cross, we will, during this Lenten time, help lighten the shadow of the cross that lays dark and heavy across the hills and valleys of the Near East.

The Case for Armenia

The Armenians, our valiant Allies during the war, are in imminent danger of complete destruction. One million Armenians were deported, and eight hundred thousand massacred during the early years of the war, and those who escaped have been in constant imminent danger of death by starvation.

Armenia has undeveloped mines, lands and water power, and its people are capable of developing these resources, and under proper protection and leadership.

Previous to the war the Armenian population was one of the most cultured and economically advanced in the East.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____
 County _____
 State _____

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____
 County _____
 State _____

No. 3813 \$100
 This represents the life of one Armenian child for 6 days

No. 3813 \$100
 This represents the life of one Armenian child for 6 days

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 This represents the life of one Armenian child for 6 days

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No. 3813 \$100
 This represents the life of one Armenian child for 6 days

3813

The Life of a Child



Orphan Adoption Coupon Book

First designed and issued by G. E. Sillo-way, State Secretary for Pennsylvania

"The Half I Give"

I CANNOT sleep
 All through the night.
 Frail figures creep
 Before my sight:
 Children, children, children stare
 With sunken eyes and glassy glare:
 Stunted, starved and spiritless,
 Huddled in their helplessness.
 Go, go, sweet sleep,
 With speed of light
 Across the deep,
 Tonight! Tonight!

I cannot eat.
 At every place,
 My glances greet
 A famished face:
 Children, children, children stand
 From each stricken foreign land,
 Marking every move I make,
 Watching every bite I take,
 My bread and meat,
 Away, and race
 With death! Defeat
 Him: else, disgrace.

I cannot smile.
 For aught I try,
 I hear the while
 A bitter cry:
 Children, children, children lay
 Shorn of strength to laugh and play;
 Calling for their clothes and bread,
 Finding cold and stones instead,
 Then mile on mile,
 Like lightning fly!
 Go, bid them smile,
 For help is nigh.

I cannot spend
 Or hoard away
 My gold, or lend
 It out for pay.
 Children from across the seas,
 See me in my wealth and ease;
 How can I escape their eyes,
 Or muffle their heart-rending cries?
 God help me end
 It! Here I lay
 Half my goods. Send
 It! To-day!

—Harry Webb Farrington

Responses to the Lenten Sacrifice Appeal

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, who heads the Near East Relief Lenten Sacrifice Committee, has sent out the following telegram to representative American people:

"At the instance of the Near East Relief, the organization incorporated by Congress upon whose ministrations the very existence of the whole Armenian people, and in large measure the entire Christian population of the Near East depends, I have the honor to invite you to join me in an appeal to the generosity of the American people for a Lenten Sacrifice Offering that will enable the Near East Relief to continue its work of succoring a destitute and persecuted nation whose sufferings for the faith of Christ during sixteen centuries seem about to end in darkness."

Replies are flooding in. They already include: Henry Van Dyke, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Samuel Gompers, Rupert Hughes, William T. Manning, Mary Garden, Mrs. Medill McCormick, Alice Stone Blackwell, Newcomb Carlton, Moorefield Storey, Mrs. Philip North Moore, John M. Parker, Mrs. Edwin M. Bulkley, A. W. Mellon, Reed Smoot, Warren S. Stone, Carrie C. Catt, Goldie Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, John C. Shaffer, William C. Bobbs, Mrs. George Horace Lorimer, John Grier Hibben, John G. Milburn.

How Khoren Joined the "Big Brothers"

By Melville Chater

AS most of us know, the Big Brothers Organization of America is a kind of nation-wide club of men whose aim is to befriend any boy who needs guidance or counsel. Now, my friend, Khoren, though he is but a fourteen-year-old Armenian boy of Asiatic Turkey, and has never even heard of the Big Brothers, certainly deserves a membership in that organization. Here is his story, which will tell you why I think so:

I ran across Khoren at Mezireh, a Turkish town lying at the base of the mountain-peak on which stands the city of Harpoot. He lives in an orphanage containing some thirty Armenian boys and just one Armenian girl. Why, you ask, should a girl be living at a boys' orphanage? Well, this is just the point of the story.

Scattered over the plain from which rises this peak of the Taurus mountains, are many similar orphanages which contain in all some five thousand children. A great number of fathers and mothers were massacred by the Turks in the second year of the Great War, and these orphanages were started throughout the Near East by the American people for the purpose of saving the multitudes of boys and girls who would otherwise have starved to death.

KHOREN is a well-built, keen-eyed boy who smiles brightly as he tells you his unusual story. He wears the coarse, gray clothes which are commonly worn in the Near East Relief's orphanages. His bed is but a mattress on the floor. Sometimes his dinner consists of bread and soup, sometimes of bread and vegetables. In 1915

Khoren lived with his parents at Palu, a town built on top of a high rock overlooking the Euphrates River. Khoren had no brothers or sisters, but in the next house there lived an Armenian girl, named Araxie, of his own age. Neither had Araxie any brothers or sisters, and so the two became playmates, and often explored together the ruins of the ancient castle that stands on top of Palu, or launched rafts on the shallow waters of the Euphrates.

ONE evening when Khoren drove his father's sheep home from grazing, he found the house empty, the door flung open, the furniture tossed about, as if some kind of struggle had taken place. Where was his father and mother? The boy's heart stood still with fear. He ran to the next house, hoping for some news, but found only Araxie stretched on the mud-floor, sobbing. She told him of the terrible thing that had happened. Their parents, together with all the Armenian men and women of the town, had been marched off by Turkish soldiers into exile at Aleppo, two hundred and fifty miles away. Araxie had gone, that day, on an errand to the next village, and had returned, like Khoren, to find an empty house. In all Palu there remained only very old people and a few children.

"We will start off to-morrow morning and catch up with them," said Khoren, putting on a brave face for the girl's sake. "Don't cry, Araxie. I'll be your big brother until you've found your people again."

But that night the Kurds — wild people from the neighboring hills — entered the town, robbed the houses, and carried



"There remained only very old people and a few children"

off the remaining boys and girls. Khoren and Araxie were seized by a big, black-bearded Kurd and taken to his mud house, high up in the Taurus Mountains, to be used as slaves. Khoren was made to tend his master's flocks, while Araxie ground the corn in a stone mill, or carried water from the fountain. They were kept apart from each other; were forbidden to speak their native tongue, and were made to pray daily to the Kurdish god, Allah. The months went by, and meanwhile all chance of finding their exiled parents had vanished forever.

After a year with the Kurds, Khoren determined to escape, but he had no intention of leaving Araxie behind. One evening he edged cautiously up to her and whispered in Armenian: "Don't go to sleep to-night. When the moon stands just over the big pine-tree on the hill, tiptoe downstairs where I will be waiting for you." Araxie nodded, her eyes brightening. She guessed what Khoren was planning to do.

"WHAT are you brats whispering about there?" suddenly growled the big, black-bearded Kurd, rousing from his nap by the fireside.

"Nothing, master," stammered Khoren, "I was only saying—saying something about the sheep."

Khoren's sleeping-place was on the mud-floor at one end of the house, while Araxie also slept on the floor, but at quite the other end of the house, with the Kurd's two wives. This arrangement of reserving one wing of a house for the men of the family, and the other for the women, is a custom which is found everywhere in Turkey.

As Khoren lay under his sheepskin coverlet



Chums!

that night, he was fearful enough for the success of his scheme. The Kurd might overtake the run-aways on horseback, and what were they to do for food during the long journey that lay before them? Of course, Khoren did not know where he and Araxie were going; he only hoped to find some Armenian village whose people would take care of them.

PRESENTLY, through the hole in the wall which served as a window, Khoren saw the moon rising over the pinetop, and knew that at the other end of the house Araxie would be making her escape. He stood up in the ragged clothes which he had not taken off that night, then threw the sheepskin over his shoulders and tiptoed past the

great, sleeping figure of his Kurdish master. He climbed down the ladder to the ground floor, turned the ponderous door key, and stole out of doors. Half an hour passed, but Araxie did not appear. Had she fallen asleep after all?

Khoren went around to the other end of the house, and there he saw Araxie's face high overhead at the window's empty hole. Evidently she was trying to tell him something, but he could not make out what it was. Now, there was a massive grape-vine which clung to the house wall, and up this Khoren climbed until he was near enough to Araxie to help her through the window and down to the ground.

"I couldn't get out by the door," she whispered, "because one of the wives was sleeping against it. And look here!" She showed Khoren a parcel, wrapped in cloth, containing bits of bread and cheese, some raisins and dried olives—the food which she had contrived to save, day after day, hoping that the opportunity of escape might come. The sheepskin and these

morsels of food were all they had with which to set out on their journey into the unknown.

For two weeks they wandered across that vast, wild Asiatic land where there are no rail-ways, where towns lie a hundred and fifty miles apart, and where there are always mountains on either hand of the rough and stony roads. By night they slept on the ground beneath their sheepskin. By day they trudged onward, bare-foot, at first keeping a mile or so away from the road, for fear of pursuit. They drank at fountains along the wayside and when their scanty provisions gave out they begged for bread at the tiny mud villages through which they passed. Sometimes these were Kurdish vil-lages, and then they hurried past the savage-faced inhabitants, fearful of again being taken as slaves. Sometimes the villages were Ar-menian, and then Khoren would ask if the Palu exiles had passed that way. "Yes" would be the answer, "but many were dying of starva-tion, and already many had been killed by the Turkish soldiers. That was a year ago, and none of them has ever come back this way."

In fact, whatever the fate of Khoren's and Araxie's parents may have been nothing has ever been heard of them to this day.

"Never mind," he would say to her, swallow-ing the great lump that would rise in his throat, "you will be my little sister, and I will be your big brother and look after you always."

AFTER ten days on the road Araxie's feet were cut and bleeding, and finally she dropped on the ground, declaring she could go no farther. Now, though Khoren was only eleven years old, he was big and strong for his age. He picked up Araxie, set her astride of his shoulders, and went on for three days more. The road led him over the mountains and down into a plain, at the farther end of which he could see the white mosques and the red roof of Mezere. Staggering under his burden, he drew near the city gates, then set Araxie down while he washed his cut feet at a nearby brook. Just then a boy of his own age, clad in rough gray clothes, came up and began to speak in Khoren's native tongue. He lived nearby, he said, in an orphanage which the Near East Re-lief had started for Armenian boys. "I will go

there," said Khoren. "But will the Americans take girls, too?"

"Yes," said the other, "but the girls' or-phanage is in another town, some miles away."

"**D**ON'T take me there, Khoren!" pleaded Araxie, "I want to go wherever you go."

Khoren was puzzled as to what to do. He and Araxie had shared their sheepskin, their bits of food, their sorrows and their adventures for so long now that he almost felt as if he were really her big brother.

"That's all right," added their informant, re-assuringly, "so long as you are brother and sister, the Americans will let you stay in the same orphanage." And at that, for all his tired-ness and his cut feet, Khoren had just enough fun left in him to give Araxie a grin and a wink.

"Leave it to me, *sister* Araxie," he said, "I know what to do!"

Half an hour later he stood, hand in hand with Araxie, telling his story to a lady inside the American orphanage. "I'm her big brother," he explained, "Won't you please let us two stay here together?"

And so it came to pass that Khoren and Araxie lived at the Boys' Orphanage at Mezere for two years without anyone ever suspecting that they were not brother and sister. Then Khoren fell ill, and during the delirium of his fever he shouted out the truth of the secret—that the two were not related at all. The head of the orphanage heard of this, and one day, when Khoren was recovering, she told him what he had revealed and asked him if it were true. Suddenly Khoren sat up in bed.

"Have you sent her away?" he cried, "You see, neither of us had any relatives left, and so I—I pretended to be her big brother. Oh, please bring her back!"

The orphanage-head smiled. "Come in!" she called. The door of the bedroom opened; Araxie entered and stood beside Khoren's bed. "No, I'm not going to send either of you away," said the orphanage-head, taking both their hands in hers, "For you've been truly a Big Brother to her, Khoren, and I'm proud of you!"

So there is the story of the Armenian boy who, as I say, well deserves a membership in the Big Brothers Organization of America.



Eleanor's Penny

Little Eleanor Lydon brought into the
NEAR EAST RELIEF

1218 Little Building, Boston,
225 pennies

"for the Poor Little Armenian Orphans"

She gave all she had!

This is one of the pennies.

What will you do with it?

Will you match your dollars with Eleanor's pennies?

32

mother killed, his little brother thrown into the river, and his sister carried off into slavery. Terrified he had run away, but he was captured by a Turk, from whom, later, he escaped. For days he wandered in the cold, without food or shelter. At last he came to Harpoot, and when Miss Yacobson found him he said, "Oh, Mother, I have heard of you. Won't you let me stay with you?" Miss Yacobson had to refuse him admittance to the already full orphanage.

A day or two later she saw

WHEN you were a little child didn't you ever start a snowball rolling? First it was a tiny thing and you kicked it along rather indolently with your foot. Then you became interested in the fact that it was growing and you bent with some effort to push it about. It got bigger and bigger and eventually you were having to exert every ounce of your strength to budge it at all, but you were so pleased with your, and the ball's, achievement that you kept on and on, and finally, in the corner of the back lot it stood, a monument to your effort.

Little Eleanor Lydon followed the rules of the snowball game with a penny. She kept it so active that it attracted two hundred and twenty-four other pennies.

What started little Miss Eleanor rolling her penny? It was this story:

During the awful days of the war Miss Maria Yacobson, of Harpoot, became "Mother" to thousands of orphan children. One day in the street she found a little boy who told her he had seen his father and

in the street what looked like a bundle of rags. Something peculiar about it made her investigate. It was the boy. He was dead.

If there had been enough money rolled up to provide more buildings for the orphans in Harpoot, that boy would probably be living today.

Won't you play the snowball with your dollars, as little Eleanor did with her pennies, and roll them along until, in the Near East somewhere, a group of happy, healthy little folks will stand as a monument to your effort?

"She hath done what she could"

THINGS YOU COULD DO WITH THIS PENNY

1. You could auction it off at some public place.
2. You could show it to some wealthy friend and let it be bought. Perhaps your friend would give it back to you to be used again.
3. You could let it adopt an orphan by passing it around until you had received \$180. for it, which would feed, clothe and educate an Armenian orphan for one year. Or you could get one of our \$60.00 bond books where each bond is sold for \$1.00 (each dollar supporting a life for six days).
4. After you had raised all the money possible in your community or among your friends, you could decide what you will do with Eleanor's penny: either to keep it as a souvenir, or to let it earn more money, or to send it back to us to be used again, as you may choose.

Send money to Near East Relief, 1218 Little Building, Boston, Mass.

WILBURBUDS

TWENTY cups of water to one can of condensed milk! With all the resource that can be mustered by Near East Relief workers, backed by all that the American people wish to do for the babies of the Near East, this diluted fare is sometimes the best that can be had to nourish little bodies that have been tortured by a diet of grass and dirt and the leaves stripped from trees.

Imagine then the value of the gift of ten barrels of cocoa. Such a gift has come to Near East Relief from H. O. Wilbur & Sons, of Philadelphia, and we have the promise of a carload of Horlick's Malted Milk. With such gifts relief work can really accomplish what it set out to do—keep life and plant hope in the Christian people of the Near East.

A telegram from Constantinople says:

"We can use hundred tons corn, two thousand tons flour, two thousand tons rice, five hundred tons beans."

You see the necessity for gifts in barrels and carloads!

Corn is a new food for little Vartan. He gets it canned or dried. He would undoubtedly register astonishment if he could see Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces munching sweet corn from the cob. But if he himself could eat it that way, what picturesque adjectives might he add to his "shad avor" (very good), which

is what he says about the canned and dried article.

Rice and beans are the common diet for the little Armenian child, when rice and beans are to be had. Then there is "etmek." "Etmek" is unleavened bread, possessing all the nutriment which a baby *should not have*, according to Western standards. However, at three months, as he lays on his back, so that the back of his head may have a flattened appearance, and with his body tightly bound, so that he may grow straight, Vartan chews "etmek."

Drawn by
Maud Tousey
Fangel



Seeds of Growth and Hope

AN anonymous writer has asked us WHY peaceful nations keep on aiding the oppressed of the Near East, while the enemies of the Near East are allowed to go on destroying and persecuting. This writer says, "Never can real relief come until the root of the trouble be overcome," and wonders why Turks, Germans and Bolsheviks are not made to pay penalties and why they are not *forced* to furnish seeds to cultivate the ground for the people whom they have strived to destroy.

The matter of the Turks, the Germans and the Bolsheviks is out of our jurisdiction. While we may wish, with our correspondent, that war would cease and peace be over all the world, the politics of the thing is quite beyond us, and unfortunately it is the politics of the thing that



determines both war and peace.

Our duty is to serve. In the wake of war we can bring relief. Occasionally, where war is threatened we may help avert too terrible disaster. Once in a great while, with war a possibility, the opportunity comes to touch hearts with a plea in humanity's name. But our big job is to teach hope in spite of war.

If we cannot immediately reform the world we may help revive the spirit of people until, perhaps, it may become so formidable that the enemy may be convinced of the uselessness of oppression.

Seeds for the ground from the hands of their enemies are not so important to an oppressed people as are the seeds of new hope for a future emancipation from the hands of those who love and sympathize with them.

Flashes Out of the Darkness

OPTIMISM born of the spirit and nurtured by the will! This is the example that is being set by Near East Relief workers at Marash. Facing possible civil war and complete isolation from the outside world, those undaunted enthusiasts in Marash find heart to send out messages so cheerful that they would shame, did they not inspire. They run thus:

"We have a new rumor every minute, but remain calm and peaceful and busy. Days are one grand rush to accomplish the duties that we each have, to say nothing of the surprise packages of work that turn up every few hours.

"The sad thing now is that we have only one more tin of kerosene, and rumor says there are no more caravans to bring more in. We have one box of candles and are usually weary

enough to turn in early and are up at six-thirty anyhow. But we do enjoy slipping up to our rooms after supper and peacefully enjoying our own lamplight, and we hope for kerosene to appear from somewhere when ours is gone.

"We are a very contented family. We are stone broke and have little hope of selling drafts, but we're too busy to worry about it.

"Sounds as though things were doing in and around Urfa, and also that Aleppo might be a trifle busy. But life goes on merrily in Marash, though for how long none of us can be sure."

They are not quite sure of things in Marash, except of one thing, and that is that whatever they have to face—civil war, isolation or any other terrible emergency—that thing will be faced with cheerfulness and courage.

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422 Citizens Bk. Bldg.,
P. O. Box 15,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- CANADA**
Armenian Relief Fund Ass'n,
99 Dundas St., East,
Toronto, Canada.

Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to nearest State Office.



He gave Himself for Mankind
Millions of Armenians have given themselves for Him
What will You give for Them?

The NEW NEAR EAST

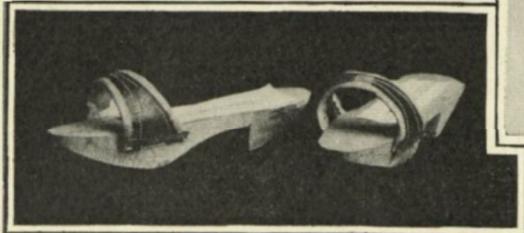
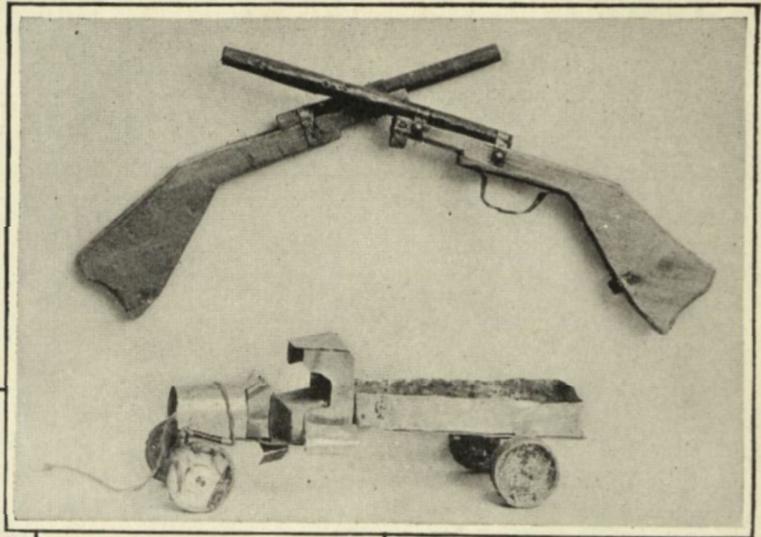
Published by the
NEAR EAST RELIEF

APRIL 1921

1 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK, N.Y.



THE little boy of the Near East claims kinship with boys the world over. With a desire for something in his heart, he will fashion from almost nothing the thing that he covets. From tin cans and bits of wood the Near East orphan boys have made these toys. It is significant that they should be guns (reminiscent of war) and a model of a Near East Relief truck (the carrier of things dear to the boy—food and warm clothes).

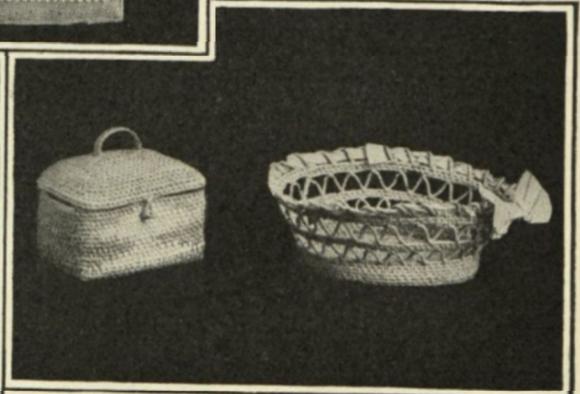


Shoes with heels neither French nor Cuban—they are Armenian. Difficult as they look to walk in, many of these shoes went over the long roads on the feet of fleeing refugees in the Near East.

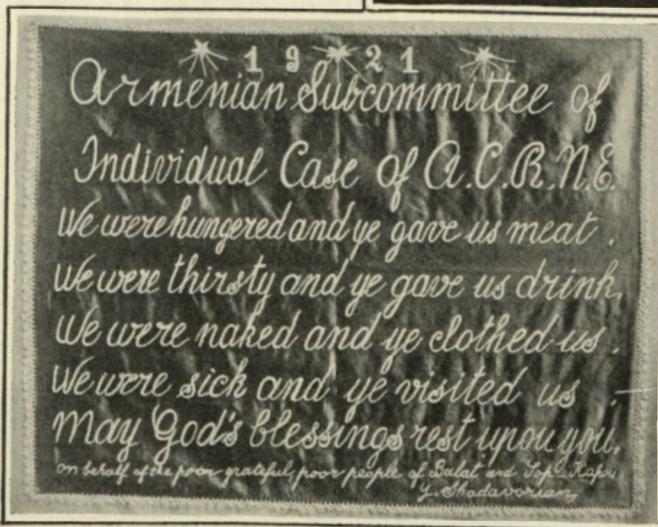


In the abandoned German barracks at Derindje sand bags strewn the floors. Near East school children have embroidered and fashioned them into school bags.

Baskets made by two little girls in the tuberculosis hospital, Constantinople.



A tribute and a sacrifice. Constantinople's poorest people, scrimping to pay for the satin and gold lace, made this banner as a New Year's gift for Near East Relief workers.



The NEW NEAR EAST

EDITORIAL BOARD

Charles V. Vickrey A. Estelle Paddock William E. Doughty Florence Allen McMahon, *Editor*

VOL. VI

APRIL, 1921

No. VII

A Message to Our Friends

LAST month THE NEW NEAR EAST came out in changed form. We hope you like it and that its increased attractiveness may win more readers and deeper interest in our cause and bring larger resources for the relief of suffering and the enrichment of life.

Not the least of the attractions of the magazine to us here in the national office is that it costs considerably less than in the other form, thus releasing more money for the work overseas.

We believe that the magazine is indispensable as a means of carrying the message of Near East Relief to our friends, and our desire is to make it as inspiring and helpful as possible.

IT was most appropriate that the initial number should carry on the first page an appeal for a sacrifice offering for the children of tragedy and sorrow, who have lived in the midst of suffering prolonged almost beyond human endurance.

This second number is issued on the threshold of the sixth spring since this relief work began. Let us hope there will be no more winters like the six that have gone, but that now at last the processes of rebirth and rebuilding may go on

apace and new life may come to the places of desolation and death.

Over one hundred thousand persons receive this magazine each month. Practically all are contributors to Near East Relief, partners in the mighty task of rebuilding the world. If all who receive the magazine would also volunteer to get others to give—to serve and get others to serve—how tremendous would be the result!

VOLUNTEER service is essential to the life of every philanthropic organization. Near East Relief appeals to you, not only to continue giving your money but to multiply the usefulness of this magazine by using the materials in it for addresses, by retelling the thrilling stories of heroism here recorded, by repeating these human interest tales in the family circle, in the group of friends or in public meetings, until thousands of hearts are moved with compassion and the stream of gifts goes forth like a river to gladden and refresh lands that sorely need the best that America can give.

The spring is a time of hope. It surely is a joy to know that in multitudes of hearts in the Near East there is life and courage to go on because of what the readers of this magazine have done during these years.

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The "Leg-Stretching" Station at Proti

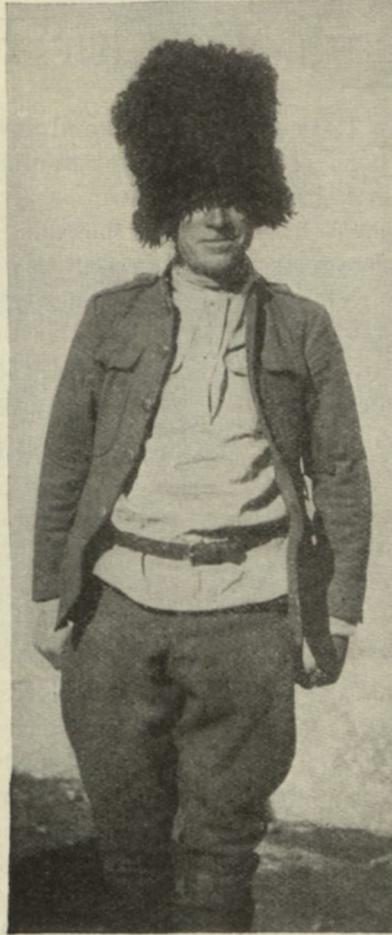
PROTI is silent and deserted. The last of the Russian refugees has departed, the last worker of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the N. E. R. is back in Constantinople and the final load of Near East supplies has been withdrawn on an American chaser. Twenty young Russian mothers, with their first babies (some of them born on refugee ships) were the last to go. They were loathe to leave the little island of Proti, that had sheltered them so comfortably after their harrowing experiences in Soviet-ridden Russia and the two or three weeks spent on ships so crowded that many could not even sit on the decks but had to maintain an upright position for days.

PROTI, "the leg-stretching station," as it was called, filled a real want. Refugees streamed from the ships to "stretch their legs" along the beach; those who stopped to spend a night had a "leg stretch," indeed, for they had to climb a long, rocky mile, to the old monastery. The monastery, a huge, empty building, could house a thousand, and on mild nights as many more could sleep in the enclosed court.

Proti, in a way, was just a clearing house for Russian refugees pouring into Constantinople, and comparatively few who stopped there stayed for any length of time.

Conditions were difficult. Fresh water at the monastery soon gave out; sea water for bathing had to be carried up the hill; firewood was a rarity, though three donkeys devoted their days to the task of hauling it in. No delouser

was available, and refugee boats remaining only a day or two allowed no time for sulphur fumigation, so the usual program of "thoroughgoingness" had to be abandoned for an inevitable "do-the-best-you-can," though every possible precaution was taken with the hospital cases.



The Cossack cook who married the mother of the little baby who had no father, all on the Island of Proti

MUCH practical work was actually accomplished in spite of difficulties. The sick were segregated and put into hospitals; every refugee was fed two rations a day of soup and bread; shelter was given while boats were cleaned and fumigated; each child received a hot bath and clean underwear, extra rations of cocoa and a parting gift of sweet chocolate; babies were given milk; nearly every woman received a hot bath and some new underwear; some of the officers and men received hot or cold baths and the particularly needy were given underwear.

Tired Russian mothers and their tiny new babies were sheltered in an old Turkish house on the side of the hill overlooking the Sea of Marmora. For the first time in many weeks these mothers knew the comfort of beds and warm blankets.

One lovely baby was born in the monastery itself. The widowed mother and the tiny infant made a picture at once tragic and fascinating and a thing happened that turned

this little drama into a romance with a smile in it. This young mother captivated the fancy of the Cossack cook and they were married. The little child, incidentally, was named "Monasteria."

From a Swiss Point of View

THE following paragraphs are translated extracts from a letter written in French by Mlle. J. Riedinger, a Swiss Missionary in Turkey:

"I want to tell you very simply what I saw during my brief stay in Turkey among the Armenians, those much discussed and criticized people.

"After the armistice the unhappy remnant of this people had no longer a peaceful hearth or family circle. During my four weeks' sojourn at Constantinople I frequently saw hundreds of old women, with their worn, thin, sorrowful faces, waiting for a garment, bread, milk, money, advice, work, in brief, all that they could hope for in life, from the American relief workers. Near them were seated, silent and sad, the young girls who had escaped from Turkish homes, in the hope of finding their friends and relatives. It was hard and difficult work for the Americans, who were occupied with these unfortunate people. The confusion was such that one could hardly force a passage through the crowd of sick people that littered the court.

"I have seen these people huddled in houses, girls and boys of all ages together. I have seen them in tents around Derindje. I have seen them at Konia and on the road to Oulou Kishla, sad and worn, returning in long caravans from exile. I could hardly believe that these people had once possessed homes and lived happy, useful lives. Scared, dirty, covered with vermin, they were seated or standing on their ox-carts or plodding along the road, old men, women, children, not mem-

bers of the same family, but clinging together as to the last friends they possessed in the world.

"Into Sivas they streamed like animals at bay, in the complete extremity of their need. When one gave them help they accepted with joy, but often a man or woman was heard to say, 'We would prefer to work to earn what you are giving us; have you no work for us?' And one could read in their faces the agony it meant to be turned away.

"From Sivas I reached Samsoun after a difficult journey of eight days. Samsoun was much overcrowded; refugees

from the interior lived among the ruins. Water was one of the chief difficulties and people would often have to wait hours in line to fill their pitchers at the well. Living was very expensive, as there was fighting all around and the roads were closed to traffic. Being in Kemalist territory, it was entirely cut off from Constantinople and we could get no money, which made us very much embarrassed. The Amer-

ican relief workers were also hard pressed, but they had laid in provisions for the winter, and when they came to know our distress they shared, without charge, their stores with us.

"On my last night in Samsoun I went to walk with some young Armenian girls on the Heights. We went, as we often did, to assure ourselves that our protectors, the battleships,



Three pitiful members of a starving family of ten, Derindje



Outside the palace gates at Derindje, where in Empress Eugenie once stayed, a refugee woman set up her primitive loom

were still moored before Samsoun. Already on the hill was a small group of Armenian people, who were there for the same reason as ourselves. These refugees gathered around me. They asked me if I could tell them when they could return to their homes. I had not the heart to give them the answer that an English

captain had given them—"You have waited six centuries, you can surely wait a few years longer to be free." Night fell on the sea and on the hill as I talked with them. All was silence and darkness. Where were they to look for light or hope or the vision of liberty ahead?"

Must You Take a Cab?

YOU are spending the evening at the theatre. The play has progressed well into the second act. The hero has just proclaimed his love and the heroine, an entrancing picture on the vine-clad porch, is about to respond to his professions in her shy inimitable manner. You are enthralled. Now tell us, honestly, do you think your enjoyment of the piquant situation would be any less keen if, instead of coming to the theatre in a cab, you had come in the street car or astride "shanks mare?" Not a bit!

You are attending an alumnae dinner. Charlie Smith, who used to edit the college paper in the good old days and who is now a successful novelist, is telling alternately of hair-breadth escapes in Thibet and side-splitting incidents of a canal-boat cruise on the Zuider Zee. The dinner has been good; so many of the fellows came, the table is wreathed with animated faces; the room is filled with an atmosphere of good-fellowship. Now tell us,

honestly, would your enjoyment of Charlie Smith's stories or your fraternal contacts be less sincere if, instead of the simple, unadorned room, the table were strewn with daffodils, chandeliers draped in bunting? Not a bit!

On the contrary—there is not a pleasure that you might plan which would not bring you a greater measure of enjoyment if you set aside a small part of its cost to relieve a suffering brother or make happy a prematurely aged and saddened little child.

Twenty men, comprising Phi Kappa Psi fraternity of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., have contributed Seventy-five Dollars to Near East Relief. This sum of money represents the cost of cabs and decorations, with which they would have embroidered the evening of their annual good time. It is rumored that "a good time was had by all," in spite of these deprivations. It is our opinion the evening was even pleasanter because of them.

Help Load Up the Camel!

IN Marash there are six schools of Near East Relief. In each school there are two hundred and fifty to five hundred pupils. These children have no slates. Miss McIntyre, Superintendent of Schools in Marash, writes, her pen dipped in modesty it appears to us:

"Please, if possible, send us two hundred slates. That will give us thirty-five for each school." Thirty-five slates divided between two hundred and fifty or five hundred children will give these eager little ones scarcely a fair chance with their readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic.

Come, help load up the camel! These young ones of the Near East want to emulate their American brothers. We do not stint our own. The best is none too good for American schools.

Let us see that the school caravan of Near East Relief carries as rich a store as do the school supply trucks of our own schools.

These workers and children deserve all we can do for them. See how cheerfully they make shift with what they have. Miss McIntyre says:

"We have had blackboards painted on the walls, but the paint is just black dye. However, it is quite satisfactory. If there is any kindergarten stuff lying around, do put it on the back of the camel. We have no school books! My manual training classes of boys spend their time cleaning up the premises, and the domestic science class is scrubbing the floor. But we are all happy, and when there are no books we work."

From Near East Doorways

“**W**ITH Autumn comes the crop of orphans.” Miss Graffam, Near East Relief worker at Sivas, turned with this remark to Melville Chater as they stood one morning in the hospital doorway watching ten children come in through the compound gate. These children had come forty miles, shivering in their rags, their footwear of native socks worn through by their long tramp. They were given a bath, orphanage clothes and a square meal, and became transformed from tiny, gaunt specters to something more nearly like human beings.

Mr. Chater answered her remark with a query. “Why is it that children choose the chilly beginnings of the Anatolia winter as the time to escape from Turkish homes?”

HIS question was idly asked. He knew the answer. They do not run away; they are turned out. The summer work is done, the crops are in and little remains to do for some months. Hence, rather than feed the Armenian child or children who have been working for him, the Turk tells them to find a home elsewhere. Out they go, as homeless as they are parentless. During the weary walk from town to town they

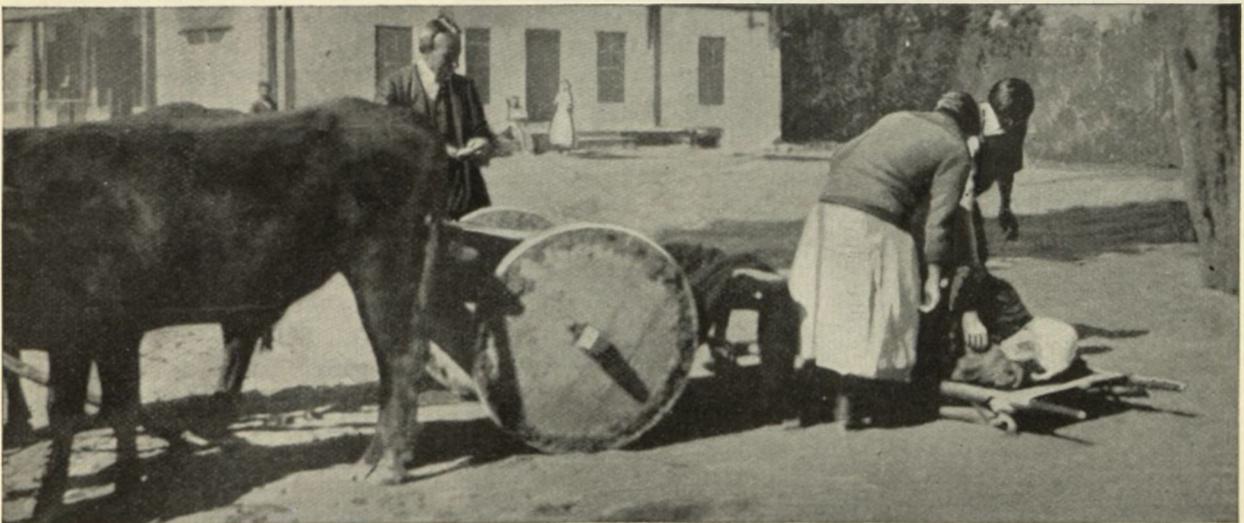
meet, join forces, and it is usually in a body that they present themselves at some American orphanage.

Mr. Chater says that his eyes have seen many complete stories from the doorways of the Near East. Half a day in a compound gateway, watching the hospital cases arrive, would give an active mind material for a thick volume of poignant drama.

THERE is, of course, the regular procession of children with trachoma. One by one they pass the American nurse, kneel down, receive a squirt from the nurse’s syringe and take themselves off with eyes seemingly full of tears, but themselves full of good humor.

More harrowing than these little children are the people who have traveled long distances to reach the American hospital. It is usually in the big, solid-wheeled, jolting ox-cart of the poor that they arrive, suffering from all sorts of painful conditions — gunshot, gall-stones, fractured bones, etc. Over the rough roads they come, sometimes fifty or a hundred miles.

One day from his watching-place in the Sivas compound Mr. Chater witnessed the arrival of one of these ox-carts. A woman was lying



Fifty miles over mountain roads in an ox-cart, an expectant mother has journeyed to the American hospital at Sivas

prone on the cart, which her husband had guided fifty miles over mountainous roads. Her unborn child had been two days dead when they reached Sivas, but her life was saved.

This was just an incident of the day in the doctorless land of Anatolia. "Doctorless" is said advisedly, for most of the native physicians are away serving in the Kemalist army.

Art in the Orphanage

QUITE a few years ago an American writer wrote a story about a poet so aesthetic that his highest conception of artistic decoration was "a single daisy against a background of nothing at all."

Not many of us can hope to reach this pure plane; most of us are teased by a sense of decoration so imperfect, according to this poet's ideas, that it would give him nervous prostration to contemplate what most of us do to the spaces over which we have artistic jurisdiction. However, no human can escape the desire to furbish up his home place.

The little Near Easter cannot escape this desire. His setting, the typical Near East Relief orphanage, is almost simple enough to satisfy our poet friend. A ceiling, four walls and a floor, made of brown mud; one small, high-up window, usually unglazed; sleeping pallets, eighteen inches apart—that's all. Not

exactly a background of "nothing at all," but certainly a neutral field for decoration.

With glee, then, the Near East youngster hangs up his works of art. Side by side with American real estate advertisements are those of English rolling mills, American collars and canneries, Swiss milk chocolate, French soups. Only let them bear a legend—"The Flavor Lasts" or "It Fits Well Around the Neck"—and the effect is thought to be superb.

Oh, for an avalanche of good magazines from which could be cut prints that at least would not be stamped with some sordid demand upon a degenerate taste, or a shipment of simple pictures that have served for a time upon the walls of homes where good taste is not a stranger. Many a Near East worker has wished for some such gift while watching the pitiful efforts of her little charges to bring something of color into their practical surroundings.

Scouts in the Near East



THE Y. W. C. A. is cooperating with the Near East Relief in starting recreational and girl scout work in the Arnaoutkey Armenian Girls' Orphanage, Constantinople. It is hoped that the work will extend to the other girls' orphanages. Last spring the Boy Scout movement was begun in the boys' orphanages and it has been very successful. Up to this time, however, little has been done for the girls in the way of recreation, and there is a great need for games, music, exercises and drills to brighten the monotony or orphanage life. Feminine Armenia must grow up as sturdy and strong as its brothers.

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A Graphic

WITH a knowledge charged with the poetry of fact, State Director Handsaker of Oregon talks to the Oregon Sunday School Superintendents with the following poignant pen-pictures:

"It was cold in Portland last night.

"One Portland Sunday School superintendent kept the fires in his home burning all night; another came down early this morning to build a fire that his children might dress in comfort.

"Portland children brought appetites sharpened by the frosty air to hearty breakfasts.

"It is cold in Armenia this morning.

"The roads between Kars and Alexandropol are frozen and snow-covered, so that the

refugees cannot secure even the roots and grass upon which they formerly lived."

Flowers of speech are wasted in the face of the eloquence of truth. Mr. Handsaker, with rare perception, appreciates the value of simple, direct appeal.

Woof, Woof!

COUNCIL GROVE, KAN. One of the most successful coyote round-ups featured in this county was conducted Saturday, netting seven large wolves. The drive covered thirty-six sections, centered about Rosedale Schoolhouse, three miles south of Delavan, and was participated in by hundreds of farmers and sportsmen from western Morris and east Dickerman counties. The wolves were sold at auction, bringing \$25, which is to go to the Near East Relief fund.—From *Topeka (Kansas) Capital*.

The Directors' Dinner

"Planters Savings Bank
Chatham, Virginia.

Mr. Oliver J. Sands,
Near East Relief Fund,
Richmond, Va.

DEAR SIR:

We are enclosing you our check for \$25 which our directors were to have spent on a dinner for our stockholders, but called it in, and are enclosing this to you to be used to feed the starving.

Yours truly,

(Signed) O. S. B. YEATTS, *Cashier.*"

Pennsylvania Returns

PENNSYLVANIA really raised more money than was reported on page 10 of the March issue. Mr. Silloway, the state director, reports \$110,000 on deposit in Pennsylvania state banks on that date in addition to the amount received by the national treasurer, and that up to March 18 the cash receipts amounted to \$630,000. Including the credits for clothing, the total receipts for the state up to date exceed a million dollars.

I Have a Little Child

By E. A. WATSON HYDE.

I have a little child! I, who have sorrowed
That life's chief blessing should have passed me by,
Suddenly, out of the blue of God's clear heaven,
I heard its cry.

Tuned to distress, my heart
stood still, awaiting
Her who should soothe the
babe to laugh instead.
But some one said, "We have
no power to soothe it,
And she is dead!

"Besides the mother-hunger
it is starving
For milk to nourish it, for
bread to eat.
Cold are its little limbs, so
thinly covered;
Bare are its feet.

"Barren the land since war
swept through and round it,
Empty the granaries till next
year's prime,
And the Grim Reaper gathers
his rich harvest
Before his time."

It cries for bread? My table
here is laden.
Here's milk and bread—take
this, and this, and this!
And pay? Ah, no, save on
some glad tomorrow,
Its feet to kiss.

And if 'tis given me, through
God's great bounty,
To thwart that Reaper for a
little space,
To clothe the limbs, to bring
back smiles and color
To the wan face,



May I not feel—though it be
poor pretending—
A little of that mother-love
divine,
And think, as tears once more
give place to laughter,
The child is mine?

What matters it that one has
missed the heaven
Of small head lying on one's
breast?
Of slender body at one's tired
knee leaning,
One's hand caressed?

Is it not much that he shall
grow to manhood
Who else were numbered with
the war's pale dead,
Simply because from plenteous
store I offered
Of milk and bread?

To know that there is saved
for great tomorrows
A man who may stand firm
for truth and right,
May be the one to lead a
groping people
Toward the light?

Somewhere in distant lands
a child is happy,
And growing happier with
its every breath,
My child, whom, through
God's gracious bounty,
I saved from death.



In the winter of their lives, now made happy by Near East Relief, three old women sit on a veranda and busily pick wool

An Orphan On Orphans

IF into the mind ever creeps a doubt of the need of our work or the appreciation of those for whom we labor, assurance can be had from at least one man in the Near East who understands our aims and ideals. In the following quaint and earnest phraseology, Dr. H. M. Hadidian, of Beirut, has expressed himself in the most unique document that has come to our notice in a long time:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Will you excuse me if I annoy you for a few minutes with my poor English? But as my words are springing out of my heart they may be understood alright.

"I have lost my father when four years old, and though not grown up in an orphanage (boarding), I know every experience and every feeling of an orphan.

"The orphan is more *sensitive* than any other child with parents, more sensitive to sorrow, equally to joy, to reward or to punishment.

The orphan is more *envious* and more *ambitious* to become a man. The orphan is a survivor through hunger and thirst, through sufferings and calamities, through hardships and struggle. Therefore an orphan is more fit to live, it presents the best soil to be cultivated, the best subject to be trained and disciplined.

"I AM a father, therefore I know what it is to be a father. I have worried and spent sleepless nights for taking care of my six months' old baby during its sickness. I am thinking and thinking. I am working and working hard for preparing for my children a bright and prosperous future.

"Every father desires and wants and does his best, even if he is poor, illiterate, weak or sick, in order that his children become skilful, industrious men, artists, men of fortune, men of profession, good men, gentlemen, men!

"And there are among the orphans many who are brighter, stronger, more intelligent and more diligent than our children.

"I have heard some authorities say that the children grown up in an orphanage lack something in their character. That may be true, but what can be the cause? For my part, it is because the orphanages have been very far from being a family, it is because they have not had true fathers and mothers.

"We are very glad to believe strongly that we have got the *papas* and *mamas* for our orphanages.

"We are fed, we are cared for, we are helped and we are supported, and thanks for all. But we want to enjoy the privilege of giving, of helping, of supporting. How and when can we have it?

"We want leaders, true leaders, able to guide us through the chaos where we are found.

"But how and when can we have them?

"**F**IND the only true way of salvation in giving our children that training and that discipline which are those of the noble nations who are caring for us. We want our children be cherished and nourished by, and digesting and assimilating and making their own the essential elements of the character of those nations, and this will be the best help for our nation.

"Now I come, in the name of the Armenian National Union to express our high appreciation and deep gratitude for all that has been done for our orphans specially and for our nation in general. We have to do it every day and every hour. But if we have been negligent, may we not be excused because every individual

of the nation is drunken and dizzy with the same bitter cup, and because some of them are shaken in their faith in so many things—these had formed their sacred creeds for centuries.

"Is not the world shaken in its foundation?

"**W**HO will not appreciate the worthy sons of the noble nations, who, leaving their rest, their family, their fortune behind, have come across the seas to share the same sufferings, anxieties, and sometimes the same death?

"Who can deny the noble deeds of the worthy son of the 'Angel of Aintab' who is still standing on the barricade and fighting the injustice and tyranny, still feeding the hungry, inspiring the fallen, curing the sick and the wounded?

"Who cannot see the kind and hard efforts of the noble ladies who have already labored for us for years, and yet they are not tired?

"Who would not appreciate the very hard experiences of our old director who has led his children through fire and shells?

"Who couldn't admire the young gentlemen who have faced all the difficulties of transportation and reorganization, seeing them driving a car, climbing a roof, going down a well?

"Many things around us already remind us of the gentle lady who has just left us.

"We express our deep gratitude to the honorable president of N. E. R. of Beirut and to all those who surround him in thinking and working day and night for our orphans and nation.

"We welcome heartily the new *papa* and *mama* (Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Dodge) of the orphanage.

"And we bow humbly before the noble and mighty nations who have given birth to N. E. R."



Driven, harried, homeless, the Near East refugee picturesquely makes a shelter where he can and out of whatever material he may find

The Jumble in Constantinople

CARIS MILLS, Near East Relief worker in Constantinople, buys many newspapers in the course of a day. She has not time to read them all, but she cannot resist the pathetic appeal of the refined-looking men and women who stand hopelessly on the street corners of Constantinople with the papers offered mutely for sale.

Why are they there, the refined-looking men and women? They are there because there is no place else in the world for them to go. If there were, it would do them little good—they have no money for transportation. Indeed, they have no money for anything. Sometimes, if luck is with them and enough Caris Millses pass their corner in the course of the day, there will be enough money for food and a bed; usually they are grateful if there is enough for either the food or the bed; but oftener than not there is not enough for either. Then, what do they do? No one knows. No, that should be modified. The relief workers come to know often of these really destitute cases and are able to help many of them, though ingenuity and resources are often taxed to the utmost.

Miss Mills was stopped one day on the street by a Russian baron. He was in the full uniform of the Russian Royal Brigade, minus his sword, which he had sold to buy his dinner the previous night. He asked for work, but what could a Russian baron do, who knew nothing but how to fight and command a regiment?

FARTHER on Miss Mills was stopped by a Russian woman who had a ring for sale. She had no money. Living with her was an English woman who had married a Russian. She had no money and wanted to sell her daughter's riding habit.



A group of young Armenian girls in a Near East Relief compound

The orphanages are full; work is found, if possible, for boys of any size at all. There are orphan boys who are "batmen" for British officers; there are diminutive messenger boys; one little fellow was set up by the relief workers as a bootblack and all the workers are having as many "shines" a week as their pocket-books will allow.

ONE thin little fellow had trudged from the interior to Constantinople to find his uncle. The uncle was dead. An Armenian kept him for a time, but as the man was trying to support his five children on one lira, twenty-five piasters a day, it was impossible to feed the extra mouth. The boy found his way to the relief orphanage. The orphanage was full. But it developed, we can't help adding, fortunately, that the boy had trachoma and so he was re-

ceived into the Trachoma Hospital on the Bosphorus. There is no doubt but that he will gladly undergo the painful trachoma treatment for the sake of his shelter.

Mr. Patovitch, of the Near East Relief supply department in Constantinople, lives in two rooms with his sister. These people are highly cultured Russians and owned large estates before the war. They are now sharing their tiny home with sixteen Russian friends, refugees, who have nowhere to turn, except to Mr. Patovitch and his sister, for shelter.

It is pitiful, the whole situation of the Russian refugees in Constantinople. It is nothing to see these people, who before the war knew every comfort, out on the street trying to sell perhaps the last of their most intimate possessions to buy food. A highly intelligent man on a street corner, with his underclothes over his arm, offering them for sale to some understanding passerby, is a picture that might move us either to tears or laughter, but with which the dweller in Constantinople today is too familiar to comment upon.

The Tired Little Hamal

ON the sleeping-porch for tubercular patients, I ran across a case,—one of those products of the deportations which still drift into Near East Relief hospitals—which left me heartsick.

Gray blankets covered the child completely from head to foot, so that indeed you might not have guessed there was anyone in the bed at all, so thin, so emaciated was she. The chart informed me that she was Hunazant Kevorkian, fifteen years old, of Paloo, a nearby town, the diagnosis—creeping paralysis.

Except for an uncle in America, by name Merscob Fushdian, and one ten-year-old brother who is a slave in a Turkish home, she has no one. Her mother died before the deportations and her father was killed at that time. The little girl, then ten years old, was seized by a Turk and used by him for a hamal, a porter, a little dray-animal, for five years. She wore on her back the hamal's saddle, whereon she carried loads of wood and the tall wicker baskets which the farmer brims with fifty or sixty pounds of fruit or vegetables. That was her daily burden, over the hills and to the Harpoot bazaar. Her shoes wore out in the course of this daily trudging and were not replaced by her Turkish master. She did not even have what horses and pack-asses have—shoes. Horses and pack-asses cost gold liras, Armenian children cost nothing in 1915.

After a year, the little dray-animal began to stagger under her loads. Sometimes she fainted, and would have to rest for hours, during her climb up Harpoot hill. Instead of half a day, the round trip would take her until eve-

ing, when she would be beaten for having loitered on the way. Sores appeared on her back, where the saddle rested; these turned to ulcers.

One morning she could not get up from the mat on which she slept. Her master stirred her with his heavy foot, but she only lay there, looking at him with strange, puzzled eyes. For though she had seen his foot touch her, she could feel nothing. The Turk did not know what paralysis was, but he saw one thing plainly enough, that it would be stupid to waste food on one who could no longer work. Next morning the Near East Relief nurse found her lying on the hospital steps. She had been left there, just as railroad hands will shunt a worn-out locomotive off the track of its daily run and into the junk-heap.

"She will live about ten days more," said the nurse, "and I hope the end will come even sooner, for she suffers a great deal, notwithstanding that half the spine is paralyzed."

I cannot describe, cannot convey to you the look on that little brown face, nearing its last sleep. Long sufferings had effaced all suggestion of childhood and had stamped thereon a great sweetness, a great wistfulness, and a premature womanhood. So sweet, so grave, she might have been a Madonna of Sorrows. Yet she was nothing but a little dray-animal, long an alien to all earthly affection. Hopeless suffering had been the Via Crucis where her face had caught that gleam of divinity. One could most truly say of her that which, long ago, was said of all children—of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.—*Melville Chater.*

Even Those Who Serve God

IN the Near East, where tragedies, linked like chains, weigh down a pitiful, struggling humanity till it is too weary to rise, it has come to be that one can expect clemency for no one. Even those who serve God—who speak from His house and minister to His children—are not immune.

One day, into the office of Rev. James P. McNaughton in Constantinople, there came a man. He entered hesitatingly. From his battered fez to a nondescript pair of shoes, he was covered with rags. Mr. McNaughton wondered how he had the temerity to carry his rags into his office, but remembering the pertinacity of the Oriental beggar, was not surprised that he had eluded the guard at the door.

Upon being asked his business he replied, "Do you not know me? I am the preacher from Kara Aghadj."

Mr. McNaughton's consternation was complete. He and his wife had been the guests of this man a few years before, when he was an enthusiastic preacher, clothed in garments suitable to his office, and ministering to the people in a little mountain village. He told Mr. McNaughton this story:

"FOUR years ago we were driven from our village with brutal cruelty. Mothers with babes in their arms and expectant mothers, and old men and women dragged weary feet across plains, under a burning sky, and over mountains where at night the cold was intense. Release from suffering came only when the angel

of death cast over some of our little band her protecting wing.

"An order had been given by the Government that the Protestants should not be molested, a concession intended to please America—as if Americans would make any such discrimination! This order, however, was suppressed until we were hundreds of miles from

home. One hundred and forty of us found our way back to our mountain village. Our homes were in ruins; everything had been stolen, but we were so thankful to escape that at once we began life again.



Behind a mask of dumb endurance, a soul has fought and died, yet fought again

"AS we had no animals to plow the fields, nor grain to sow, we were obliged to engage our Turkish neighbors, who put in the grain that they themselves supplied, on condition that half the crop would be theirs. Since that time we have continued to borrow wheat from the Turks, but now

they refuse us. My congregation has sent me to plead their cause. The winter, which is most severe in our mountains, will leave few of our people alive unless we can find food."

It is needless to say that the man of God, who had so suffered with his people, was given fresh clothing, and he carried back into his mountain village immediate relief for their distress and assurance that everything would be done that could be done to help their future.

Some time after the visit of the preacher of Kara Aghadj, there came into Mr. McNaughton's office a fine-looking, intelligent woman,

with tragedy engraved in the deep lines of her face. She told Mr. McNaughton a story of stark horror.

"My husband was pastor in Mezere," she said. "We and our five children were driven into exile with thousands of others. Not far from our city my husband and eighteen-year-old son were separated from us and cruelly massacred. With my neighbors, mostly women and children—the men having met the same fate as my husband—I was driven across the

country to Aleppo. Three of my children died of starvation. With my only remaining child I have come here, the city of my girlhood, to begin life again, a widow."

This noble woman has no home. She cannot return to the scene of her husband's labors, but in her solitude she has returned to a place of old associations, hoping to find a few exiles like herself whom she knew in distant happy years, and with whom she can pick up the threads of a new life.

"Tom Sawyer" in the Near East

IN a natural cave at the base of Mt. Argæus a little Armenian boy lay asleep. He was ragged and hungry and tired. Life was not very generous to him, but she could not rob him of blessed sleep. Indeed, because of her treatment of him it was barely possible that soon he would be sleeping the sleep from which she could not possibly wake him, no matter with whatever pangs of hunger or cold she might experiment upon him.

But he was not to have *that* sleep—not yet.

A boy from the nearby Near East Relief orphanage was prowling, boy fashion, in the neighborhood of Mt. Argæus looking for adventure. Into the cave he went. He found the boy.

He knew from his own experience, not yet comfortably distant, that this boy needed attention. He knew that he needed the protection of the orphanage. He also knew that the orphanage was crowded and that the

order had gone around to cut down expenses.

What could be done?

After a few words with the boy, whom he had wakened, he ran home to the orphanage, had a talk with the other boys there, and, after hearing his story, it was decided that they, orphans of Near East Relief, would adopt the little orphan of the cave and pay his way in the orphanage.

There began a great hustle and bustle of work. Wonderful pictures were drawn in colored crayon, one of a Holy Family group, copied from some reproduction of a stained-glass window; mysterious things were made in the carpenter-shop and with needle and cloth. Finally everything was ready and a bazaar was announced, the boys' hastily made product was put on sale and fifteen dollars were raised.

Then the little cave boy was brought into the orphanage and made the proud ward of his great-hearted brothers.

The Growth of \$1.25

A MAN drove 110 miles to keep an appointment with some farmers. The little community to which he went was fifty miles from the railroad, thirty-seven miles from any town. He talked to the farmers about Near East Relief and the farmers gave him \$1.25 to help the thousands and thousands of homeless people in that far-off, war-ridden country. The man, who was State Director for Near East Relief in Maryland, held up that \$1.25 for a whole hour while he told the farmers more about the good that their money could do.

Then those farmers came forward, each man with his hand in his pocket, clutching the money that he had wrung from the soil last summer, and those men stripped from their little rolls money that they'd planned to spend on some new farm tool, gingham for frocks for the little girls, skates for the boy, a muff for the wife, and when State Director Pellegrin drove back to the city he had in *his* pocket \$970.90 for the babies, the mothers and the old men and women of the land where Christianity was born.

Only One of Thousands

NOORILHIDA, naked, abandoned, her thin little legs with their enlarged joints supporting perilously a torso distorted by a scavenged diet too awful to contemplate, her emaciated little face made beautiful by her soul-filled eyes—*poor* little Noorilhida, *immortal* little Noorilhida, dead at five, yet having fulfilled a mission in life that would do honor to an active adult of a hundred and five!

Noorilhida's influence perhaps has helped to clothe more Armenian children than any other human being, tiny or grown. She traveled by photograph all over the United States and, by photograph, was an irresistible magnet. No one could refuse the demands she mutely made. Noorilhida's photograph said to all who saw it, "I am only one of thousands, Give! Give! Give!"

And people gave. The people of Pennsylvania gave to the tune of forty carloads of clothing in seven months. The people of other states responded in similar fashion. Little Noorilhida, from whatever exalted plane she may be watching, knows that a long lifetime of verbal eloquence could never have accomplished so much.

LENGTH of life is not so important as the richness of doing. The comfort of having is not so important as the glory of giving.

Side by side with the naked mites of the Near East are those clothed in patches. There are garments in the possession of Near East Relief in this country, that have been sent to us so that we might see, that are so patched there is

not a fragment of cloth left that can be recognized as the original garment. These garments look as if their owners had spent their lives looking for bits of cloth and as soon as one was found it was sewed on the last place that had broken through.

Over there when spring comes there is no thought of "how many gowns shall I have this season?" There is even no thought of "shall I have one new gown this season?" If there is energy left after the search for food and a place of shelter and there comes a minute to think of clothes, the thought is probably one of relief that spring has come and the need for new patches is not quite so pressing.



"No one could refuse the demands she mutely made"

SPRING is here again, and with it comes Noorilhida's relentless perennial appeal.

Noorilhida so inspired a woman of fine energy and high endeavor that this woman feels impelled to devote the rest of her life helping the people of the little child who, for too short a time, was her protege.

Captain Anna Fisher, putting the orphanage in Damascus in order, found this tiny human being on her doorstep. She was very dirty; she was woefully thin; she was sick with tuberculosis of the bone and other things. It was evident she had been kicked. She told in her baby Arabic that her brother, a silk worker, had kicked her out of his house; he could not be bothered with her.

She had heard that little children were cared for tenderly in the Near East orphanage. How

a four-year old intelligence (this is the age she claimed) could not only comprehend the meaning of this but had the initiative to take her there, is beyond conjecture. The inference is that the child had the precocity with which only those with great missions in life are endowed. That she had superior intelligence was later proved. She came into the orphanage prattling baby Arabic. During the five months that Captain Fisher had her, she picked up a smattering of English, French and Armenian.

During that time she so improved in health that Captain Fisher felt there was a real hope of her complete recovery eventually. She was of an unusually sweet

disposition and was beloved by all who came in contact with her. Her nature had refinements that made one feel she had been well born, yet she had been seen begging, professionally, with other children before she made her appearance at the orphanage.

Captain Fisher had adopted her, intending to make the adoption legal, when she was obliged to go away for a time. On her return imagine her consternation and her sorrow on finding that her beloved "baby" had succumbed to tuberculosis and died.

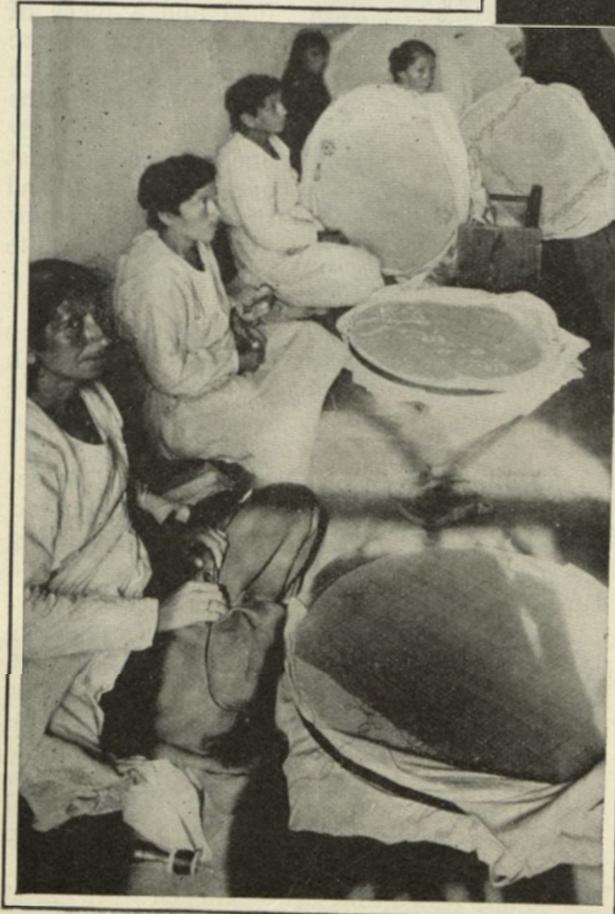
The consolation in her going was the thought that because of her pitiful story America's heart had been moved and so, because of her, many of her sisters and

brothers in the Near East would avoid her tragic fate.

"Heal All" of Sorrow

IN Near East Relief workrooms in Constantinople, the women and girls of sad Armenia find happiness in the handiwork of their mothers. Laces, rugs, handwoven cotton, linen and woolen materials, wonderful embroideries—all these things Armenian women have always fashioned exquisitely. During the dark years of their persecution they have been without raw materials, and indeed there has been little time and no place in which to work. But now, in well-lit rooms of Near East workshops, the hands which could never be robbed of their cunning are finding their natural employment again.

The Gift Shop in Constantinople, run by two Near East Relief workers, handles their output. Their daily sales amount to from \$150 to \$200, which is turned back to those whose handiwork is sold.



Near East Relief State Offices

ALABAMA

Near East Relief,
624 Chamber of Com. Bldg.,
Birmingham, Ala.

ARIZONA

Near East Relief,
42 E. Monroe St.,
Phoenix, Ariz.

ARKANSAS

Near East Relief,
15 Arcade, 6th & Center Sts.,
Little Rock, Ark.

CALIFORNIA (North)

Near East Relief,
333 Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif.

CALIFORNIA (South)

Near East Relief,
517 Wright & Callender Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

COLORADO

Near East Relief,
411 Chamber of Com. Bldg.,
Denver, Colo.

CONNECTICUT

Near East Relief,
Strand Theatre Bldg.,
1003 Main St.,
P. O. Box 1342,
Hartford, Conn.

DELAWARE

Near East Relief,
201 Church Bldg.,
Wilmington, Del.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

Near East Relief,
308 Bond Bldg.,
New York Ave. & 14th St.,
Washington, D. C.

FLORIDA

Near East Relief,
505 Clark Bldg.,
Jacksonville, Fla.

GEORGIA

Near East Relief,
409 Georgia Sav. Bank,
Atlanta, Ga.

IDAHO

Near East Relief,
P. O. Box 1205,
Boise, Idaho.

ILLINOIS

Near East Relief,
Room 1110,
112 West Adams St.,
Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Campaign Hdq.,
Room 1014,
19 La Salle St.

INDIANA

Near East Relief,
403 City Trust Bldg.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

IOWA

Near East Relief,
520 Securities Bldg.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

KANSAS

Near East Relief,
Central Nat'l Bank Bldg.,
Topeka, Kans.

KENTUCKY

Near East Relief,
505 Louisville Trust Bldg.,
Louisville, Ky.

LOUISIANA

Near East Relief,
Room 16, Grunewald Hotel,
New Orleans, La.

MAINE

Near East Relief,
Room 23, 80 Exchange St.,
Portland, Maine.

MARYLAND

Near East Relief,
14 W. Franklin St.
Baltimore, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

Near East Relief,
1218 Little Bldg.,
Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Near East Relief,
408 Fort Street, West,
Detroit, Mich.

MINNESOTA

Near East Relief,
305 Oneida Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

MISSISSIPPI

Near East Relief,
325 Daniels Bldg.,
P. O. Box 639,
Jackson, Miss.

MISSOURI (East)

Near East Relief,
1423 Chemical Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.

MISSOURI (West)

Near East Relief,
601 Scarritt Bldg.,
Kansas City, Mo.

MONTANA

Near East Relief,
7 Montana Bldg.,
Helena, Montana.

NEBRASKA

Near East Relief,
Railway Exchange Bldg.,
Omaha, Nebr.

NEVADA

Near East Relief,
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San Francisco, Calif.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Near East Relief,
611-612 Amoskeag Bank Bldg.,
Manchester, N. H.

NEW JERSEY

Near East Relief,
156 Market St., Room 56,
Newark, N. J.

NEW MEXICO

Near East Relief,
Clayton, N. Mex.

NEW YORK

Near East Relief,
261 Madison Ave.,
New York City.

Eastern District

Near East Relief,
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Albany, N. Y.

Central District

Near East Relief,
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Syracuse, N. Y.

Western District

Near East Relief,
47 N. Clinton Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Near East Relief,
901 Citizens' Nat'l Bank,
Raleigh, N. Car.

NORTH DAKOTA

Near East Relief,
13 A. O. U. W. Bldg.,
Fargo, N. Dak.

OHIO

Near East Relief,
332 Schofield Bldg.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

OKLAHOMA

Near East Relief,
312 Continental Bldg.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

OREGON

Near East Relief,
606 Stock Exchange Bldg.,
Portland, Oreg.

PENNSYLVANIA

Near East Relief,
213 South Broad St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Harrisburg District

Near East Relief,
Red Cross Bldg.,
119 Front St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Pittsburgh District

Near East Relief,
509 Grant St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

RHODE ISLAND

Near East Relief,
Room 1, 44 Washington St.,
Providence, R. I.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Near East Relief,
Liberty National Bank,
Columbia, S. Car.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Near East Relief,
224 Western Nat'l Bk. Bldg.
Mitchell, S. Dak.

TENNESSEE

Near East Relief,
1203 Volunteer State Bldg.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

TEXAS (North)

Near East Relief,
717 Dallas County State Bk.
Bldg.,
Dallas, Texas

TEXAS (South)

Near East Relief,
811½ Main St.,
Houston, Texas.

UTAH

Near East Relief,
Room 1, 120 E. First St., So.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

VERMONT

Near East Relief,
611 Amoskeag Bk. Bldg.,
Manchester, N. H.

VIRGINIA

Near East Relief,
320 Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg.,
Richmond, Va.

WASHINGTON

Spokane District

Near East Relief,
417 Peyton Bldg.,
Spokane, Wash.

Seattle District

Near East Relief,
437 Burke Bldg.,
Seattle, Wash.

WEST VIRGINIA

Near East Relief,
Day & Night Bank Bldg.,
Charleston, W. Va.

WISCONSIN

Near East Relief,
270 Plankinton Arcade,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

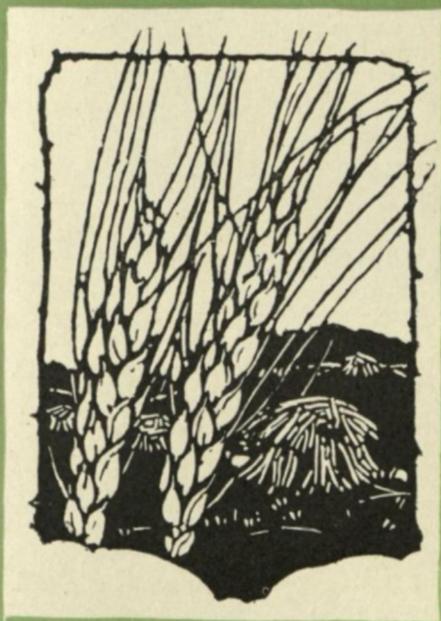
WYOMING

Near East Relief,
422 Citizens Bk. Bldg.,
P. O. Box 15,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

CANADA

Armenian Relief Fund Ass'n,
99 Dundas St., East,
Toronto, Canada.

Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to nearest State Office.

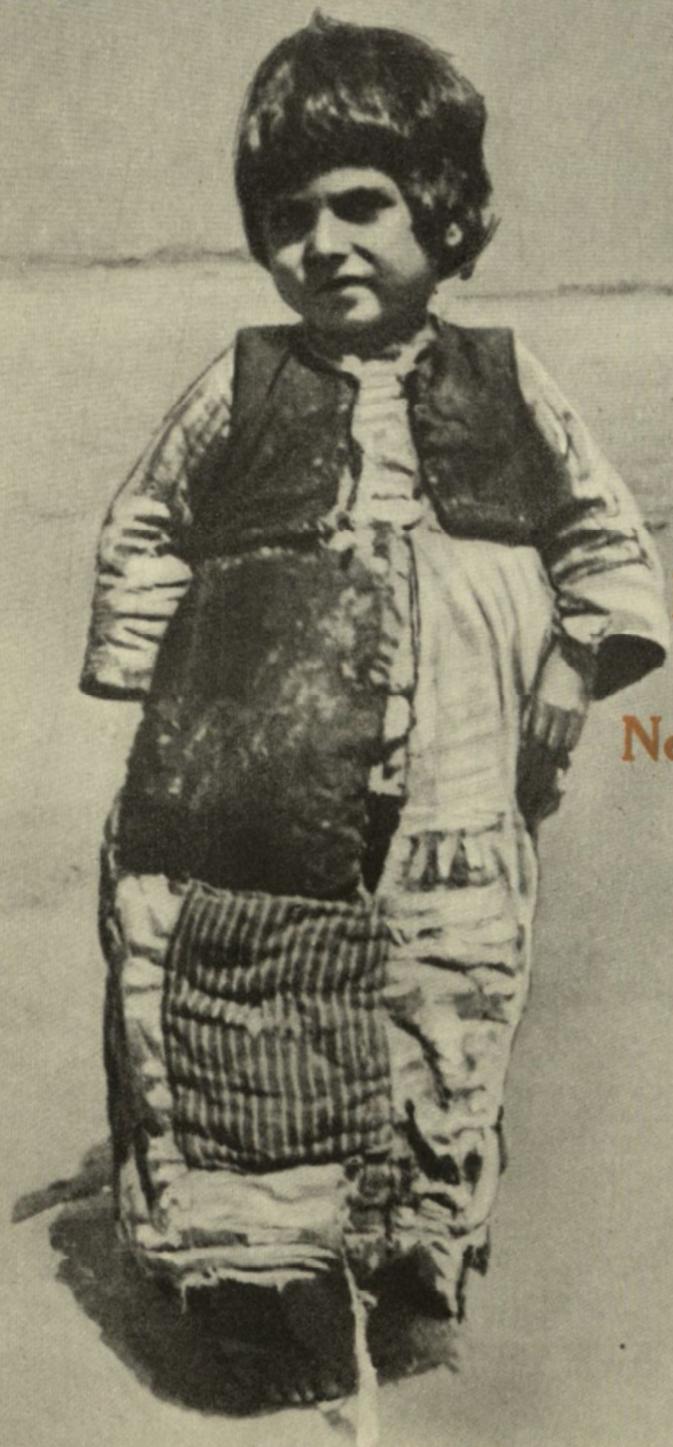


The NEW NEAR EAST

Published by the
NEAR EAST RELIEF

MAY 1921

1 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK, N.Y.



Make a Bundle
for the
Near East Orphans

The Bigger
Your
Heart

The Bigger
The
Bundle

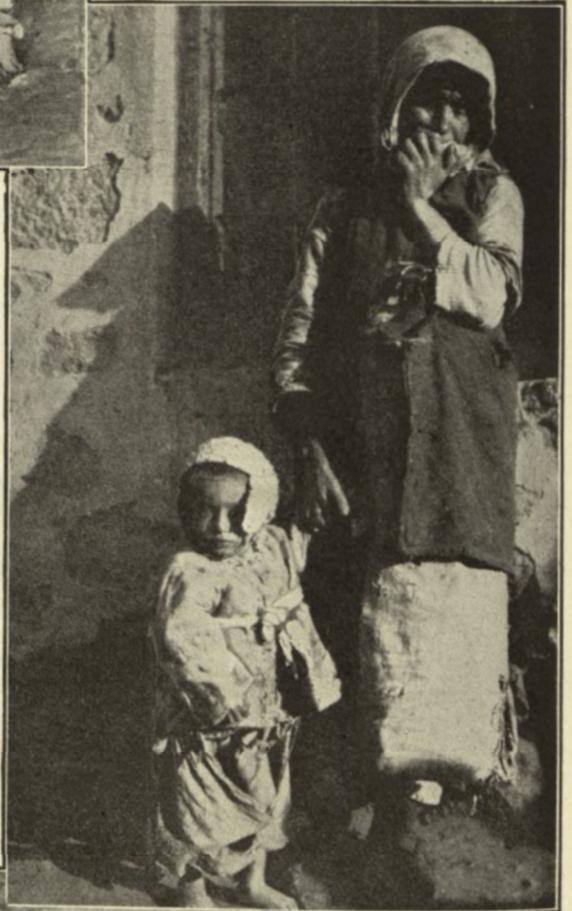


Some Reasons WHY We Must Send Clothes to The Near East

Entire families, weary and ragged, are given clothes and a new self-respect by Near East Relief.



Pitiful mites, with backgrounds of sheer tragedy, nearly naked or clothed grotesquely in rags, find clothes and happiness in Near East orphanages.



Hopeless mothers need every comfort we can give them.

Clothe these people and give them food and rob the Grim Reaper of his toll.

The NEW NEAR EAST

EDITORIAL BOARD

Charles V. Vickrey

A. Estelle Paddock

William E. Dougherty

Florence Allen McMahon, Editor

VOL. VI

MAY, 1921

No. VIII

Prune the Clothes-tree

TREES are pruned to give them fresh, strong growth. Let the dead branches stay on from year to year and before long the tree will be a shabby specimen.

Think of your clothes tree in this way! Carry along from year to year a lot of clothes that you never wear, and how do you feel about them? You feel that you have nothing fresh and new in your wardrobe. You go rummaging about for something that you haven't worn in a long time, hoping that when you have it on you will feel well dressed once more. But you don't. You are sick of the sight of the perfectly good clothes hanging from their respective pegs.

Something in your mind, and still more important, something deep in your heart, tells you what to do with these clothes that have outworn your fancy.

The destitute people of the Near East need clothes. Your garments will come to them with a freshness that would satisfy even your fastidious taste if you needed them as much as they do.

SO prune your clothes-tree and send the prunings to Near East Relief. Join in and help with the general pruning. Information as to how best to help in this work may be obtained from state offices listed on page 19 of this book or from national headquarters at 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. The plan is given in detail in a pamphlet entitled "Near East Bundle Day" which may be obtained from the above-mentioned addresses.

Briefly, the campaign may be outlined as follows:

The time selected to cover the campaign is from May 29th to June 5th. In the cities the intensive period will be confined to one day, preferably Wednesday, June 1st, which will be known as "Bundle Day."

THE first step in the work, in whatever community it is being organized, will be to enlist volunteer committees to see that the campaign gets publicity, to arrange for the ingathering of the clothes and to obtain transportation facilities. The most influential department-store man procurable will be selected as chairman of these committees. Wherever possible the Mayor's interest will be sought and he will be asked to issue a proclamation announcing Bundle Day and urging people to cooperate.

Districts will be mapped out, collection routes established, and a list of stations and their telephone numbers furnished to the publicity committee. These "bundle" stations will be in churches, schools (the school being considered the ideal place), firehouses, libraries, police stations, city halls, etc., and definite hours designated for receiving the bundles — from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., wherever possible. Two women at least will be in charge of each station.

The aid of people in business, professional, advertising and transportation circles will be solicited for this good work. The enthusiasm of volunteer workers will be counted on in the labor of collecting. Boy and girl scouts will be used to handle bundles, answer telephone calls, etc., permission for their absence from school being obtained when necessary.

In the smaller towns and in the country the plan for cities will be adapted to local condi-

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tions. Here "bundle" stations may be established at transit line headquarters, creameries, school houses, churches, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s and rest rooms. The W. C. T. U. Women's Relief Corps, the local Red Cross, women's clubs and church societies will all be asked to help. A shipping tag carrying the appeal for clothing will be widely circulated, with the request that people make up a bundle, attach the tag and send it to the warehouse in New York.

Any piece of wearing apparel that has a practical value will be acceptable — coats, dresses, sweaters, skirts, blankets, petticoats, overcoats, wool shirts, heavy hose, heavy underwear, heavy wrappers, woolen gloves and mittens, boots and shoes and felt slippers, shopworn garments, *children's clothes of every sort,*



A transformation accomplished by Near East Relief clothes

sheets for bandages. Clothing not wanted includes any article that has not warmth or some other practical use. New garments are very acceptable, but as the making of new garments from the cloth will give employment to otherwise starving refugees, it is not advisable to sew up from new cloth quantities of new wearing apparel; it is better to give the cloth.

There will be work for everybody and there will be opportunity for the pleasure of giving for every man, woman and child in the country in this Clothing Campaign for the war-ravaged, destitute people of the Near East.

So strip the clothes-tree of every garment that has outgrown its usefulness to you. If you knew the welcome they will receive in that far-off country, your hand will be ruthless in the stripping.

How the Press Helps Armenia

AS an example of the sort of editorial support Near East Relief receives from the newspapers, we quote from the editorial page of the Boston *Herald* the following article headed *What We Have Done in Armenia*:

"No American philanthropic enterprise has been more successful in proving its title to generous support than the Near East Relief. It was organized under able leadership and manned with devoted workers to meet a crying need—the need of stricken peoples struggling for freedom from Turkish misrule, in many

places reduced by massacre to mere remnants of the former population, the most of them widows and orphans, homeless, destitute, dying of hunger, and yet, wherever there were men to muster, still fighting on for the liberty that was dearer than life.

"We have every reason to be proud of the American officers of the Near East Relief and the Y. M. C. A. who braved all the dangers to save the surviving victims of persecution from death, to clothe, house, protect and start them on the way to make a living."

The Scarecrow on the Doorstep

“**P**ETROS MARTIROSSIAN refuses to go home!”

The matron of the hospital made this announcement and asked me what I was going to do about it. “He has been in the hospital for two months, the doctor says he is cured and we need the bed for another patient. I have given him clothes—the best we had—but he has been sitting in the yard all day and refuses to move.”

I remembered Petros, who had come to us with a bad case of frozen feet. He had told me something about his home and family and had been impatient to get back to his village. I went out to have a talk with him and see what was the matter.

Was this Petros? This grotesque and pathetic figure crouching at the hospital door? A lilac sun-bonnet drooped over his gloomy eyes, a faded pink pyjama coat covered the upper part of his anatomy and below came a black velvet skirt of the hobble variety. The fashionable length of this garment exposed his very bony and hairy ankles. On one foot he wore an old overshoe tied with a piece of string, on the other an old army boot.

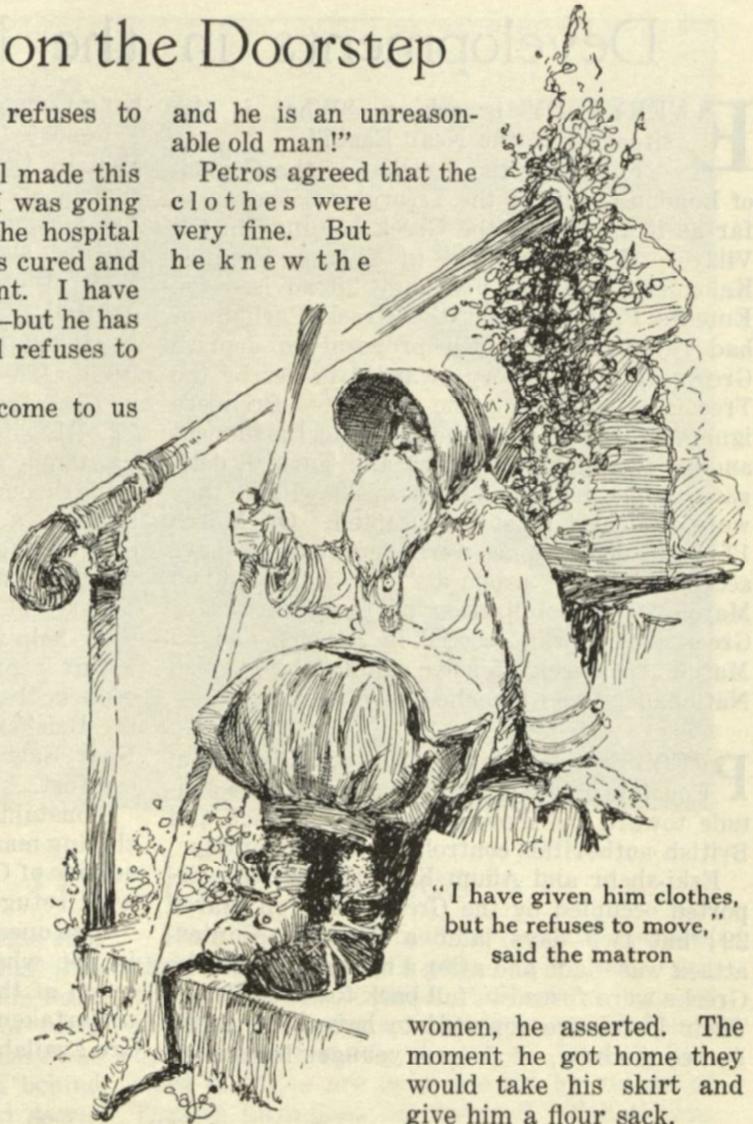
Poor old scarecrow! It was all I could do to keep from laughing—or crying. Petros leaned forward and kissed the hem of my apron. “Oriort-jan” (beloved Miss), he said, “I beg you not to send me home in these clothes. They are beautiful—certainly there are none like them in my village. The women will take them and I will be naked! The matron told me I could make the skirt into trousers, but there are no needles, no thread, no buttons in the whole of Kars district. What can I do?” Tears welled from his eyes and straggled down over his gray beard.

“Are there no men’s clothes in the store-room?” I asked the matron.

“None,” she answered. “They were all given away weeks ago. I gave him the best I had,

and he is an unreasonable old man!”

Petros agreed that the clothes were very fine. But he knew the



“I have given him clothes, but he refuses to move,” said the matron

women, he asserted. The moment he got home they would take his skirt and give him a flour sack.

There was only one thing to do. With the aid of a pair of scissors and a sewing machine I transformed the black velvet skirt into something resembling trousers. Petros, draped in a blanket, superintended operations, while he showered blessings upon me, the Near East Relief, the generous American people, and President Wilson.

That was a very old skirt. I suppose long since Petros has taken to a flour sack.—*Miss Elizabeth Anderson.*

Don't forget to bundle up that bundle for Near East orphans

Developments in the Near East

EVERYBODY is asking, "What is the situation in the Near East?"

Following the decision of the Council of London to amend the Treaty of Sevres in so far as it applied to the Greek holdings in the Vilayet of Smyrna and in Thrace, Premier Kalogueropoulos on February 28 advised the Entente Premiers that the Greek Parliament had rejected the Allied proposal to deprive Greece of the territory awarded to her by the Treaty of Sevres. The Entente Premiers ignored the action of the Hellenic Parliament and on March 12 the Greek and Turkish delegates were handed "proposals" which they were informed must be accepted. On March 17 both delegations were reported to have accepted these "proposals" in full; but on March 20 a mobilization of three classes of Greek troops was decreed in Athens, and on March 23 a Greek offensive against the Turkish Nationalists was launched.

PRESS reports hostile to this offensive, from Constantinople and Smyrna, reveal the attitude toward the movement of the French and British authorities controlling the censorship.

Eski-shehr and Afium Kara-Hissar were reported occupied by the Greek army on March 29; but two days later a Turkish counter-attack was made and after a nine-day battle the Greeks were forced to fall back towards Brusa. Their losses are reported to have been 8,000. Prince Andrew, of Greece, younger brother to

King Constantine, was reported killed in action.

Reports from Transcaucasia have been favorable in that relief operations have been resumed, according to cable, in practically all of the stations. The immediate difficulty is in getting supplies to the various orphanages. Those that were on hand are practically exhausted. Some foodstuffs can be bought in Northern Persia and a way has been opened for its transportation.

THE situation of the Assyrians in Mesopotamia grows worse every day. Word has come through the British-Armenian Society that there is a possibility of the Soviet, which is entirely favorable to Armenia and which, where it has control, will guarantee the integrity of the Armenian people, extending their help to the Assyrians.

Our representative in Batoum, Mr. Ogden, reports that that city, which is in the hands of the Bolsheviks, is full of refugees who look to Near East Relief as the one ray of hope and comfort.

Constantinople is crowded with refugees, including many Russians, and the smaller stations outside of Constantinople are packed to capacity with refugees from the Anatolia region.

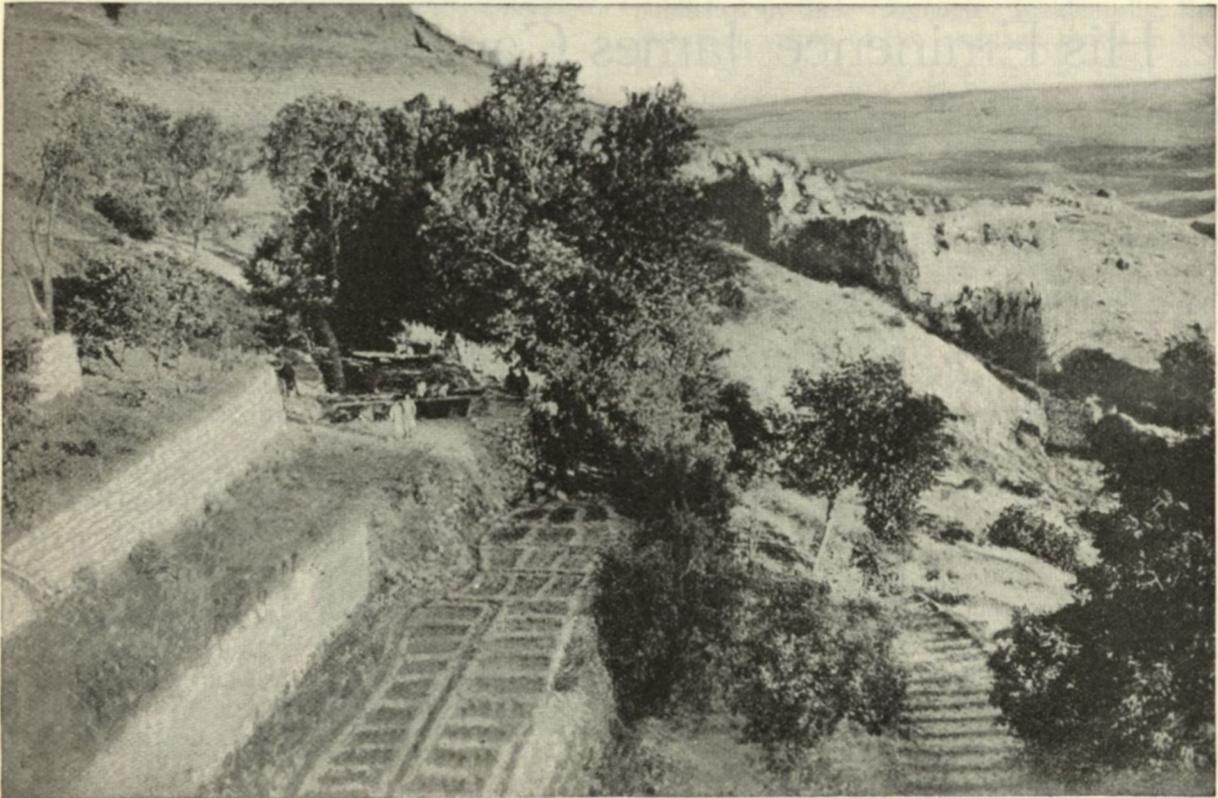
The question that confronts Near East Relief is not whether it can operate, but just how much of this work of relief at its doors can be undertaken with the workers and budget which are available.

"Spare That Tree"

WITHIN the Talas compound there stands, under the hospital windows, a fine walnut tree, of which the unit is justly proud. Upon the buildings being turned back to the Americans after the war, the director found the walnut tree's branches literally covered with dirty dressings, gauze, absorbent cotton, which had been tossed out of the hospital windows. He commented upon this unsightly and insaniary state of affairs to the Turkish official, who replied, "It shall be attended to at once, effendi."

The next morning two Turkish soldiers with axes appeared. They had orders to cut down the tree and appropriate it for firewood. Only quick action on the director's part avoided the demolition, and he thereupon registered a vow never, never again to lodge a complaint with Turkish officialdom.

Firewood is extremely scarce in Anatolia and it is a favorite trick among the Turks to chop down their Armenian neighbors' fruit and nut trees and sell them for fuel.



Scars on the Hill Slopes

ON the hillsides of Talas, warm in the sun, were Greek and Armenian vineyards and orchards. By means of stone walls four or five feet high, running thirty or forty yards apart, the slopes were terraced. Dirt was carted in large quantities and dumped behind each wall. Freshets and rains filtered downward from terrace to terrace, equalizing the water-supply. The general upslant of the soil conserved the sun's heat. Result—a fertile garden that grew wonderful fruit.

Here the Greeks and Armenians planted their vegetables, their grape vines, their fruit trees. The peach trees of England, against their sunny southern walls, were equalled here by the apricot, the fig, the grape. Now the hillsides of Talas are deep scarred by reason of Turkish incursions for firewood. Naboth was given the chance to sell his vineyard before it was confiscated; not so the modern Armenians and Greeks. The Turks needed firewood. Now the children of Talas have no fruit.

The Milk Route

THE Near East Relief is operating the longest and largest milk route in the world, feeding the babies and orphans from Samsoun to Harpoot, to the south as far as Jerusalem and up north toward the Caucasus. When it is impossible to run the Ford trucks and auto-

mobiles, the camel trains are the milk carriers, crossing the interior of Asia Minor laden with boxes of Borden's condensed milk, and other brands, stopping at our interior stations—Marsovan, Sivas, Harpoot, Cesarea, Konia, Arabkir—supplying children with nourishing food.

His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons

THE death of His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons is deeply mourned by us. The loss to Near East Relief, of which organization he was a member of the National Board of Trustees, is best expressed in the words of Walter George Smith, whom we quote:

"Cardinal Gibbons' name was attached to the first appeal for help to that early Christian people, the Armenians, and throughout the five years of the Committee's activity he has



not only been a valuable counsellor and friend, but an active and major force in directing American philanthropy for the oppressed nations of the Near East. Words will never express adequately the indebtedness of the Committee or of the Christian subject races of the Orient to Cardinal Gibbons, the great friend of the fatherless and widows and of the oppressed."

Near East Relief has indeed been impoverished by this good man's death.

Literature of Armenia

ON the editorial page of the Indianapolis *Star* there appeared some time ago a word about Armenians that was well worth reading. We take pleasure in quoting from these columns:

"All Americans, both before the war and after, have heard so much about Armenians, their persecution and slaughter by the Turks, their starving condition and their urgent and seemingly ceaseless need for civilization to come to their assistance, that it is often difficult to picture them except as distressed and suffering, fleeing before a brutal enemy, and as a weak, helpless people who should be the wards of the world. They make so constant a demand on the sympathies that a wonder sometimes arises that with all their persecutions they have not been before now exterminated.

"Even though numbers of Armenians come to this country—strong, vigorous, often handsome, industrious, orderly and useful citizens—it is with a sense of vagueness that we con-

sider them as an ancient people with a history rich in romantic traditions and with a language and literature of their own. It is interesting therefore to read something about this language and literature.

"A writer in the *Bookman*, discoursing on the Armenian classics, says the literature is that of minstrel monks and that the language, though not mellifluous, being full of gutturals, is the sweet kernel of a rough shell. 'It comes as a minnesinger disguised in cowl and gown. Written mainly in the cloister and the cell, it has the tone of ghostly visions and midnight vigils. But all this is on the surface. At its heart is the beat of living, human interest.'

"Byron found the charm of the Armenian tongue and declared it to be a rich language that would amply repay for the trouble of learning it. Probably few do learn it except missionaries and those who have commercial dealings with the people. If they did study it, they would find many productions of epic in-

Near East Relief

One Madison Avenue, New York

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Robert Eliot Speer
James M. Speer
Anson Phelps Stokes
Charles V. Vickrey
Harry A. Wheeler
Stanley White
Ray Lyman Wilbur
Talcott Williams
Stephen S. Wise

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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to state offices listed on page 19

terest and a richness of tradition that could only belong to an ancient race.

"One of the things that would be learned by a study of the history and literature is that the Armenians are not Oriental, but European by descent, and that they still show traces of their origin after 2,600 years. Though they are now more or less intermarried with other races and show Semitic and Iranian traces, it is marvelous how little Asiatic is the Armenian after twenty-six centuries.

"In recent years Armenia has shown great literary activities, and has established printing presses and literary centers in a number of European cities, since it is not possible to have them under Turkish rule. There are able Armenian writers in London and New York, and there are now more than 300 newspapers

published in their language. Incidentally, the European origin of the language shows in the fact that it is written from left to right, not like Oriental tongues, from right to left. Armenian literature is said to excel in the short poem, but some of the early histories are of especial value because of the light they throw on pre-Christian days.

"The more the world knows about Armenians, a people without a country they can call their own, the more likely is help to go out to them."

Masonic Loyalty

A MAN took over a small and neat little business from his father and worked and worked through eighteen years until he had built it into a \$150,000 a year corporation.

He assumed the responsibilities of marriage and the raising of three children.

You'll say this man has lived a useful and successful life—that he might, perhaps, be justified in retiring from business and enjoying himself.

Recently the man attended a Masonic meeting. He talked with a group of his business associates and lodge fellows. One of his friends said, "It's certainly been a great year boys. Ten Thousand Dollars on that last deal. How are things coming with you?" he went on, turning to our friend.

"Oh, I'm closing out," he said. "I'm going across seas for Near East Relief on a salary of \$50 a month and my board."

Consternation reigned. One man fairly shouted, "But you'll starve out there! They're all starving."

"Well," said the man, "will you let us starve?"

"By George," said these Masons, as one man, "we won't!"

And Fred C. Margerum, of Pleasantville, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, is going out into the service of the people of the Near East with the knowledge that in his home town is a group of men, fellow Masons, citizens of America, who will see to it that he has every help in their power to further his work among an unhappy people.

Royal Palace.
Athens.
February 22nd 1921.

Sir,
Her Majesty the Queen of
Greece desires me to send enclosed
cheque for a thousand francs in
aid of the "Near East Relief" and
to wish you every success in your
beautiful work.

Sincerely yours,
Angelique J. Contoskaolos,
Lady-in-Waiting to H. M. the Queen of Greece.

ROYAL Palace, Athens, February 22nd, 1921. Sir: Her Majesty the Queen of Greece desires me to send inclosed cheque for a thousand francs in aid of the "Near East Relief" and to wish you every success in your beautiful work. Sincerely yours, Angelique J. Contoskaolos, Lady-in-waiting to H. M. the Queen of Greece.



Queen Sof
G

Evangelina
St. James
Cha
Twenty-
Greece
Madison
ATHÈNES

Banque

ATHÈNES, 18

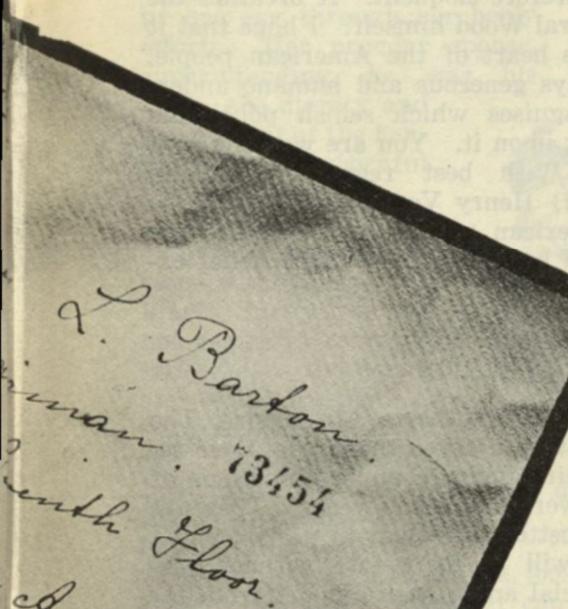
Payer à l'ordre
La somme de

BANQUE NATIONAL

BOULEVARD DES

PA

Queen Sophie of Greece Gives Her Help to Near East Relief



QUEEN Sophie of Greece was born in 1870 and is the daughter of Princess Victoria of England and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She was married in 1889 to King, then Crown Prince, Constantine of Greece. She has six children and is at present in mourning for her second son, King Alexander, who died in October, 1920. During the Balkan Wars, 1912-1913, Queen Sophie founded and headed the Greek Red Cross. She has built up throughout Greece a cooperative organization for women's home work and has instituted prison improvements on scientific advice obtained in the United States. It is the Near East Relief work among the 40,000 Greek, Armenian and other refugees which has inspired Queen Sophie's thousand franc gift.

Near East Relief Expresses Its Thanks

TO General Leonard Wood, as chairman of the Committee for the Lenten Sacrifice Appeal, and to the distinguished Americans associated with him on the Committee, Near East Relief, on behalf of the people whom it represents, extends its thanks.

Newspapers all over the country gave much space to the publicity of this Appeal and the Committee is in receipt of many warm messages of endorsement and many checks from individual editors. To the American press Near East Relief extends its thanks.

People all over the country were quick to recognize the urgency of the demand upon their generosity and in good American fashion lent their support with spontaneity and vigor. A man who is known and loved the world over and

by every kind of people, voiced, in a letter to Mr. Charles V. Vickrey, General Secretary of Near East Relief, an average sentiment of the American people toward this Appeal. The letter reads, in part:

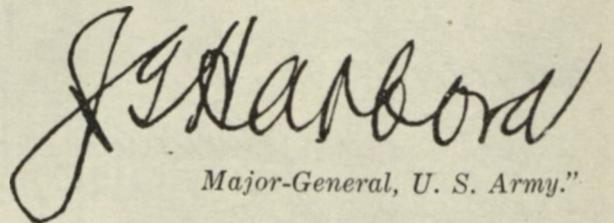
"The appeal is simple, strong, straightforward, and therefore eloquent. It breathes the spirit of General Wood himself. I hope that it will reach the heart of the American people, which is always generous and humane underneath the disguises which selfish politicians sometimes put upon it. You are working in a good cause. With best regards, Cordially yours (Signed) Henry Van Dyke."

To the American people, whose hearts are "generous and humane," Near East Relief extends its thanks.

Thousands of Helpless Orphans

"**H** *HEADQUARTERS Second Division, Camp Travis, Texas.* Of all the heart-breaking distress that exists in other countries, I believe that the Near East situation should most appeal to our charitable people. Whatever the responsibility for their present situation, it is a fact that the remnant of the Armenian people have not been allowed to return to their homes from which they were deported in 1915, and that the majority of the survivors of that deportation are refugees in what was once Russian Armenia and is now the Republic of Armenia, stated by the press dispatches to be under Soviet control. There are many thousands of helpless orphans—children of Christian parents in a Moslem land—who must be

helped by our people if they are to survive. The Armenians have preserved their race, their religion and their language under conditions of distress for over a thousand years. They are worthy of a better fate than to perish, and I believe that will be their fate without substantial financial and moral support from the good people of our country.



J. G. Harbord
Major-General, U. S. Army."

"So Much Good in the Worst of Us"

IN the Virginia state penitentiary a man is serving a thirty-five-year sentence for implication in the murder of a judge. This man is Sidna Allen, a member of the famous "Allen gang" of Carroll County.

Under his leadership the prisoners in the penitentiary raised the sum of \$119, that they might adopt for a year two orphans in the Near East Relief home at Konia. They were a dollar

short. A young business woman of Richmond, who read a newspaper account of the endeavor of these men, contributed anonymously the extra dollar, making the \$120.

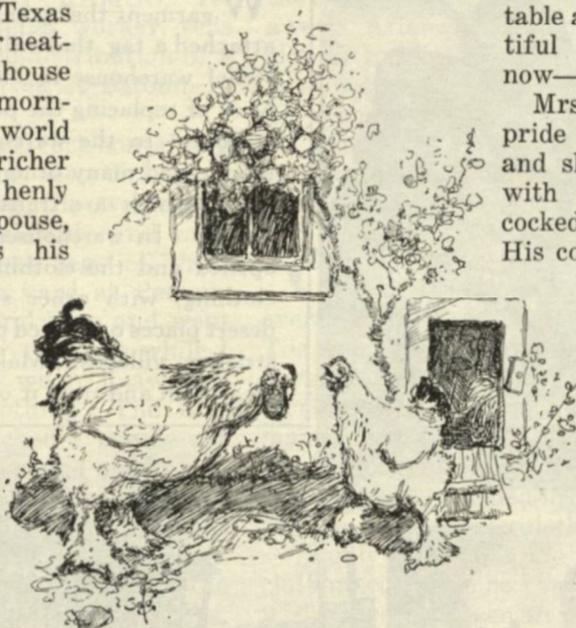
Prisoners though they were, Sidna Allen was able to make these men feel that they were well housed, clothed and fed, and therefore could afford to help two starving, shivering, Near East children.

N. E. R. in the Henyard

A PROUD hen in Texas stepped through her neatly whitewashed henhouse door one sunny Sunday morning and announced to the world in general that it was richer by one egg through her henly efforts. Her prouder spouse, superintending, as was his habit, the dignity and deportment of the henyard, cast a scornful eye upon her.

"My dear," said he, "why rend the Sunday calm with your cackling? Surely you do not aspire to compete with me as the songster of this family."

"Well, Henry," said she, "I don't know why not. You have nothing to sing about. I have. All you say when you sing is, 'Look at me, look at me! Am I not a handsome bird?' I can always sing about the good food I lay for the breakfast



"My dear," said he, "why rend the Sunday calm with your cackling?"

plete aplomb. "I don't understand 'em myself. But if you should lay that other egg," said he, "just let me know. I'll do the singing about it."

table and of my beautiful, beautiful chicks. And now, and now—O, Henry!"

Mrs. Henry's momentary pride seemed to drop from her and she ran toward her mate with quick, glad steps. He cocked his head on one side. His comb flopped over slightly and he favored his wife with a look at once benign and foolish.

"O, Henry," she repeated, "haven't you heard that all the eggs we lay on Sunday morning in Texas are to be sold and the money sent to the Near East Relief. O, I wish I could lay two eggs on Sunday."

"Women are so ambitious," said Henry, regaining his com-

Assuming Their Responsibilities

A PARTICULARLY interesting situation has come into being at Samsoun," writes Melville Chater, Near East Relief representative. "There is an orphanage population of about 1,000. All Americans have left there save for Mr. MacDowell, the director, and his wife. Under his direction the work is proceeding, the staff being composed entirely of Armenians. Of these sixteen men and women, nine are graduates of the American colleges at Marsovan, Harpoot, and elsewhere. They all speak excellent English, of course, and have for years been associated with Americans. Their payroll amounts to \$450 a month, with housing and subsistence—no great expense, truly.

"So here you may see an excellent example

of the gradual development of an American work to an Armenian work under American direction. I asked Mr. MacDowell if, when travel to Anatolia opens once more, he would suggest additional American personnel. 'No,' he said. 'Everything is going smoothly as it is. My workers are excellent; they represent Armenia taking up America's burdens. They have had three or four years' training here under Americans and have learned our ways. Of course, our money assistance must still continue for some time.'

"That is why I found Samsoun so interesting. It exemplifies a work carried on by Armenians whose efficiency is the result of mission college education and Near East Relief training."

The Journey of the Bundle

WHEN you have packed into a bundle every garment that you can possibly spare and have attached a tag that will carry it to the Near East Relief warehouse in New York, your part of the work of replacing the pitiful rags of the Near East is done. In the warehouse, in New York, your bundle and many others are compressed into huge bales, which are transported to the steamer in trucks. In warehouses across seas the bales are opened and the clothing sorted; then the boxed clothing, with other supplies, is sent to interior desert places or carried on willing backs to outlying, stricken villages. Make a bundle today for the Near East and start it on its journey.



Mobs Shouting for Clothes

MRS. KATE CLOUGH RAMBO, returned Near East Relief worker, tells a graphic story of the distribution of a shipment of old clothes received at Batoum in Transcaucasia. She says:

"I did up bundles of clothing, each containing a dress, a skirt, a jacket or coat, intending them for distribution among the women. I took Kappidies (a native assistant) and went in the Ford truck with great bags of these bundles. We drove into the yard at Petoeva Barracks. We took out several bags and went upstairs. Kappidies stood by the bags while I carried the bundles to corners where I saw they were practically without clothing. The first thing I knew, a woman snatched a bundle out of my hand; then came another and another. I called Kappidies to come away, as they were turning into a mob. He and another assistant grabbed the bags and we went down another stairs, the mob following. We jumped into the car and had to hold back the mob with sticks. Where the sticks came from I never can tell.

"The crowd grabbed, they screamed, they fought.

"They would have pulled me out of the car, but

the chauffeur backed into the street and we tore away. Afterwards we returned and gave the clothes to the head man to distribute to his most needy cases, but they broke the window to his room and grabbed the bundles. Still, after all, I have the consolation that the man is said to have had when someone stole his Bible—it would doubtless do good."

"**O**NE bag was left with me in the car. The refugees threatened another mob, but I averted this by ordering the car to go on slowly. The women ran after me, crying, 'Look at me; I have no clothes. Help me! Help me!' It was terrible to see. When the chauffeur chided a man for acting like a beast, he replied, 'You would, too, if you had nothing to wear in this cold.' Then he opened his thin coat and showed that he had no underclothing.

"I only wish that the people who gave this clothing could see how much good it did. I only wish there had been five hundred boxes in addition to what was received. Word came to me that three children were absolutely without clothing in Petoeva Barracks, and the snow was there. My hands were tied."

Gipsying in the Sultan's Chiftlik

IN the upper reaches of the Gulf of Ismid, seventy miles from Constantinople, the Sultans erected a royal lodge from which small and select parties would issue, in season, to hunt wild boar and deer, or to fish the Gulf. Across the placid waters rise the Bithynian Mountains, bare and blue, dotted with tiny villages. When the Kemalists drove out the Greek inhabitants of these villages last August, they flocked to the Sultan's "chiftlik" and took refuge there.

A decayed building, rococo in style and surrounded by high walls, fronts you as you approach along the beach. Within, as your eyes become accustomed to the darkness, though not to the woodsmoke, from which all the refugees are fairly weeping, you discern the quaint and pathetic arrays of household effects such as

they were able to snatch up with them when they fled from the Nationalists. There is the ancient, carved cradle of black wood, which doubtless has rocked several generations of Anatolian Greeks. There is the wooden trough for clothes washing, just now occupied by six-year-old Demetrius, who is squalling his protests against soap and water. There are the red water jars and copper utensils which would be snapped up if put on sale in an American curio-shop. There are the half-emptied tins of malted or condensed milk which represent weekly rations from the Near East Relief.

The smashed window-panes are stuffed with the brown sandbags of vegetable fibre which were stored here by the Germans for the ultimate purpose of filling in the Suez Canal. More of these bags, filled with dried grass, form

the refugee a mat by day and a mattress by night. The wood they are burning was cut from the Imperial forest, nearby. Each family has its hearth (a marble slab from steps of the palace entrance), the tiny fire lit by day and night continuously, and thereon often rests a piece of sheet-tin upon which the mother is baking flat cakes of the yellow meal which she has bought at Ismid for the fifteen or twenty cents which is allotted daily to her family by the Greek Government.

THE gasoline tins, seen atop some of the fires, contain the herbs and roots which they are boiling into a kind of mash, not for themselves, but for their few head of cattle. As they are, or were, a cattle-raising people, you may be sure they know what they are talking about when they tell you that cows give more milk on a diet of this near-spinach than on ordinary forage. While you discuss the point, a calf wanders in and out of the family groups, sniffs at the boiling tinful and is smacked away.

As it is in the royal hallway, so it is in the royal library, the billiard-room, the haremluk. Already, outside the lodge, the Sultan's poplar and plane trees show hacked trunks and splintered limbs, where they have contributed to the refugees' woodpile. Yet can you blame these people for desecrating a spot of beauty and traditions? We hardly think you would, had you heard the story that was translated to Melville Chater, a Near East Relief representative, by one of our interpreters as it was told to him



A decayed building, rococo in style fronts you

by the Greek head-man.

"We are from the villages of Kirezli and Gourondere," the story ran, "which are in the hills, twenty miles away. We and our grandfathers have lived there with our cattle and sheep for more years than the oldest man among us can remember. In my town there were one hundred and fifty houses. The Nationalists came, demanding twenty-two thousand pounds, which was paid them. Again they came, demanding twelve thousand pounds. This also was paid them. And again they came for money, but . . ." The speaker clicked his thumbnail under his upper teeth, meaning, "All gone!" He went on: "There being no money, the Nationalists took our cattle. Then they used eight of our daughters and afterwards shot them. Our youths were tied in groups of five and locked inside our little church, which was then burned to the ground. At last there was nothing left, so we fled at night. We will never go back—there is

nothing to go for, as our little town is in ashes. What will become of us?"

And the look on his face, as he turned away, brought home to his hearers that the Turks owed him and his people a shelter, even at the cost of their gipsying within the walls of the once-famous Sultan's chiftlik.

"GIVE to the needy shelter and bread,
Giving is living," the angel said,
"And must I be giving again and again?"
My selfish, peevish question rang,
"No," said the angel piercing me through,
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."
—SANTA CRUZ, CAL., "SENTINEL."

The Beehive at Adana

“CLOSED SHOP” is as full of meaning in the relief industrial factory in Adana, Cilicia, as on Fourteenth Street, New York City, according to J. E. Van Toor, a Near East Relief worker who is doing his best to institute industrial calm among political chaos.

But he explains that his garment shops are closed only to those who do not belong to the great union of hunger. As soon as a worker is discovered to have other means of support, she is replaced by one in greater need.

“Some 1,400 women and girls are given employment at Adana. The thirty piasters a day which they get (I say ‘get’ rather than earn, because many of them are feeble and work so slowly that they accomplish very little) keep many a family going. Native workers visit their homes, and if they find a family with some other means of support, we discharge that worker to make room for some one more needy. This seldom happens, however. Most of them are entirely dependent on the Near East Relief for support.

“About one thousand of the workers are ‘home’ workers. Large families, babies or old people do not permit their spending the day away from home. And so each morning about a hundred women wait patiently in line for the three-quarters of an oke of wool that is weighed out to each one. This amount, each worker spins and knits into stockings, sweaters or woolen coverlets within two weeks’ time.

“Our large, barn-like building is a cold, cheerless place. Unfortunately Adana boasts nothing better for such a large enterprise. Yet there is never a complaint from the workers—other work is not to be had and this stands between them and begging.

“On the first floor the raw material is prepared for knitting back and forth over upright steel spindles. Some of the oldest women are the most expert at this. Then it is combed, spun—a long operation—and wound in balls or on frames. Native teachers instruct the beginners, and most of them learn quickly.

“The second floor contains the rug and sewing departments. It is fascinating to stand



It is fascinating to watch the nimble fingers grasp the threads, knot the wool and snip off the end

before any one of the twenty rug looms and watch the nimble fingers of the three or four workers grasp the threads, knot the wool, and snip off the end. It almost seems to be done with a single motion, so fast do they work. The finished rugs, all in natural wool colors, are really beautiful with the intricate native designs and soft heavy nap.

“The sewing room is more than busy turning out clothes for over five hundred orphans. The younger women do the cutting and sewing on the two dozen hand-machines. The old women, some of them very decrepit and feeble, do the best they can sewing towels, handkerchiefs, making button-holes and sewing on buttons.”

Near East Fashions

WHEN Spring comes, the time of the year when people the world over are thinking about new clothes, those in the Near East sew on another patch, if they are lucky enough to find one and needle and thread are available to do the sewing. There is one aspect of attractiveness about these poor garments, however,—they are colorful. An Armenian's patches will have the unconscious beauty of an artist's palette. Their reds have a habit of turning pink, just as the reds used by Italians invariably turn orange. Climate may have something to do with this, though one suspects a psychological reason, for the red shirt of an Italian digging in a ditch in New York will turn to its orange color.



HERE is a shoe. Thinking of other Near East shoes we have seen, this looks to be in pretty good condition. Its owner, speculating upon its possibilities, undoubtedly thought it was good for many more miles of travel, but a relief worker, with the standards of a more comfortable world than that in which she was ministering, thought differently. At least in this shoe the foot had some protection against stones, burning desert sand, mud-filled roads and snowy plains.



Near East Relief State Offices

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Near East Relief,
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Phoenix, Ariz.
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c/o J. H. Walton, Treas.,
Stock Growers Bk.,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- CANADA**
Armenian Relief Fund Ass'n,
99 Dundas St., East,
Toronto, Canada.

Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to nearest State Office.



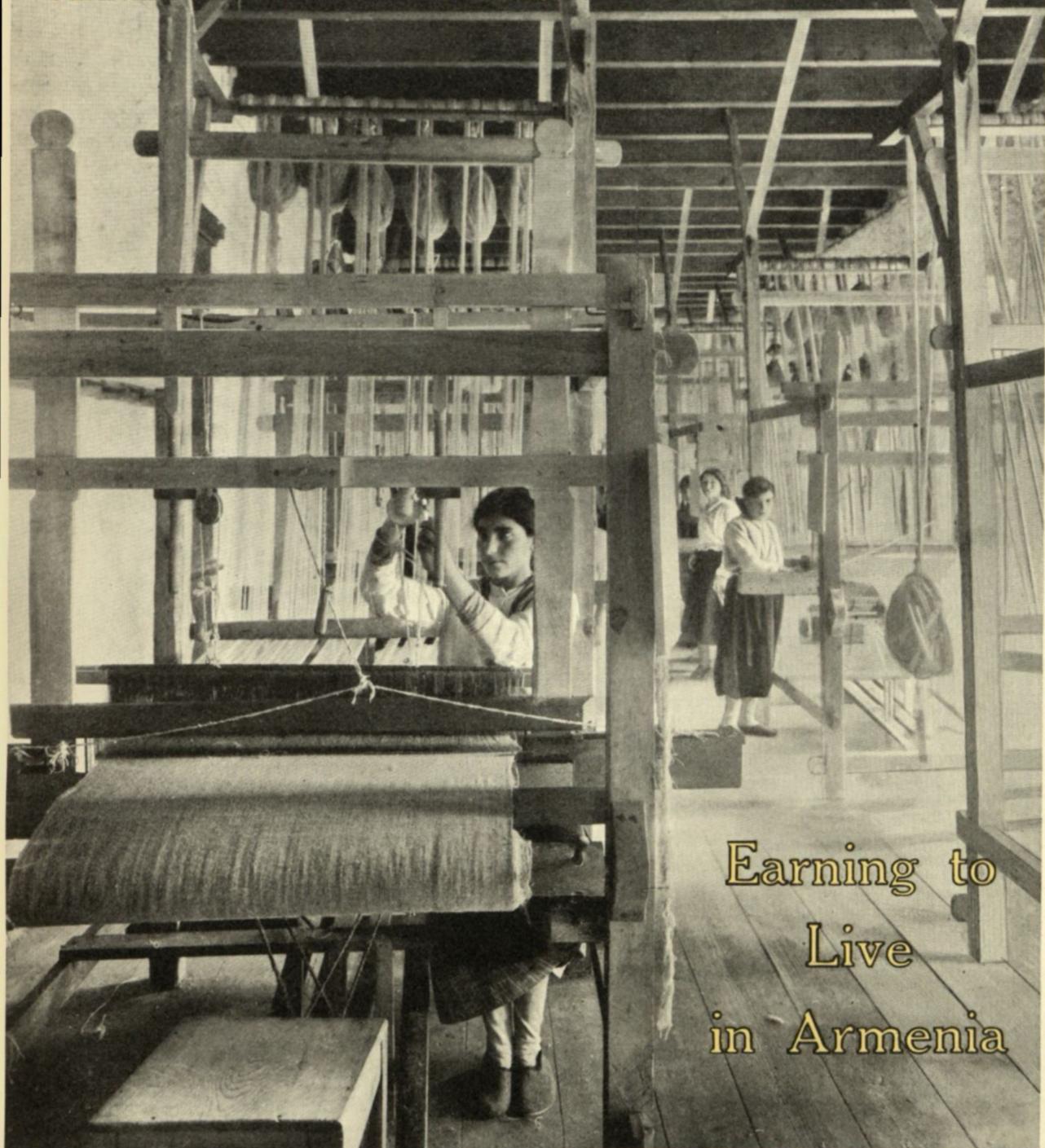
Near East
Relief
Constantinople

The NEW NEAR EAST

Published by the
NEAR EAST RELIEF

JUNE 1921

1 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK, N.Y.



Earning to
Live
in Armenia

The
Chosen
Executives
of
America
Adopt
Orphans
of the
Near East



We reproduce on this page a letter received by Mrs. Cabot Stevens, Director of Near East Relief in Washington, from Mrs. Harding, testifying to her "keen interest" in our work. Frequently, by letter to national headquarters and by statement to the press, has President Harding expressed a similar interest.

Not to be outdone by his Executive Chief, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts has also adopted for a year a little Armenian child. He is here shown contemplating his coupon book



STANDING in the south portico of the White House, on a rug which formerly covered the floor of the room in the palace at Versailles in which the treaty of peace was signed, the First Lady of the Land and President Harding each pledged responsibility for the life of an Armenian child for a year, accepting Near East Relief coupon books substantiating their pledge.

President and Mrs. Harding, in both public and private life, have been staunch endorsers of Near East Relief.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 29, 1921

My dear Mrs. Stevens:

I am very glad, indeed, to testify to my keen interest in the work that is being carried on in behalf of relief of suffering in the Near East. I have had some occasion to acquaint myself with the gravity of conditions in that historic area, and earnestly hope that the efforts now on foot for its amelioration may produce results that will testify to the humane interest and sympathy of the American people.

Very sincerely,

Woodrow Wilson

Mrs. Cabot Stevens
Bond Building
Washington, D.C.

The NEW NEAR EAST

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Florence Allen McMahon, *Editor*

Charles V. Vickrey

VOL. VI

JUNE, 1921

No. IX

The Life of a Child

YOUNG people of America, what are you going to do with your summer?

School closes in May or June and it does not open until September or October. Here are two to four months during which you are released from the class-room. All winter, for five days every week, you have spent five or six hours a day in the pursuit of knowledge. Five or six hours a day, five days a week total twenty-five or thirty hours a week. How are you going to employ that time?

You are planning to fill the majority of those hours with the pleasures for which you find little time in the winter. Is it not so? Young people need pleasure. They need out-of-door exercise.

They need acquaintance with the sun, with growing things, with birds and animals. And summer is the only time that most of them can have these things.

The young people of the Near East, from the puny, crying babies whom their mothers are too starved to nourish, and children whose winters should be passed in busy schools, to the older young people who should be preparing

themselves with the study of sturdy vocations to enter self-respecting adult life, they too should have acquaintance with the sun, with growing things and with the birds and animals. They have.

They know the sun's burning rays that beat on the desert, heating sand till it blisters weary, dragging feet. They have an intimate knowledge of growing things, meagre blades of grass that they eat in their terrible hunger, torturing their starved bodies till they fall

and die. With the birds and animals also they have a curious relationship, for in the end are they not a welcome find to those scavengers of the air and the wild places of the earth, when

THE smoke of battle lifts in Transcaucasia. It discloses 18,000 orphaned Armenian children in Alexandropol, where last year there were 10,000. For a month these children and seven Near East Relief workers were on half rations. The end of even this meagre fare was close at hand.

A little boat steamed into the harbor at Batoum carrying a cargo of flour. This food was rushed over the now-opened lines of transportation to the orphanages of Near East Relief, and the day the last half-portion was doled out to those patient little ones and heroic grown-ups, the train rolled into Alexandropol station, bearing the life-saving bounty of the American people.

The smoke of battle has lifted in Transcaucasia. The roads are cleared for us. Our job now is to gather in good American dollars to buy more food and send it to Near East ports, that there may be no more months of half-rations for the little Christian children to whom America has pledged her help.

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in their extremity they have dropped?

Happy girls and boys of America, what are you going to do with your summer? How will you employ all those leisure hours of every week all through the pleasant vacation time?

Does not your heart suggest that you might devote a few hours of every week to earning money that you might buy for those needy young people of the Near East, not a sunbeam, nor a beautiful flower, nor yet the song of a bird, but sterner necessities, things without which human beings cannot live—food, clothes, elementary education and training in some vocation with which they can become self-supporting?

There are many ways in which money may be earned in vacation time by the enterprising:

Plant a garden and sell its product.

Make jellies and preserves.

Take subscriptions for magazines.

Sew and sell the things you fashion.

Pick and sell berries and fruit.

Mow lawns.

Run errands.

Sell papers.

Raise a pig and sell it.

Raise and market chickens.



Young America! This boy pleads for Young Armenia

Run a lemonade, popcorn and peanut stand.

Work on the farm and give a part of what you earn.

Sell goods on commission.

Then there is the Near East Relief coupon book, entitled, "The Life of a Child." This little book contains sixty coupons valued at one dollar each. For one dollar an Armenian child can be fed for one week. For sixty dollars, the amount represented by the complete book, an Armenian child can be supported for a whole year. Where is the happy American boy or girl who has not friends enough so that the disposing of one of these books through the long summer would not be an easy matter? At least a part of one of the books could be sold, coupon by coupon, and no sum, however small, is too little to send to those unfortunate children in the far-away country who, without our help, would have nothing.

Can you not—no, *will you not*—earn and give this summer to help the children in Bible lands live on to strong and useful manhood and womanhood?

NOTE: Near East Relief coupon books may be obtained from state offices, listed on page 19.

French Soldiers

AT Cæsarea were seven officers and 700 men of the 412th Infantry of the French army, held as prisoners by the Nationalists. They were captured at Bozanti in the Adana region. These officers and men were wearing the remains of summer uniforms in the wintry weather, sleeping blanketless on the floor and existing on matzoon and black bread.

Near East Relief came to the rescue with 700 blankets, sleeping bags, underwear, shoes and soap, and the director also has been advancing them small sums of money each month to help buy additional necessary food.

Had it not been for Near East Relief assistance, doubtless only a small number of these soldiers would have lived through the winter.



Snow-clad Ararat rises high above the adjoining mountains

Erivan

THERE are two or three theories about the source from which Erivan derived its name. The most popular is an old legend which tells that Noah, anchored safely on Mt. Ararat, saw from the bridge of the ark the present site of the city emerge from the subsiding deluge. An Armenian verb, *erevel*, is said to mean *appearing*; hence Erivan.

Whatever the origin of its name the origin of its existence is sufficiently ancient to link it unequivocally with the traditions of Christian people.

It has been inhabited in succession by Armenians, Persians and Russians, and again by Armenians. In 1919 its population was esti-

mated at 100,000, divided approximately as follows:

Armenians	88,180
Russians	1,500
Tartars	10,000
Jews	300
Georgians	20
Turks	None

100,000

Erivan's climate is moderate, its principal industries the manufacture of wine and cognac. The cognac industry is controlled by the present government and law prevents its manufacture for sale or for private use; consequently, its use now is for medicinal purposes only.

A flourishing leather goods industry pre-

viously has been supported by the people of Erivan. Sheep and goat hide chiefly was used.

Salt mines furnish another industrial outlet. Caravans of camels, laden with large salt rocks, make picturesque the dusty roads leading from the city.

The water supply is abundant and excellent; the water is clear and cool. A single pipe, about ten inches in diameter, brings it a distance of fifteen miles from a district of high altitude, called Kirk-Bulach, which means "forty sources."

One railroad, under government control, connects the city with the outside world, when war allows communication. There are two telegraph lines, the Armenian and the Indo-European (British control), and two Armenian radio stations.

The policing and sanitary conditions of the city are not much worse than in most eastern cities. A small squad of workmen and old women sweep certain districts, but running water in the gutters and occasional breezes are the only cleaners. One often sees the natives washing clothes or parts of their persons in the deep stone gutters which edge the streets.

Many buildings are of substantial stone in the Russian style; the poorer houses are of native mud and plaster. High walls enclose vineyards, orchards and gardens; grapes, apples, peaches and vegetables abound.

There is absolutely no fire protection, but, as a matter of fact, most of the buildings are practically fireproof.

Erivan is lighted, although poorly, by electricity furnished by two companies, one owned by the city and the other by one of the wine factories.

The schools are of the Russian type, called "gymnasiums." One beautiful structure, formerly a seminary, is now used as an American hospital. The unfinished gymnasium, on the main street of the town, has been the pride of the natives; it was one day to be a "big university." Before that day, however, it is destined to serve as a shelter for refugees.

Erivan has six Armenian churches, two Russian churches and five mosques.

There are three drug stores, forty-five doctors and four dentists. Sunshine and good water account for a marvelous lack of sickness, in spite of insanitary conditions.

Erivan, from the heights along the road to Kanakir, presents a peaceful aspect worthy of its biblical tradition. One sees below him the green of the walled-in vineyards and orchards, dotted with churches and large stone buildings, the whole lightly covered by a thin blue haze, beyond which snow-clad Ararat rises high above the adjoining mountains.

This is Erivan, the hub and the hope of the Armenian Republic.

Report to Congress and the New York Sun

THE New York *Sun*, inspired by the annual report to Congress of Near East Relief, has spoken on its editorial page in the following glowing terms of America's response to Armenia's need:

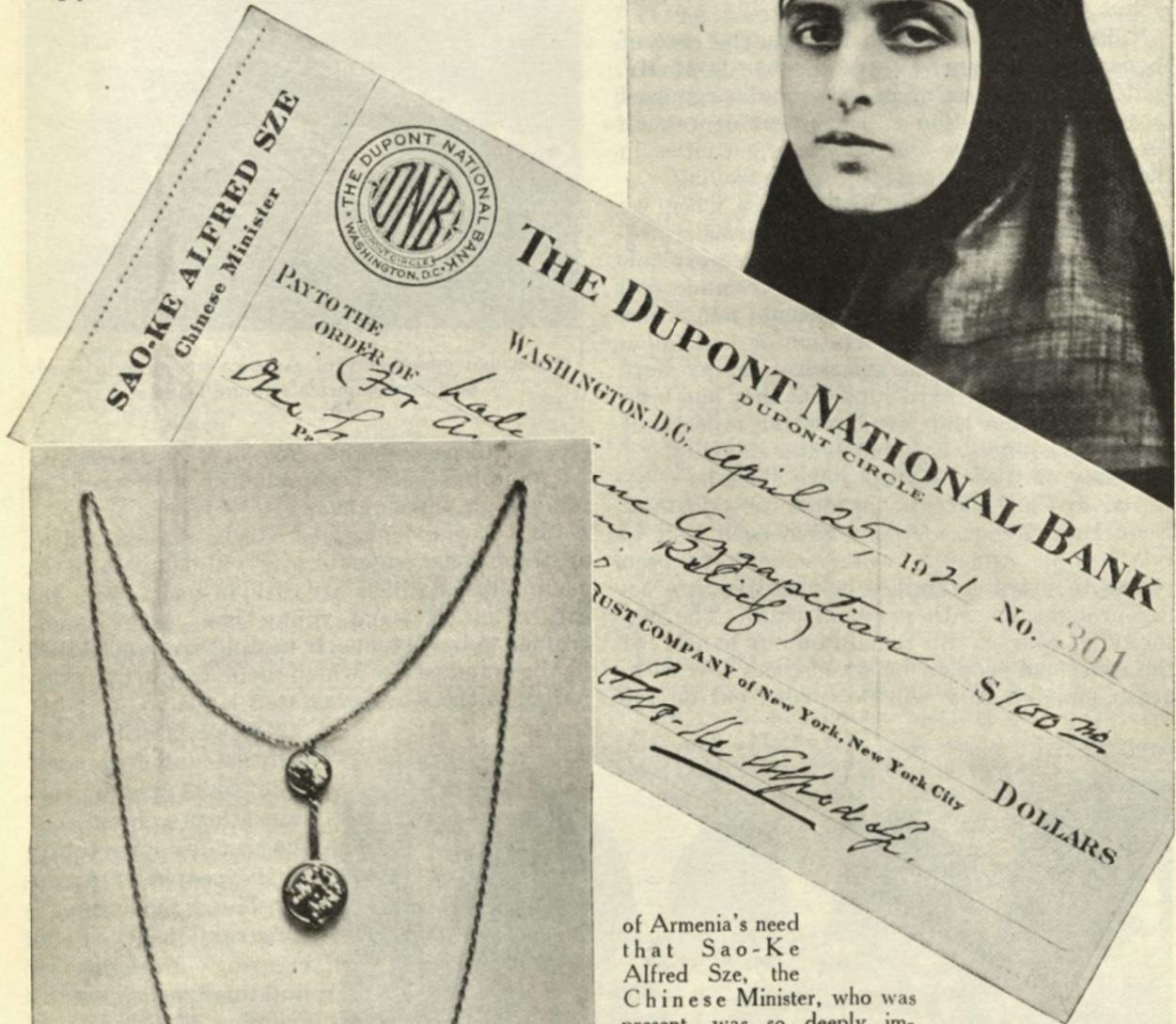
"Nothing could better illustrate the splendid response of the American people to the distress appeals sent out for help by the afflicted inhabitants of the Near East than the report that has just been made to Congress by the Near East Relief, showing the result of its activities during the last year. Approximately one million lives were saved and the grand total of the contributions received amounted to \$60,000,000.

"The Near East Relief has operated sixty-three hospitals, 128 clinics, eleven rescue homes, 229 orphanages which accommodated 54,600 children and also supported 56,039 other children outside of orphanages.

"Conditions in the Near East since the armistice have been appalling. Human beings reached the lowest depths of misery and children were starving by the hundreds of thousands. It was to relieve this piteous distress that the Near East Relief work was started, and from the outset Americans have met these appeals with full hands. The concrete results of their help are proof of their unceasing generosity."

The Story of Armenia Brings Unusual Gifts

AT a recent meeting in Indianapolis for the China Famine Fund and Near East Relief, Lady Anne Azgepetian told with such gripping eloquence the story



of Armenia's need that Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, the Chinese Minister, who was present, was so deeply impressed that he gave her his check for Near East Relief. A beautiful platinum and diamond pendant also was contributed, the proceeds of its sale to be divided between the two committees. Its donor said, "I never knew what jewels were worth until I learned that they could actually save the lives of little children"

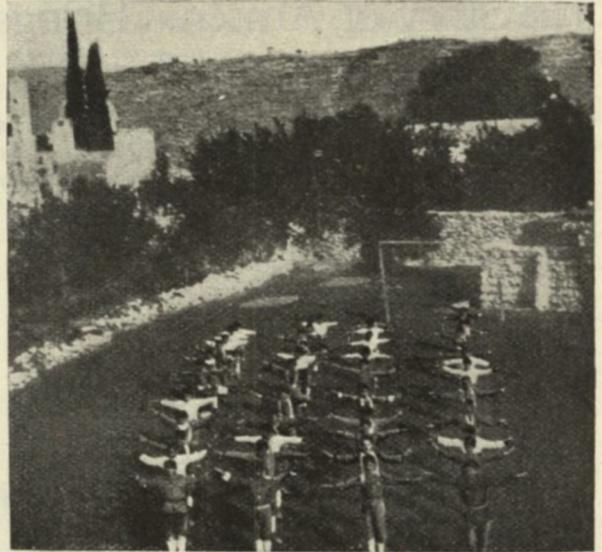
Wards of America

EFFORTS of American workers of Near East Relief are gradually helping to efface the scars of war and the resulting starvation and disease in Syria and Palestine, writes Director Bayard Dodge.

"The war has left us a legacy—the care of thousands of orphans," are the words of Mr. Dodge. "The country is still too disorganized by death, deportation and business depression for us to withdraw entirely from activities in the region. Yet the situation is improving.

"It seems only a few months ago when we first came into Syria to carry America's message of charity. Into the newly opened orphanages came a constant stream of tiny, underfed, half-naked children. Their parents had either been lost to them by deportation or had fallen victims to starvation or massacre. Many were half mad from the hardships that they had been through. Some had wandered for miles over the rough country, barefooted and starving.

"Many of these children have since been restored to their parents through the efforts of Near East Relief. Others have been sent to relatives in America, while some have been placed in private families, where they are being brought up with personal care. The majority, of course, still remain on our hands. If the American people who saved them now withdraw support, they will be turned out on the



The peculiar opportunity of America—to raise to sturdy manhood Armenia's future leaders

streets, to become the prey of vice and crime. All that has been accomplished with them so far will go for naught.

"But if the orphanages can be maintained as at present, a wonderful gift will be given to the communities which are still in such need, the gift of a thousand young men and women, trained to be virtuous, honest, liberal and skilled in those industries which alone can bring prosperity to the war-devastated lands.

"There is still a certain amount of general relief to be given in certain storm centers, but the peculiar opportunity of the people of America is to push on reconstruction, not by erecting dwellings or building roads, but by framing the lives of multitudes of little boys and girls, that they may grow up to be a blessing, rather than a curse, to the people around them."



The war's legacy—the care of thousands of orphans

Near East Relief

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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to state offices listed on page 19

Bayard Dodge

THE work of Bayard Dodge, until recently Managing Director for Near East Relief at Beirut, has left a lasting memory not only with those for whom he labored but with those who watched the labor. The following extract from a letter recently received at national headquarters from Professor Hitti of the American University at Beirut is a testimonial of which Mr. Dodge may well be proud. Professor Hitti writes:

"I take this opportunity to convey to you the sentiment of the people in this part of the world regarding the superb work which Mr. Dodge has been carrying on. There are thousands of people who literally owe their lives to

the humane efforts of this young man. During the four years of war, distress and agony, he acted the part of an angel of mercy and brought succor and relief to thousands of the children of Lebanon. In many cases, I am told, he did not spare his own pocket. Unassuming, kind, efficient, with no thought of himself or his comfort, he went about assuming the role of a mother to the motherless and a father to the fatherless. It will be many, many years before the future generation will forget the work of Mr. Dodge."

Josephus Daniels Helps

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, former Secretary of the Navy, is heading in North Carolina the nation-wide campaign for the securing of clothing for the refugees in the near East.

A Governor's Daughters

LOUISE AND ELEANOR, the twelve-year-old twin daughters of Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York, have given their combined savings, amounting to almost \$100, to Near East Relief. *Bronx (N. Y.) Democrat.*

Charity Knows No Color

THE colored people of Missouri, with the sum of \$1,560, are supporting for a year twenty-six orphaned children of the Near East. Their resolution, passed recently at the Central Missouri Methodist Episcopal Conference, shows their understanding of the need and reveals the spirit of their pledge. It reads:

"We are still conscious of the continued cry for help that comes from the Christians of Armenia to the Christians of America.

"We know how they have been put to the test for their faith in GOD.

"We know how they have faced deportation, starvation and death for their religion rather than deny their LORD.

"We want to help them until they are able to help themselves; therefore

"We feel that this conference should go on record 100 per cent., by each minister here present adopting at least one orphan for his church to feed this year."

Earning in America



IN the cool of summer mornings busy hands can make a huge jar of delicious lemonade. A pan of fudge can be made, corn popped and peanuts salted. Then through the long afternoons, underneath a shady tree at the edge of the lawn, or under an umbrella by the roadside, on a table neatly spread, the morning's concoctions can be offered for sale to all passersby.

A lot of money can be earned this way with which to buy food for those who through years of war have gone for days without even a crust of bread or a drop of water



BLACKBERRIES, blueberries, strawberries, raspberries, huckleberries—how many quarts can be picked in a summer by an earnest little child? How many hungry little children in far-off Armenia can be fed with the food bought by the money earned with the berries picked by the children in happy, comfortable America?



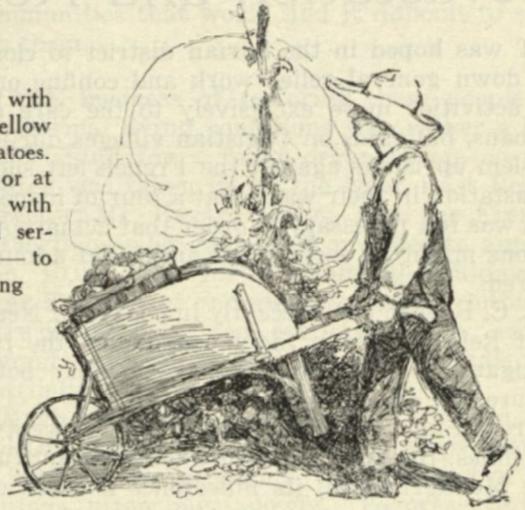
ANICE pig will certainly pay for the raising. He will amuse you with his funny ways as he grows fatter and fatter each day. And at the last, when he is ready for market, think of the round sum he will bring!

How to Give in Armenia

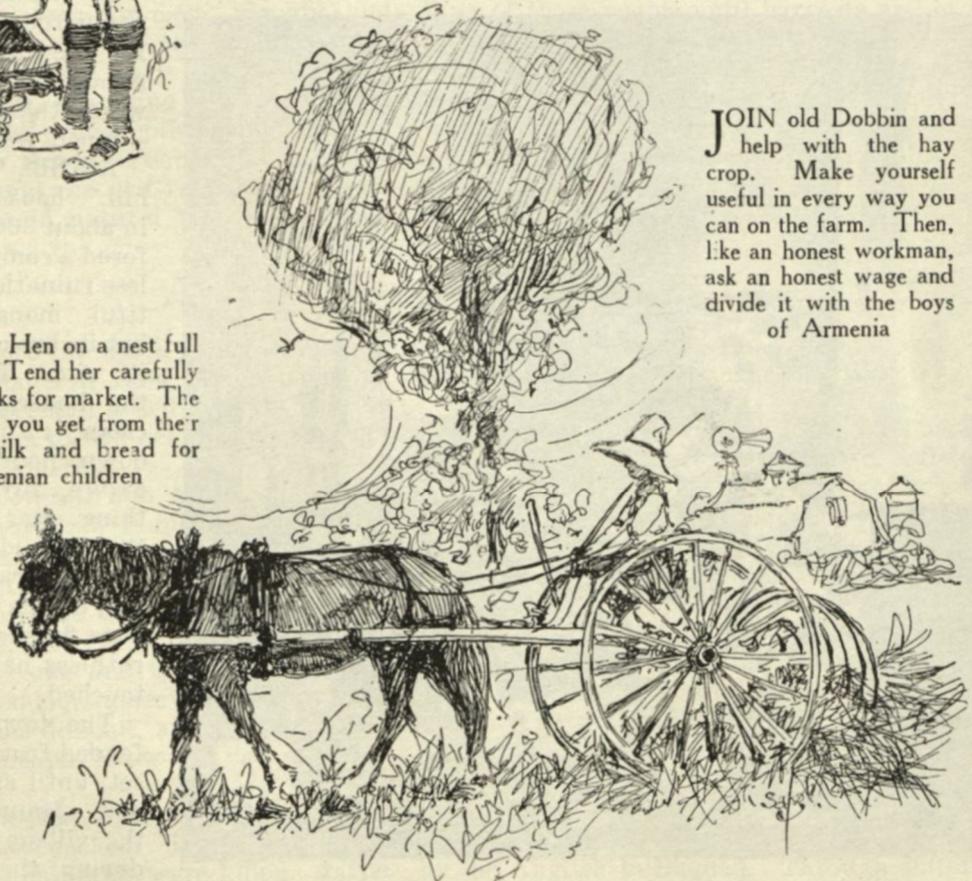
PLANT a garden with pease and beans, yellow squashes and red tomatoes. Take them to market or at fair time win prizes with them. What special service for prize money — to buy food for starving Armenia!



SET the Emily Hen on a nest full of new eggs. Tend her carefully and raise her chicks for market. The crisp new dollars you get from their sale will buy milk and bread for little Armenian children



JJOIN old Dobbin and help with the hay crop. Make yourself useful in every way you can on the farm. Then, like an honest workman, ask an honest wage and divide it with the boys of Armenia



Devastation and Relief of Ain Ibl and Dibl

IT was hoped in the Syrian district to close down general relief work and confine our activities more exclusively to the care of orphans, but raids on Christian villages during Moslem uprisings against the French left such devastation in their wake that a tour of inspection was felt necessary in order that actual conditions might be ascertained and relief administered.

R. C. Byerly, until recently in charge of Near East Relief work in Sidon, conducted the investigation. His findings make a story both picturesque and heartrending.

From Sidon to Tyre, a distance of twenty-five miles, the road runs close to the beautiful, blue Mediterranean, its milestones a chain of

spots of ancient historical significance. From a journey of recurring wayside interests and charms Mr. Byerly and his party came upon the ruined village of Dibl, where they spent the night.

The whole village was requisitioned for food and bedding, with scant success. In the room they eventually occupied not a door or window remained, only holes in the walls, from which the woodwork had been stolen. On the church the pillagers had wrought especial havoc; the altar had been pulled down in search of hidden treasure, the bell pierced with rifle bullets, the chandeliers shattered to bits and the woodwork torn out and carried off. The people, however, had succeeded in preserving their lives.

In the morning, as the party rode off toward Ain Ibl, the question was in all minds, "Can Ain Ibl be worse than Dibl?" It was—much worse.

Ain Ibl, "city set upon a hill," housed 1,500 people in about 300 houses. It suffered a complete and relentless ruination. Of the beautiful monastery, nothing but its broken walls marked its site. The interiors of the houses were stripped clean; roofs were torn down, floors dug up; windows, furniture, everything, was carried off by the marauders. The church showed every evidence of the effects of sect malice. Fire finished the little that ruthless hands had left untouched.

The town had been defended from sunrise to sunset, until ammunition gave out. Many young men of the village lost their lives during the battle; others were wounded and so were



The altar had been pulled down in search of hidden treasure

left behind, when flight became necessary, to a fate far less kind than death. Others who were old and sick, numbering nearly a hundred, were also unable to make their escape and so met horrible massacre at the hands of the intruders.

Immediate relief for these people was imperative. An inventory of their needs was made by Mr. Byerly. First and greatest was the need for doors and windows. Ibl is located high above sea level and the cold in winter is bitter. Wood is very scarce and expensive and has to be carried a long way, and there was no cash for buying lumber and no animals for transporting it.

The second need was for blankets and clothing. Practically all the clothing the people had was on their backs. Although house after house was entered, hardly a blanket or mattress was seen.

The third need was for oxen, ploughs and seed grain. The people of these villages are rich in land, but without seeds and farm implements and animals, the thing that constitutes their riches would prove nothing but a white elephant on their hands. People that normally are self-supporting and self-respecting, if unable to follow their natural habits of living,

would become social and economic burdens upon communities that would find it difficult to succor them.

THE business of restoring these people to normal living conditions was rather a big undertaking for a relief organization, so the matter was taken up by the Near East Relief Director, Mr. Bayard Dodge, with the French authorities, who gave their promise to apportion 10,000 lira for agricultural equipment. Near East Relief undertook to supply clothing, a truck load being sent out immediately, and a committee was organized in Tyre to handle the distribution.

Much remains still to be done for Ain Ibl and Dibl. Ready cash is low and crops cannot be hurried. Governments, with the best of intentions, often move slowly. To preserve the lives of these people until harvests are in is a serious problem.

Their plight is desperate; this has been ascertained by a thorough investigation. To all those who share our labors and our responsibilities we say, as a Syrian himself would phrase it, "Give, so as not to blacken our faces, for we have promised help."

A Near East Romance

IN the days before the war a young Armenian man in a village in Asia Minor bade his sweetheart goodbye and sailed over the seas in the wake of the sun to win her a home and fortune in fabulous America.

America did not fail him but circumstance did. Aranos Mooradian found a good job in Detroit, Michigan. He lived thriftily; it seemed no time at all before money began to accumulate for the little home that he wished to prepare for his bride.

Then the war came and the Eastern world suffered its tremendous upheaval. All contacts across seas became difficult, and in Armenia—but all civilized people know the sad story of Armenia.

The little town that fostered the beginning of the romance was sacked. Three hundred of its five hundred inhabitants were killed. Little Lusya Chakalian saved herself only because she

played 'possum among the gruesome company that heaped the streets of the village.

FOR three years Lusya, with the little band of villagers left after the massacre, wandered among the inhospitable mountains and over the burning desert until they reached Arabkir, losing half their number on the way. After another year they reached Mosul, where they lived a meagre existence for three years. Their privations in Mosul were so extreme that the little group was nearly wiped out entirely. Not a single member of Lusya's family remained and she had witnessed the sudden death and the silent falling by the wayside of every relative of her sweetheart, whom she now considered lost to her forever.

But eventually, with others, Lusya was taken by the English to Bagdad. Through suffering she had reached a place beyond hope. She did

not dream that Bagdad was a turning point in her pitiful existence and that the future after all was going to fulfill its promise to her.

From Bagdad an Armenian leader forwarded Lusian's name to the *Hairenik*, an Armenian newspaper published in Boston. A copy of this paper reached Aranos Mooradian in Detroit. Immediately he wrote to his sweetheart, of whom he had heard nothing for nearly ten years, and through Near East Relief he sent her \$500 to bring her in safety to a new and happy life.

HOW did he employ his time while he waited for her?

There was that little home to be got ready in a hurry, the little home that he had long despaired of sharing with Lusian.

They met and were married in Boston. Lusian's wedding day was indeed a day of thrills for her. Aside from the meeting with her lover, her first ride in a trolley car, her first experience with an underground tunnel, her first swift flight in an elevator, would be enough to unnerve almost any

young bride. But these strange things could hold no terror for one who had lived through the awfulness of pillage and massacre that had become commonplaces in the life of Lusian, and it was almost a smiling bride who boarded the train with her husband, bound for the home he had prepared for her in Michigan.



A serenade. Perhaps Lusian Chakalian's early romance was accompanied by the plaintive strains of an Armenian bagpipe

LUSIA MOORADIAN is now twenty-six years old. In America that is an ideal age for brides, and certainly no country sends brides to the altar more radiant and young than does America. But Lusian Mooradian looks like a tired middle-aged woman. Her face is stamped with a grim sadness that tells a tragic story. Yet her young husband, remembering their happy childhood, and with the picture deep in his heart of the sweetheart to whom he said goodbye so long ago, is confident that the sheltered home and the tenderness with which he intends to surround her future, will bring back to his little wife the happiness which should shine from the face of every bride.

A Rolling Gift

GIFTS come to us in many forms. Freight charges amounting to \$12,500 is a recent gift of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Near East Relief. Rolling across country from west-

ern grain fields are cars full of food for the children and refugees of the Near East that would, without this gift, cost \$12,500 just to transport to the Atlantic coast.

Those Who Turn to Us in Hope

STATISTICS sometimes make dry reading. Yet there are figures behind which lurk facts so full of sinister truths that they spring into the category of romance through sheer fascination.

Hidden away in Mohammedan homes, varying from the palatial abodes of rich Turks to the tents of wandering Arabs, are Christian Armenian girls, numbering, according to a careful compilation of the figures of romantic fact, 63,800. The following tabulation makes anything but dry reading:

In the districts of Der-el-Zar	
a Zibar, Egabar and Verakora tribes holding at least.....	500
b The Jibour tribe.....	600
c Shamor tribe.....	700
d Anezai tribe.....	2,000
Ras-ul-Ain District	
Chechen tribes.....	2,000
In Constantinople and the surrounding country.....	6,000
In Nicomedia, Broussa, Balikescer and Kara-Hissa.....	2,000
Ineboli.....	1,500
Eskishehr and Konia.....	3,000
Castamouni.....	500
Trebizond.....	2,500
Sivas.....	3,500
Kaisarium (Cesarea).....	3,500
Erzerum.....	3,000
Diarbekir and Mardin.....	25,000
Harpoot.....	3,000
Bitlis and Van.....	5,000

63,800

Imagination pictures life in the harem as degrading in the extreme according to Western standards. The intolerance of Mohammedan toward Christian adds to the degradation of these girls the horrors of relentless persecution. It has been our imperative duty, as Christians, to effect their release wherever possible.

The fascinating figures go on to tell us that after all these unfortunate Christian girls constitute a pitiful minority among the saddened groups of the victims of these wars of religion.

Throughout Turkey, still exposed to intimate contact with an ancient enemy, are 561,100 Armenians. Resident in the Armenian Republic, around which has surged recent terrific warfare, are 1,293,000 Armenians. Also in this small, uncertain country are 263,000 refugees



from Turkish Armenia, and hidden away in lonely mountain places are 20,000 more who have tried thus desperately to free themselves of long-endured persecution. Even this enumeration does not complete the list of those whose eyes are turned to us in hope.

No, you cannot say these figures have no fascination. They represent romance in tragic guise.

The Green Hat

IN the old clothes bag at Ismid was a bright green velvet picture hat. It had been there quite a long time. It is not difficult to understand that a hand reaching into the bag for an article of clothing for a tiny white-faced orphan

or a weary, starved and ragged refugee woman would thrust back with impatience such a gaudy bit of frippery. It seems as if that hat would suffer its final disintegration in its comings out of and goings back into the bag.

But there came a day when the hat came out of the bag and didn't go back in.

Six hundred refugee children begging in the streets of Ismid, obtaining food where best they could (often sharing the rations of the soldiers), were rounded up for a hot bath, warm new clothes from America, food from the soup kitchen and medical treatment at the children's clinic. After the bath six hundred suspicious-looking polls were shaved and pretty woolen caps were distributed. Alas, there proved to be only five hundred and ninety-nine caps. What was to be done about the last little naked head?

The owner of the hand concerned with the distribution of pretty woolen caps remembered suddenly the many angry encounters with that verdant horror of velvet. The hat was clapped upon the head of the last tiny person clad otherwise in new gray flannel. It could not be seen with what emotion it was being worn, for it was a large hat and its wearer was small. There need have been no apprehension; every day the hat appeared in line at the clinic.

It was a strange hat, apparently, endowed

with aameleon-like personality. Had it belonged to some actress of dramatic roles and had it taken from her the power of subtle impersonations? Every day that hat looked in some peculiar way a little different. The doctor, the nurses, the entire Near East personnel formed the habit of speculating on what character the hat would assume next. Would it swagger through the compound door? Would it peek shyly 'round the lintel and modestly take its place at the foot of the line? Would it stalk like deathless tragedy among the round, bobbing heads?

THE mystery was a long time in the solving, for six hundred sheared, gray-clad figures can look much alike. It takes a touch, say that of an exotic green hat, to emphasize character. Yes, revelation came at last. That gorgeous hat was going the rounds. The baths were good and so were the clean, comfortable heads in their pretty caps; the good American clothes were warm and the hot soup slowly was beginning to round out wan little cheeks; the good doctor was making sore eyes and aching bodies well, but it took the glorious green velvet hat to make the day perfect for a tiny human atom in the cue that waited daily at the doorways of Near East Relief in Ismid for all that stood between them and hunger, disease and filth.

Written in Blood

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatches reporting a massacre of Greek and Armenian Christians at Cæsarea in April seem to substantiate fears expressed in the following cable from Bishop Thergom, Armenian Prelate in Egypt:

"According to trustworthy information the Armenians in Cilicia are desperate and panic stricken over the forthcoming evacuation of Cilicia by the French troops. Kemalist newspapers in Bozanti and other Turkish activities are openly provoking massacres. Exodus of Armenians from Aintab and other parts of Cilicia already begun. We anxiously solicit America's friendly appeal to France to adjourn the evacuation of Cilicia until protection of the Christians is absolutely guaranteed by administrative local autonomy under French protection or other adequate measures."

The evacuation of Cilicia by the French is reported to have begun, in compliance with the terms of the Franco-Turkish Treaty signed in London on March 11.

The Cæsarea massacres constitute the sixth authenticated instance of Christian massacres by Turkish Nationalists since the beginning of 1920. The other instances, according to dispatches published in the American press, are:

Marash: February 8, 1920. 16,000 victims.*

Bozanti: June, 1920. 4,800 victims.

Yozgad: early in July, 1920. Christians reported crucified.

Fouladjik: July 15, 1920. Church containing 1,500 Greeks burned.

Hadjin: October 15, 1920. 10,000 victims.

* Congressional Record, March 10, 1920.

The Precious Thing

NEAR EAST RELIEF needs no spur to its energy. The common knowledge of things as they exist among the people for whom the Committee labors is sufficient to inspire all who come in contact with the work to the highest effort. Yet there is a thing which comes to us again and again which would, of its own full-heartedness, renew a lagging ardor, if it ever existed among us. This precious thing is the gratitude of these people, our brother Christians. In the face of letters like the following, received recently at national headquarters, must we not labor to our utmost, measuring not a single exertion?

"Dear Friends: A few days ago my friend in Constantinople notified me that he received the sum of fifty (50) dollars which I sent through your care, the Near East Relief. Please accept my thanks for this, and also for THE NEW NEAR EAST that is sent to me since February.

"It is only six months since I have been in this country. Till the last day that mother, sister and I left for America—God's Country—we were helping the members of the N. E. R. I am well informed of the help and relief that is spread through your workers; thus it interests me very much the work going on by you.

"I shall never forget those 350 loving orphan faces, and those of hundreds of refugees! I think I can be the echo of their thanks and deep gratitude for the relief you convey to them.

"Dear friends, I bring their message to you. Those faces that had almost forgotten to smile now begin to smile and plead you never to for-



"I never shall forget those refugees"

get them, who were deprived not only of riches and comfort—which may be attained again some day—but loving souls who will never come back! They like to find in you and me those lost, dear faces.

"Please accept my hearty compliments."

From a sheltered American town in New Jersey this letter has come to us. Because of it, and the many others like it, will not our work in those far-off ruined villages take on new meaning and sincerity become refreshed?

*They need us so! Those little empty hands
Held out in pleading, ask us not alone
For bread, but love, and thought, and mother's care—
For all that makes four walls a home. Can we
Who know these things, shut fast our hearts to those
Who never knew them, who can never know,
Unless, to fill those little yearning hands,
We give our thought, our prayers, our love, ourselves?*
ADELAIDE S. DWIGHT

“Charity”

*“Oh, thank you for the dance, Jim, it was fine.
I do enjoy these Charity affairs,
They make me feel so virtuous for once.
I’m starved, let’s eat a sandwich on the stairs.”*

“Starved! What means that word to you? Have you for one day even lacked
Those dainties that you call your daily bread? Or have you named aloud
A want that was not straightway satisfied? Ah, yes, you shrink at sight
Of me lest I should touch you—I who once, like you, was also proud!

“Oh, God, those years—four years uncheered by any morsel worth the name
Of Food. Four years of grass and weeds and worse. And oft a crust, or less,
Snatched from a mangy, wandering dog! Ah, know you what it is to seize
The things you loathe, to satisfy th’ eternal gnawing emptiness?

“And then my little Vartan, he that was to be, in my fond dreams
At least, our President, when we in new Armenia should live,
Grew weak. I watched each day his face grow pinched and those small limbs so shrink.
And twist as to be more like claws, while I—I had no food to give!

“Then came the day I hollowed out the sand with my weak hands and left
Him there, and staggered on—and on. What happened since I cannot see
Nor think, except a strange man came, and spoke to me strange words but kind,
And led me ’neath a flag all stars and stripes, where life came back to me.

“Aye, Charity you call it, but for this which is to me my life
A debt I claim. My kinsmen fought *your* fight and therein bravely fell.
And I, thrice given a chance for comfort bought by selling of my God
And *yours*, preferred those miles of wandering and years of tortured hell.

“Yet, still you hesitate, and while you shrink
Again I weaken and those pangs so dread
Are seizing me once more. My lips are parched;
E’en Charity I now must beg—Bread!

“My God, hast Thou forsaken me thus now?
Dost Thou, too, weary of my plea? Christ, Thou?”

Edward Tyler Perry

Near East Relief State Offices

ALABAMA Near East Relief, 1203 Volunteer State Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.	IOWA Near East Relief, 520 Securities Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.	NEW HAMPSHIRE Near East Relief, 611-612 Amoskeag Bank Bldg., Manchester, N. H.	SOUTH DAKOTA Near East Relief, 420 Western Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Mitchell, S. Dak.
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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to nearest State Office.

Earning to Give in America

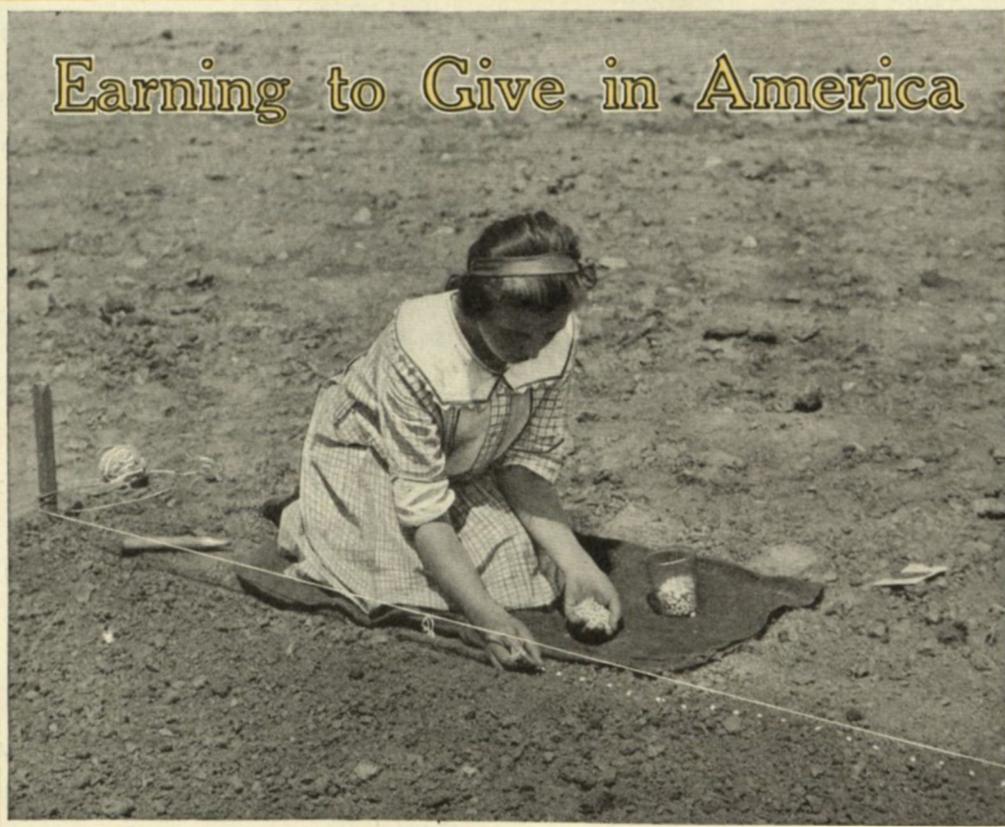


Photo Courtesy United States Department of Agriculture

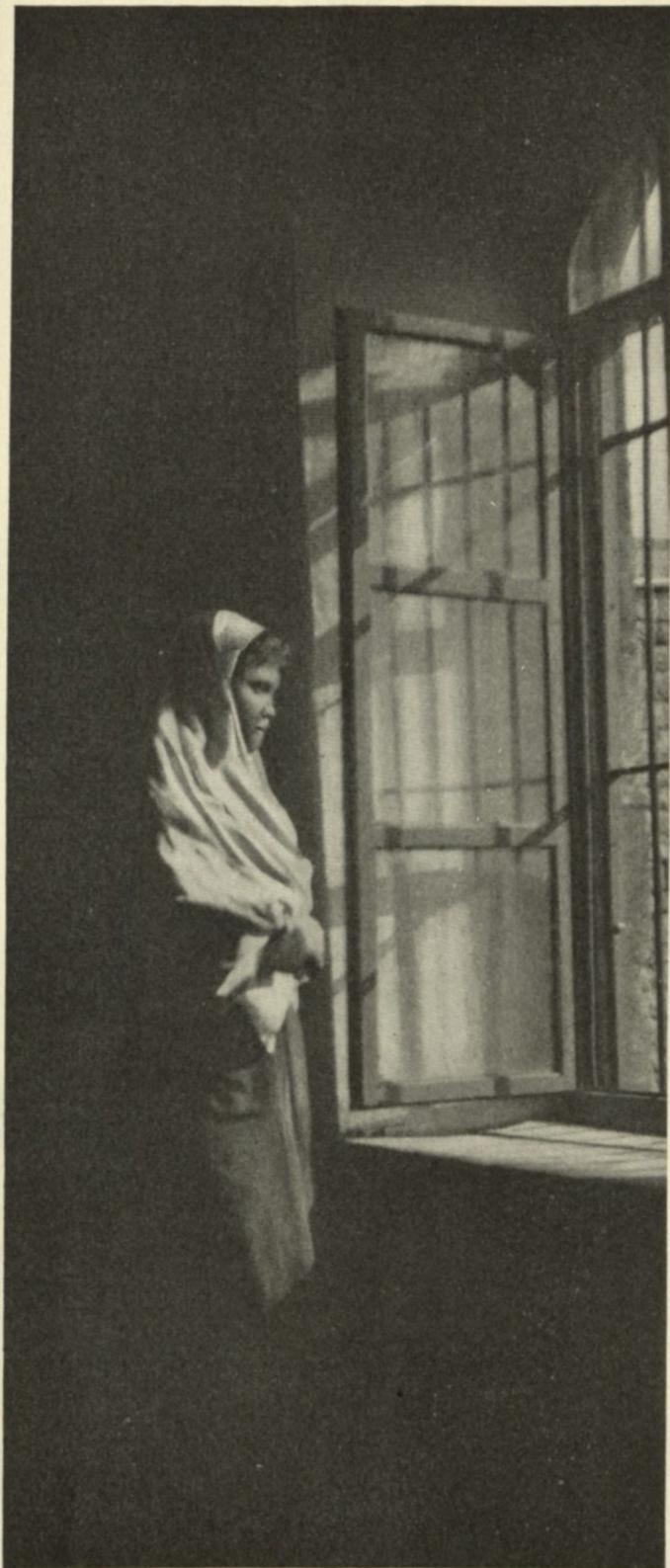
The NEW NEAR EAST

Published by the
NEAR EAST RELIEF

JULY 1921

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Windows Opening On Hope

MINA, in the Arab orphanage at Aleppo, stands against a background of black tragedy, bathed in the sun of a new hope.

Mina was picked up in the street a year ago. She was blind and covered with boils. Her body, through abuse and malnutrition, was so distorted that her chin touched her knees. The clothes she wore so little resembled anything that humans would call a garment that it is hard to know what instinct kept her clothed.

She breathed. She crawled about. She ate whenever in her groping she found a fragment that could be masticated.

Why she managed to survive at last has found its answer.

Today Mina stands and walks erect. Her skin is clean, her sight restored; she is warmly clothed and fed. What is more important, she has found a reason for living. She can work. She is useful. She is actually needful to twenty small boys in the Arab orphanage at Aleppo whose well-being has been given into her charge.

Life has opened a window for Mina. She has at last found a place in the sun. At least that place has been given her through the timely ministrations of Near East Relief, and the determination of Mrs. Norton, who supervises the orphans in Aleppo, and the Armenian doctor there to try and bring to Mina a measure of compensation for all that she has endured.

The story of Mina is a bit of almost unbelievable truth to us who live snug in America. Yet to one knowing conditions in that far-off land, to which Americans have pledged their sympathy and their help, Mina is only an illustration. In the orphanages, the hospitals, the clinics and the schools that dot the Near East from Constantinople to Jerusalem, from Busra to Batum, the story of Mina finds its duplicate in dismayingly numbers.

But the people of America, who are giving their money that these tragic lives may be lightened, must be told that through their generosity and because of the unremitting effort of relief workers, Mina's reclamation to a life of peace and usefulness is also finding its duplicate in large and satisfying numbers.

Americans, do not lose sight of the continued great need in the Near East. Mina, at her window, feels that even the sun that warms her is there because America has willed it so. These people have learned to depend on us. We must not fail them.

The NEW NEAR EAST

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Talcott Williams Hamilton Holt Frederick Lynch Albert Shaw William E. Doughty
Charles V. Vickrey Florence Allen McMahan, *Editor*

VOL. VI

JULY, 1921

No. X

The Future of the Orphans

AT a recent meeting of the executive committee of Near East Relief an orphanage program was adopted that will shape relief activities in the Near East for a considerable period of time.

All orphans who are found to have relatives qualified to care for them will be returned to these relatives.

Certain children in the orphanages or otherwise supported by Near East Relief will be placed or apprenticed with non-relatives of their own race from whom they will receive proper care, subject to our supervision.

Certain children will be transferred from Near East Relief orphanages to other institutions, native and foreign, as these institutions become able to assume the responsibilities involved.

In some cases where children are placed as above stated small amounts from our funds will be used to insure proper support, in return for which the care and training in the home or institution will be supervised by us.

THE largest possible responsibility will be thrown upon governments for the support of the children, either by transferring them from our orphanages to approved government institutions or by securing from the governments appropriate financial subsidies for the support of Near East Relief or other orphanages.

Under the prevalent economic and political conditions in the Near East there will remain many orphans who cannot be cared for by any of the above methods. Near East Relief, as the representative of American philanthropy, will offer its services in caring for as many of these children as its resources warrant.

THIS constructive program calls for a gradual but somewhat rapid reduction in the number of orphanages and institutions. There will be maintained, after say July 1, 1922 (in Syria July 1, 1921), only such few selected institutions as may be required to care for the diminishing number of children. Care will be taken not to transplant children unnecessarily into an environment different from that which was theirs before the war. To this end institutions will be maintained at several interior points, political conditions permitting, as well as at seaports and other more accessible places.

The administrative committees in the various areas will be authorized to lease, purchase and improve property necessary for the fulfillment of the program. As the physical, social and educational development of the children fits them to become self-supporting, there will be a gradual elimination of the acquired property.

The property will be secured from governments, ecclesiastical organizations, existing institutions, monasteries or individuals, prefer-

A NEAR EAST ORPHAN CAN BE SUPPORTED FOR \$60 A YEAR

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ably by gift or lease, only by purchase where necessary and when authorized by the executive committee in New York. The administrative committee will purchase whatever tools, raw materials, simple machinery and other equipment which may be necessary in order to prepare the children to take their proper place in the agricultural, industrial and economic life of their communities.

In each main area one or more institutions will be developed into advanced industrial schools for the training of such children as may show special capacity for agricultural and industrial leadership and for the educating of teachers and administrators of future institutions.

"I Live With the World"

IN northern Palestine, in the region known as Merj Ayoun, the Arabs held sway for six months, plundering the villages and killing off the Christians as a demonstration against the French. The country thereabouts is beautiful, but the little villages presented an aspect of utter ruin and the inhabitants a condition of indescribable misery.

Miss Josephine Huse, Near East Relief worker at Sidon, writes that her experience holds no such other picture of rags and pathos as she found among these people. One ragged little urchin came running toward her as she approached a village. To her surprise, she recognized him as the brother of one of the Sidon orphans. She asked him where he was living. "My house is destroy, oh, Mother," he answered, "I live with the world."

All these people "lived with the world." In their peril and their need, in one of the villages, a unique comradeship between Christians and Moslems came into being.

WHEN the first word of trouble came, one hundred strong Moslems volunteered to stand guard. A meeting was held and it was decided to store the most valued possessions of each family in the Protestant church. Huge stone jars of oil and olives, of honey and dibs were brought, bags of wheat and beans, and rugs and furniture—almost every portable

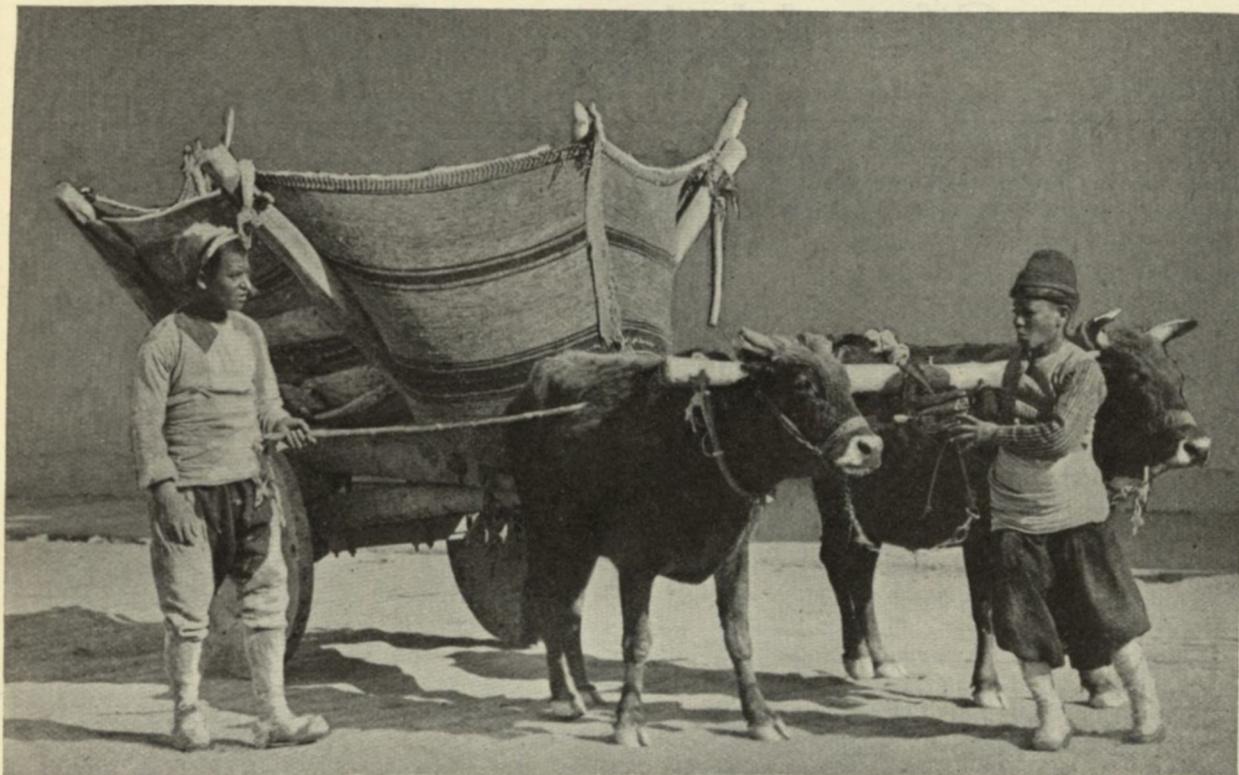
The child welfare director will keep closely in touch with the development of the orphanage plans in order to help insure reasonable uniformity of treatment for children in various sections, and, what is more important still, to help avoid sundry errors which could be very easily committed if the children are dealt with coldly as groups of orphans instead of as individual human beings. To this end the child welfare director will sit with the administrative committees whenever possible in order that specific suggestions may be offered in the planning of all operations, individual or general, for the development of the orphans of the Near East into a practical and self-respecting manhood and womanhood.

thing. The building was piled rafter-high, till it resembled a storage warehouse rather than a place of worship.

LATER, when it became apparent that Moslems were being spared in the raids when Christians were not, each Moslem family that had three rooms housed a Christian family in one of them and the things that had been stored in the Protestant church were removed to the Moslem homes. Here they remained in hiding for nearly six months. The Moslem sheikh sheltered two hundred Christian people for the entire time.

When word came that the French were approaching, the Arabs fled and the Christians, returning to whatever was left of their homes, took in with them the Moslems who had befriended them. But the French did not come and the people continue to dread a recurrence of trouble. Conditions are very bad. Lawlessness reigns. The people in their terror are unable to harvest their crops.

The stories of children are pitiful in the extreme. During the war the mother of one baby died before the child was weaned. The mother left the little sister in the care of her two brothers until the father should return from work in the harvest fields. The father came home ill and died in three days. The children continued to live in the tumbled-down one-room



The Flour Barrel of the Near East

THIS primitive method of transporting flour by ox-cart has no apparent bad effect upon native ability to produce the "staff of life." The Near East bakery in Constantinople supplied the local orphanages with 6,500,000 loaves of bread during 1920. The figures for this year also disclose the fact that 12,324,000 pounds of flour were sent out in relief shipments from the warehouses in Constantinople and Derindje, together with 893,500 blankets, 2,803,488 cans of condensed milk and 3,066 bags and cases of clothing.

house they called home until the roof fell in. Then they took shelter in the tiny stone house the village women used to bake their bread. The ten-year-old boy carried the baby on his shoulders from house to house while he begged for food. He fell ill. One day the baby was found sitting by her brother, crying, "Yusef, nennie" (the baby word for food in Arabic). The boy was dead. Later the child was found in the bed of the little mountain stream, where she had fallen. Water was trickling over her. The pastor of the village took her back to the public oven and gave her into the care of one of the

women. Even then her adventures did not end.

Near East Relief at last has her safe in an orphanage, where she is developing into a bright-eyed laughing little kindergartener.

Near East Relief has been able to bring happiness to a lot of these people. Miss Huse rode in on a truck load of warm clothing, which had come from the attics and closets of American homes, which was distributed to the most needy and a canvass was made of the entire district in an effort to ascertain the greatest need of the people so that adequate relief could be administered.

Gifts of Labor and Love

THE sources from which Near East Relief has drawn its aid are varied in the extreme. From certain fixed groups of people have flowed streams of never-ending generosity that have not only helped this great philanthropy but without which it could not have existed in any big sense.

The service of thousands of voluntary workers, pastors, Sunday School superintendents, officers of business, fraternal and other organizations has made possible a life-saving, perhaps a nation-saving achievement.

The Federal Council of Churches, the Sunday School Council, the Knights of Columbus, the International Sunday School Association, the Foreign Missions Council, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. have helped to make it possible for our appeal to reach the great church-going throngs.

Leaders of the American Federation of Labor, Railroad Brotherhoods, the National Grange, American Farm Bureau Federation and the National Board of Farm Organizations have been our staunch friends and co-operators.

Educational leaders, including the head of the National Bureau of Education, School Superintendents, College Presidents, High School Principals and Private School Directors, have been largely instrumental in our success.

WOMEN'S organizations, including the National Council of Women, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Woman's Relief Corps, International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons, Order of the Eastern Star, The Advertising Women of America, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Council of Jewish Women, Daughters of the American Revolution, Lend-a-Hand Society, P. E. O. Sisterhood—all these organizations have actively responded to the needs of the people of the Near East.

Fraternal Centers wherein we have had many friends include the National Fraternal Congress and American Fraternal Congress, the Pythians, Masons, Knights of Columbus, Women's Benefit Association of the Maccabees,

Ladies of the Maccabees and Woodmen's Circle.

Advisory committees of these various religious, fraternal, agricultural, educational and labor bodies have investigated and endorsed and inspired the co-operation of their several organizations in the work of the Near East Relief.

A major factor of the relief work in Russian Armenia during the past year has been the flour secured through Mr. Herbert Hoover, Chairman of the American Relief Administration, valued at \$12,800,000.

MEDICAL supplies and merchandise to the value of \$2,100,000 were transferred during 1920 to Near East Relief from the American Red Cross. The value of these supplies, in the two hundred or more orphanages of our organization, is inestimable.

The co-operation of the Canadian people has been of great value to the organization. \$500,000 subscribed in Canada has made possible the Yedi Koule Hospital for tubercular children at Constantinople, the industrial work in Constantinople, and extensive general relief and orphanage work in the Caucasus, which is supported by remittances of the Armenian Relief Committee of Canada. More than a score of the overseas personnel are Canadian citizens; among those holding positions of more than ordinary responsibility is Dr. E. W. McCallum, Regulating Officer in the Caucasus.

To these gifts of labor and love the multitudes who have looked to Near East Relief for the necessities of life, owe their very existence. The appreciation of the organization to those who have co-operated with us is deep and sincere.

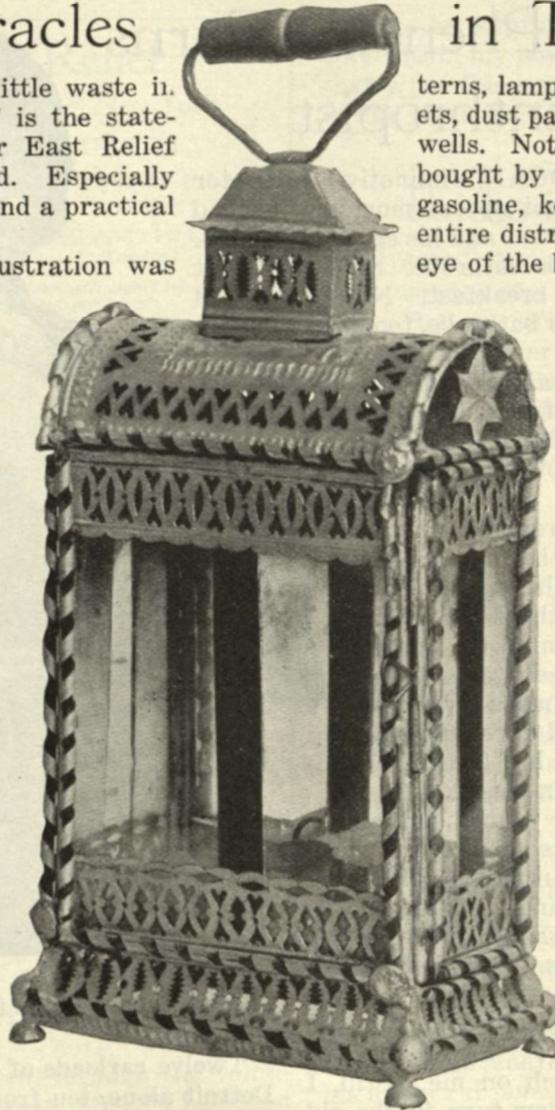
YEDI Koule hospital for tubercular children is caring for over one hundred patients; its capacity is ninety beds. There is a long waiting list of sick, undernourished children awaiting their turn for fresh air, good food and clean, white beds. There is one more empty building on the grounds, but there are no funds for its equipment.

Miracles in Tin

“THERE is very little waste in the Near East,” is the statement of a Near East Relief worker recently returned. Especially does every scrap of tin find a practical usefulness.

The lantern in the illustration was fashioned from an empty gasoline can. The lantern has glass sides. The dark bands are glass strips of various colors. Inside the spirals of tin are slivers of varicolored glass. One of the ends opens as a little door, through which is drawn a leaf-shaped candle stand. In the Near East no one is permitted on the streets after dark without a light, and the making of lanterns of one kind and another has formed an industry in the workshops of Near East Relief.

At Sivas the tin shop, giving employment to men refugees and boys too old to enter the orphanages, turns out every conceivable kind of household implement that can be made from tin—oil and candle lan-



terns, lamps, candlesticks, water buckets, dust pans, bread tins, tin cups, inkwells. Not a foot of block tin has been bought by the shop, but there is not a gasoline, kerosene or milk can in the entire district that escapes the diligent eye of the boss tinner and his helpers.

Tin is not the only commodity utilized in a way for which it was not originally intended. At Bardizag orphanage are boys knitting sweaters and stockings with needles made from telephone wire.

In Tarsus Near East Relief has opened a shop for the sale of the products of the children of the orphanage vocational school. There bread, shoes, clothes, tinware and ox yokes may be bought; also orders may be placed for printing.

Neither time nor material is wasted in the Near East, wherever there is sufficient peace for the fostering of industry and a scrap of usable material is available.

Armenia Prays

O God! Within Thy presence,
See us kneel,
Oppressed by every ill
That life can feel.
Pour forth Thy grace
And calm each troubled breast.
We ask Thee not for Heaven,
But for rest.

God give us peace!
We ask Thee, once again;
Our souls are sick
Our bodies rent with pain.
We ask Thee not for years—
Three score and ten;
God give us rest!
We ask, through Christ—Amen.—*Evelyn Saxton*

The "Infant Phenom" Turns Philanthropist

LITTLE JACKIE COOGAN, diminutive fascinator of the silver sheet, got up one morning and had his orange and his cereal and his egg and his milk before ever he was out of his bathrobe. Said he: "That was a good, though usual, breakfast. Now I am well fed and good-natured. This bathrobe, too, is very snug. I am indeed a lucky kid.

"I see by the papers," said he, turning to his Dad, "that a million and a half people in the Caucasus have no clothes for next winter. Is a million and a half a lot and what are the Caucasus?"

Dad, with the matches from the mantel, saying, "A hundred times this match, then a hundred times these matches and still another hundred times all those matches," tried to convey to Jackie's mind the picture of a million and a half ragged, starving people facing the bitter winter in the high lands of Transcaucasia. Dad had rare success.

Up jumped Jackie. Said he: "There are altogether too many clothes in this house."

Closets and trunks were turned out and a huge bundle of clothing was sent to the warehouse of Near East Relief in New York at the very beginning of the clothing campaign.

Jackie Coogan was not the only one of the theatrical profession who emptied their wardrobes in this cause. Frank Bacon, of "Lightnin'" fame stood in his dressing room in his "Bill Jones" outfit and said: "Seems like the Armenians haven't got much on me. Still, I guess, perhaps there's another turn in the old suit." So the homely suit that had clothed "Bill Jones" through two thousand performances was put in to add a bit of romance to a bundle of stout, warm things that went from Mr. Bacon's dressing room to Near East Relief on "Bundle Day."

John Drew, David Warfield, Otis Skinner, Carroll McComas and many other actor-folks followed the example of Jackie Coogan. These warm-hearted people of the theater, as well as America en masse, were determined that that expectant million and a half people should not



find us unresponsive to their desperate need of clothing.

Twelve carloads of clothes were sent in from Detroit alone, ten from Chicago, and two from Providence in the tiny State of Rhode Island, and these are only examples. Over the railroads from every State in the country carloads of clothing came pouring in. A gratifying feature of this campaign has been that the railroads have given generously. Freight charges for shipments of clothing have been eliminated in so many instances that to pay them has been the exception, rather than the reverse.

**It is never too late to bundle up a bundle for
Near East orphans**

Near East Relief

One Madison Avenue, New York

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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to state offices listed on page 19

Eastern Star

IN the State of Michigan, through the voluntary efforts of one woman, \$23,000 has been contributed to the support of Near East orphans. This woman is Mrs. Watson, Most Worthy Grand Matron of the Eastern Star.

Labor Renews its Pledge

SAMUEL GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labor, has recently written the following letter to National Headquarters: "I have looked over your report to Congress and have read your letter with interest. It is needless to say that I want to con-

tinue to be helpful to your association in every way within my power to the end that every help that is possible may be extended to the sufferers in the Near East."

Radio Aids Publicity

DURING the recent clothing campaign assistance of a unique order was given Near East Relief. The American Radio Relay League, with over 6,000 members composed of the leading wireless operators in this country and Canada, broadcast bulletins to help the campaign. In the June issue of their monthly magazine, "QST," a description was given of this service.

From a Far Corner

FROM Rawal Pindo, Punjab, India, the United Presbyterian Church sends a gift of money to the orphans of Transcaucasia. What corner of the earth is not interested in Near East Relief and the humanitarian work it is accomplishing?

An Ancestral Home

DR. LINCOLN WIRT, whose service to Near East Relief has not only been of a vigorous quality but also of rare variety, has given again to the cause of a destitute people in his usual characteristic way. He has sold his ancestral home to buy food and clothes and shelter for the people of the Near East.

Masonic Interest

THE National League of Masonic Clubs stimulates endeavor in the interests of Near East Relief with a promise contained in a letter received recently at National Headquarters, which reads, "pledging our moral and financial support to this work and urging the adoption of as many orphans as possible by the subordinate clubs throughout the country."



Too old for the orphanage, unskilled as artisans, these boys turn bootblacks and contribute to the town's respectability



Crowded out of over-full Near East Relief orphanages these four little messengers find happiness in hard work

The Candy Seller, who absorbs some of the profits



Young
The
To Sup



The youngest water-carrier in existence, and the thriftiest. She thinks that an empty gasoline can will perhaps add a bouquet to the town's water supply

Burden-bearing is a habit with this small Armenian. From the burden of mere living he takes up the burden of profitable occupation. He ports his entire equipment—product, scales, even wrapping-paper tucked into his girdle





This diminutive shop-keeper looks wistful. Her wistfulness will turn every passerby into a customer until her jingling pocket bears witness to a profitable day



g Armenia Trying Support Itself

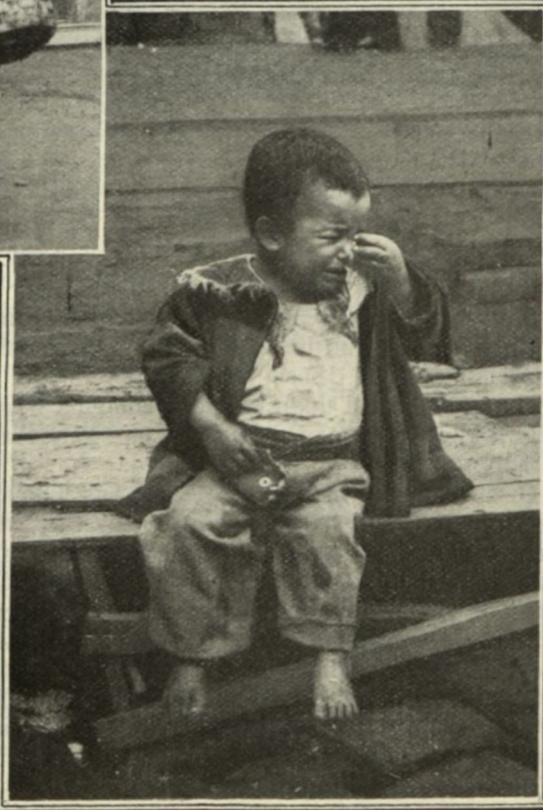


The town's expressman—picturesque and self-sufficient. He asks help from no one. His only hope is that war-time conditions will subside so that business may pick up



He has just been the rounds of the employment agencies and there is not a job to be had for an honest man

Little beggars. It is to be hoped that soon room may be found for them in an orphanage where they will be taught a more self-respecting occupation





To bring these children back to normality has been our task

Awakening Sleeping Minds

By Mary Lena Wilson

TRAINING in educational psychology is much needed by the American welfare workers who have gone out to Armenia. Particularly are those who have charge of orphanages called upon to face problems which only a knowledge of this subject can help them in solving.

Of the tens of thousands of orphans who are being housed and fed and educated by the Near East Relief (America's official organization for carrying on in Armenia) many of them, at the time of their introduction into the American orphanages, had forgotten the names of their mothers, their homes and even their native language. All of them had been so dazed by suffering and neglect that their minds were stunted and benumbed and they were incapable of grasping the simplest facts.

To bring these children back to normality has been the task of the American welfare workers. It has required tact and patience and no small amount of skill.

The first step, and perhaps the most difficult, was to weed out the Armenian from the Turkish children in the Turkish homes and orphanages where they were being held. As the boys and girls of both nationalities looked alike and both spoke the same language, and as the Turks would, of course, give no assistance in the matter of identification, the problem was a perplexing one.

With the children who had really forgotten their early years in their Armenian homes, the methods employed were very simple. Certain objects peculiar to Armenian households were placed before the class room. Armenian words,

names of towns and national surnames were repeated over and over. The little Turkish children would, of course, sit silent and unmoved through these performances. They awakened no memories, no associations in their minds. But very frequently a little dark-eyed boy or girl would give a startled exclamation and point in bewildered fashion to the bowl or utensil the relief worker was holding in her hand, or cry out at the mention of an old Armenian name. The child might not be able to explain to himself why he had been aroused, but his response to the stimulus would be proof that it had stirred some chord of memory which led back to his Armenian past.

With this as a clue, the relief workers would lead the child on by speaking to him slowly in his native language, repeating over and over long lists of Armenian names, and finally—and this the most effective means of all—crooning to him some familiar old Armenian lullaby.

GRADUALLY the dull face would brighten up. Stammeringly and almost fearfully he would say over the Armenian words for mother and sister, would give some disturbed, disconnected account of the memories which these words roused in his mind. Often he would be able to give some confused story of what had happened to him.

As in the majority of cases some history of the children sought for was in the hands of the relief workers, it was easy from these accounts to piece together the story and sufficiently to identify the child in question to take him from his house of bondage to the safe haven of the American orphanage.

But the cases which were the most difficult, and all too numerous, were those where the boys and girls did remember their past—did know that they were Armenians but were in such deadly fear of their Turkish masters that they would not admit their nationality. They

knew all too well the fate that had befallen their fathers and mothers and older brothers and sisters just because they were Armenians. Every day brought its painful reminder of what they themselves were suffering for no other reason than that they were "Christian infidels." If these warnings had not been sufficient there was the continually repeated threat of their masters, "No one looks for an Armenian but to kill him. You are a Turk, as you value your life."

THESE pitiful little children would sit white-faced and staring while the Americans questioned and cajoled, coaxed and pleaded. Like the guilty prisoner at the bar they kept their frightened eyes fixed on space, never daring by look or gesture to betray their feelings.

And then a sob, a childish, broken-hearted cry would break the stillness. At the mention of a mother's name, or the singing of an old Armenian cradle song, some little fellow's strained nerves would give way and he would burst into tears, confessing his nationality and begging pitifully for mercy.

It is hard for these poor little creatures to believe that the Americans have really come with kindly intent. They have been so used to mistreatment and cruelty that it takes some time for them to respond to the advance of the Americans, even after they have been taken into the orphanages. They are silent and constrained. But this is only at first.

Of the thousands of children now entirely under American care, practically all have been brought back to a normal state or are on the way to recovery. While few of those under fourteen can read or write their own language on entering the school, they show remarkable adaptability and speed once their fear has been removed. They love their lessons and their progress is really remarkable.—*Reprinted in part from the Pedagogical Seminary.*

Fair Women and Brave

IN a Sunday edition of *The Boston Herald* an editorial under the heading, "Our Brave Women in Armenia," extols the conduct of the women who have gone out to the Near East to administer relief to a suffering people. The editorial is quoted below:

"'Fair women and brave men' are celebrated in song and story. The world must now honor the brave women. By the world war and its aftermath of misery in many lands they have been tried in circumstances demanding the highest moral and physical courage. Their ser-

vice in humanitarian organizations of every kind, in works of mercy almost innumerable, has been most distinguished, and national governments have gladly rewarded them with decorations which in other times would have been given to none but the warriors who were the bravest of the brave.

"The work of the women is not done. They are still going out to the relief of the destitute in devastated countries. Observe how our American women volunteer for duty in the Near East Relief, facing every danger to save the starving people. A few days ago the Near East Relief dispatched the steamer *Georgia* from Constantinople for Batum with a cargo of 1,300 tons of food for the Armenians in the Erivan district who have survived the invasions of their united enemies, the Turkish Nationalists and Russian Reds. It is not long since all the relief workers were reported to

have been brought away from Batum because their lives were in danger.

"Who, then, will undertake the distribution of the food to the persecuted Armenian women? Five American women. Let their names be noted. They are: Mrs. Bertini Anderson, of Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. Dorothy Sutton, of Washington, D. C.; and the Misses Constance Horsford, of Boston, Mass.; Fannie Strowger, of Rochester, N. Y.; and Florence Mayers, of Tinsdale, Ill. These women, knowing the perils and counting the cost, sailed on the *Georgia*. One of their last acts before departure was the surrender of their passports, thus forfeiting the protection of their own country in going into a territory with which our Government had no diplomatic relations. Thus the relief workers still volunteer and dare and sacrifice and serve, seeking not even praise for themselves, yet reflecting honor on all humanity."

Blue Beads and American Luck

OVER the doors of many Near East homes hang certain symbols that to unfamiliar eyes would seem fraught with mystic meaning. To American eyes they carry a message to cause both surprise and amusement.

Melville Chater, on a tour of inspection for Near East Relief, after observing these symbols in many scattered villages, tackled his chauffeur on the subject.

"Why do your people," said he, "attach so much importance to this American junk?"

"Junk?" replied the young Armenian. "Not junk. Mystic signs, good luck. All Eastern people believe in luck. The blue bead hung around the neck of Armenian and Turk keeps away evil."

Mr. Chater smiled. "That's all right," said he, "a blue bead is a mighty pretty little thing. I could almost believe in a blue bead myself.

But these things, now,—why, I know people in America who claim they bring bad luck as often as they bring good."

"No, no," the boy protested, "I know English. These signs say no sentence of sense. The American is rich and powerful. These are his symbols. They have deep meanings. We will use them and have good luck also."

It was useless for Mr. Chater to explain that there was little magic in tin automobile licenses reading N Y 399997, or CAL 868668, or in an aggressive advertisement of the "best and only" American gas.

"No," stubbornly persisted the boy, "the American has brought us our only luck in many, many years. His symbols we will use," and he leaned cautiously over the side of his car to make sure that Ill 557722 was pinned securely to the door before shifting gears for the steep grade ahead.

IN a tiny room in Constantinople, a Russian General in the full bravery of his uniform stood cooking lunch for himself and his wife, on a one-burner stove.

Over by the window sat his wife, a dainty Russian

Lady, making hats. She had sold her last jewel to buy enough blue taffeta to make one hat. That was her start in Trade.

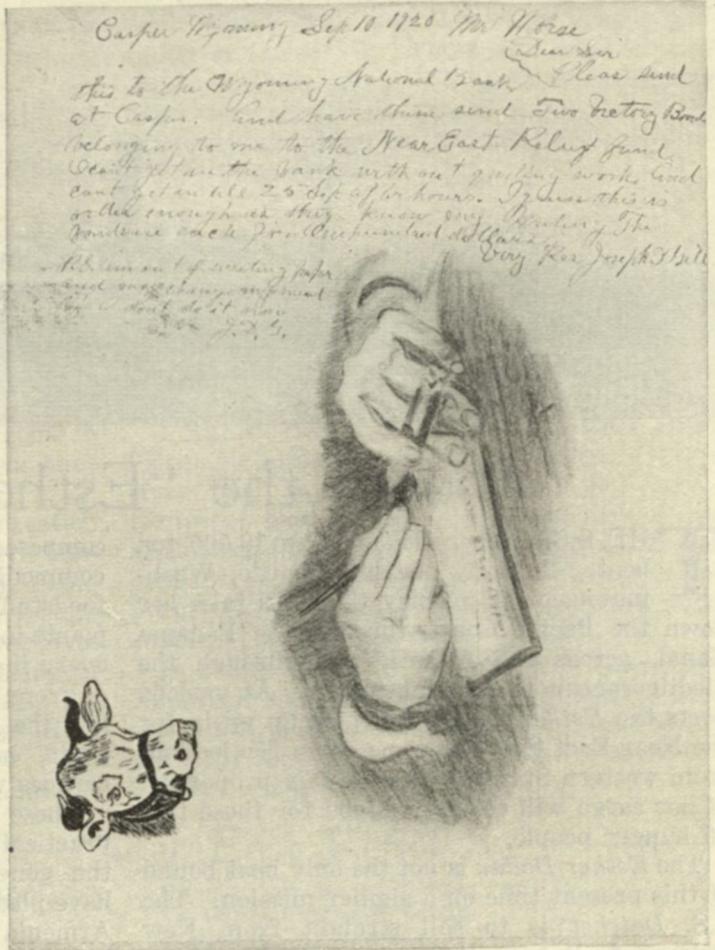
This little picture is typical of the Russian refugee situation in Constantinople.

“Obey that Impulse”

A MAN in Wyoming wanted to give two hundred dollars to Near East Relief. This man worked on a ranch many miles from the town in which he banked. Did he wait sedately for his day off to go to town and get the money? No. He knew that on that remote day his desire to help those starving people on the other side of the globe might have died of neglect. He would write a letter. A search of the ranch house disclosed not a single sheet of respectable writing paper. Did that deter him? No. This man wanted to help the Armenians and help the Armenians he would. Such things as a too distant bank and no writing paper would not stop him. He took the only paper he could find, a somewhat worn piece of typewriting paper, on which a fellow cowboy had been proving a more or less successful claim to a more delicate accomplishment than cowpunching, and he wrote the following letter:

“Mr. Morse, Dear Sir: Please send this to the Wyoming National Bank at Casper. And have them send Two Victory Bonds belonging to me to the Near East Relief Fund. I can't get in the bank without quitting work. And I can't get in till 25 Sep. after hours. I guess this is order enough as they know my writing. The bonds are each for One Hundred dollars. Very Res., Joseph D. Gill. P.S. Am out of writing paper and may change my mind if I don't do it now. J. D. G.”

This man understood the value of a good impulse. So did his bank. It promptly fulfilled



his impulsive, unconventional command, and two hundred dollars' worth of happiness has already gone overseas to a people whose existence, through circumstance rather than desire, has no regard for superficial convention.





Aboard the "Esther Dollar"

THE S.S. *Esther Dollar* is an 18,000 ton boat. Recently she left Seattle, Washington, on a journey that will take her down the Pacific Coast, through the Panama Canal, across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean to Constantinople. At various ports the *Esther Dollar* will pick up grain for the Near East that has come down for loading from western States, so that a fair proportion of her cargo will consist of food for those far-off hungry people.

The *Esther Dollar* is not the only boat bound at this present time on a similar mission. The S.S. *Datchet* is to sail straight from New Orleans to Batum, 4,500 tons of her cargo

composed of rice, corn, beans and other cereal commodities for the orphans of Armenia. This foodstuff has been transported from interior points to the seacoast by the railroads in almost every instance free of freight charge.

From New York have sailed the *Gul-Djmal* and the *Mopang*, touching at various Atlantic ports, each boat carrying Near East Relief cargoes valued at \$90,000.

These boats, with their great tonnage of practical relief for a destitute people, represent the generosity of the American people who have pledged themselves to see to it that young Armenia is nourished to sturdy manhood, and help them build a new and free Armenia.

Government in the Near East

THE Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, in an editorial captioned "Red Armenia," deals illuminatingly with the Bolshevist situation in the Near East. The editorial follows:

"Nobody who knows Armenia will be deceived into believing that the Bolshevist usurpation of power at Erivan, the capital, represents the will of the people.

"Splendid has been the generosity of the Americans in the gift of money, food and clothing to this harassed and distracted folk. But not a hand has been lifted by any power to help them fight off the Turk or the Bolshevist Russian.

"They have had to accept for the time the

outward forms of acquiescence in a régime they hate. When they can gather strength that yoke will be thrown off again.

"Bolshevist rule at Erivan has nothing to say to Cilician Armenia and the rest of the triangular tract inclosed by the Black Sea, the Caspian and the Mediterranean. In every part of the country Americans in the name of the Near East Relief and of our missions are true to their trust. They refuse to be driven off. They have compelled the Turks and the Russians to respect their property and, above all, their helpless charges. They have effected by moral suasion and by the fear of offending American commercial interests and American

public opinion what could not be done by force of arms, since we have sent no expeditionary force.

"Some day we shall rate at its true value the heroism of these men and women. It is so easy at long range to deprecate missionary zeal and

write with a cynic tolerance of an alleged partiality or fanaticism. Those who stood to their work and nobly served will be remembered long after their service has ceased and well into the period of rehabilitation that will follow as a result of their effort."

Cabled Pleas

THE inspiration for the work of Near East Relief lies in the fact that human beings numbering hundreds of thousands are in dire need. Daily comes fresh evidence of this need. Had we any wish to curtail our efforts, we could not in the face of the cables that come to us from that far-off country where we have pledged our help.

"Great need," reads one cable, "but situation not hopeless. Government estimates five hundred thousand in immediate need of food. Population returning to villages and bravely resuming planting. Attitude of new government gives more reason for hope for future well-being of Armenia than attitude of former officials. Received mandate from government for Near East activities."

Still another reads: "British have decided to

transfer eight hundred orphans from Mesopotamia. Absolutely destitute. We lack funds to assume charge. Please appeal for generous help of Near East Relief. Encourage creation of a new orphanage."

From Constantinople comes the following: "Rushing additional food to Caucasus. Native Near East personnel at Alexandropol voluntarily cut food rations in half and refund salaries since December. Ten thousand additional orphans must be taken care of. Caucasus appropriations must be doubled or large food supplies contributed free."

In every corner of the turbulent Near East American help is necessary. Let us then provide amply so that no pitiful group, turned expectantly toward us, may suffer disappointment in American generosity.

Station List—Near East Relief

THE field work of the Near East Relief is organized as follows:

There are three general offices, under the direction of the persons named:

CONSTANTINOPLE: *Director:* H. C. Jaquith, of Darien, Conn.

Administrative Committee: Dr. William Wheelock Peet, Chairman; Dr. Henry S. Huntington, Secretary; Dr. Frederick W. MacCallum; H. C. Jaquith.

Constantinople (city): John H. Crutcher.

Konia: Dr. William S. Dodd.

Sivas: Miss Mary L. Graffam.

Cæsarea: Dr. James H. Talbot.

Marsovan: Miss Sara Corning and Miss A. G. Anthony.

Trebizond: Robert Stapleton.

Samsoun: Robert McDowell.

Harpoot: Walter R. Curt.

Adana: Francis B. Applebee.

Tarsus: Paul Nielson and Mrs. Emily Block.

TRANSCAUCASIA: *Director:* Capt. Ernest A. Yarrow, in Tiflis.

Alexandropol: Milton D. Brown.

Kars: Capt. J. Dangerfield.

Erivan: Clarence D. Ussher.

Karakliss: Charles F. Grant.

Batum: R. L. Ferguson.

SYRIA: *Acting Director:* Maj. James H. Nicol in Beirut.

Administrative Committee: Prof. William H. Hall, Chairman; Prof. Arthur A. Bacon; Dr. E. St. John Ward; Rev. George C. Doolittle; Maj. James H. Nicol; Bayard Dodge; Prof. Julius Arthur Brown.

Mardin: Miss Agnes Fenanga.

Arabekir: Miss Janet Wade.

Urfa: Miss Carolina Holmes.

Aintab: James L. Park.

Marash: Rev. James K. Lyman.

Aleppo: Rev. George C. Doolittle.

There are also three lesser fields, under the direction of the persons named:

JERUSALEM: *Director:* Amos M. Eash.

BAGDAD: *Director:* Rev. E. W. McDowell; George J. Frasher.

PERSIA: *Director:* Livingston Bentley, in Hamadan.

The First Lady of the Land Pleads for Armenia

STRAIGHT from the White House to the American people, by way of the American press, came the following plea for Armenia's need for food and clothes:

"From across the sea destitute Christians and Jewish peoples in the Bible country piteously cry to America for the crumbs from our tables and the old clothes from our closets.

"Through no fault of their own, these ancient races, who were loyal to their God and to the Allied cause, find themselves unable to earn a livelihood or rebuild homes. All they possessed has been destroyed.

"Throughout this great land of ours has gone the S. O. S. of the Near East Relief, and from our bounty every man, woman and child is asked to share spare clothing so that little helpless children and hundreds and thousands of

men and women, who are now desperately trying to cover emaciated bodies with rags and burlap bags, shall be saved from death by exposure next winter.

"Have we not all of us some things we can spare or sacrifice? I am confident that the children of America will share their toys, games and dolls with the hundreds of thousands of children who have forgotten how to smile and play.

"And if you take your bundles to the nearest Near East Relief clothing station on June first the 'Good Samaritan Ship' will carry aid to the countless numbers who are in dire need of our help.

"(Signed) Florence Kling Harding."

The first lady of the land has been quick to recognize an imperative need. The American people cannot fail to emulate her.

Three to One

LAWS of proportion are often put to rout when the question of American generosity is before the board. The girls at Lindenburg College, St. Charles, Missouri, which boasts an

enrollment of 300, have bought one hundred Near East Relief coupon books at \$60 apiece, the purchase of each book guaranteeing the life of a child for one year.

The Hearts of Little Children

WHAT have little children to do with terror? Every normal human instinct would guard childhood from terror as from disease and death. And yet circumstance, so much stronger than man, has included terror in the daily living of children of the Near East until it has become with them a matter of course.

To be frightened, frightened of the Turk, of the sun, of the cold, of hunger, to be frightened every day for days and days, growing into years—that is life for thousands of little people whom we are trying once more to teach to smile.

Fright has left its certain physical marks. In the orphanages of Near East Relief are many

cases of heart trouble clearly traceable to fright. A doctor's report reads:

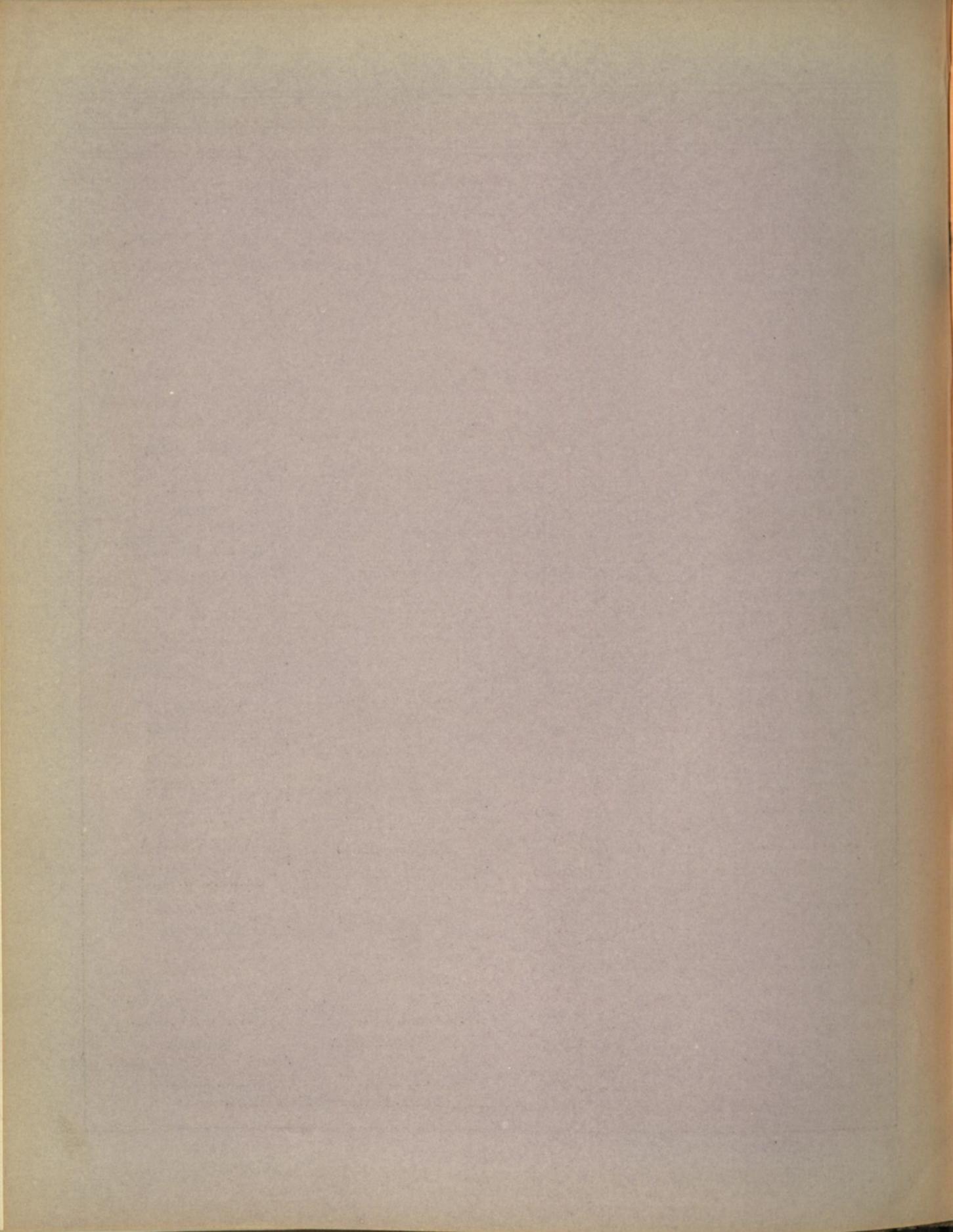
"We have opened a 'prentorium' at Bardizag, in the region where thousands of refugees from the Graeco-Turkish war zone have been concentrated. Here we treat the weaker children and endeavor to build up their sub-normal constitutions. Most of the patients are those with heart trouble, enlargement of the heart being the most prevalent disorder."

Hearts abnormal through terror! A big job for us, to bring to these children, besides food and shelter, a feeling of security and peace, that little hearts may begin to beat again with regularity and little minds turn with confidence toward all their fellow-men.

Near East Relief State Offices

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| <p>ALABAMA
Near East Relief,
1203 Volunteer State Bldg.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.</p> <p>ARIZONA
Near East Relief,
20 Central Bldg.,
Phoenix, Ariz.</p> <p>ARKANSAS
Near East Relief,
6th & Center Sts.,
Little Rock, Ark.</p> <p>CALIFORNIA (North)
Near East Relief,
333 Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif.</p> <p>CALIFORNIA (South)
Near East Relief,
517 Wright & Callender Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.</p> <p>COLORADO
Near East Relief,
413 Chamber of Com. Bldg.,
Denver, Colo.</p> <p>CONNECTICUT
Near East Relief,
Strand Theatre Bldg.,
1003 Main St.,
P. O. Box 1342,
Hartford, Conn.</p> <p>DELAWARE
Near East Relief,
402 Industrial Trust Bldg.,
Wilmington, Del.</p> <p>DIST. OF COLUMBIA
Near East Relief,
308 Bond Bldg.,
New York Ave. & 14th St.,
Washington, D. C.</p> <p>FLORIDA
Near East Relief,
505 Clark Bldg.,
Jacksonville, Fla.</p> <p>GEORGIA
Near East Relief,
409 Georgia Sav. Bank,
Atlanta, Ga.</p> <p>IDAHO
Near East Relief,
P. O. Box 1205,
Boise, Idaho.</p> <p>ILLINOIS
Near East Relief,
19 South La Salle St.
Chicago, Ill.</p> <p>INDIANA
Near East Relief,
403 City Trust Bldg.,
Indianapolis, Ind.</p> | <p>IOWA
Near East Relief,
520 Securities Bldg.,
Des Moines, Iowa.</p> <p>KANSAS
Near East Relief,
Central Nat'l Bank Bldg.,
Topeka, Kans.</p> <p>KENTUCKY
Near East Relief,
505 Louisville Trust Bldg.,
Louisville, Ky.</p> <p>LOUISIANA
Near East Relief,
Room 16, Grunewald Hotel,
New Orleans, La.</p> <p>MAINE
Near East Relief,
Room 23, 80 Exchange St.,
Portland, Maine.</p> <p>MARYLAND
Near East Relief,
14 W. Franklin St.,
Baltimore, Md.</p> <p>MASSACHUSETTS
Near East Relief,
1218 Little Bldg.,
Boston, Mass.</p> <p>MICHIGAN
Near East Relief,
408 Fort Street, West,
Detroit, Mich.</p> <p>MINNESOTA
Near East Relief,
305 Oneida Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.</p> <p>MISSISSIPPI
Near East Relief,
5 Orkin Bldg.,
Jackson, Miss.</p> <p>MISSOURI (East)
Near East Relief,
1423 Chemical Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.</p> <p>MISSOURI (West)
Near East Relief,
601 Scarritt Bldg.,
Kansas City, Mo.</p> <p>MONTANA
Near East Relief,
7 Montana Bldg.,
Helena, Montana.</p> <p>NEBRASKA
Near East Relief,
Railway Exchange Bldg.,
Omaha, Nebr.</p> <p>NEVADA
Near East Relief,
333 Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif.</p> | <p>NEW HAMPSHIRE
Near East Relief,
611-612 Amoskeag Bank Bldg.,
Manchester, N. H.</p> <p>NEW JERSEY
Near East Relief,
156 Market St., Room 56,
Newark, N. J.</p> <p>NEW MEXICO
Near East Relief,
Clayton, N. Mex.</p> <p>NEW YORK
Near East Relief,
39th Floor Metropol'n Tower,
New York City.</p> <p>NORTH CAROLINA
Near East Relief,
901 Citizens' Nat'l Bank,
Raleigh, N. Car.</p> <p>NORTH DAKOTA
Near East Relief,
13 A. O. U. W. Bldg.,
Fargo, N. Dak.</p> <p>OHIO
Near East Relief,
332 Schofield Bldg.,
Cleveland, Ohio.</p> <p>OKLAHOMA
Near East Relief,
312 Continental Bldg.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.</p> <p>OREGON
Near East Relief,
606 Stock Exchange Bldg.,
Portland, Oreg.</p> <p>PENNSYLVANIA
Near East Relief,
213 South Broad St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
<i>Harrisburg District</i>
Near East Relief,
Red Cross Bldg.,
119 Front St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.
<i>Pittsburgh District</i>
Near East Relief,
509 Grant St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.</p> <p>RHODE ISLAND
Near East Relief,
Room 1, 44 Washington St.,
Providence, R. I.</p> <p>SOUTH CAROLINA
Near East Relief,
Liberty National Bank,
Columbia, S. Car.</p> | <p>SOUTH DAKOTA
Near East Relief,
420 Western Nat'l Bk. Bldg.,
Mitchell, S. Dak.</p> <p>TENNESSEE
Near East Relief,
1203 Volunteer State Bldg.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.</p> <p>TEXAS (North)
Near East Relief,
717 Dallas County State Bank
Bldg.,
Dallas, Texas.</p> <p>TEXAS (South)
Near East Relief,
811½ Main St.,
Houston, Texas.</p> <p>UTAH
Near East Relief,
Room 1, 120 E. First South St.
Salt Lake City, Utah.</p> <p>VERMONT
Near East Relief,
Box 362,
Rutland, Vt.</p> <p>VIRGINIA
Near East Relief,
320 Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg.,
Richmond, Va.</p> <p>WASHINGTON
<i>Spokane District</i>
Near East Relief,
417 Peyton Bldg.,
Spokane, Wash.
<i>Seattle District</i>
Near East Relief,
339 Burke Bldg.,
Seattle, Wash.</p> <p>WEST VIRGINIA
Near East Relief,
Day & Night Bank Bldg.,
Charleston, W. Va.</p> <p>WISCONSIN
Near East Relief,
270 Plankinton Arcade,
Milwaukee, Wisc.</p> <p>WYOMING
Near East Relief,
c/o J. H. Walton, Treas.,
Stock Growers Bk.,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.</p> <p>CANADA
Armenian Relief Fund Ass'n,
99 Dundas St., East,
Toronto, Canada.</p> |
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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to nearest State Office.

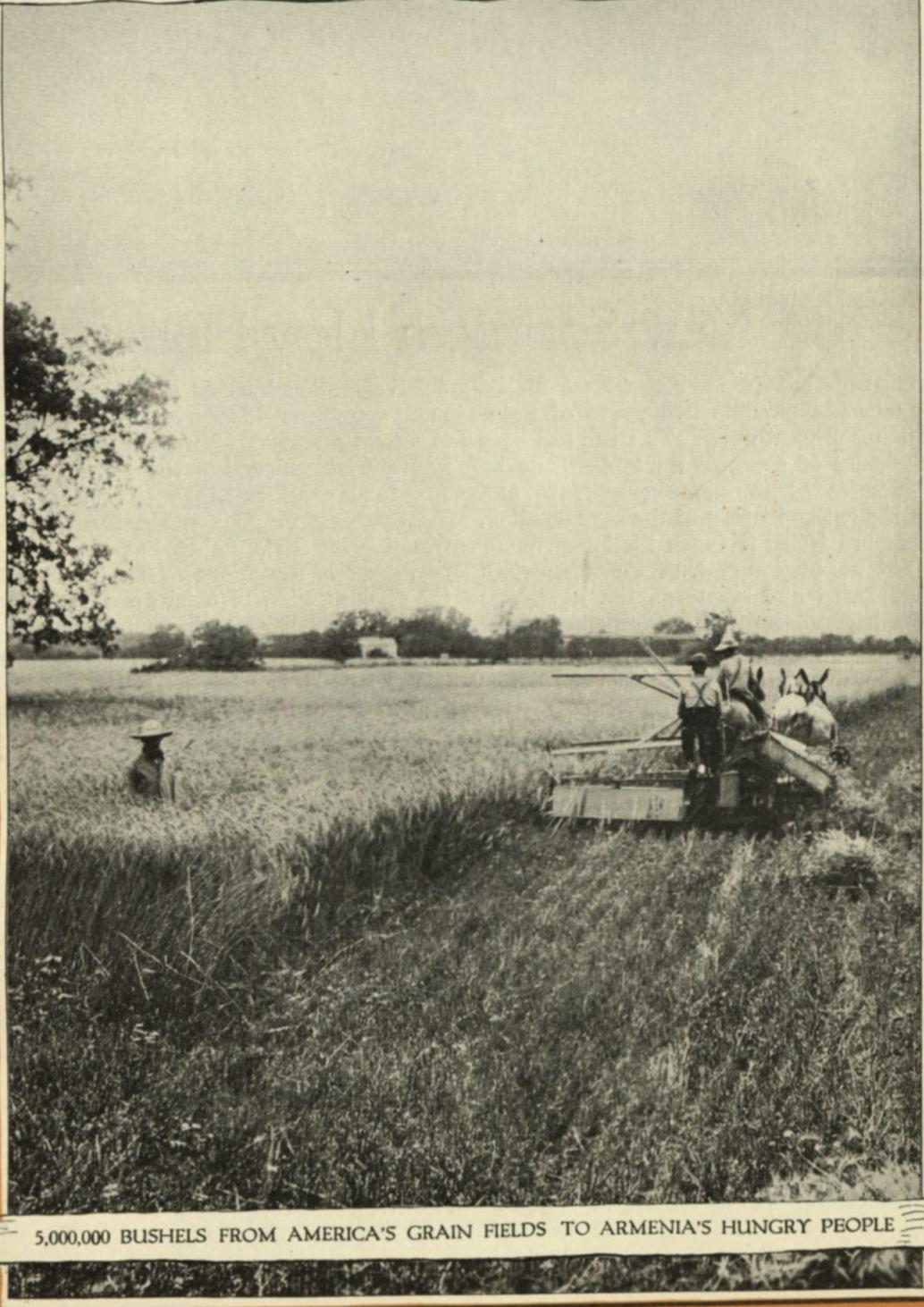


The NEW NEAR EAST

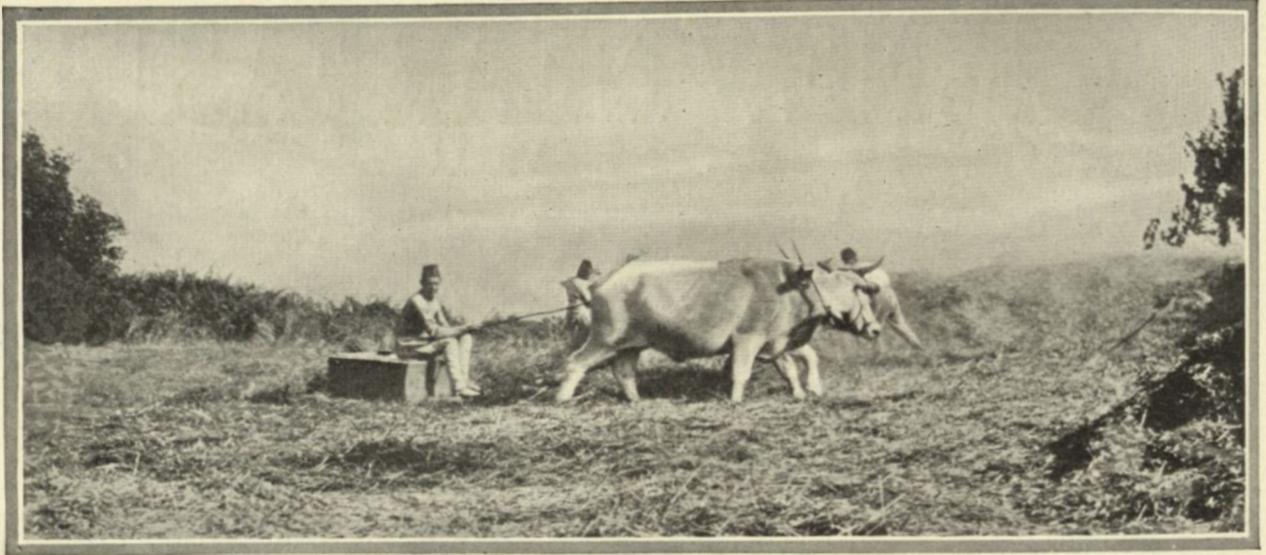
Published by the
NEAR EAST RELIEF

SEPTEMBER 1921

151 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N.Y.



5,000,000 BUSHELS FROM AMERICA'S GRAIN FIELDS TO ARMENIA'S HUNGRY PEOPLE



A New Spring, a New Hope

THE contributors to Near East Relief have made possible five years of unremitting philanthropy. To them has been given a picture of a people made destitute by the vicissitudes of unrelenting warfare and never, in the entire history of the organization, has the picture failed to touch their hearts.

It is not so long ago that strong-spirited Americans faced and mastered the hardships of pioneer life. Primitive forests were made to yield space and shelter; strange climates and untried earth were made to produce the necessities of life; warlike people were subdued into amity. Deep in the American consciousness is hidden away the knowledge of the rare endurance that must be practiced in clinging to and proving a high ideal of life.

Far away, in a land from which sprang our most treasured ideals, a people have endured for those very ideals hardships that must wring a cry of admiration from the hardy American pioneer. These people are the progeny of a sturdy farmer race. True to their tradition, they have not faltered in the teachings of their fathers, neither have they failed in their inherited industry.

For five years, knowing that by the skill of his own hand is man's existence justified, they have put in their crops. But for five years there have been no harvests. The marching feet of armies have ruthlessly trod down the grain.

Five million bushels of wheat has an enormous sound in cold figures. As a matter of fact it shrinks almost to insignificance beside the figure that represents the yield of the great American grain belt.

In asking for this grain for the people to whom Near East Relief has pledged help, no privation is demanded of those who share in the glowing gift. We are only appealing to the common sense and the brotherliness of the American farmer. He has no desire to let his surplus rot in the elevator. Neither will he, if he had a market for every bushel of his grain, let a fellow-being die for want of food.

To tide a people over a long winter to a new spring and a new hope is all we ask. With spring, and a clearing of the chaos of war, the practical Near East farmer will turn with the alacrity of habit to the warm earth, and with the primitive tools that have come down to him through the ages, along with his inherited instincts, he will wrest from his meager acres, not the enormous crop that rewards the landowner of the Mississippi Valley, but enough for his need and sufficient to maintain his self-respect.

Farmers of America, with your resources and your generosity, send what you can spare of your golden crops to the Near East and keep from starvation a desolate people, who at the very door of desperation itself, still cling with unswervable tenacity to the ideals which are your natural inheritance.

The NEW NEAR EAST

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VOL. VI

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. XI

Near Famine Relieved in Transcaucasia

THE following extracts from a late report received from Alexandropol indicate the desperate conditions which have now to a great extent been relieved by prompt action from the Constantinople base of supplies, where Dr. F. W. MacCallum is attending to the needs of the Caucasus:

Flour—We need flour badly in large quantities. We use 2,300 sacks per month and have only ten days' supply on hand. Our ration is now so small that all orphans and workers are underfed.

Lard—Need about forty barrels per month. The six barrels now on hand are being used only for the treatment of scabies—no fats for the kitchens. With no fat, no meat, no milk, and a scarcity of flour, healthy children would be a miracle.

Milk—Normal use would be 1,875 cases per month. We have none whatever for general issue for orphans, being compelled to keep the small amount of evaporated on hand to make madzoun for the enteritis cases and the condensed for the small children. It is very desirable to issue this milk generally, especially in view of the extreme mortality from enteritis. Even an issue of a small amount would make a difference in the death rate.

Beans—Normal use about 3,000 poods per month.

Sugar—Normal use about 1,000 poods per month. Very small quantity on hand.

Rice—Normal use about 1,700 poods per month. This is of value in hospitals—also for enteritis.

Meat—No fresh meat has been available here since January 1 and we are feeding no meat whatever. Can you get us some bully beef for our 18,000 children and workers for two months?

Vegetables—Needed badly. No more obtainable about here until harvest except 2,000 poods of potatoes which have been promised from the Karaklis station. Some of these are probably frozen and spoiled.

Needles—Only about 30 needles left in Alexandropol,

including those brought in from Kars. Many machines are idle for lack of needles. Needles for hand sewing also are very necessary.

Leather—Very necessary to make shoes for next winter. No cattle left in this part of the country.

Paint—This is very necessary for the tin roofs of both Kasatche Post and Polygon. Unless the roofs are painted soon they will be beyond repair.

Glass—15 x 18 for windows.

(NOTE.—Since the compilation of the foregoing list, a severe explosion occurred at Crepis. This destroyed practically all the glass left in the huge Polygon buildings, and even some of the windows at Kasatche Post).

There are at present 800 orphans in the Alexandropol town houses in desperate condition who are receiving a pitifully small ration and a hopelessly inadequate amount of care by volunteers in the town, themselves only slightly better off. In a very short time this number will probably approximate 1,500. The children are gathered nightly off the streets. If possible they should be taken into our orphanages. Last week two committees came to the office to beg for assistance for the general population to carry them over for fifteen days. This we were compelled to refuse as we had only three weeks' supply for our 18,000 orphans.

At the present time we cannot obtain any definite permission for the use of land for planting. We are taking for granted, however, that we shall get certain rights to plant, but whether or not they will remain in our possession we do not know. It is planned to plant

A NEAR EAST ORPHAN CAN BE SUPPORTED FOR \$60 A YEAR

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50 acres at the Polygon orphanages and 25 acres at Kasatche Post if seed can be obtained. The ground is not quite in condition to plant, but will be in a week at most.

At present enteritis is very severe and causing great mortality. The chief underlying causes are malnutrition, amounting to semi-starvation, from lack of suitable diet, and exposure to damp and cold. There is also a mild

epidemic of typhus and some cases of small-pox. The entire population, children and personnel, are underfed. There are 3,129 cases of scabies in the Kasatche Post orphanages, Alexandropol.

The number of Americans working with the Near East in the Caucasus area has since this report been increased from seventeen to thirty-one.

Love of Service

THE disturbances in the Near East have heightened rather than checked the desire for service on the part of American men and women. During the first four months of the year there were four hundred and eleven applications made by letter or interview at the national headquarters. Of the total number applying one-third of them filled out formal blanks.

The reason for this percentage is not lack of enthusiasm on the part of the applicants, but the strictness of the requirements now being made for overseas workers. Only specialized personnel are being taken on and no others are encouraged to fill out the forms. This policy of engaging only experienced nurses or teachers or transportation experts is in keeping with the general plan of the organization to conduct their administration on the most efficient and

economical lines. It is very heartening to find that the office is flooded with applications from men and women who have attained more than ordinary success in their professions, and who are volunteering their services at an only nominal salary.

Of these four hundred applicants only two were appointed during the four months covering the time in which the statistics were made out. Ten others were sent over, but they had all had their applications in for some time.

Of the last three workers to be sent out, on August 4, one was an expert accountant who had done special work with the Red Cross in Poland, Russia and the Ukraine, one was a transportation man, who had directed that service for the Red Cross in France and one was a surgeon.

We Save Life, and Then—?

CABLES from Transcaucasia have told us that more than a million and a half people need clothes for the winter. Thousands of tons of food have been asked for and shipped to allay hunger in the Near East.

To help all these conditions America has spent its energy and its money. Occasionally it has seemed to the American mind as if we would have to go on indefinitely, struggling almost vainly to save life and exert more than human effort to clothe and feed these people.

To-day a new element enters into the work of the Near East, an element far nearer Amer-

ican ideals than merely meeting an emergency. The reason this element is closer to American ideals is that it is constructive. It has to do with the education and the vocational training of the children whose lives we have helped to save and whom we have fed and clothed. In rendering the aid we have during the last five years we have become so greatly responsible for them that we must go on with the work we have started and in good American fashion help them to grow into sturdy leaders and self-supporting and self-respecting people so that they may not only establish a new and free Armenia but maintain it through the ages.



“Hamaling” in Turkey?

THE box the “hamal” is carrying is a light load for a man in Turkey. It is not unusual to see a piano or a kitchen sink coming down the street on two legs—the men cannot be seen. In our travels about the city we see anything from a coffin to a bride’s trunk of bright blue and gold, a load of lumber to build a house, or a kitchen stove walking down the main thoroughfare of the city on two legs.

“Hamaling” is one of the chief occupations in Turkey. It requires no education or training—and therefore is one of the chief trades of the Ottoman peasant, especially since the war. Our soldiers who fought in the war have opportunities to take courses in schools for special training, etc. The Armenian, Greek, and Turkish peasants who had to fight in the Turkish Army, often entering the army as mere children, find themselves now without education or even a trade in a country where there are very

few factories and industries, and practically no work at the present time. Therefore “hamaling” is their only hope. They carry loads, large and small, upon their backs, up and down the many hills of Constantinople or any Turkish city. A horse at home has an easier time. The life of the hamal is very short, very seldom longer than fifty years, because the work eventually causes heart trouble through strain. Many of the hamals come from little villages, leaving their families at home and sending them money upon which to exist, and returning home for a visit about once in six months. While in the city, the hamal lives in a Turkish “khan,” a kind of hotel in which animals and men share about the same accommodations.

Close to the Near East Supply Base at Derindje is a village of hamals. Our supplies of beans, milk, flour, medicine, old clothes, etc., which are carried from our large warehouses to

the boats sailing to Batoum upon the Black Sea, en route to the Caucasus, and to our various buildings in Constantinople, have been a god-send to this village of hamals. They have car-

ried back and forth from the warehouses to the boats the food and medicines which have been sent by America for the thousands of children over here.—*Caris Mills.*

“As You Wish”

BERBARA, the oldest Syrian in the Sidon girls' orphanage, went up to the boys' orphanage on the hill to help the Armenian nurse bathe the scabies patients and apply the sulphur ointment and to look after the children while they played out under the cedar trees.

Leon, the black-eyed Armenian who taught tinsmithing to a group of the older boys, had his work-room not far from this playground and noticed Berbara as she cared for her group of little patients. He saw how she helped the small ones make dolls out of bits of stick and pieces of rag which they had begged from the sewing women in the mending room. He saw how gently she rubbed the salve on the little sore heads, and how she adjusted the bandages on sore arms and legs. He noticed how clean she kept the children and how gently she re-proved them when they started to quarrel.

Leon was looking for a wife. In fact, he had just about made up his mind to present a plain gold band ring to a friend of Araxia, the nurse under whom Berbara was working, because Araxia had told him that her friend needed his protection and that it was his duty as an Armenian to marry one of his own people. In fact, he had gone so far as to pay a call on this girl together with Araxia, who had done all of the talking upon this occasion.

As he looked at Berbara and noticed how gentle and comely she was, he was glad that he had not definitely committed himself. Araxia's friend was thin and angular. Berbara was plump and had dimples.

After three months of careful treatment the scabies patients were cured and Berbara returned to the girls' orphanage on the beach three miles below. Leon missed her. Many times a day he looked out of the window of his work-shop toward the playground. He felt a distinct sense of loss.

Two weeks later I was notified that I had callers. Leon and his friend, the cobbler, were shown in. From the gravity of their countenances I gleaned that they had come on serious business. I asked them to be seated. They did so silently and stiffly. Leon's friend cleared his throat, swallowed twice, cleared his throat again and then blurted out that they had come to ask for the hand of Berbara in marriage. Would I, standing in the capacity of family and parents to Berbara, consider Leon's request favorably, and give my consent to this marriage in the near future.

“Does Berbara know anything about this?” I asked; “has she asked you to ask me, and is she willing to accept Leon?” “No,” was the reply, “she knows nothing of it as yet. We are asking you to ask her. If she is willing Leon wishes to be married as soon as possible.”

“Shall I not call Berbara and let you put the question to her yourself?” I asked. “We Americans believe in discussing these things freely and openly; that is, we think the people most concerned should talk these things over. Doesn't that seem best to you?”

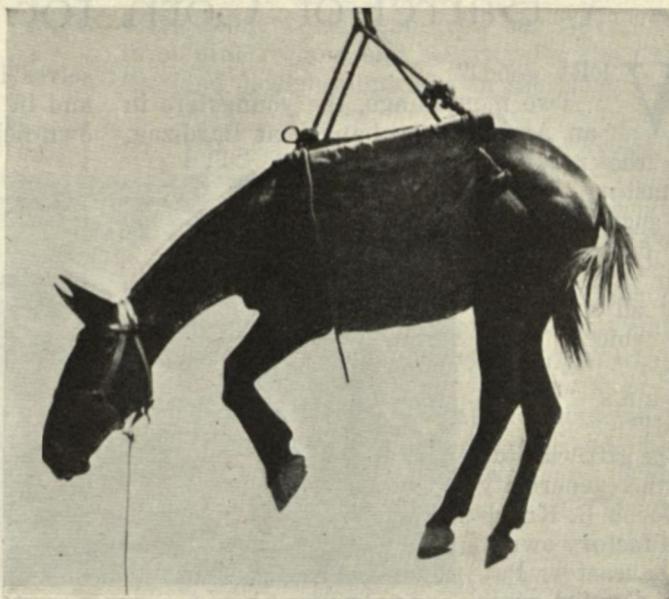
“As you wish,” came the reply.

I excused myself and went down to the hospital where Berbara was working, told her what had happened and asked her to come up and see Leon. She was fearfully embarrassed and came unwillingly after ten or fifteen minutes of persuasion. As we approached the door she hung back and I was forced to take her by the hand and literally drag her in. Without a word of greeting she dropped down in a chair and covered her face with her hand.

“I have told Berbara what you wish and have asked her to talk the matter over with us,” I began. Then turning toward Berbara I asked her if she wished to marry Leon. She murmured something which sounded like “as you wish.”

(Continued on page 7)

"AMULE, A MULE, my district for a mule!" So wails Captain Yarrow, Director for Near East Relief in the Caucasus. Captain Yarrow claims that the much despised mule is the only beast on which he can rely to transport supplies with safety in his mountainous district. Here is one of the patient animals apparently having a try at aviation. In reality his "flight" consists only of a momentary suspension en route from the dock at Constantinople to a boat bound for Batum. He, and thirty-nine of his brothers were purchased from the British and have been taken into the interior to insure the safe arrival of supplies at Near East Relief orphanages.



"As You Wish"

(Continued from page 6)

I repeated my question and she nodded. (I had heard a rumor that Berbara knew of Leon's interest in her and that she was favorably inclined toward him.)

Leon said nothing, but looked intently in Berbara's direction while his friend and spokesman took up the thread of conversation again by saying that Leon would like to be married soon. I asked what he meant by soon and learned that he desired to have the ceremony performed on Saturday night. (This conversation took place on Wednesday.) Again I turned to Berbara to ask if she were willing to be married on Saturday and again she murmured "as you wish."

"Where do you want to be married and what sort of service do you desire?" I inquired.

"As you wish," she again replied. Since she seemed to have no preference I turned to Leon and put the same question to him. He looked inquiringly to his spokesman, who immediately said to me, "as you wish." Seeing that I could get no expression of preference from either of the principal parties concerned I stated that I would make my plans as soon as possible and

let them know details. Then Leon expressed his willingness to purchase the wedding dress but asked me to pick it out as he did not know just what to buy.

Again I turned to Berbara with the question as to what she desired, but again I was met with the rejoinder "as you wish."

So I wished to buy a pretty white crepe de chene dress and a crisp white veil and to have the wedding in the new dining hall at the orphanage and to let the children go into the woods for vines and flowers and to have wreaths hanging from the beamed ceiling and lilies by the altar. And so Leon and Berbara were married.

The wreaths and the flowers were taken from the dining hall and draped on the Near East truck which acted as wedding carriage to escort Leon and his bride to their little white house up back of the boys' orphanage, and there in the doorway of their new dwelling they posed for the photographer—Leon seated in a straight back chair, a white carnation in his buttonhole and a broad smile on his face, Berbara standing back of him and resting one hand on his shoulder.—*Josephine Huse.*

A Barrel of Corn for Hungry Boys

“VERY good!”

Two months ago, the youngsters in an American orphanage at Bardizag, had the privilege of tasting American sugar corn for the first time in their lives. And they all said with one voice, “shadavor,” which means “very good!”

The gift was due to the generosity of Jacob L. Kreider, a factory owner of Lancaster, Pa., who donated some of his product to the Near East Relief for overseas shipment. It was a “treat” of heroic proportions. Listen to the grateful thanks of John H. Kingsbury, director of the orphanage, contained in a letter to Mr. Kreider. He writes:

“If you had to live mostly on beans and rice you could imagine the joy it was for our hungry boys to get hold of some of that fine American sugar corn you so kindly sent. It was a real treat for them—a foretaste I hope, of some of the better things they will be having for them-

selves later, when all their troubles are over, and in peace and safety, they can plant their own fields, and reap their own crops.



Near East orphanage boys demonstrate their heritage as tillers of the soil.

“I wish you could see what good little farmers our boys are. There are gardens around our buildings which we turned over to them. Their untiring devotion has often surprised us. The ground is heavy and clayey, but they dig and dig until long after most American boys would grow weary and give up in disgust.

“Then when the plants started up, the boys built as many as ten or twelve fine little garden-houses in which they would sit and study, and at the same time guard their crops.

“I wish you could come and visit us some day. You would see for yourself that these boys are well worthy of the best we can do for them. And we hope when they are men, they will change the sad history of this part of the world. Training them in agriculture and other sturdy industries is our contribution to their future.”

Gifts from the Almond-Eyed

AN American man, the Rev. Ernest C. Patridge, once stopped in Kyoto, Japan, and told the sad story of Christian Armenia to a group of picturesque children with rapt, upturned faces. When he resumed his journey to Alexandropol, where he was going to help with Near East Relief, he carried in his pocket the Japanese equivalent of \$3.50 which tiny yellow-skinned hands had given him to buy milk and bread for the homeless children of Armenia.

A year later, on his way home, Mr. Patridge

spent a Sunday in Taiku, China, a scene of the boxer massacres. In the little mission church there he spoke of the Chinese martyrs of the same faith for which Armenians had laid down their lives for generation on generation. To his intense surprise the entire collection of \$20 was given to him by these Chinese Christian people for their Armenian brothers-in-faith and the pupils of the Oberlin Memorial Academy, mostly self-supporting village boys, added another \$20 to this amount.

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151 Fifth Avenue, New York

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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to state offices listed on page 19

American Penwomen

THE League of American Penwomen, assembled in National Convention in Washington, has given Near East Relief the following heartfelt endorsement:

"That because the 'Pen is mightier than the Sword' and should be wielded by our members wherever possible for the uplift of humanity, and

"Because one of our honored members, Mary Roberts Rinehart, is a member of General Wood's Special Emergency Committee of the Near East Relief,

"We do now declare our hearty endorsement of the aim and work of the Near East Relief, and

"We urge each member of our Society to bring influence to bear upon our Government to obtain freedom and security for the Christian and Jewish minorities in the Near East."

The Grocers' Good-will

THE National Retail Grocers' Association of the United States, recognizing that "continued intense suffering among the people of Armenia and adjacent countries," exists, and that "American philanthropy is all that stands between these people and certain starvation," has endorsed warmly our endeavors in the Near East and pledges moral and financial support to our work and urges throughout its organization the adoption of as many orphan children as possible.

Belgian Interest

MRS. FLORENCE SPENCER DURYEA, head of the Women's Organization Department of Near East Relief, can testify in many ways to the world-wide interest and co-operation of women in the work of relief in the Near East. The following cable from Belgium has been received by Mrs. Duryea:

"Belgian Philarmenian Committee thanks Near East Relief for generous intervention in behalf of the unfortunate Christian population of Anatolia. It is pleased to be able to inform Madame Duryea that it has obtained adhesion of the Belgian Women's Societies. It is desirous that projected appeal to American Government may succeed, and it undertakes on its part to use influence with Belgian Government to promote this noble effort of human solidarity. *Comtesse D'Arschot, President; Henri Gregoire and Oscar Grojean, Secretaries.*"

A Presentiment

WEST VIRGINIA'S grain production is so slight that it has to buy outside the state, yet when the campaign was only three weeks old it had subscribed ten carloads of wheat and corn. The generosity of West Virginia presages a big success to the campaign throughout the country.

The Journey of Bob Bushelwheat Kansas to Karaklis

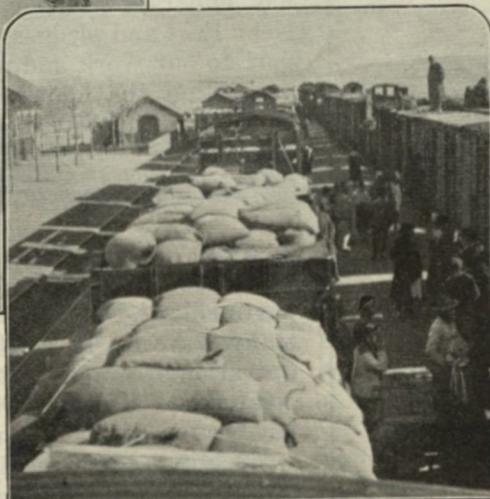


The generous American farmer shares his bumper crop with his unfortunate brothers of the Near East and starts Bob Bushelwheat on his adventurous journey.



Bazaar Caiques land Bob Bushelwheat from American ships. He arrives by rail at distributing stations and finishes his journey into the interior by ox cart.

Carload after carload conveys Bob Bushelwheat and his fellows from the wheat fields of the Mississippi Valley to the seaboard.



The food to keep a nation alive is blessed on the dock by Rev. Dr. Herbert Shipman, Suffragan Episcopal Bishop of New York City.



Wheat from

s



Bob Bushelwheat goes into intensive training for his mission as the staff of life to a starving people.



This age-old mite cracks her meagre hoard of corn, kernel by kernel, to eke out her starved existence.



Near East orphans, well-clothed and fed, whose sturdy condition rewards the American farmer for his gift of Bob Bushelwheat.

Armenian Farmerettes

FARMERETTES in Armenia are farmers in grim reality. They don't go about garbed in red bandanas and alluring blue jeans and natty leggings either. They wear what they can get hold of—old rags mostly—and there's nothing charming or beautiful about them or the work they do. For to them has fallen the lot of raising and harvesting practically all the crops that Armenia is to produce this year. With the assistance of the very old men and the boys,—the able-bodied men are at the front defending their country from the attacks of three enemies—they are carrying on the agricultural work of the country.

It is not seated on a steam tractor or ensconced behind a reaper that these farmerettes sow and reap the crops in far away Armenia. There are no tractors, and as for ploughs and harrows and reapers and threshers, such as American farmerettes know them, they do not exist. The Armenian farmer's wife, who must rise at early dawn and work hard all day in the fields providing food for the nation, knows only the primitive implements handed down to her from her ancestors of the Ark.

For a plough she uses a hand-made wooden arrangement, often little more than a charred stick, to which she hitches a mule or a yoke of oxen and sometimes a team of boys and girls. It just depends on whether the animal shortage or the man shortage is greater. With this antiquated and clumsy implement, she proceeds to plough the land, just as Noah and his brethren did in the same district four thousand years ago.

When the crops are ripe she has nothing but hand sickles with which to harvest them, and all too few of those. Her threshing is the same old faithful ox that drew the plough in the spring. Under his feet he tramples out the chaff according to the old biblical customs.

Yet with these handicaps, and with the most meagre supply of food to fortify her and the barest of ruined huts to shelter her and the scantiest of clothes to protect her, the Armenian farmerette, when war leaves her her

scant acres, raises enough foodstuffs to feed her dependent family.

It is one of the fondest hopes of the Near East that in some way agricultural equipment will be supplied to these struggling farmerettes to make as easy as possible the work which it has fallen their lot to do. If American tractors and American machinery could supplant the crude implements they are now using, there is little question that despite the terrible disadvantages under which Armenia is laboring, the women could raise and harvest enough crops to feed their families for all the months in the year.

It is an interesting coincidence, that it is an American farmerette who has, in many places, been demonstrating the American methods to the natives of Armenia. One of the young relief workers who got her training in one of the Land Units during the war, mounted a Case tractor and to the astonishment of the rural population of the district of Constantinople, drove up and down the field, leaving behind her a shining furrow the like of which the natives' wooden "gootans" had never been able to achieve. The native onlookers were utterly bewildered at the accomplishments of this puffing, clattering engine-drawn plough, but they were used to be bewildered by what the Americans did, especially the American woman, so they took it as just another evidence of the magic power of these women from the West.

American women have done much for their unfortunate sisters in the Near East. But no service they can render them will be of greater value than that of providing them with American farming tools so that the farmerettes of Armenia, who are the farmers and feeders of their nation, may at least labor under the most favorable conditions possible.

This pitiful paragraph appears in a letter which has come to us recently:

"Seed cannot be secured locally in any large quantity, and for that reason our planting will be very limited and the seed obtainable is of poor quality. Everything in the way of seed which can be used for food has been eaten."

Athletics at Kooleli

THAT truth is stranger than fiction is well illustrated by the following bit of news that comes from a Near East Relief worker in Constantinople.

"The campus of the Kooleli Orphanage, which is being used now as an athletic training ground and for the athletic sports of Armenian children, was, but a short time ago, the place where Turkish officers were trained for war by swagger German military instructors. It is difficult to say whether the acquisition of this particular place for an orphanage was the result of a bit of good luck, or of a special act of Providence. Anyway it seems to have been intended for just the use which is being made of it.

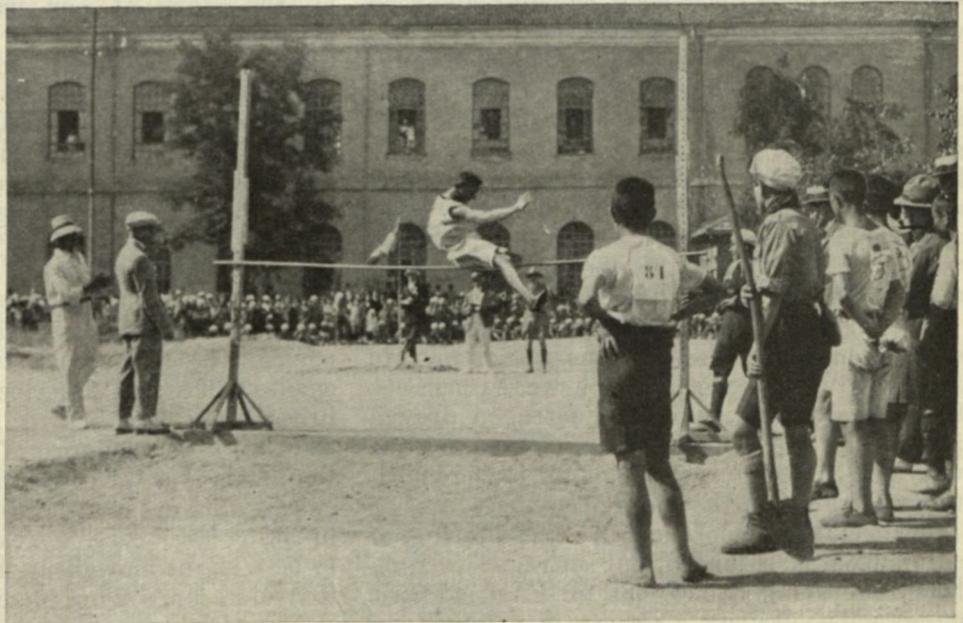
"The buildings form a square around a court which is level, smooth and more than adequate as a playground for the 1,000 Armenian boys who comprise the full number within.

"On Saturday, July 9th, sports were held to which representatives were invited from the other Armenian boys' orphanages in the city. The boys competed for prizes. The Kooleli Orphanage won, making 49 points, and the Pera Essayan Orphanage was a close second, making 45 points. The Near East Relief workers with the Armenian Patriarchate looked on from the grandstand during the whole performance. First, long lines of children marched to the music, their eyes alight with joy and the most enthusiastic expression on their faces that

showed their keen delight at being the object of so much interest. Their exercises gave the on-lookers a chance to see large bodies of children together. The sight was food for reflection upon their development in the last two years, from ragged, anemic little waifs to healthy, happy children who were taking their daily work seriously, and earnestly competing for a prize for athletic sports.

Many of the children will need much more training to build up their bodies to even a normal semblance of health, for they have not yet recovered from their years of hardship and starvation.

This picture shows a boy in a jumping competition. He has succeeded in securing the silver loving cup for the Kooleli Orphanage. This loving cup was purchased by Mr. Jaquith from a Russian refugee prince who had won it for some splendid feat in athletics, under the very eyes of the late Czar. It was Mr. Jaquith's own gift to the boy so lucky as to be the winner in the greatest number of contests. The loud applause with which the competitors greeted the presentation of the loving cup, proved that the losers were fully as good sports as the winners.



From ragged anemic little waifs to healthy, happy children . . . earnestly competing in athletic sports.

"Armenia"

O, hallowed ground, O, paradise!
Thy memories my heart entice,
I faint beneath an alien star,
Armenia! Armenia!

What land like thee, what home but mine
With such an ardent fame doth shine?
Thy deeds sublime, my glory are,
Armenia! Armenia!

By heavenly rivers bloom thy vales,
O'er sacred summits sweep thy gales;
Nor centuries' frown thy smiles can mar,
Armenia! Armenia!

Fair primal Eden loved thy slopes,
Adventurous Noah's ship of hopes
Above thy vineyards floated far,
Armenia! Armenia!

Heroes, thy founders, seers, thy kings!
As every Orient minstrel sings,
And holiest names exalted are
Within thy gates, Armenia!

The foregoing is a translation of an Armenian poem arranged by the late Dr. John Baptist Haygooni, of Armenia, and Mrs. Wayland Hoyt, of Pasadena, California.

An Armenian in America

"HOW does it feel to be an Armenian in America?" asks a thoughtful friend. I stare at him. Does he wish to change places with me just once? "Write it, if you can't tell me," he urges. Yet even while I write these lines I wonder if he will really read what promises to be so painful.

Being an Armenian—an Armenian anywhere—gives one strange feelings. My mind is torn by the conflict of opposing emotions growing out of my racial inheritance and my living experience. Fear struggles with courage; pain with the will to endure; worry with optimism; depression with buoyancy; sorrow with faith; despair with hope; overshadowing death with promising life.

The injection of my friend's question into such a consciousness makes me gather my life into a shifting scene in which we Armenians, bleeding, wounded, murdered, outraged, drowning in the sea of barbarism, beaten by the waves of civilized cruelty, call out to the multitudes dwelling on the shore of security.

We cry the story of our life-long suffering, of our murdered manhood, our outraged womanhood, our dying babies, our tortured mothers, our crucified leaders. We cry in anguish and

pain. We show our wounds. We call for help. The crowd on the shore throw out some handfuls of pennies which fall leaden into the waters. Our cry has not been understood.

Perhaps that band of strangers will be stirred by the story of our marvelous history of heroism. We tell of our struggle for liberty through the ages, of our martyrs who are countless, of the ever-undaunted courage of our men and women, of our undying faith in the triumph of right, and our unfailing hope of human goodness. Again we have failed to thrill the crowd upon the shore.

What has happened to the people who look out at the Armenian sea of suffering? They are incomprehensibly unresponsive. They seem almost motionless. We detect, however, a slight movement. It seems to spring from an emotion like that described in a cartoon published in a well-known American magazine, showing a gaunt figure of Armenia disturbing the peace of a fat congressman, who, handkerchief to his eyes, exclaims, "Get out. You are breaking my heart." Yes, there almost seems to be a slight movement, a turning of the back to avoid a harrowing picture.

The scene gives way in my mind to a ques-

tion that stands out in letters of living fire: Has the world a heart? Alas! this is Armenia's eternal and unanswered question. People who appear great and noble talk about the heart of the world. Do they really believe in it? Are they sincere? Have virtue and love of human valor died? Is there only the false and pretentious?

The suffering that comes from feeling that we live in a shallow and isolated world is more tragic than the danger of impending death. For death we have always met fearlessly, but it is life,—

good, brave, real, serious life,—which Armenia craves; and the time when she feels her wings broken is not when the enemy is out killing and plundering, but when she finds her friends turning their backs to avoid the painful picture. To be an Armenian in America is to be bitterly disappointed. To this country, this America so beloved, so rich, free, happy, it seems impossible to impart the sadness of an Armenian's life.

But why do I suffer? Haven't I the privilege of living in America, a privilege envied by others of my countrymen? Haven't I all the opportunities of an American? All this I have, freedom, position, opportunities, friends, but the happy smile of an American I can neither achieve nor buy. I walk about like one in a dream, my head heavy, my throat choked, my spirit crushed. I go to church and the minister reads from the old prophet of Israel, "How doth the City sit solitary that was full of people! She is become like a widow, that was great among the nations! Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be



GOVERNOR O. H. SHOUP of Colorado, State Chairman for Near East Relief, adopts the first orphan of our new year, for \$180. With him are Miss Elsie Truran, returned Near East Relief worker, and Dr. S. G. Dorey, Field Secretary in Colorado.

any sorrow like unto my sorrow." I do not comprehend the application of the words. I keep asking myself, "Isn't it of me that the minister speaks? Is there anyone else in the congregation who has lost his country, even as did the prophet?" I review the desolate cities of Armenia, its burned homes and ruined churches, its solitary hills and deserted streets. The rest of the minister's words are lost to me. As I walk out I cry silently to the passing crowds, "Is it nothing to you, O Americans, that I suffer, that my people are

murdered, that my country is destroyed, that the virgins of Armenia die in shame in Moslem harems, that our children are starving, that our youth are still falling in the field so sacred to you, the battlefield of liberty? Is it nothing to you?"

I go to a concert, and the singer begins Mignon's passionate love song for her country, "Connais-tu le pays ou fleurit l'oranger? C'est là, c'est là que je voudrais vivre, aimer, aimer et mourir." A desire to sob aloud seizes my whole being. I want to run away from the audience sitting there politely and smiling while they listen, they who cannot understand. I cry silently once again, "Is it nothing to you who have a country that I have none?"

I go to the mountains and the memory of the green hills of Armenia takes me back to its present valleys of tears. I leave the mountains and run away to the beach in despair. The gay crowds marching up and down bring to me the dark picture of columns of women and children marching up and down the plains of Ar-

menia in search of herbs for food. I attend a dinner party and note the luxurious gowns and wasted food, and I am forced to think of the rags in which the once wealthy and beautiful women of my land are now clad. I pass through the streets where American children play, pretty, happy, careless, and in my vision rise the rows of our orphanages with their pale, solemn-faced babies. The bright side of every situation points out to me with unmistakable clearness the other, the darker side, the Armenian side, and so, confined in my Armenian being, I cannot step out into the freedom of America. I wait, still I wait for America to break my chains.

This is how it feels to be an Armenian in America.—*Aghavnie Yeghonian, in the "New Republic," June 29, 1921.*

HELP FILL
MISSOURI'S
NEAR EAST RELIEF
GRAIN SACK

MISSOURI FILLS THE GRAIN BAG

—This novel method of appealing to the generosity of the state's farmers has been adopted by local grain campaign committees in various counties of Missouri with successful results. The bag represents the amount of food-stuffs each district is asked to give to help keep alive the orphans of the Near East during the coming winter.



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The NEW NEAR EAST

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NEAR EAST RELIEF

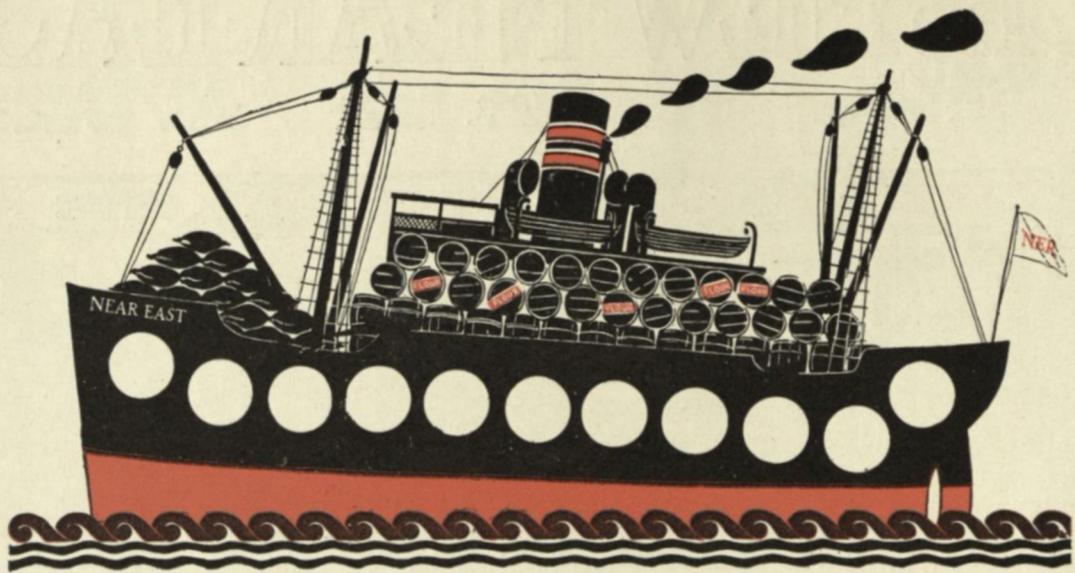
OCTOBER 1921

151 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N.Y.



With application and industry,
Near East children reward
our endeavors to build
their futures.





Our Junior Contributors

WAR has laid a heavy hand on the Near East. It has stopped industry. It has laid the fertile land waste. It has burned towns. It has killed stalwart men and by abuse destroyed women. But worst of all it has left thousands upon thousands of little children fatherless and motherless, homeless and starving.

The highways of the country of Christ have seen many sad spectacles of man's inhumanity to man. They have seen armies of children trudging the dusty roads forced to wander they knew not whither. They have seen them sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion in wayside ditches, little children that should have been tucked into white beds by the loving hands of mothers. They have seen them meet death alone under the skies of Heaven, children whose right it was to live to fruitful man-and-womanhood.

War has done all this, until now there is but a remnant left of a race whose intellect and religion should place it among the leaders of men.

There is just one hope for these people—America! They are depending on America for food and clothes, hospitals for their sick; and for their children shelter and the education that will make of them the leaders of a future free and peaceful country.

America has not been slow to realize its

humane opportunity. It has taken over nearly 120,000 of these children as its wards, Americans of all ages and from every walk of life contributing to the fund that has made their sustenance possible.

Last year the Public Schools of America gave to Near East Relief \$175,000 to help load the Good Ships that sailed from the ports of bountiful America to the Land of Famine and Pestilence. School Superintendents, versed in the history of Christian Armenia, were quick to open the doors of the schools to Armenia's pitiful story. Every school child in America came to know Armenia's worthiness and Armenia's need. They felt a brotherhood with the children of Armenia. Were not their pennies to help provide American teachers and American methods of education for these children whom their pennies also had first fed, clothed and healed?

This year we are relying once more upon the cooperation of the Superintendents in the Public Schools to help us to tell the story of our work. It is a work of human kindness among the people who have been the greatest sufferers in the great world conflict. Help us when we ask the children of America to drop their pennies through the portholes of the Good Ship, as represented by our school poster, to buy flour and clothes and school books for the children who have become their wards.

The NEW NEAR EAST

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VOL. VI

OCTOBER, 1921

No. XII

History of the Armenians

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Asiatic Turkey and Armenia occupy the region that lies between the Red, Mediterranean, Black, and Caspian Seas and the Persian Gulf. The land is a high plateau having an average elevation of three thousand feet from the level of the sea, rising to 5,000 in Armenia. The principle mountain ranges are the Taurus and the Anti-Taurus mountains, running parallel to each other and extending eastward along the shores of the Mediterranean and reaching into the interior as far as Armenia.

Armenia is a historic conception. Armenia is the region around Mount Ararat (17,000 feet), famed as being the resting place of Noah's ark after the great deluge. It is the region from which the rivers Euphrates and Tigris take their origin. Many locate the Garden of Eden in the valley of the beautiful river Araxes on the shores of which were built the great cities of the Armenians, of which a popular song is sung by all of them:

*"Upon the shores of mother Arax
I wander about.*

*I search in the waves for memories of the past,
Of ancient, ancient times."*

There exists a village named Nakhichevan (first lodge) which is supposed to be the first lodging place of Noah after he came out of the ark; another one his first vineyard, and another one the burial place of his wife. And there

are many places that are connected in tradition with his sons.

The climate of Armenia is cold and variable, but in summer it is warm so that its fertile soil can produce all kinds of fruits.

The land is rich in mineral wealth but the unprogressive and despotic rule of Turkey has been an obstacle to its natural development.

Turkey is made up of a most heterogeneous population of about 25,000,000. Of these about 16,000,000 are Mohammedans and the rest are Christians. The Mohammedans or the Moslems (the blessed class) are the Turks, Kurds, Arabs, Albanians, Tartars, Turcomans, Circassians, Yezides, Druses, and Gypsies. The non-Moslems (the cursed class) are the Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Syrians, Nestorians, Chaldeans, Jews, Maronites and Europeans. All these races, different in religion, language and social peculiarities, live together generation after generation without even commingling beyond the necessities of business relations.

The Armenians trace their history back to Noah and declare that their first king, Haig (whence the name Hai, by which they call themselves) was the son of Togarmah (1 Chron. 1:6). The second founder of independence in Armenia was Aram (whence the name Armenia). The first period of Armenian history up to the time of the Seleucidae, a period of twenty-two centuries B. C. is mixed with legendary tales.

A NEAR EAST ORPHAN CAN BE SUPPORTED FOR \$60 A YEAR

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From some cuneiform inscriptions found at Van, we learn that from the ninth century B. C. the Kingdom of Urartu (called Ararat in the Bible) was founded with Van as its capital and this kingdom fought with Assyria on equal terms for more than two centuries. In 585 B. C. this strong, compact Kingdom of Urartu came to an end and the country was annexed by the Medes, and after the Persians had taken over the Medes' inheritance Darius divided this country into two governments or satrapies—the Satrapies of Eastern and Western Armenia. The word "Armenia" appears for the first time in Darius' inscriptions. The Greeks adopted it from the Persian official usage, and thus it spread to the rest of the world.

In the second century B. C. the two satraps revolted and each founded a royal dynasty of its own. Later Tigranes the Great (94 to 56 B. C.) a descendant of the Eastern Dynasty, united the two principalities into one kingdom and thus created the strongest sovereignty that the country ever had.

King Tigranes (Dikran) was the son-in-law of Mithradates, the King of Pontic Cappadocia. He was brave and ambitious. He conquered the Asiatic Greeks and compelled all the neighboring provinces to acknowledge him as "King of Kings." He extended his kingdom from the Caspian Sea to the Mediterranean. But afterwards he was defeated through his carelessness by Lucullus in 69 B. C. and was driven out of Tigranakert (Diarbekir) and Armenia

became a buffer state between the Romans and the Parthians.

Before the reign of Tigranes Armenia had belonged wholly to the east. Tigranes became a lover of Hellenic art and introduced Western culture into Armenia.

In the year 274 A. D. the Armenian King Tridates was converted to Christianity by St. Gregory the Illuminator, and he made Christianity the official religion of his kingdom. After Constantine the Great adopted the Christian religion and Christianity became the religion of the West, Armenia became more closely connected with the West, so that when, in less than a century after the death of Tridates, when Armenia became directly under the Persian rule and Zoroasterianism was forced upon her, Armenia chose political annihilation first and clung to her national church.

In the fifth century the Armenian alphabet was invented, the Bible was translated into Armenian and a large number of Armenian students were sent to Europe that they might become better acquainted with Western culture, and introduce it into Armenia as a powerful barrier against the civilization of the East.

In the seventh century the Armenian provinces passed to the Arabs. But after two centuries their political power began to

decline and two independent Armenian dynasties sprang up—the Bagratids in the North, with Ani—the city of a thousand churches—as their capital, who ruled from 885 to 1079, and



The tragic womanhood of the Near East makes its mute appeal

the Ardzrounids with Van as their capital, who ruled from 908 to 1021.

In the eleventh century the Seljuks appeared in the East, and overthrew the Armenian dynasties and devastated their country.

In 1021 King Senekerim of the Ardzrounids Dynasty of Van surrendered his territory to the Roman Empire in exchange for the more sheltered principality at Sivas. He reigned forty years in exile before the dynasty was extinguished by the Turks.

Meanwhile Roupan, a relative of the last king of the Bagratids of Ani, conducted a portion of his people into the mountains of Cilicia and founded a new dynasty—the Roupenian dynasty, which survived nearly 300 years (1080-1375). When the Crusaders reached Cilicia the Armenians threw in their lot with them and gave them assistance "with all their forces and with the greatest gallantry and fidelity." When the Roupenian dynasty became extinct, Leon VI of the French House of Lusignan (Cyprus) was invited to occupy the

throne. This enraged the Mamelukes of Egypt, who invaded Cilicia and exiled Leon VI, the last king of Armenia, to Paris, where he died in 1393 and thus the political existence of Armenia came to an end.

Since then—for five hundred years—the history of the Armenians has been one of a long martyrdom.

The Seljukian Turks were followed by Mongol Savages in 1235, who destroyed civilization wherever they found it. Then came Tamerlane, the Tartar, in 1387, who destroyed the country and massacred the inhabitants. Finally, in 1514, the whole of Armenia was overrun by the Osmanli Turks and remained under them until the Russians took Kars in the war of 1878.

This created a new relation between the Turks and the Armenians—"The Armenian Question" was born and was solved by the Turkish Government at Constantinople in 1915—the attempted extermination of the Armenian race.—*G. H. Paelian.*

The Need

THE desperation of the Near East for mere food with which to prolong life has been told to the American people over and over again. War does not allow the condition of things in the Near East to better themselves. There are certain fortunate thousands of children within the orphanages of Near East Relief to whom the generosity of the American people continues to give the necessities of life and an elementary education. But the story which we must continue to tell, until peace is brought into Transcaucasia and Asia Minor, is the story of the starving thousands of little children outside the orphanage gates, human progeny yet victims of pitiless humanity.

A few extracts from a report of C. F. Grant, District Commander, Karaklis, speak for themselves:

"*Karaklis Town.* At present some 550 children have been gathered from the streets in Karaklis, each infected with from one to five different diseases. Upon the receipt of one carload of flour recently, we can supply bread only for a period of two months. There is great need of proper clothing, sanitary regulations and medical care.

"*Delijan.* From Delijan come many requests for assistance for both orphans and refugees. This town and district have suffered especially. Large numbers of troops have been located here, or have passed on—nothing remains but misery and starvation. The number of orphans is placed at 2,800. There is a great need of food if they are to live.

"*Djalol-Ogly.* There are over 800 orphans located in Djalol-Ogly without any food. They subsist almost entirely upon grass and herbs. The Russian soldiers donate some food, depriving themselves of one meal a day in order to do this. These soldiers are about to evacuate.

"*Khadji-Kara,* located about six miles from Karaklis, is a small community but in very great need. Several conflicts occurred here. An urgent request for assistance has been received, stating that 150 children are starving."

These items from Mr. Grant's report, are only typical. There is scarcely a village in all the Near East of which similar stories cannot be told. Almost the only bright spots there are the institutions maintained by American people, for the survivors of a race of intelligent and worthwhile people.

Thanks From Jerusalem

DURING the war the life of the Syrian Orphanage at Jerusalem was in jeopardy. For sixty years this institution had been conducted by the Germans. Its inmates were receiving shelter and sustenance and the training in practical vocations that would fit them to be self-supporting men and women. To halt an endeavor so worthy would have been a pity—a crime.

Near East Relief, sensing the predicament into which the war had plunged the governors of this orphanage, stepped in and with money and personnel "carried on" until recent more peaceful times in that particular section of the turbulent Near East have enabled them to return the orphanage to those whose rightful charge it is.

The following letter implies a gratitude so genuine that it should be reward enough for our most valiant efforts:

*"Cologne, Marienburg, Germany,
August 8, 1921.*

"To the Near East Relief Commission, New York, N. Y.

"Gentlemen: I have just now returned from Jerusalem, where my brother, Director Theodore Schneller, and I, the president of our



Courtyard, Schneller Orphanage, Jerusalem

board of Syrian Orphanage, took charge of our orphanage, which was in our hands since more than sixty years. I cannot forbear giving you a thousand thanks in the name of our board for all you have done for our institution during these three years.

"It is due to you that it did not perish after the war. And it is due to you that we are able to carry on this work in the next years. For if you had not granted voluntarily a remarkable contribution for every one of our pupils, it would have been impossible for us, after our impoverishment, to carry on our orphanage. Now, with your aid and with strict economy, we hope to do it without

breaking down. I enclose with this letter the latest issue of our 'Bote aus Zion,' in which we publicly expressed our gratitude on page nine.

"God may reward you for your charity and bless your noble work of saving so many thousands of orphans in Syria and Armenia. I entreat you to continue your benevolence to our orphanage and have the honor to be, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"(Signed) D. Ludwig Schneller,

"Pastor, Evangelischer Verein für das Syrische Waisenhaus in Jerusalem."

Armenian Characteristics

AS to appearance the Armenian is generally of medium height and of dark complexion. "His sparkling black eyes bespeak resolution and intensity of purpose. A desperate man in an emergency when his honor or that of his nation is at stake. He is made of the metal which produces warriors and fighters, like the heroes of Zeitoun in Cilicia, who have never surrendered to the Turkish yoke."

As to character they are exceedingly religious and very earnest in their devotions.

Other characteristics attributed to the Armenian by foreigners who have known them, are thrift, virility, tenacity, and indomitable perseverance. Lynch says, "If I were asked what characteristics distinguish the Armenians from other Orientals, I should be disposed to lay most stress on a quality known in popular speech as 'grit.' It is this quality to which they owe their preservation as a people, and they are not surpassed in this respect by any European nation."

Another important characteristic is their love of learning, and this very often at the expense of pleasure and physical needs. This is why they possess more schools than any other nationality in Turkey. All their schools are supported by voluntary contributions from their countrymen and no support whatever is given by the Turkish Government. According to statistics there are 785 Armenian schools in Turkey with

82,000 students, while the Turks have only 150 schools with about 17,000 students. The Kurds haven't a single school.

As a result of these institutions, most of the professional positions in the country, are held by Armenians. Practically all the physicians, pharmacists, lawyers and journalists are Armenians. To quote Dr. Paul Rohrbach: "The Armenian population is an oasis in the midst of a Mussulman desert and as an element of culture she promotes the circulation of the life-blood of the State."

Gladstone has said: "The Armenians are the representatives of one of the oldest civilized Christian races, and, beyond all doubt, one of the most pacific, one of the most industrious, and one of the most intelligent races of the world." The Earl of Cromer says, "Those few

Armenians with whom I have been brought in contact appear to me to constitute, with the Syrians the intellectual cream of the Near East."

As the home-life of a nation is the portrait of its civilization, it is only fitting that I should say a few words about Armenian home-life. Among all the peoples of the Near East the Armenians have the nearest conception of the word "home" as it is understood by the English-speaking people. For an Armenian young man and young woman marriage and a home are the ideals for which they strive. It is a "new world" into which they prepare to enter together and it



What Near East Relief is doing for the orphans in its care

is not until then that they reach their "Mourad"—the highest ideal of their lives. The sanctity of the home-life is looked forward to with as much seriousness by the young man as by the young woman. The wife is the loyal companion of the husband and is his equal in society. The women of Armenia have the privilege of voting in the election of the church officers, and as the church is the only institute for which the Armenians can elect officers, the women of Armenia have scored a point on their English-speaking sisters.

In an Armenian home, the father is the recognized head of the household. When the sons marry they bring their brides into their father's home and the daughters when they marry go to live with their husband's parents for some time and often as long as they live.

The sons honor their parents and always feel it their duty to provide for them until death.

While speaking of their characteristics someone will undoubtedly ask, what about their faults, haven't they got any? Yes, they have many of them; greed, selfishness, jealousy and lack of union are some of those most mentioned. But these are not peculiar only to Armenians and if a large number of them are degraded, degenerated, this is doubtless the inevitable result of a long period of slavery under a barbaric government. On this subject Lord Byron has said, "It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the annals of a nation less stained with crimes than those of the Armenians, whose virtues have been those of peace and their vices those of compulsion."—*G. H. Paelian.*

A Hardy Perennial

AS we sow, we reap. Put in the seed carelessly, or put in a seed that has no strength, and the harvest will be negligible. Put in seed that is full of meat, plant it with vigor and the harvest will gratify your pride and do you honor.

A year ago Miss Elizabeth Pashayan told the story of Armenia to the pupils of the

Peddie School for Boys at Highstown, N. J. Miss Pashayan told the story of her people with dramatic force because in back of it was the truth of her own experience and that of her family. The result of that talk with the boys of the Peddie School was a generous contribution for the children of her native land, and now a full year after Miss Pashayan planted the seed of her story, she has reaped another harvest of money for the people who are dear to her heart.

The following letter has just been received at National headquarters:

"September, 13, 1921.

Dear Madam:

I am enclosing our check for \$45.41 to cover the balance collected for the Near East Relief Association from the student body of Peddie Institute.

*Yours very truly,
E. M. Romweber, Cashier."*



Crowded? Yes. But scrupulously clean. A group of refugees who were fortunate enough to find something like a shelter

Near East Relief

151 Fifth Avenue, New York

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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to state offices listed on page 19

What the Schools Can Do

CLEVELAND High School, St. Louis, Missouri, in a single night raised nearly \$1,300 for Near East Relief. This was accomplished by what they called "A Circus," held in the gymnasium. For "stunts" the Botany Club had a flower booth; the Science Department had a "side show" specializing in electrical shocks, optical illusions, etc.; the orchestra and band furnished the music; there were burlesque shows, street fair features, fortune-telling, candy and ice cream booths; the Parent-Teacher Association had a cake booth; the Manual Training and Mechanical Departments put up the framework for the booths; the Commercial Art and Drawing Clubs were responsible for the posters and advertising.

It was a well-conceived program and the big way in which it was put across demonstrates what a school really can do when its interest is aroused and all its abilities put to work.

The Webster Groves High School, St. Louis County, Missouri, contributed \$612.05, with \$60 more promised. This desire to help the orphans of the Near East was stimulated by a talk given by Miss Jacobsen, who explained the use of the coupon book, and it was by means of the coupon books that the money was raised.

Public School 52, New York City, which is a small school, has contributed \$200 to the fund. The sum comprises the earnings and savings of the children.

A "Thanksgiving Offering" from Public School 188-G, New York, amounted to \$87.58. The money represented "real sacrifices" of the children. One little girl, as she dropped in her money, heaved a sigh and said, "Good-bye, lolly-pop."

Public School 47, New York, for deaf children, has made a gift of sympathy of \$22.55 to the children of Armenia. From tiny kindergartners, who, besides being deaf have not yet learned to speak, up to the oldest child in the school, they have given up their sweets that those far-off children might have bread.

"It is a great pleasure for us to help a 'little,'" writes the principal of the Commercial High School, Brooklyn, New York, enclosing \$469.08 contributed by the pupils of that school.

Money, chiefly earned by the children of the school, amounting to \$105.00, \$46.50 of which was in pennies, is the amount sent in by Public School 71, Queens, New York.

A campaign was put on by the Orange City High School, Iowa, that would have done honor to grown-up planning. In the school itself \$200 was raised and a group of girls and boys was organized that cleaned up in the neighboring country schools another \$600.

(Continued on page 12)

Waiting to Get In

IN the Near East there are 200,000 children to whom Near East Relief is ministering. Many of these children are in our orphanages, housed, fed, clothed and receiving an education that will fit them to meet the future. Some of them are in hospitals being healed of the terrible diseases that result from years of malnutrition. Some of them are in rescue homes, striving to forget in peaceful living years of slavery in Moslem homes. Some are daily visitors to the soup kitchens; for these there is no place within the orphanage gates, but Near East Relief is doing what it can to help keep in them the spark of life and a flicker of hope.

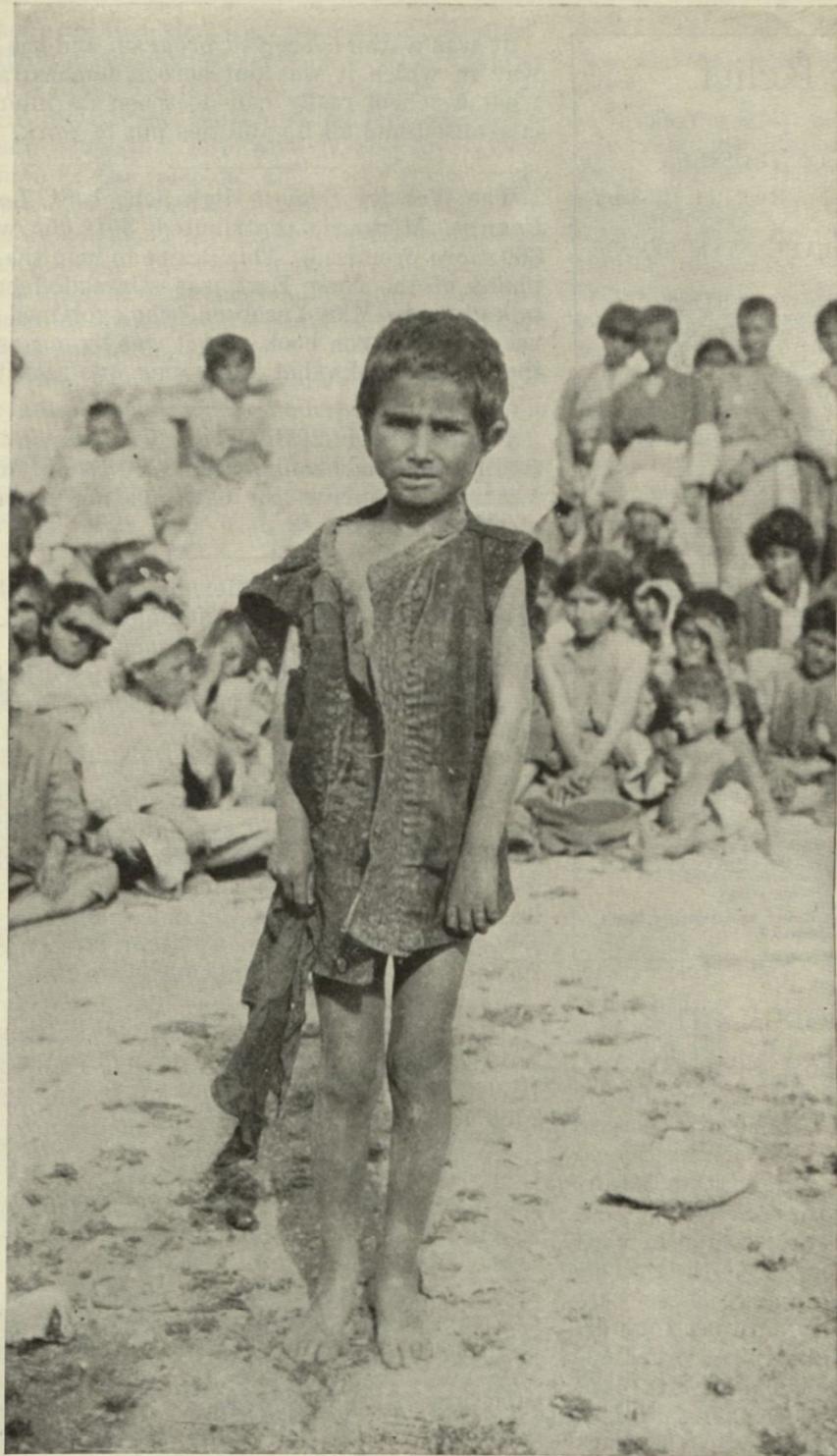
This latter group of children, together with thousands and thousands of others, are waifs of war, whom it is impossible to help because of lack of funds, besiege our orphanage gates WAITING HOPEFULLY TO GET IN.

John W. Mace, Field Director for Near East Relief, has just returned from a tour of four orphanages. He says that in Erivan he walked one morning to Orphanage No. 1. As he approached the wall, the invariable enclosure of such buildings in the East, he glimpsed through the gateway a crowd of happy, laughing children. They were plainly dressed, but they were strong and well, and they were enjoying with the freedom that comes with protection a healthful hour of exercise and fun.

That was the picture within the gate.

Outside, more than a hundred emaciated, nearly naked, vermin-infested and ill children waited, hoping patiently from day to day that American ingenuity would find a place for them inside, inside where American ingenuity only could have found room for the crowds already there.

What are we going to do for all those little children WAITING TO GET IN?



What the Schools Can Do

(Continued from page 9)

"King Winter's Carnival," an operetta given by the children of South Side School, Raton, New Mexico, netted proceeds of \$119.00, which was contributed to Near East Relief. Last year this school's gift was \$125.00.

Last year the gift of the 60,000 school children of Washington, D. C., averaged 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents per child, or a total of \$8,292.

The Star High School of the Near East

A HIGH SCHOOL without pens, ink or paper; without books dating later than 1907; without teachers who have had more than a few months' training in a summer pedagogical school; without heat, desks or even benches. Such a school would hardly be deserving the name on the lists of the American Board of Education. Yet this is the High School in the heart of Turkey, which is the pride and joy of the community—one of the largest and most flourishing in the region of Harpoot, itself a city of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants.

And over this school building waves the Stars and Stripes, and without the Stars and Stripes there would be no school there at all. It started as a mission school under the American Board. With the establishment of the Near East Relief orphanages in Asia Minor to look after the thousands of orphan waifs left homeless by the massacres and deportations, it became a sort of combination civilian and orphanage school, including those children with homes in the town whose parents, from the most meagre resources, could scrape together three dollars and a half a year, and the most precocious and promising of the children in the orphanages who were admitted free of charge.

Yet in this pitiful school room, heated only by the fiery enthusiasm of the pupils and burning zeal of the teachers—teachers who have deserted snug posts in America, aided by their amateur Armenian assistants—the flower of Armenia's youth is being taught. Here the

If space allowed we could go on indefinitely telling stories of the generosity of the American school children to the destitute waifs of the Near East. We trust that into the stories which we have given here the children of America will read the appreciation which Near East Relief has for their help. Gifts from children are especially dear to us because it is for children that our work is largely done, for little children that we have been able to rescue from death and disease and who, it is our hope, will grow into a future self-supporting nation.

leaders of the Armenia of to-morrow, those on whom will fall the burden of rebuilding their nation, are gathering the only schooling they will have to prepare them for the great tasks in hand.

In lieu of blackboards or paper and pencils, the children work with blackened cardboard on which their coarse white chalk shows quite effectively. For books they share a few battered relics of twenty years ago, thumbed and blurred by much use and disuse. Patiently they kneel on the floor in their stocking feet; shoes (usually made by the children themselves in the American orphanages) are left at the door outside.

Yet it is not a pitiful school. It is one of the proudest schools in the world. These children are evidences of the undying spirit of a great people, a people who in face of persecution, exile, hunger and death, still cling to their belief in the higher things of life. The pathetic tuition fees scraped together from homes shorn of every comfort and most necessities bear testimony to their cultural ideals and aspirations. The eager, burning-eyed boys and girls, in their shoeless feet, shivering with cold and often weak from hunger, are proof of the true quality and worth of this nation which America is striving so desperately to save.

The progress made by these children is remarkable, the American teachers declare. In one week they frequently cover the ground gone over by American children, more privileged, but more blasé, in three times the period. Their avidity and earnestness are the most potent

plea that could be made to the American relief workers who are trying to teach them.

The present problem is whether the educational program can be continued in view of the urgent necessity for feeding and housing the thousands of orphans left homeless by the recent fighting throughout Armenia and Asia Minor. The Near East Relief is making every effort to provide for both, but life-saving must, of course, come first.

An intensive campaign is being put on this fall in all the public schools of America to meet this situation. Last year nearly two thousand orphans were saved by the contributions of the school children of America.

These children of Armenia are wards of America. Two thousand of them are the wards of the American school children. The appeal is for the American schools to save their own.—
Mary Lena Wilson.

American Education for Armenians

EDUCATION is a racial passion for an Armenian. He or she is willing to make the sacrifice of his life to be educated. No race has paid a higher price, in blood and sweat, than the Armenian for an education. If it were true that to be a Christian in Turkey were to be a martyr, it is equally true that to be educated within the domain of the Sultan's jurisdiction is to be singled out for persecution. During the late deportations thousands of young men and young women were rolled over the precipices of rocky mountains and thrown pell-mell into midstream of swift rivers, because it was decreed to put an end to the intellectual life of the Armenian race. It was desired to kill a whole race by first killing its mind. But the scheme did not succeed, as the Armenian race has proved itself capable of surviving, because of the enduring intellectual and moral qualities with which it is imbued.

In Armenia, as in New England, the "little red school house" is within the hallowed shadow of the church. They have always been linked together for the spiritual comfort and the intellectual uplift of the nation. From the completion of the translation of the Holy Scriptures toward the end of the fourth century, the Armenian system of education has been rather scholastic in spirit.

The church was the dominating power in shaping the educational system of the nation. The church was the reservoir of the national literature, and the school was only the means to impart the result of the genius of the fathers to the rising generation.

However, somewhere at the beginning of the nineteenth century the spirit of secularism began to permeate the atmosphere of the parochial school. The youth of the nation began to prepare themselves not only for the ministry but also for secular pursuits, such as commerce and various professions. Then came in the Catholic missionaries who opened French schools and thus popularized the French language and literature.

It was about 1820 that the missionaries of



Refugee women awaiting rations at a Near East Relief station



Miles and miles of children—Near East Relief's responsibility—The orphanage at Alexandropol where 20,000 children are sheltered

B. O. Receipts for N. E. R.

THREE crisp ten-dollar bills came into National Headquarters the other day. They were contained in a diminutive envelope and were accompanied by a diminutive note. The note was addressed to Lady Anne Azgapetian, who has, in the last few weeks, in the Lake Placid and Saranac region of the Adirondacks, raised nearly \$4,500 for Near East Relief. The message, which follows, reveals four understanding hearts beating beneath four manly little American jackets:

"St. Paul's, New York, U. S. A.

"Dear Lady Anne Azgapetian:

"We are enclosing you \$30 which three little boys and myself collected towards the 'East Relief,' by getting up a little 'show' last night up at our camp.

"Your few words to us yesterday in the Church of St. John's touched our hearts, and so we planned to help the little orphans.

"Hoping this letter will reach you safely, we are,

"Yours truly,

"MASTER JOHN AND DOUGHIE McDUGALD."

Teaching the Teachers

DURING six weeks this summer a School for Orphanage Teachers was conducted in Galata, Constantinople. The subjects covered a broad range, intending to inspire high ideals of service and to suggest methods of thoroughness. A few of the subjects, to show the trend of the instruction, follow:

Civics and patriotism.
 Kindergarten work and story telling.
 Hygiene, sanitation and first aid.
 Pedagogy.
 Moral training.
 Teaching and religion.
 Sex morality.
 Manual arts.
 Domestic science.
 Distinctive requirements of orphanage training.

In addition to these general courses, classes in elementary studies also were held, chiefly arithmetic, geography and native languages.

On the list of lecturers appeared:

Professor Adrouni, Department of Mathematics, Ottoman University.

Professor Fisher, Department of History, Robert College.

Dr. Der Stepanian, Director of the largest orphanage in Constantinople.

Miss Kinney, Principal of the American Girls' High School, Constantinople.

Professor Khatchadourian, Author and Editor, and Professor of History and Armenian Literature.

Mr. Henry Riggs, formerly Director Near East Relief, Harpoot.

Mr. Geuzubeyukian, Director of the Armenian National Relief Committee.

The expense of the summer school was reduced to a minimum through the volunteer service of many of the instructors. As nearly all the attending teachers were doing full duty at the orphanages, half-day sessions were inaugurated. Even so, ninety lectures were delivered during the course.

The summer school was planned by Ernest Riggs, Director of Child Welfare for Near East Relief.

From Italy

IN *Leslie's Weekly* of August 20, Captain Paxton Hibben writes of an interview with Premier Giolitti of Italy, in which the Italian Premier is quoted as saying:

"No one admires more than we Italians do the generous and disinterested philanthropy with which the people of the United States have gone to the succor of the war-distressed populations of Central Europe and the Near East.

The work of the Near East Relief to-day, throughout Turkey and Transcaucasia, is a very great philanthropy which has unquestionably saved hundreds of thousands of lives."

It would be natural to expect appreciation from those for whom we labor; the disinterested appreciation of the Italian people, as voiced by Premier Giolitti, gives a fillip to our work which acts as a spur.

The Armenian Language and Literature

THE Armenian language belongs to the Indo-European family. Many of the most common words are from the same root as the English: mother (*mair*); daughter (*dooster*); paradise (*bardez*); door (*toor*); hair (*hair*); etc. The Armenians have an old classic language and also a modern one. The ancient, called *krapar* (the language of books), is used in the mother church. It is the language of the original people of the region of Ararat. The alphabet consists of thirty-eight letters, seven of which are vowels. Each letter stands for a single sound and no combinations are made to form new sounds. This was invented in the fifth century (404) by two eminent men who saw the great need of the nation. At that time political Armenia amounted to nothing,—no letters, no art, no science which could keep the existence of the people as a nation.

Armenians as a nation are lovers of music and poetry. In the medieval ages their *ashoughs* (minstrels or troubadours) sang for them to the accompaniment of their oriental in-

struments, *saz* or *kamanchas* in public places and courtyards. According to their belief, the art of an *ashough* was a special divine gift, given only to the chosen few.

"Armenian poetry," according to Arshag Tchobanian—one of our present writers and poets, "is the art of a nation whose home is in the mountains—that is to say, an art of the open air. . . . In their music one often hears the song of the shepherds reverberating across the deep valleys, and repeated by its many echoes. It is, in Asia, the most perfect of all poetic works, and being something on the lines of Persian poetry, it is most sublime and intensely rich. Its intensely sublime character is, for instance, due to the epic spirit which prevails in Arabian poetry, or still more in Persian poetry; or to the depth of philosophic thought which is to be found in Hindu poetry. None of these, however, transcends Armenian poetry in tenderness, in charm, in delicacy of feeling, in sincerity of expression; it is, indeed, poetry prompted by the heart."—*G. H. Paclian.*

Understanding

WHEN we tell the story of the children of Armenia to the average group of happy, well-cared-for American children, we expect and usually get at least a transient sorrow for those far-off children who are fatherless, motherless, homeless, foodless and often terribly, terribly ill. There is no experience in happy childhood that should lead us to expect *understanding*.

But Miss Carolyn A. Corwin, a teller of stories to the bed-ridden children in Bellevue Hospital, New York, has a story to tell of rare understanding among a group of children for the plight of the children of the Near East.

Once a week Miss Corwin goes to Bellevue Hospital to read stories to the children in Ward 6 and other wards. One day she



On two cans of milk a week from Near East Relief, these babies from a refugee camp, Constantinople, are thriving

children were greatly impressed with the stories in the book. They knew suffering.

At the end of the story hour one little fellow reached under his pillow and brought out two pennies which had been given him by a visiting relative. He said he would like Miss Corwin to give it to Near East Relief. There was a clamor among the children. They all wanted to give pennies.

So it came about that these sick children saved every penny that came into their eager hands. And one day Miss Corwin came proudly into the national office with a little bank, full to bursting. The bank was taken with some ceremony into the Finance Department, where it was opened. The children who understood had sent in \$3.62 for the children so desperately

took a copy of THE NEW NEAR EAST. The in need of both the money and the thought.

To American Children from Children of Armenia

Constantinople.
NEAR EAST, N. Y.

Two hundred and ninety-nine thousands of us who have no mothers and no fathers and who have never known what home is thank our Christian brothers and sisters, children of America, for bread we eat, clothes we wear, and walls that shelter us. We beg you to re-

member that peace has not yet come to our land and that without your help we must die after so much suffering. Do not forget us, brothers and sisters of America, as we do not forget you in our prayers.

THE CHILDREN OF ARMENIA,

By Zaven Armenian Patriarch.

Near East Relief State Offices

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- ARIZONA**
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Near East Relief,
1218 Little Bldg.,
Boston, Mass.
- MICHIGAN**
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Adams Ave., West,
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Near East Relief,
305 Oneida Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
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Near East Relief,
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Jackson, Miss.
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Near East Relief,
1423 Chemical Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.
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Near East Relief,
811½ Main St.,
Houston, Texas.
- UTAH**
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Salt Lake City, Utah.
- VERMONT**
Near East Relief,
611-612 Amoskeag Bk. Bldg.,
Manchester, N. H.
- VIRGINIA**
Near East Relief,
209 Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg.,
Richmond, Va.
- WASHINGTON**
Spokane District
Near East Relief,
417 Peyton Bldg.,
Spokane, Wash.
Seattle District
Near East Relief,
339 Burke Bldg.,
Seattle, Wash.
- WEST VIRGINIA**
Near East Relief,
Day & Night Bank Bldg.,
Charleston, W. Va.
- WISCONSIN**
Near East Relief,
270 Plankinton Arcade,
Milwaukee, Wisc.
- WYOMING**
Near East Relief,
c/o J. H. Walton, Treas.,
Stock Growers Bk.,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- CANADA**
Armenian Relief Fund Ass'n,
99 Dundas St., East,
Toronto, Canada.

Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to nearest State Office.

I SINCERELY hope that teachers and children in the public and private schools of the United States will cooperate heartily and liberally with the Near East Relief in raising funds for food and clothing and care of children and others who have suffered from the ravages of war in the countries of the Near East. To do this will only be doing as we would have others do to us if, like these people, we were reduced to poverty and suffering through no fault of our own but through the ruthless ambition of others. American sympathies are always as extensive as the needs of those who are unable to help themselves. We are not made poorer but only richer—mentally, spiritually, and in material wealth as well—by giving where we can.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) P. P. CLAXTON,
Commissioner of Education
Washington, D. C.

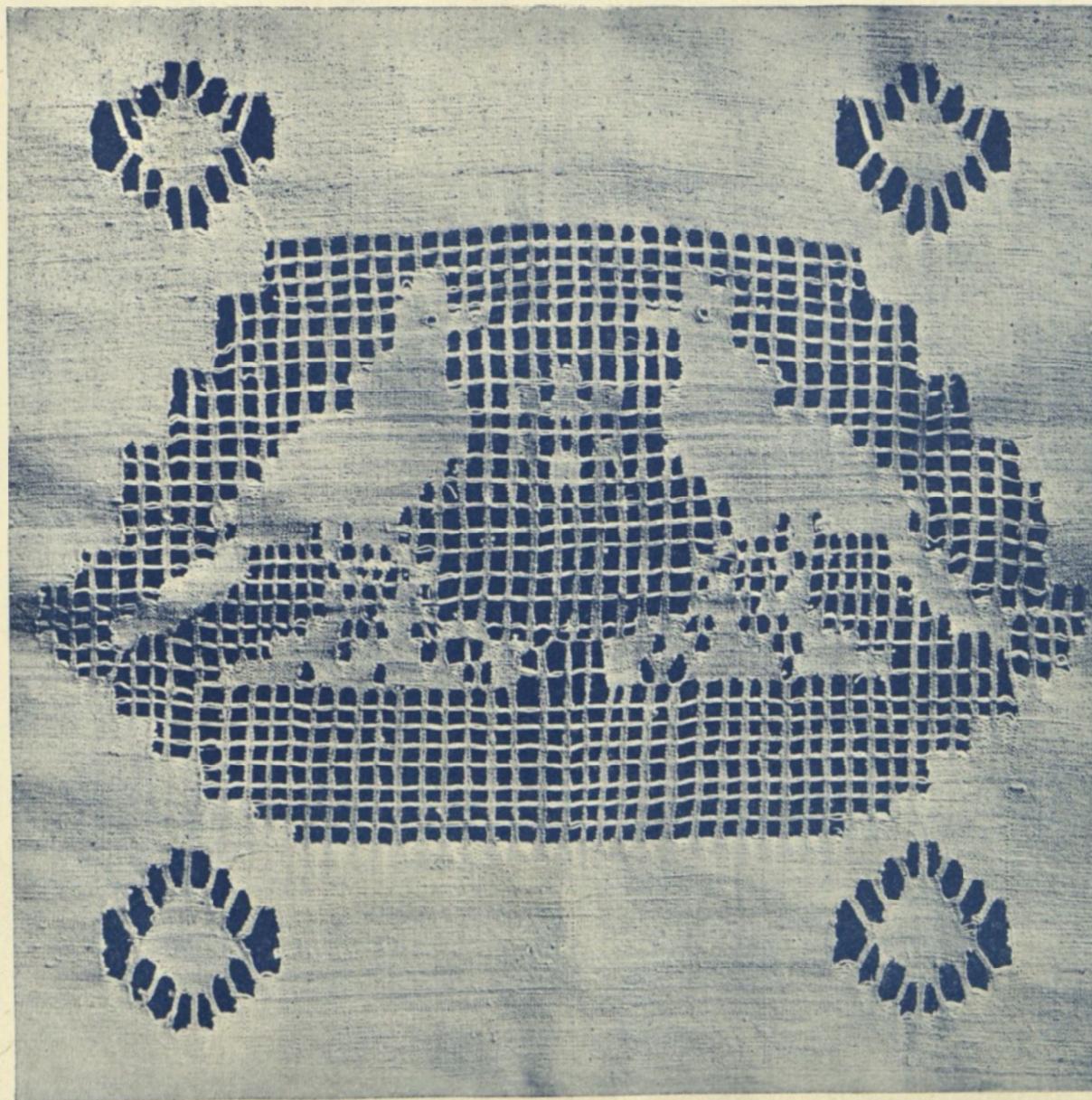
March 30, 1921

The NEW NEAR EAST

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THROUGH THE REVIVAL OF INDUSTRY AND BY HANDS SKILLED
IN CRAFTSMANSHIP WILL COME THE REGENERATION OF ARMENIA



The NEW NEAR EAST

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Talcott Williams
Charles V. Vickrey

Hamilton Holt

Frederick Lynch

Albert Shaw

William E. Doughty

Florence Allen McMahon, *Editor*

VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 1

For Sale!

NEAR EAST RELIEF is able to offer a rare opportunity to the Christmas shopper. In a stock room at National Headquarters is a limited amount of the product of Near East Relief workshops, complete list of which will be found on page twelve of this issue.

These articles are the handiwork of girls whose tragic experiences of the last few years had left them all but hopeless, but who through the encouragement of relief workers are endeavoring to revive arts traditional to their people and eventually to become self-supporting.

Their effort is heroic. Girls who but a short time ago were wandering, starved little animals, have come up from that deep pit of degeneracy to conscious appreciation of the healthfulness of industry. Girls whose sensibilities had been numbed by years of degrading slavery have been shown an avenue to self-respect through the labor of their own hands. Their achievement is nothing short of wonderful.

The designs are beautiful and individual. The standard of workmanship, however, varies. Some of the work could compete with exquisite objects found in Fifth Avenue shops. Some, being the handiwork of growing girls, whose skill is still developing, does not reach the highest standard, though there is not a piece without native charm.

For this reason the articles are offered for sale at prices often below the cost of production.

Do not neglect this opportunity! It is an op-

portunity to include in this year's gifts to your friends something unique that it would be impossible to obtain in the shops, for aside from the individuality of the lovely Near-Eastern designs, there is woven into the fabrics the high hope of these girls. The hope is centered on the Near East of the future, that, by a rebuilding of industries, will find a new level of economic independence and peace.

American generosity has saved the lives of the thousands of girls and boys gathered under the roofs of Near East Relief. It has clothed and fed them and it is giving them an elemental education that will enable them to carry on practical living under the stimulus of restored peace. It is to America, therefore, that these children look for encouragement to perfect a handiwork that is a rare art.

At their looms and embroidery frames, with the bits of lace, and the accompanying needle and thread, that they carry in their pockets, they are striving to meet the high standard of the American market. They wish to satisfy the critical eyes of their benefactors—they wish to create an American market for their output.

The supply, as stated, is limited. Whether the work improves in quality and the output increases in quantity depends upon the encouragement given.

You can be a partner with us in stimulating these children to the highest effort by doing your Christmas shopping by mail through the stock room at 151 Fifth Avenue.

A NEAR EAST ORPHAN CAN BE SUPPORTED FOR \$60 A YEAR

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“Alice in Hungerland”

LEWIS CARROLL'S Alice, who adventured in Wonderland, experienced many emotions. Some of them were pleasant emotions and give pleasure and amusement to all those who read about them. But Alice saw many things that were disconcerting to her child mind and gave her and her readers great distress. She saw little creatures struggling with circumstances that were seemingly unsurmountable; she saw them battling with conditions that were both inconsistent and wholly wrong, and through it all she saw the people of her adventure striving to make the inconsistencies meet and in some way to right the wrongs that confronted them. Alice herself did all she could to help.

Near East Relief has a story of another Alice. The story tells that this Alice, whose father was a worker in the Near East, was inspired to go and see for herself the tangled circumstances of the people for whom her father worked so hard.

She stowed herself away in a boat that was going to the Near East laden with supplies sent out by the American people. After certain vicissitudes she reached her father in Constantinople. From there she went over the Black Sea to Batum and then into the interior, to Tiflis, Alexandropol, Erivan. And in these places she saw sights as incongruous as any seen by Alice in Wonderland and these sights were underlaid with the tragedy of being real.

When Alice alighted from trains she saw children, many of them a great deal younger than herself, parentless, homeless, ragged, starving and ill. She saw them by the hundreds, piteously begging for scraps of bread. Sometimes she saw them lying still in the street, dead for want of actual food. Sometimes she saw them living in caves with dogs because there was no roof in all that desolate land to shelter them. Always she saw them before the orphanage gateways of Near East Relief, because they refused to give up hope that if there was comfortable shelter for those within the gates, room would somehow be found for them also.

Within the gates Alice saw sights that made that outside world seem as inconsistent as anything seen by Alice in Wonderland. She saw hundreds of healthy children at long tables eating. She saw children in classrooms and workshops industrious and happy. It was not until she went into the sleeping quarters that she realized why those children

must beg outside the gates. With two or three children to a bed how could room be made for those others?

Alice saw great truckloads of flour roll into the orphanage compounds. Why, thought Alice, with so much food in sight should there be none for those at the doors? It was not until she saw with her own eyes the quantity of flour that it takes to make bread for the thousands of orphanage children, and that for all their healthy look each bowl at table contained only enough food to keep them nourished, that she understood that those outside could not be provided for without those within having to subsist on too little to keep them well.

Alice, in a spirit true to her kind, occasionally managed to beg a little bread to distribute to the ravenous groups that she met everywhere in her travels. But even her child mind grasped how ineffectual were her efforts. For all America's generosity there was not enough to go 'round.

She heard her father say one day, "It is summer time now. There are still a few growing things that these children can find to eat, though there are no crops in this war-torn country. But whatever are we to do for them when winter comes? In this part of the country the climate is very cold and snow will cover many a last resting-place for these forlorn waifs. We are helpless, for there is not enough money to provide for them."

Alice is home in America now, living the normal, protected life of the average American child. But the story of her adventures has been made into a motion picture by Near East Relief in order that American people, who have undertaken the regeneration of the Near East, may see the sights that Alice saw, the frightful incongruities of human living in the country where war seems perpetual and humanity of little account.

May Lewis Carroll's own words to every child who loves "Alice" become a hope in the heart of every Armenian child and everyone who labors for their future:

"Surely your gladness need not be the less for the thought that one day will see a brighter dawn than this—when lovelier sights will meet your eyes than any waving trees or rippling waters—when angel-hands shall undraw your curtains, and sweeter tones than ever loving Mother breathed shall wake



Alice . . . managed to beg a little bread to distribute to the ravenous groups.

you to a new and glorious day—and when all the sadness, and the sin, that darkened life on this little earth, shall be forgotten like the dreams of a night that is past!”

Information concerning the showing of the film may be obtained by writing to the State offices of Near East Relief listed on page 19 of this magazine.

A Thousand Saved

THE Kirochny Garden in Tiflis is to continue to carry on as a recreation center and feeding station for a thousand orphaned children. For a time the maintenance of this Garden was threatened, because of insufficient funds, which would necessitate its closing down the first of September.

Mr. E. Guy Talbott, of California, was in Tiflis in August and shared with the local Near East Relief workers the consternation felt over the closing of Kirochny Garden and the consequent starvation of the thousand children and several adults whose only food came from this source. Mr. Talbott could not bear to come back to America knowing

that on September first the gateway of Kirochny Garden would slam inhospitably shut in the faces of a thousand hungry children.

Something must be done! And in true American fashion, something was done. The Soviet authorities were persuaded to furnish a seventy-two-room building within the park so that relief work could be conducted more efficiently through the winter, and Mr. Talbott pledged his district in California to meet a budget of a thousand dollars a month for the support of the Garden. Mr. Talbott says that if this thousand dollars is not allowed to count on their quota, his district will raise the sum over and above the quota.

Care of the Sick

A SPLENDID tribute to the work of the Near East Relief in caring for the 250,000 Armenian and Syrian refugees who returned to the Aleppo district after the Armistice, appears in an article by Dr. Robert A. Lambert, former director of the district, in the September number of the *Military Surgeon*. Dr. Lambert attempts no eulogy of the work of his colleagues, but his unadorned report of the conditions found and the results effected by the American workers speaks for itself. The report outlines the tragic history of the Armenian and Syrian people since the outbreak of the war and deals specifically with the work of the Near East Relief medical personnel in caring for the sick and diseased and undernourished.

"The returning refugee," says Dr. Lambert, "exemplified the survival of the fittest, and in spite of his rags and dirt, he did impress one with his hardiness, and his relative resistance to certain types of disease. Few of the halt, lame and blind had survived, and the leper, a common sight in certain parts of the country before the war, had practically disappeared, one of the few contributions of the war to the general good.

"The refugees had lived mostly on the southern plains, so that, though ill-clad, they had not suffered so much from the immediate or secondary effects of cold, as from diseases which are favored by heat, dust and scarcity of water; namely, skin and eye infection. Among the large disease groups, eye infection, with its sequelæ, stood easily first. As a rule the number of eye patients exceeded that of all others combined. This was not surprising considering the remarkably high incidence of eye diseases known even in normal times throughout the Near East. It has been estimated that in Southern Asia Minor and Syria more than 50 per cent. of the permanent population is affected. Heat, dust, filth and flies are no doubt among the factors responsible for these conditions.

"While permanent eye hospitals, such as those



Group of children convalescing from trachoma, Dr. Mabel E. Elliott's hospital, Ismid. Between 50% and 60% of people in the Near East are affected by trachoma.

established by Near East Relief, constitute one of the most appealing needs of the Near East, it is obvious that real amelioration of the present conditions can be brought about only by striking at the source of the trouble; namely, the unhygienic conditions of living.

"The importance of hygienic conditions in the treatment as well as the prevention of trachoma, was well demonstrated in the comparison of two orphanages in Aleppo. One was a newly established institution, with its 800 children quartered in army tents in a well-ordered camp with large playgrounds, ample bathing facilities, no crowding, strict personal hygiene. The other, with 1,600 children, occupied dirty, poorly lighted stone buildings with inadequate bathing facilities and much overcrowding. The class of children admitted was the same and the incidence of trachoma was approximately 60 per cent. in each. Identical methods of treatment at the two institutions resulted in a majority of cases at the camp orphanage being dismissed cured, while in the other there were few cures and many new developments."

Skin diseases, caused also by insanitary conditions of living and malaria, were the next most

common cases brought to the American clinics. Epidemics of any disease were rare. The great "flu" epidemic which reaped such a harvest in America and Europe left Syria, despite the condition of its inhabitants, almost untouched. Even colds were rare, due undoubtedly to the climate. Excepting for a normal flare up of measles and mumps throughout the orphanages, there were no epidemics, though tuberculosis, always prevalent, suffered an enormous increase among the refugees.

"The hospital system," writes Dr. Lambert, "in the relief area included eight small institutions having an average of fifty beds each. Fortunately, in most stations American mission buildings, well constructed and excellently adapted to the purpose, were available. One of the hospitals was for the

care of the eyes only. The others were general hospitals but were nearly always filled with surgical cases and those suffering from the more severe medical disorders. During the periods of special need, additional beds were provided in temporary wards. There were eleven dispensaries in the district, not including special orphanage clinics. The medical personnel for this work included an average of ten American doctors, fourteen American nurses, aided by twelve Armenian doctors and a number of Armenian girls having more or less training as nurses. During one year, 9,600 cases were admitted to the hospitals; 2,000 operations were performed; 72,000 different cases were taken on at the dispensaries; and 350,000 visits made to the dispensaries."

A New Condition With an Old Tinge

THAT chaos is not ended in the Near East is indicated by the following cable from James H. Nicol, director of Near East Relief at Beirut:

"Latest reports from Marash indicate worse situation than last year. New deportation threatened. Others forced to labor for two loaves daily. Three thousand women and children still receiving money

and relief. Four thousand dependent on Near East Relief for clothing. Report from Diarbekir states that Near East Relief is compelled to assume support of independent Armenian orphanage at cost of \$1,500 monthly. This orphanage received no funds for the last eight months. Condition desperate. Applying for permission to remove Urfa orphans to Syria."

A Greeting

LAST August, when certain Near East Relief officials were on a tour of investigation of conditions in the Near East, they were welcomed warmly at the orphanages as the representatives of the American people, toward whom our orphans have grown to feel not only gratitude but affection. At Kazachi Post, the girls' section at Alexandropol, the greeting was painstakingly written out and presented with some ceremony. As it was intended as much for the American people who have been their benefactors, as it was for the little group that received it, we give it below:

"Our Most Respected Guests:

"We welcome you so heartily.

"For such a long time we have been waiting to see some of the kind people who have been sending bread, syrup, and many other things for us. We are so glad to see them today.

"How kind of you to take the trouble of coming all that distance to see poor us. Sorry you have forgotten to bring some shoes for us, too.

"Last winter we all suffered very much when the Turks came to our town and made us orphans. We are so glad they didn't kill our new papas and mamas you have sent from your town. We wouldn't be here then. Wouldn't it be a pity? Then who would see you today? and welcome you?

"Our uncle Brown worked for us so hard, so hard, so hard, that we cannot say enough for him. And Mr. Martin, too.

"We have heard that you have got many nice girls who read and write so nicely. You have come to make us read like them, haven't you? Have they got mamas, too? How nice of them. We would have liked to invite them to our houses and treat them with sour milk, matzoon, if we had our papas and mamas and home, too.

"When you go back you will remember us to all of them, won't you? Remember us to their papas and mamas, too.

"Your ever obliged,

"ORPHANS."

The Midyear Meeting

AT the midyear meeting of the Board of Trustees of Near East Relief, held Thursday evening, October twenty-seventh, at the Yale Club, New York City, Vice-Chairman John H. Finley presiding, two new members were elected, namely, Josephus Daniels, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and Oliver J. Sands, President of the American National Bank, Richmond, Virginia.

The meeting was well attended. Reports of the various Committees were presented, Chairman Edwin M. Bulkley of the Executive Committee reporting for both the Executive and Finance Committees.

The seriousness of conditions in the Near East were discussed, especially in the territory of Southern Russia, where the overcrowded condition of our orphanages precludes our aiding fully 100,000 destitute children outside our gates.

Reports were made upon commodities and old clothing shipped from the United States and now ready in our warehouses for distribution in the famine areas.



Ex-Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels.

Uplifting Thoughts

THEY tell me thou art rich, my country; gold
 In glittering flood has poured into thy chest;
 Thy flocks and herds increase, thy barns are pressed
 With harvest, and thy stores can hardly hold
 Their merchandise; unending trains are rolled
 Along thy network rails of east and west;
 Thou art enriched in all things bought and sold!
 But dost thou prosper? Better news I crave,
 Oh, dearest country, is it well with thee
 Indeed, and is thy soul in health?
 A nobler people, hearts more wisely brave,
 And thoughts that lift men up and make them free,
 These are prosperity and vital wealth.

Henry Van Dyke.

Near East Relief

151 Fifth Avenue

New York

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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to state offices listed on page 19

Sunday Schools

LAST year the call went out from the denominational leaders to the Sunday Schools asking the children of the schools to help save the children of the land of Christ from starvation and death. The response came in contributions of \$1,500,000. Thousands of children were saved and are now sheltered in Near East Relief orphanages because of the generosity of American Sunday School children.

This year's problem is twice the problem of last year. Conditions of war are still existent in the Near East and there are now as many thousands of

destitute children outside the orphanages as there are cared-for children within. Our gates are besieged by the hungry and inside there is such over-crowding that the admitting of any more is an impossibility. Our predicament is harrowing.

The contributions this year must greatly exceed those of last year if we are to be enabled not only to do justice to those within the gates but to snatch any of those thousands without from an inconceivable fate.

Remembering what was done last year by the Sunday Schools it is our confident expectation that this year's contributions will once more be a strong life-saving medium in relief work in the Near East.

Public Schools

NEVER in the history of the organization have the public schools shown such a spirit of co-operation with our cause as is being demonstrated this year. In many districts where the schools have not before responded to us we are meeting with great cordiality.

New Hampshire schools for the first time show a sincere interest in our appeal.

In Indiana there is being conducted a campaign for a memorial fund. As soon as it is closed we are assured by the superintendent that our campaign shall have their fullest support.

The Gulf States, where there has never before been activity in the schools, are placing this year ten thousand of the Ship Posters and Mr. Howe voices a strong optimism concerning the results that they will bring.

Philadelphia's record in the public schools should be an example and an inspiration. At the time of going to press Philadelphia school children had already contributed \$250,000.

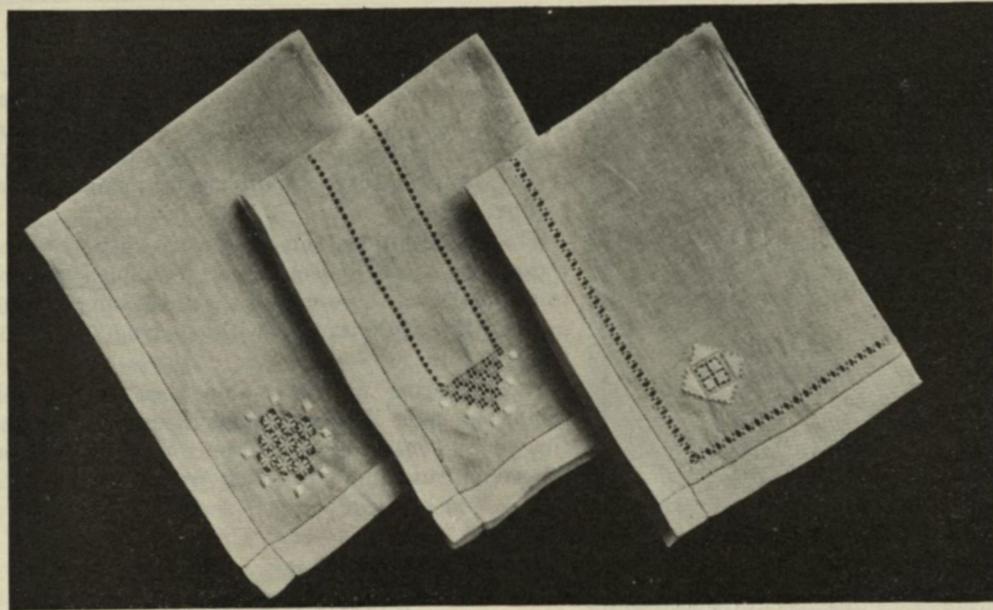
In Pittsburgh, November 5th is the date set by the Superintendent as Near East Relief Day.

In Washington, D. C., also November 5th will be known as Near East Relief Day.

A sidelight on the genuine quality of the interest felt in the public schools toward the Near East lays in the fact that in the Philadelphia schools

(Continued on page 14)

Examples of Near East Handicraft



Collar and cuff sets of sheerest linen from Aintab.



Demirdash from the Brussa looms.



Linen and cutwork lingerie.

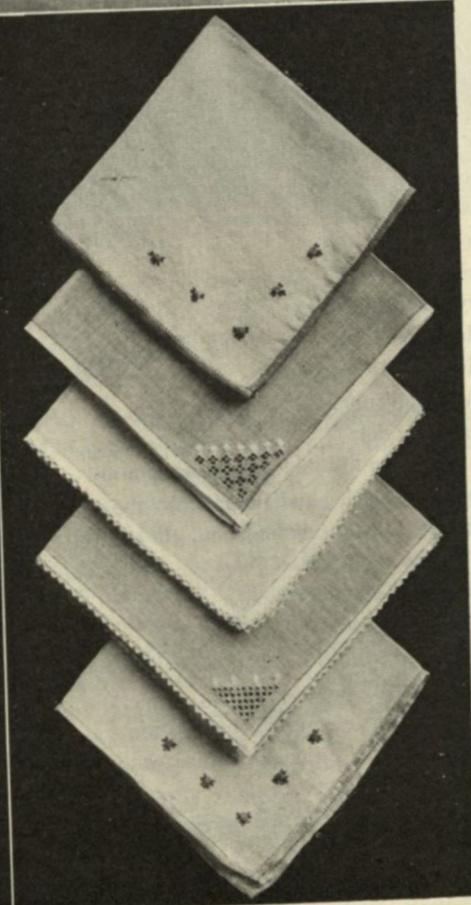
Below—Pongee and drawn work runner from Aintab.



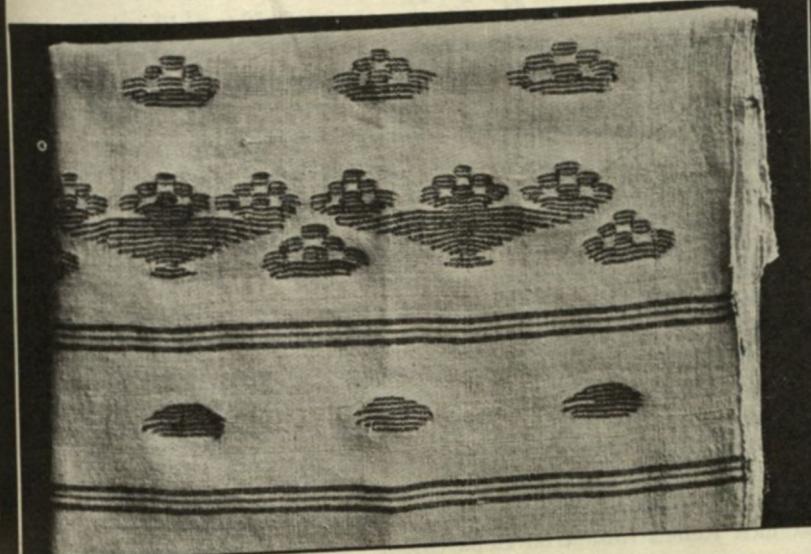
Heavy linen and medallion runner.



Right—A few handkerchiefs.



Distinctive native woven design.



For Sale!

Stock Room List of Near East Handiwork

ARTICLES	QUANTITY	PRICE
Balkan Curtains.....	153 pairs	\$5.00 pair
Balkan Runners.....	401	\$1.25 to \$2.00 each
Demirdash Curtains.....	78 pairs	\$5.00 pair
Demirdash Runners.....	43	\$2.00 to \$2.50 each
Curtains, Broussa Work (<i>miscellaneous patterns</i>).....	220 pairs	\$3.00 to \$4.00 pair
Runners to match.....	242	\$1.00 to \$1.50 each
Cushion Tops (<i>miscellaneous patterns white Demirdash</i>).....	155 (about 16 x 16 inch)	\$1.25 each
Towels (<i>miscellaneous patterns and lengths white Demirdash, hemstitched and unhemmed</i>).....	232	\$1.25 to \$2.00 each
Lunch Cloths—Homespun.....	6 (40 x 60 inch)	\$2.75 each
Lunch Cloths—Homespun (<i>miscellaneous sizes and patterns, white background with colored designs</i>).....	259	\$1.00 to \$1.25 each
Runners, Marash (<i>blue homespun with white embroidery</i>).....	12	\$3.00 each
Table Cloths (<i>linen, embroidered Aintab design</i>).....	6	\$15.00 to \$25.00 each
Tea Set (<i>linen, embroidered Aintab design, 13 pieces</i>).....	6	\$50.00 set
Luncheon Cloths (<i>linen, embroidered Aintab design</i>).....	6	\$12.00 each
Tea Cloths, Suzani.....	6	\$10.00 each
Luncheon Sets, Suzani (<i>19 pieces</i>).....	6	\$50.00 set
Laundry Bags—Balkan.....	10	\$2.75 each
Lace Medallions.....	265	\$0.25 to \$0.40 each
Lace Medallions, Venetian.....	64	\$0.50 to \$1.50 each
Crochet Medallions.....	424	\$0.20 each
Lace Luncheon Sets (<i>7 to 19 pieces</i>).....	28	\$20.00 to \$28.00 set
Crochet Yokes for Camisoles and Nightgowns.....	50	\$2.75 up
Armenian Lace Edging and Insertion by the yard.....		\$0.25 to \$0.75 yard
Torchon Lace Edging and Insertion, silk and cotton, by the yard.....		\$0.25 to \$0.75 yard
Angora Wool Cap and Scarf Sets.....	6	\$7.50 set
Dress Patterns—Homespun.....	6	\$10.00 to \$15.00 each
Waist Patterns—Embroidered—Voile.....	6	\$10.00 each
Dresses for Children (<i>voile—Turkish embroidery</i>).....	6	\$15.00 each
Filet Lace Shawl Collars.....	18	\$7.50 to \$10.00 each
Limited stock of hand-embroidered lingerie.....		\$2.85 to \$10.00 each
Homespun Material, various colors (<i>cotton and woolen</i>).....		\$1.00 per yard upward
Handkerchiefs.....		\$0.75 to \$5.00
Collar and Cuff Sets, (<i>linen-embroidered</i>).....		\$5.00 to \$7.50

Send orders by mail to Near East Relief, Industrial Department
151 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Our orphanage gates are besieged by the hungry.

“If Armenia Crumbles—”

THE need has never been more desperate than now in all our years of activity in the Near East. The orphans whom we have gathered under Near East Relief roofs and whom we have been feeding, clothing and trying to educate, in an endeavor to bring them to self-supporting manhood and womanhood, by their responsiveness to our every effort make us realize how worth while our labor has been. The American people have made this work possible, and we trust their generosity will enable us to carry it through to a finish.

The last year, however, has created a big new need outside our orphanages. War, which was active in Transcaucasia as short a time ago as last April, has kept the people in exile and made thousands of children parentless and almost the entire territory cropless. Our orphanage doors are besieged by the hungry. The situation is made plain in the following cable which has come

to Charles V. Vickrey, General Secretary for Near East Relief, from Ernest A. Yarrow, the organization's director in Transcaucasia:

“Armenian Government sent representative to Tiflis to state frankly government at end of its string. This applies not only to this but any government in Armenia since causes of breakdown in Armenia are economic, not political, and must be faced as fact. Representative states fifty thousand refugees now concentrated in Erivan, Alexandropol, Karakliss, Etchmiadzin, Delijan in starving condition and government admits it is powerless to carry out its own child-feeding program. I personally believe this figure understated. In this desperate situation Armenia asks Near East Relief two things. First—get two shiploads, five thousand tons flour each, to Caucasus before January first or witness wholesale death of population by starvation. Second—Near East Relief utilize its reserve supply

food and credits at Constantinople immediately to meet crisis, restocking from cargoes above mentioned when they arrive. This is staking our orphanage program for the winter against willingness of American people to save Armenia from

anarchy. We are willing to take chance. If Armenia crumbles all our work here for the last five years is meaningless. Will you do your share in getting these cargoes here before January first?"

Individual Remittances

ONE of the most desirable and lasting kinds of relief has been carried on by our Individual Remittance Department for the past four years. It provides a measure whereby Armenians, Assyrians, Greeks, Syrians and others in this country may give direct assistance to their designated relatives in the Near East.

This phase of relief work, originally organized as an emergency measure when the banks and other agencies were unable to transmit funds to the Near East, has proved to be of such value that it is still being continued, except in those sections where the banks are again able to operate. Our Managing Directors in the Caucasus and in Constantinople have pointed out that whenever a refugee or other needy person is helped directly through our Individual Remittance Department, that person is no longer dependent upon the general funds for assistance, thus enabling the use of these funds to cover the needs of those absolutely without aid. Since its inception, the Individual Remittance Department has handled 18,854 items, totaling \$2,330,978.99.

REMITTANCES are now being accepted for Constantinople, Anatolia, Cilicia, the Caucasus, which includes the new Armenian and Georgian republics, Mesopotamia and the northern part of Syria, that is, Aintab, Deort-yol, Marash, Diarbekir, Urfa, and Mardin.

In the past, Near East Relief, through its Individual Remittance Department, has been instrumental in arranging for the transportation of refugees to America. All the expenses incurred in their transportation have been borne by relatives in America who are willing and able to take care of the refugees when they arrive in this country. Unfortunately, the recent immigration laws which have placed a limit on the number of Armenians and others entering our country in any one year, have interfered considerably with the work of this nature. Although the relatives of these people are

financially able and willing to take care of them when they reach America, the quotas under the new immigration law are now exhausted, so that admittance of any but the immediate families of American citizens is almost impossible.

WHILE this condition has limited to a considerable extent the work which we are able to do in transporting these people to America, it has correspondingly increased the immediate needs of the people in the Near East. Hundreds of persons who are ready and anxious to come to America are unable to start, and many have been stranded, midway in their journey, without funds. Although these may later be admitted, very few more can start out. The need for direct relief, therefore, has considerably increased, and the Individual Remittance Department has been compelled to urge relatives in America to permit remittances which were forwarded to be used for traveling expenses only, to be used now for the immediate living expenses of these unfortunate people.

It is not likely that the immigration law will be greatly modified and it is, therefore, absolutely imperative that the direct relief by the Armenian in America of the Armenian in the Near East be not only continued, but increased.

Public Schools

(Continued from page 9)

an hour a week is set aside for the study of Near East topics.

The School Board of Portland, Oregon, has given leave of absence to Margaret Reid, formerly a Near East Relief worker in Marash and now teaching history in Jefferson High School, in order that she may act as Near East Relief secretary for schools and colleges until February.

For the first time since our work has been established in Rhode Island the schools have been opened to us.

From Ireland to Armenia

THE needle lace pictured here was made by Armenian women and children in Armenia and in Asia Minor, under the direction of Armenian workers in Near East Relief orphanages and homes.

The making of lace is considered a vital part of every woman's education in the Near East, and great pride is taken in the hand manufacture of these most delicate and intricate designs, as shown here.

This lace-making has been found profitable, whenever it was exploited along business lines and according to business methods.

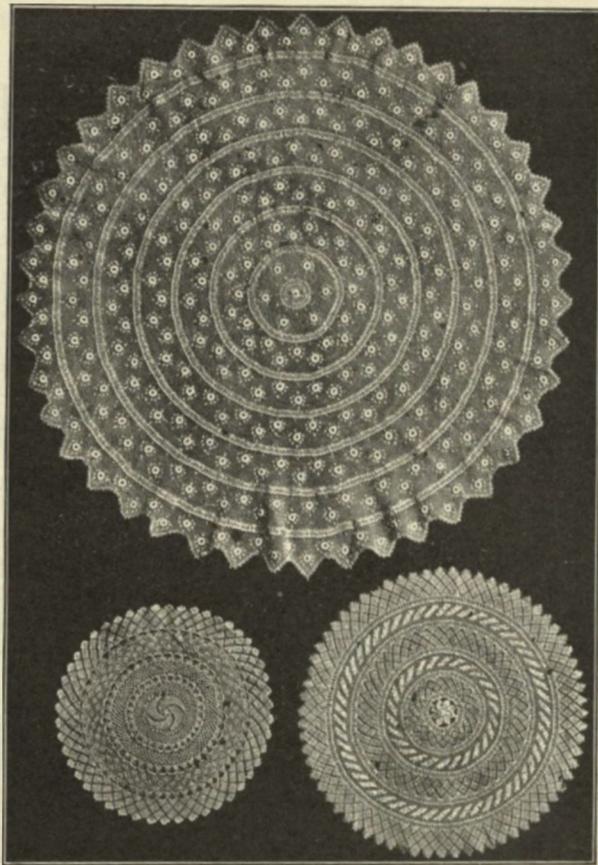
Miss Elizabeth Barrows, who was a teacher in an Armenian school at Van and who subsequently married Dr. Clarence Ussher, employed fifty poor widows during several years making this needle and cushion lace. She found a market for it in England and America, and her pupils and workers not only made a living from the sale of their handiwork, but also made a considerable profit for themselves as well as for the school.

Miss Grace H. Knapp, now connected with the Near East Relief national office on Fifth Avenue, was formerly a teacher in an American mission school at Erzeroum, Armenia, where lace-making was done by the pupils as a part of their educational routine.

It is the special pride of Armenian girls to perfect themselves in the art of making this beautiful lace which they believe to have been one of the arts of their race from time immemorial, and which they regard as peculiarly their own. Such, however, is not the case. The design in No. 1 is an old one and means much, as it was used with slight variations in the patterns of Limerick lace as far back as the Sixteenth Century. It was preserved in convents in Russia, having been copied from designs taught by the Irish nuns who were instructors in the art of lace-making in convents in France. It was not until 1829 that the manufacture of Limerick lace was reestablished in Ireland, by an Oxford man who opened a school in Limerick, taking with him twenty-four girls who had received their instruction in the art of lace-making in France.

The nuns who first taught the art in France and Italy were forced to leave the Emerald Isle when rude invaders ousted them from their convents.

The tiny dot which is apparently insignificant, determines the point of difference between the perfect and imperfect, the real and imitation, and



demonstrates the individuality of the worker as faithfully as does her handwriting.

There are more than one hundred designs in Limerick lace as the art is taught today; while there were but seven designs faithfully and beautifully portrayed by the lace artists of olden times.

Among them were the scalloped designs, with the tiny dot, each one of which meant a volume to the initiated as well as rare craftsmanship.

The two smaller doilies are presumably Reticella designed according to Italian cut points. This design is also used in drawn work, which is so difficult of execution as to be prohibitive in price.

In old rags of vestments and altar-cloths, found in one of the oldest convents in Ireland, seven different designs of Irish lace were resurrected, among which the design in No. 1 was found as having been the handiwork of nuns of the Order of the Presentation in Cork, who took refuge in France and Italy during times of trouble in Ireland.

E. S. Conner.

Optimism in Darkness

A RARE picture of contrast and a testimonial to the never-failing spirit of the Near East are contained in an article in *The Watchman Examiner* of October 20th by Conrad Henken, a member of the committee that investigated conditions in the Near East this summer.

"As I walked along the first street beyond the railway," writes Mr. Henken, speaking of Erivan, "I was awestruck to find myself so close to the ravages of starvation and disease and in the wake of death itself. Here and there men were removing on litters poor wretches who had fallen in the street."

In contrast to this picture Mr. Henken goes on to speak of a visit to an orphanage in Erivan.

"We found this orphanage truly an oasis of happy children," says he, "with sweet voices and bright, smiling faces. There was gratitude as well as happiness among the children there—gratitude that we could see was genuine and much greater than their ability to give it expression."

This gratitude has not gone unexpressed, however, for Artashes Karinian, vice-president of the Soviet Republic of Armenia, in an address to the visiting committee, became their unconscious spokesman, when he said:

"The best friend is he who comes to assistance in dark and black days. In all our history we have

lived through its darkest pages in these last few years. In this terrible war our people were probably the least guilty; however, they have made sacrifices and suffered more than any other nation. By their love of work this nation has built itself out of these difficulties through similar days in our history, and there is no reason now to get discouraged; especially with such friends as the Americans we are sure to come out of this present difficulty in the shortest possible time. The darkest days are passed and some day the sun will shine again. On that day we will build a monument. That monument will be to the glory of the work of America and the Near East Relief, and it will be set up in the hearts of these little orphan children. That will be in a very short time."

Mr. Henken's article goes on to say, "all that is humanly possible is being done by the people toward their own self-support and to end the need for outside help."

He speaks, however, of the fact that enemy occupancy of the land as short a time ago as last April, and the scarcity of seed, permitted very little planting to be done. Though Mr. Henken may admire the racial optimism of this sturdy people he knows that it will take something more concrete than optimism to feed the thousands of refugee children during the coming winter.



Refugee women improvising a meal from the gleanings of a field stripped almost bare.

The Tacit Promise

NEVER has the winter's work opened with such enthusiasm as is evidenced in the field conferences now being held in various parts of the country. The voices of thousands of children, besieging with pitying tenacity our already over-crowded orphanages, have called across space to us. Their need is a spur to our highest endeavor. Funds in hand enable us to minister to nearly 100,000 children, but out in the streets of the cities and in the wastes of a desolate country, and with winter approaching, are as many more children for whom, for lack of funds, we are able to do nothing.

The field workers, whose business it is to raise the money that makes our enterprise possible, are the arbiters of the fate of these children. The spirit in the conferences indicates that they intend to assume with vigor their grim responsibility.

In Connecticut the attention of the entire state, from the Governor down, was brought to focus on the state conference held at Hartford October 6th. Governor Lake, in replying to his invitation to the conference, expressed his "sympathy and hearty approval of the work," and a similar warmth of attitude colored the entire conference. The motion picture, "Alice in Hungerland," told its graphic story to a deeply impressed audience and the Connecticut conference closed with the workers pledged to see to it that the record of \$628,000 raised during the last six years is maintained and passed if human effort can make it possible.

An attendance of 116 brought a fine enthusiasm to the Kansas City conference on October 8th. The conference at St. Louis was the best ever held there.

The Governor of Utah and the Mayor of Salt Lake City both endorsed our work by their presence at the conference held there October 14th. "Alice in Hungerland" was shown in the Church Assembly Hall and the need was so brought home to representative people of Utah by the picture that it is certain, with their aid and the unremitting efforts of the field workers, Utah will have no discrepancies in the matter of quota.

In Topeka's churches, the day before the opening of the Kansas conference, our appeal found strong advocates in many pulpits. The sincerity in the churches was repeated in the conference. Kansas shows every indication of a cooperation that can

know no defeat in the money-raising campaign for the year.

In Colorado, Arizona, Massachusetts, Nebraska, Illinois, Wyoming—in fact everywhere that conferences so far have been held—there is alive a spirit of "do or die." Of those 100,000 children who are homeless, foodless, and sick, all that it is humanly possible to save are going to be saved. All that hard work and ingenuity can do to snatch these children from starvation will be done. That is the tacit promise emanating from every state conference held this year.

Grain Campaign Items

THE Minister of Education in Saskatchewan has sent a letter to every teacher in this Canadian Province urging the children to canvass their parents and neighbors for gifts of grain for Armenian Relief. The Saskatchewan government publication, *Public Service*, circulation 37,000, has given a full page advertisement free to the campaign.

Chase County, Nebraska, on the Colorado line, far from the corn belt, is ready to report two cars of corn and one of wheat. One Nebraska farmer ordered all his grain in the elevator turned over to Near East Relief. One day in a little Nebraska town 90 farmers drove in with loads of corn to feed Armenian kiddies.

W. I. Drummond, of Missouri, Secretary of the International Farm Congress and editor of the *Agricultural Review*, from the moment he printed on the editorial page of the August issue of his magazine the first piece of grain campaign literature, to the present writing, has never ceased to boost the grain campaign.

Douglas County, South Dakota, with a population of 7,000, has already contributed three cars of corn and one of barley.

Two Iowa counties report they will have about 10 cars of old corn ready within a few days.

One county in Michigan reports five carloads ready for shipment. Luce County, having neither corn nor wheat, has guaranteed 200% of its quota in rye and potatoes.

A small town in South Dakota reports 100 wagon-loads of shelled corn driven by 100 farmers in to a single small elevator.

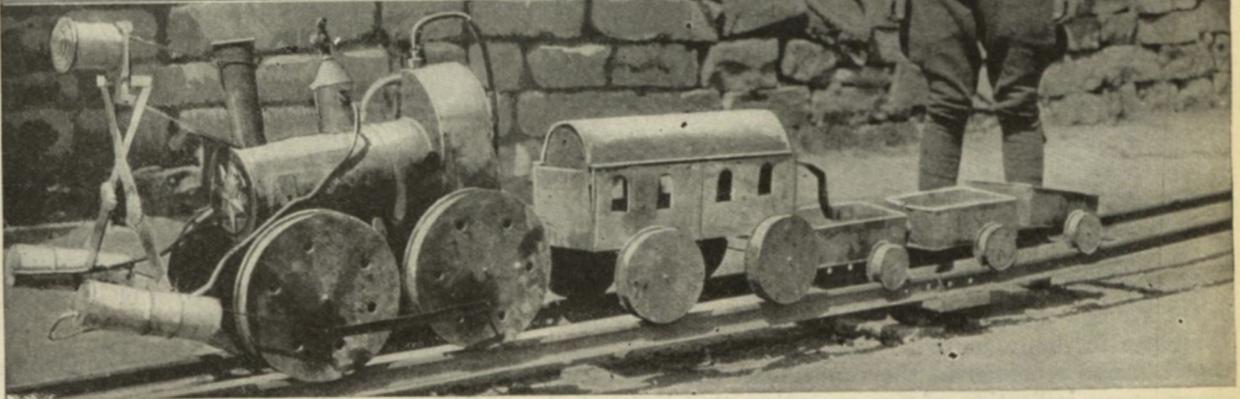


Childhood

Children, given the essentials of normal living, will find their happiness in simple things and will express individuality with the scantiest of materials. Little Near East Relief orphans are not provided with the luxuries of life. To find them shelter, food and clothes is a serious enough problem. But these waifs, who so recently were foraging along the highways for a bare living, will fashion toys from almost nothing.

The doll in the picture has a button for a head, a stick for a backbone and her dress and seven petticoats are made from scraps of outworn clothing.

The engine, which really goes, is made from the most commonly known objects in the Near East, Standard Oil cans.



Near East Relief State Offices

ALABAMA Near East Relief, 1203 Volunteer State Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.	IOWA Near East Relief, 520 Securities Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.	NEW HAMPSHIRE Near East Relief, 805 Amoskeag Bank Bldg., Manchester, N. H.	SOUTH DAKOTA Near East Relief, 420 Western Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Mitchell, S. Dak.
ARIZONA Near East Relief, 20 Central Bldg., Phoenix, Ariz.	KANSAS Near East Relief, Central Nat'l Bank Bldg., Topeka, Kans.	NEW JERSEY Near East Relief, 150 Market St., Room 56, Newark, N. J.	TENNESSEE Near East Relief, 1203 Volunteer State Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.
ARKANSAS Near East Relief, 407 Donaghy Bldg., Little Rock, Ark.	KENTUCKY Near East Relief, 401 Louisville Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.	NEW YORK Near East Relief, 925 Broadway, New York City.	TEXAS (North) Near East Relief, 405 Trust Bldg., Dallas, Texas.
CALIFORNIA (North) Near East Relief, 333 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.	LOUISIANA Near East Relief, Room 16, Grunewald Hotel, New Orleans, La.	NORTH CAROLINA Near East Relief, 901 Citizens' Nat'l Bank, Raleigh, N. Car.	TEXAS (South) Near East Relief, 1011 Goggan Bldg., Houston, Texas.
CALIFORNIA (South) Near East Relief, 517 Wright & Callender Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.	MAINE Near East Relief, Room 23, 80 Exchange St., Portland, Maine.	NORTH DAKOTA Near East Relief, 13 A. O. U. W. Bldg., Fargo, N. Dak.	UTAH Near East Relief, Room 1, 120 E. First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
COLORADO Near East Relief, 413 Chamber of Com. Bldg., Denver, Colo.	MARYLAND Near East Relief, 14 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.	OHIO Near East Relief, 318 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.	VERMONT Near East Relief, 805 Amoskeag Bk. Bldg., Manchester, N. H.
CONNECTICUT Near East Relief, Strand Theatre Bldg., 1003 Main St., P. O. Box 1342, Hartford, Conn.	MASSACHUSETTS Near East Relief, 1218 Little Bldg., Boston, Mass.	OKLAHOMA Near East Relief, 312 Continental Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.	VIRGINIA Near East Relief, 200 Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg., Richmond, Va.
DELAWARE Near East Relief, 402 Industrial Trust Bldg., Wilmington, Del.	MICHIGAN Near East Relief, 1510 Kresge Bldg., Adams Ave., West, Detroit, Mich.	OREGON Near East Relief, 602 Stock Exchange Bldg., Portland, Ore.	WASHINGTON <i>Spokane District</i> Near East Relief, 417 Peyton Bldg., Spokane, Wash.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA Near East Relief, 308 Bond Bldg., New York Ave. & 14th St., Washington, D. C.	MINNESOTA Near East Relief, 305 Oneida Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.	PENNSYLVANIA Near East Relief, N. E. Cor. Broad & Locusts Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.	<i>Seattle District</i> Near East Relief, 330 Burke Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
FLORIDA Near East Relief, 505 Clark Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.	MISSISSIPPI Near East Relief, 5 Orkin Bldg., Jackson, Miss.	<i>Harrisburg District</i> Near East Relief, Red Cross Bldg., 119 Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.	WEST VIRGINIA Near East Relief, Day & Night Bank Bldg., Charleston, W. Va.
GEORGIA Near East Relief, 409 Georgia Sav. Bank, Atlanta, Ga.	MISSOURI (East) Near East Relief, 1423 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.	<i>Pittsburgh District</i> Near East Relief, 509 Grant St., Pittsburgh, Pa.	WISCONSIN Near East Relief, 270 Plankinton Arcade, Milwaukee, Wis.
IDAHO Near East Relief, 417 Peyton Bldg., Spokane, Wash.	MISSOURI (West) Near East Relief, 601 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.	RHODE ISLAND Near East Relief, Room 1, 44 Washington St., Providence, R. I.	WYOMING Near East Relief, c/o J. H. Walton, Treas., Stock Growers Bk., Cheyenne, Wyoming.
ILLINOIS Near East Relief, 19 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.	MONTANA Near East Relief, 7 Montana Bldg., Helena, Montana.	SOUTH CAROLINA Near East Relief, Liberty National Bank, Columbia, S. Car.	CANADA Armenian Relief Fund Ass'n, 99 Dundas St., East, Toronto, Canada.
INDIANA Near East Relief, 403 City Trust Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.	NEBRASKA Near East Relief, 401 Mickel Bldg., 15th & Harvey Sts., Omaha, Nebr.		
	NEVADA Near East Relief, 333 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.		

Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to nearest State Office



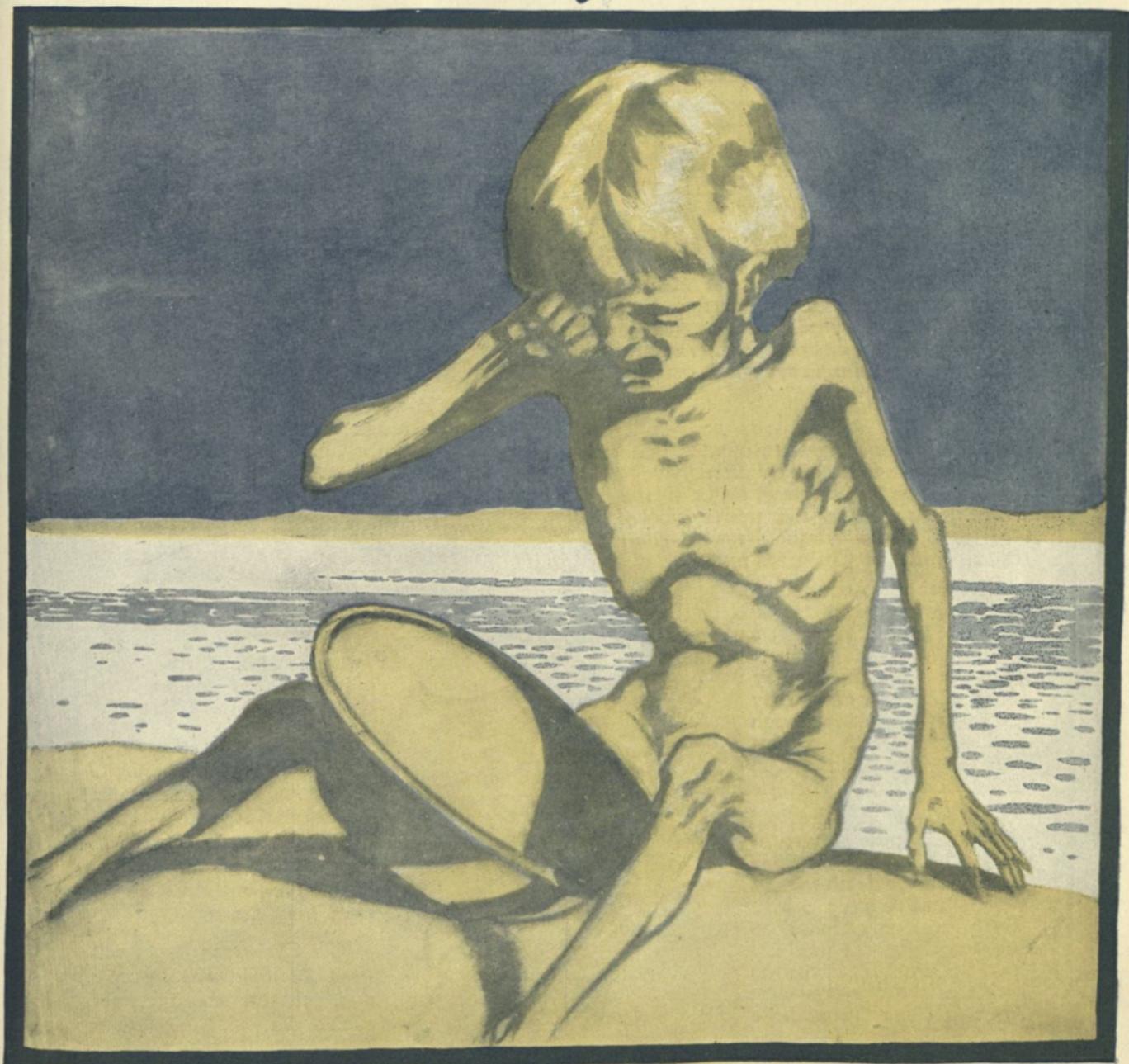
The NEW NEAR EAST

Published by the
NEAR EAST RELIEF

DECEMBER 1921

151 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Christmas Day in Armenia



FORGOTTEN!



WHO will dress the Christmas trees in Armenia this year?
Nobody!

There is no one in Armenia who has anything fit to put on Christmas trees for little children. There are no Christmas trees to be had. In most places in that unhappy land there are not even ordinary trees to cut up for fuel.

There are consequently no warm firesides for Christmas trees to grace.

Were there fires, there is no food to cook on them.

What delight would there be in a Christmas tree for a child weakened by ravenous hunger? Would the sunken eye light up to the sparkle of tinsel? Would numbed attention be made to focus upon the tantalizing gift suspended by its pretty red ribbon?

WE who know something of what hundreds of thousands of children have been through in the last six years doubt if the response to the sparkling evergreen symbol of the birth of Christianity would reward the most zealous dresser of Christmas trees.

All those in Armenia to-day who under normal conditions would be the most joyous of Christmas tree decorators are about a grimmer business. They are putting every ounce of human effort they possess into procuring enough food so that Death may not stalk too triumphantly on Christ's Day.

Last August we were told that if thousands of tons of food did not reach Armenia by January, death would sweep the country afresh. There are only ten days between Christmas and New Year's Day. If Christmas Day sees the warehouses of Armenia empty, what hope

will there be for that month only ten days away when the death knell is destined to ring for thousands of starved human beings?

No! there is no need to dress Christmas trees in Armenia this year.

But go down into your trousers pockets, comfortable Americans, and send to Armenia a real American Christmas package.

PROTECT all those children who for six years you have sheltered and fed. If you give only what you gave last year there will not be enough for all of them, for last year we fell behind our budget \$4,000,000. The Board of Trustees of Near East Relief at its last meeting was obliged to face obligations incurred in excess of visible assets amounting to \$397,555.12. This they did rather than stop the present flow of food supplies for our orphans, and, having faith in the American public, they felt that when the facts were known a Christmas offering would be made that would provide for current needs during the subsequent winter months.

Justify our faith in you and let that Christmas package of yours not only include enough to take care of those children you have already pledged to see through, but let it include something for those thousands without our orphanage gates, for whom, without the magic of money, the doors cannot open.

Dispense with some expensive Christmastime habit, drop somebody from your Christmas list, some genial, easy-living soul, who will bear you no malice for neglecting him, and save a little child from death.

The Christmas dawn will deck itself in royal purple and gold for the giver of such a gift.





Beneath the wall of Orphanage No. 2, Erivan. The exterior of almost any orphanage in Transcaucasia will present a similar spectacle. These children hope from day to day that room will be found for them inside.

Ten tons of Fels-Naptha soap goes aboard the *Allaguash*. Near East Relief will vouch for it that a cake of soap will be judged a royal Christmas gift by any Near East child who remembers the filth that he acquired in years of wandering over mountains and deserts.

There will be two thousand tons of cornmeal and two hundred tons of wheat flour, presents from the farmers of the Mississippi Valley, aboard that Christmas ship.

Pennsylvania will contribute to her cargo with one thousand tons of corn products, five thousand army cots, five thousand cases of corn syrup and

several hundred tons of clothing. A ton of Wilbur's chocolate and another ton of Hershey's will be stowed beneath the hatches.

Near East Relief, with the aid of the American people, is making the best Christmas it can for its wards. It will not take much in addition to America's big gift of general support to make Christmas Day a time of happiness for these children. A bite of candy, a cake of soap all their own, a square of muslin sewed into a handkerchief, offered them in Christ's name, will bring them Christmas joy just as surely as the lovely French doll will bring it to the golden-haired child in the sunlit nursery here.

Statement by Viscount Bryce

VISCOUNT BRYCE, whose knowledge of and interest in the Near East lend to his opinion on Near-Eastern matters the value of authenticity, has expressed in a letter to Charles V. Vickrey, General Secretary of Near East Relief, a statement concerning the Armenian people that it is a pleasure to us to print. The statement follows:

"The Armenian people represent the most industrious, intelligent and generally progressive element in Western Asia. They have been educated by American colleges and schools and have

appropriated the excellent teaching given them. The Armenians are, moreover, not only the most industrious cultivators but the best handicraftsmen in the countries where they dwell, superior in intelligence and diligence to the Moslem population. The destruction of half of the whole nation by the Turks in the horrible massacres first perpetrated by Abdul-Hamid in 1895, and in the still more frightful massacres which took place in 1915, has been a terrible blow to the civilization of Asia Minor and the surrounding countries; and the best chance of restoring prosperity to these countries lies in saving what remains of the Armenian population. There are still hundreds of thousands of children surviving, and to save these survivors that they may grow up would be to render a real service, and a permanent service, to regions that have long suffered from the blight of a barbarous tyranny."

Charity

By S. E. KISER

GOD may not notice when a king
Ascends a throne or lies in state;
He may not watch when couriers bring
The news that seals a nation's fate,
But He who rules the cloud and wave
And sets the stars in place beholds
And sheds His grace upon the brave
Who bear the lost lambs to the folds.

It matters little when the proud
Have reason to forget their pride,
But when the roaring storm is loud
It matters much to turn aside

And lift the fallen and the weak,
To shield the crippled from distress,
To cheer the hungry and to seek
The lost lambs in the wilderness.

The days are brief, the nights are long,
And tearful children ask for bread,
But if the grasp of Greed is strong,
Good Will and Kindness are not dead!
The rich forget a while to care
Too much for power or pride or gold,
And, here and there, have time to bear
A lost lamb gently to the fold.

Reprinted from the *New York Sunday American*, November 13, 1921

Making Leftovers Both Left and Right

A SHOE manufactory, with certain misgivings, offered Near East Relief a consignment of mismatched shoes. Far from being dismayed concerning the practical usefulness of this gift, we welcomed it cordially. The thrift that has become compulsory in the Near East has taught not only us, but our charges, a rare economy.

The lot of misfit shoes was shipped and eventually reached its destination, Erivan, Armenia. The cobbling department of the industrial plant at

Erivan, orphan boys trained to skill in that trade, fell upon those hundreds of shoes with glee, and with a little cutting and shaping and sewing and tapping, have equipped the Erivan orphans, both girls and boys, with stout footgear for the winter.

It is not often that that which is seemingly without value can be made the means of saving human life, but between the second hand clothes and the mismatched shoes Near East Relief is literally accomplishing that very feat.

The Cabled Need

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 26. Orphanage supplies required for accessible territory for twelve months: Sugar, 750 tons; Flour, 10,000 tons; Rice, 2,000 tons; Beans, 2,000 tons; Corn, 5,000 tons; Soap, 500 tons. Sending by mail list smaller articles required. *Jaquith.*

Tiflis, October 19. Machinery needed new farming projects: Six tractors, heavy type, crude oil or mazoot, six plow; Six tractors, heavy type, gasoline, four plow; Four Fordsons, heavy type; Two tractors, heavy type, crude oil or mazoot, eight plow; all fourteen inch. Twenty-four harrows, six for Fordsons. Thirty-six plows, walking; Thirty-six cultivators, planet hand; Twelve cultivators, one-horse; Twelve cultivators, two-horse; Six cultivators, adjustable; Twenty-four seed drills, planet hand; Six harrows, large; Twelve harrows, six for tractor sections; Six springs, large; Four drills, eighteen holes, standard make. One hundred and eighteen thousand acres land under control Near East, wisely used, assures large degree of self-support. Entire success next year of large project depends upon immediate shipment machinery introducing modern methods on Near East farms. Whole Armenia will be aided. Country can amply support large population but new methods necessary. *Administrative Committee.*

Tiflis, October 24. Armenian Government (Russia)

estimate one hundred twenty thousand people now starving. Georgian Government reports sixty thousand women and children now starving (whole situation will rapidly become worse). Winter-Spring requirements:

	Russian Armenia	
Flour	22,500	tons
Rice	1,000	"
Fats	500	"
Sugar	1,000	"
Soap	500	"
Beans	2,000	"
Cocoa	15	"
Milk	5,000	cases

	Georgia	Total
Flour	10,000 tons	32,500 tons
Rice	500 "	1,500 "
Fats	250 "	750 "
Sugar	50 "	1,050 "
Soap	250 "	750 "
Beans	1,000 "	3,000 "
Cocoa	10 "	25 "
Milk	2,000 cases	7,000 cases

For Spring Planting in Armenia	
Wheat	6,000 tons
Barley	500 "
Rye	1,000 "
Millet	800 "
Corn	17 "
Rice	1,000 "
Vegetable Seeds	

Daghestan Republic pleads aid five thousand children. Also Azerbaidjan Republic great need pleads help. *Yarrow.*

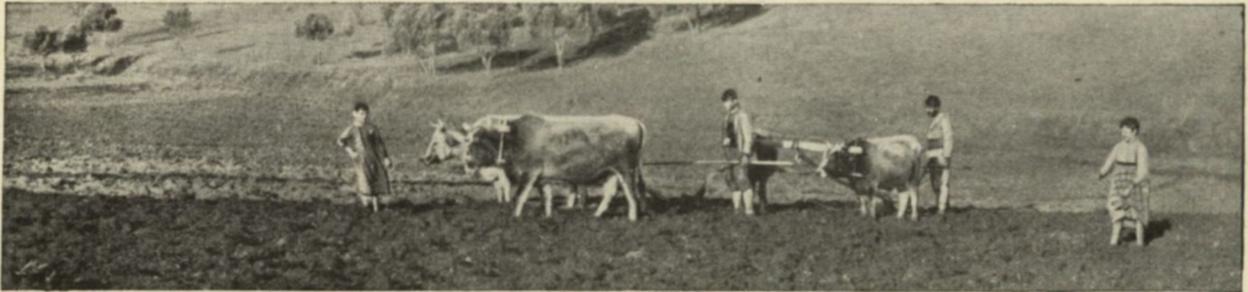
(The above is in addition to the regular orphanage child-feeding program, the continued support of which constitutes a first claim on our resources and an obligation that we cannot ignore. It is also in addition to extensive Armenian orphanage work

in interior Turkey, Anatolia, Asia Minor, Cilicia, Syria and Palestine. *Charles V. Vickrey.*)

ABOVE ARE REQUIREMENTS TO PUT A COUNTRY ON ITS FEET. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



A doorway her only shelter. Bereft of every link to human living, this woman crouched in an Erivan doorway, a prey to utter despondency.



Old methods, in vogue since the days of Noah, are to be abandoned.

Hope and the First Furrow

IF peace can but come permanently to the Near East, a thing which is the dream of every Armenian and the high hope of every Near East Relief worker, then that turbulent country may see a future of agricultural development such as it has never known before.

The Government of Armenia has made grants of 17,600 acres of land for agricultural purposes, on the terms "free use during operations of Near East Relief." The land grants are divided as follows: 600 acres of vegetable land in the neighborhood of Erivan, 2,000 acres of wheat and barley land in the Schoragul Plain, around Alexandropol, and 15,000 acres of cattle ranch land in the mountainous wooded country between Karakliss and Lake Sevanga.

This land is to be cultivated by the boys in Near East orphanages, their work beginning as soon as they reach a proper age for it.

Old methods, in vogue since the days of Noah, are to be abandoned. No longer will the primitive wooden plow be used, but up-to-date machinery will be installed wherever

and whenever funds permit its acquirement. In September Albert A. Johnson, Director of the New York State Institute for Applied Agriculture, who was in the Near East making a study of agricultural conditions, gave the boys at Alexandropol a practical demonstration when he broke the first furrow for their planting of winter wheat.

That the girls in the orphanages may keep pace with the progression of the boys in agricultural industry, dairy equipment from Switzerland is being installed and the girls will be taught efficient ways to manufacture dairy products.

In Thrace, 6,000 acres of rich farm land has been rented from the Greek Government, Near East Relief is furnishing American agricultural machinery and 1,000 Armenian refugees from the camps of Constantinople are erecting the first permanent homes they have known in years and beginning to cultivate the land.

In these efforts, we hope, is the promise of the Near East of the future, when the people shall have returned to the pursuits of their fathers aided by modern equipment.



In modern methods lies the promise of the Near East of the future.

To the Charitable and Merciful

A CHECK for \$5,000 and a letter from the Catholic Archbishop of New York have been received by State Director S. N. Bobo. The letter follows:

"I enclose check for Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000) from the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York for the appealing Christian work of your Committee.

"I am shocked to learn how terrifying are the present conditions in the Near East, especially in Armenia. A stop must be put by the Christian world to this reign of massacre, famine, disease and horrors of every description. All must help.

"I commend most earnestly the appeal of the Near East to the charitably thinking and mercifully disposed people of New York, and in particular to the Catholic portion of the community.

"Very sincerely yours,
 "(Signed) PATRICK J. HAYES,
 "Archbishop of New York."

Archbishop Hayes says he is "shocked to learn how terrifying are the present conditions in the

Near East" and that "a stop must be put by the Christian world to this reign of massacre, famine, disease and horror." A "charitably thinking and mercifully disposed" man has put into words Near East Relief's six-year-old determination. There have been six years' intensive salvaging of children. Unless America rouses herself heroically this year, the labor of six years is going to meet disaster. And aside from the task already assumed, and which we find so difficult to maintain, there is the pitying spectacle of the children we cannot reach because there is not enough money.

The sad case of Armenia should "shock" the consciousness of every American. Armenia, a little republic, struggling for freedom, just as America struggled not so long ago, stands a grave chance of losing her only hope—her children—unless America keeps her helping hand generously extended through this terrific time of reconstruction. Save Armenia's children for her, that she may have hope in the future, and she will have courage to go on with economic structure in that tiny bit of the world allotted to her.



Deported! Weary of the endless march, this fatherless, homeless, hopeless family, stop to rest by the wayside.

Near East Relief

151 Fifth Avenue New York

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Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to state offices listed on page 19

While the Iron is Hot

IF you have been stirred by the sad story of the Near East, if you have seen through "Alice in Hungerland" what Alice saw on her grim trip of adventure last summer, do not go home to figure your budget with careful calculation to see if, after every necessity for the year has been accounted for, and certain pet luxuries, there may be a few odd dollars left to buy food for starving babies in snow-bound Transcaucasia.

Go down into your pockets, then and there, when your senses first have awakened to that crying need, and give all that you can spare at that very moment, and then a little more for lagniappe. Think quickly

of one of those pet luxuries that you would be willing to give up for a year in order to save the life of a little child, and put down your desire to help on paper immediately before anything can intervene to impair your warm humane impulse.

Frankly, this year looks a "poor" year and more than a hundred thousand orphaned children are depending on us.

A New Door Opened in North Dakota

FROM the Right Reverend James O'Reilly, Bishop of Fargo, under date of November fifth, came the following letter to James A. Shuder, State Director for North Dakota:

"My Dear Mr. Shuder, you have my permission to ask the Catholic Clergy and the Catholic Schools to receive offerings for the Near East Relief.

"I believe the tragedy now taking place among those unfortunate peoples for whom you appeal in the name of humanity is one of the saddest ever enacted in the history of the whole world.

"I only wish I could afford to make the enclosed check much larger, but small as it is it expresses my feelings."

The check for which Bishop O'Reilly offers an apology is for fifty dollars. If every person in the United States would feel a responsibility toward the starving children of the land of Christ as this fine Catholic leader has done, the hundred thousand children to whom we minister and the hundred thousand more for whom, for lack of funds, we are able to do nothing, could all be brought to healthy, self-supporting manhood and womanhood.

What a monument to American initiative and generosity that would be—a Christian race saved, a practical people put once more upon its feet!

Flour for Christmas

THE school children of Washington, D. C., have contributed sufficient money to the funds of Near East Relief to purchase three hundred and twenty-two barrels of flour to be sent as a Christmas gift to the starving children of Russian Armenia.



This little child must watch her baby sister die because she has not been able to find even a crust of bread to ward off the Grim Stalker. What mother's heart will not be touched by this picture?

A typical band of orphaned tots, thousands of whom are wandering over Transcaucasia foraging for themselves.



What Will Their Christmas Be?

If they are still alive!

THE children on this page were destitute last August, when these photographs were taken. Then the weather was warm, vegetation was not entirely dead. Now snow covers Transcaucasia. By January, according to statistics, there will be no flour in all that territory except that which is furnished by Near East Relief. It is estimated that there are at least 200,000 of these children, all orphans, wandering about the country in little bands, for whom there is neither room in the orphanages nor any one in the world to care. Near East Relief is their only hope, and we are short of funds.



These three were cracking and eating a few kernels of corn, which they hid on the approach of the photographer.

Too many silent little figures dot the streets of South Russian cities.



Cradled by the earth, its weary mother stretched beside it, all the family possessions tied up in a bundle, what does the future hold for this baby in a famine-infested land?



Only two! This was their number in August. What is it now?



Zeki

"HE is the wickedest man in Turkey, but he is very nice."

Zeki, previously favorite chauffeur to Enver Pasha and now driver of a Near East Relief Ford in Constantinople, confided his impression of his military master to Miss Glee Hastings as they raced through Constantinople thoroughfares on one of their periodic rounds of the forty orphanages administered by Near East Relief in Constantinople.

"Once," continued Zeki, "he put me in prison because I went away to get something to eat when I should have been on duty. I was to stay in the prison fifteen days. But when six days were over he sent for me. He said that he liked me best of all the chauffeurs.

"I told him it had been very bad in prison. The food was not good; I had nothing to smoke; I was very—" Here Zeki sucked in his cheeks, making his face look gaunt and pitiful. "So," he continued, "Enver Pasha gave me sixty lire to go have a good time eating and he said I might have two weeks' vacation."

The wonder is that with a master so erratic and with a background so full of blood and horror as represented by the Enver Pasha regime, Zeki should have come through with a heart on the right side and that heart full of wholesome compassion. But such is the case.

To see Zeki drive Miss Hastings out to a refugee

camp and while Miss Hastings administers to wan mothers and babies search diligently through the camp for little feet that would fit into a miscellaneous lot of misfit shoes; to see his alacrity and efficiency upon Miss Hastings' order, "Zeki, find me the

worst-off mothers and babies; I have a few layettes here;" all proves the case of Zeki, Albanian, Mohammedan, soldier-of-fortune and the long-time servant of an unscrupulous master.

Zeki saw a good cause to work for and he witnessed the example of earnest people working hard in this cause, and Zeki volunteered, like a soldier and a gentleman, to do his bit. We agree with Miss Hastings that his way of doing it could not be excelled.

Toys

A LARGE box of toys was recently received in Constantinople addressed to "Miss Caris Mills—for an orphanage."

The box crossed the Bosphorus from Constantinople in a small

boat and landed at the big Kouleli Central Boys' Orphanage, the home of a thousand boys. Four hundred and fifty of the littlest fellows will enjoy its contents.

Not many Near East orphanages receive such joy-giving packages as this one. Food and clothes are necessities, but a special welcome awaits a toy among the soul-hungry children of the Near East.



Zeki searched diligently through the camp for little feet to fit into misfit shoes.

Hardihood

PEOPLE of slighter moral fibre and less physical strength than the besieged people of the Near East would have bent before their persecutions and degenerated. The effect upon them of years of sorrow has been to strengthen their very strengths and, where they have not actually been killed off, to make them hardier than ever.

Certainly their religious fervor has never been shaken. As for their physical stamina, one has only to witness their response to decent treatment to appreciate its quality. Pampered children of the United States must have their certified milk, their beef juice, their especially prepared cereals, their balanced diet of proteids, fats, starches and vitamins. But children in the orphanages of Near East Relief not only thrive, but grow fat upon a diet which consists almost wholly of starch. Lentils, rice, beans, dried peas and macaroni form the chief food, especially in Constantinople. Milk is scarce and must be reserved for the tubercular children and the hospital cases. Fresh vegetables, especially in the cities, are almost unobtainable. Yet on this diet the children of the Near East, when once they have recovered from the effects of malnutrition and hardship, show a physical progress that would reward the efforts of the most meticulous dietitians here.

Mentally their progress makes a more complex subject. Hardship has resulted in some abnormal and subnormal development. Wholesome surroundings have worked wonders with these cases in many instances, and the eagerness with which the

normal children respond to elemental schooling and vocational training, even in the cases where the children never before have been in schools or where deportations and other circumstances incidental to war have suspended schooling for four or five years, is indicative of mental hardihood rarely excelled. A working-knowledge of English in three months' time is

not an uncommon achievement in our orphanages. A preference for the schoolroom to the playground is almost a fault with many of our children. And their gratitude for a higher education, when that rare opportunity comes to them, is heart-breaking in its fervor.

A short time ago two orphan boys, to whom the doors of Robert College had been miraculously opened after a course in the night school of the American Y. M. C. A., catapulted into the office of Miss Caris Mills of Constantinople in such eagerness to tell her the good news, that conventional decorum was entirely forgotten, and a vase of flowers on a little stand was entirely sacrificed to their enthusiasm. It is needless to say that forgiveness for the accident was instantaneous; Miss Mills knew her boys.

Two Years of Life

THE Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States recently appropriated \$10,000 for relief work in the Near East, \$5,000 to be paid this year and \$5,000 next. By this gift fifty children are assured support for two years; fifty children will be brought two years nearer a time when they may face the world as men and women, equipped with health and a vocation; fifty children less will die in the shadow of snowclad Mt. Ararat this winter.



Kazachi Post orphans, Alexandropol. Healthful exercise, wholesome labor, plain but nourishing food and an intensive study period daily, are developing Near East boys into strong and purposeful men.

The Power of Children

IN New Hampshire the doors of the schools have not been cordially open to the cause of Near East Relief. There has been in the past a sentiment against the collection of money from children.

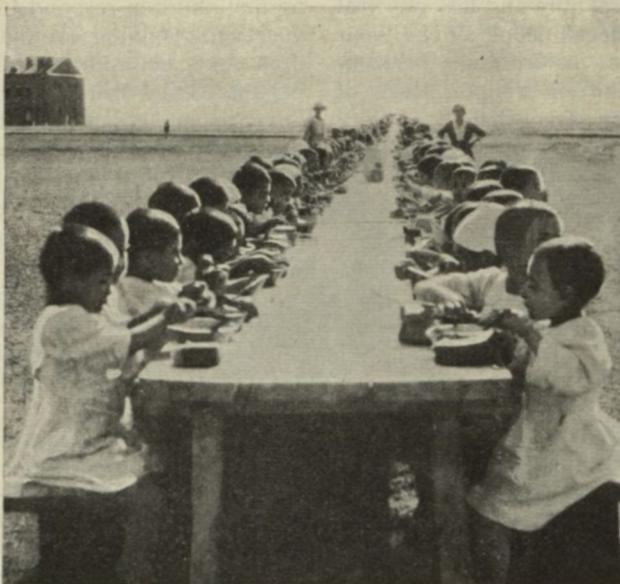
Mrs. Florence Spencer Duryea, head of the Women's Organizational Department of Near East Relief, has just returned from a series of state conferences where the film, "Alice in Hungerland," was shown. Mrs. Duryea reports that in Manchester, New Hampshire, State Director L. M. Karnan distributed to the school children tickets to a showing of the film.

At the appointed time Mrs. Duryea, in order to reach the door of the hall where the picture was to be shown, had to plough her way through a crowd of children five thousand strong.

The picture of the adventures of "Alice" struck a responsive chord in the hearts of those children, just as they had been thrilled by the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland." But "Alice in Hungerland" did something to them that the other Alice could never do. However they might thrill and laugh with Lewis Carroll's little heroine, when the book was closed they knew the story was ended, that it was not true anyway, and therefore, if they would, it was not necessary to help Alice with her troubles.

With "Alice in Hungerland" it was different. They saw a child like themselves, happy and well cared for, in a land whose children and their pitiful condition were incomprehensible to her. They saw her trying to help them by giving bread to the ragged, hungry hordes.

They went home from seeing that film determined, like Alice, to help. They have gone into their



More than one hundred thousand children are fed daily by Near East Relief.

schools, asking their teachers if they may not be permitted to bring to the schools, as collecting places, money to buy food and clothes for the hungry children of Armenia.

The children of New Hampshire are helping to open a door that has been sealed with indifference to the need of the children of Christ's country. We trust to their power to help us in keeping it open, and hope their example will be an inspiration to the schools throughout the country.

"I Used to Die"

MARIE LUFTI'S father, who was a printer, died when she was three years old, leaving her mother a small house and garden with mulberry and orange trees planted there. During the war typhus ravaged the village and claimed among its victims her mother, her grandparents, four sisters and an aunt. The property was sold to pay debts which had piled up since the father's death, and Marie and a younger sister were left alone and homeless.

Marie worked at odd jobs, picking olives, grinding flour, carrying bread to and from the public ovens, thus earning a little food which she shared with her sister who was too frail to work. Then the sister died and Marie has found refuge in a Near East Relief orphanage.

The memory of her years of hardship does not leave this little girl. She says quaintly, "Now I have plenty to eat and a good clean bed, while I used to die from hunger and nobody would give me a piece of bread."

Roots of Home

OCCASIONALLY a man is born with wanderlust in his very marrow. This man must travel, he must see the world, he must spend his life on trains and steamboats, on the highways and byways of the world.

What would this man say, however, if it were dictated just where he should go and what should be the condition of his going? How would he feel if he were herded along dusty roads for hundreds of miles, across burning deserts, over perilous mountain passes and through snow-deep wilds, if his wanderings never brought him within reach of a hotel, if he were deprived of a bath, say for three years, and scarcely ever tasted a bit of nourishing food, perhaps for days thirsted for a single swallow of water?

Think of all this in the terms of a man who likes to travel, to see something of the strangeness of things beyond his home place.

Think, then, of the woman who has always been sheltered in a quiet home, of little children who have known nothing of evil or hardship. Picture them in the grim files of the deportees!

All the world knows something of the story of Mesopotamia. The plight of those tens of thousands of people who were wanted nowhere—in Persia, in Arabia, in Syria or Cilicia, and who managed to subsist meagerly upon the desert only so long as they had the protection of the British Government—has been an item of interest in the newspapers of the world.

What has become of all those refugees, of all those home-loving people who were driven from their homes and obliged to shelter themselves in improvised tents on the scorching sands?

A recent report states that 9,580 of them, Armenians, were to be transported by the British Government to Batum. Still traveling. Where? For the most part they came originally from Turkey, where conditions are at present too chaotic to allow them to return. It may be a long time before that part of the country becomes safe or hospitable to them. If they are sent into Armenia they will fare no better than in Mesopotamia, for conditions are worse, if possible, in that part of the country.

Near East Relief has been asked to cooperate at the Batum end of the journey in getting these people to some safe destination. What can be done to end the weary wandering and alleviate the suffering of these homeless ones is problematical.

Orphans numbering 830 are to be brought from Basra to Jerusalem, Near East Relief to assume responsibility for 530, the Armenian Benevolent Union of Cairo to take charge of the remaining 300. It is to be hoped that for these children, at least, the forced wanderings are ended and that, under orphanage roofs, they may grow to maturity and then, in a country once more at peace, firmly

plant their home roots and never more go wandering over the face of the earth except as pleasure or duty may urge them.



A wayside picture of the Near East. A woman battered by hardship; a child made old by terror.

Living

“**T**O work, to help and to be helped, to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder; behold! this is what it is to prosper, this is what it is to live.”

—Phillips Brooks.

What Five Dollars a Month Will Do

PEOPLE entrust money to Near East Relief for the alleviation of suffering among an unhappy people usually with complete faith that the money is going to be administered judiciously. Yet undoubtedly in the mind of a giver now and then, is a curiosity as to just how expenditures are made and just what results are obtained.

The following report of work in Marash, Cilicia, not only shows an interesting row of figures covering the kind of relief administered, but shows a surprising item of cost per person in a place where foodstuffs are fully as high as in the United States and where cotton and many other supplies are more expensive:

Total number of persons given entire support.....	1,300
Total number of women and children given partial support.....	3,200
Total number helped by employment (industrial department, hospital and orphanage employees, transportation, etc.)	1,000
Total number helped with clothing.....	500
Total number given medical aid.....	1,500
Grand total.....	7,500

SEVENTY-FIVE hundred people are benefited by American relief in Marash; approximately five thousand are entirely or largely dependent upon the relief organization; yet the entire monthly expenditure, including all overhead



*Motherhood in the Near East has neither hope nor joy.
If America fails this Mother her child will die.*

expenses, averages \$25,000, or five dollars a month per person.

Another item to be contemplated in the accomplishment of five dollars a month in Marash is that something more is being done than merely keeping these people alive. The children are receiving an elementary education and training in a practical vocation in preparation for good citizenship.

It is not everywhere in the Near East that five dollars a month will accomplish as much as it does in Marash. While foodstuffs there are as high as in the United States, there are places, Constantinople for instance, where everything is very much higher, and the support of a child will cost two, even three times as much as in Marash.

In the occasional instance where higher education is necessary, in preparing future leaders of the country, the cost mounts even higher than this.

Portland, Oregon

AT the Oregon State conference \$10,000 from the Portland Community Chest was presented to Dr. William E. Doughty, Associate General Secretary of Near East Relief. Governor Olcott of Oregon presided at the conference. The President of the Oregon Agricultural College pledged his aid in raising grain. Students of the college promised to aid the campaign during the Thanksgiving vacation.

In Constantinople

GENEVA, Switzerland, November 12. *Appeal for your maximum cooperation in meeting immediate desperate need Russian refugees Constantinople. Allowing for total existing and promised relief measures there remain ten thousand without food, adequate clothing or shelter. Period of need doubtless several months duration. What can you do?* Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Head Delegation Nationale Armenienne; Gordon Berry, Representative Near East Relief.

It will soon be Christmastime in Constantinople. In that ancient cosmopolitan place, with its foundations deep in Mohammedanism, there are yet thousands of people for whom the Birthday of Christ will hold a precious significance. As in years past, in their hearts will be the desire for Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, the Christ spirit of giving, the wish to be happy.

Yet the above cablegram tells us that ten thousand of them are "without food, adequate clothing or shelter."

What will Christmas bring to them this year?

Shops are closed; markets are dull; industries are stopped almost entirely. Over the city hangs a shadow of political suspense. And exiled there is a population of Russian people caught, like rats in a trap, with no means of livelihood and with no means of escape.

There is a pathos about these Russians that does not exist in quite the same degree anywhere else in the Near East. They are people of refinement generally who, until this calamity overtook them, had never known actual hardship. Stories of their heroic attempts to eke out an existence fill almost every letter we receive from Constantinople.

A woman with a sweet, troubled face stood on a corner at night in Pera, showing a thin,

undernourished boy of five or six how to help her sell papers. He hid behind her skirts. She looked as if she, too, would have welcomed a protecting skirt to hide behind. But she stood her ground, valiantly trying to pick up a few honest piasters to buy food for herself and her boy.

It was not an infrequent sight last summer to see Russian army officers, their uniform coats buttoned tight about their throats, standing on street corners offering their underclothes for sale. Now it is winter.

A druggist, a widower, a refined and educated man, has two little children. The only work he has been able to obtain is as druggist in a hospital at a salary of twelve lire (about eight dollars) a month.

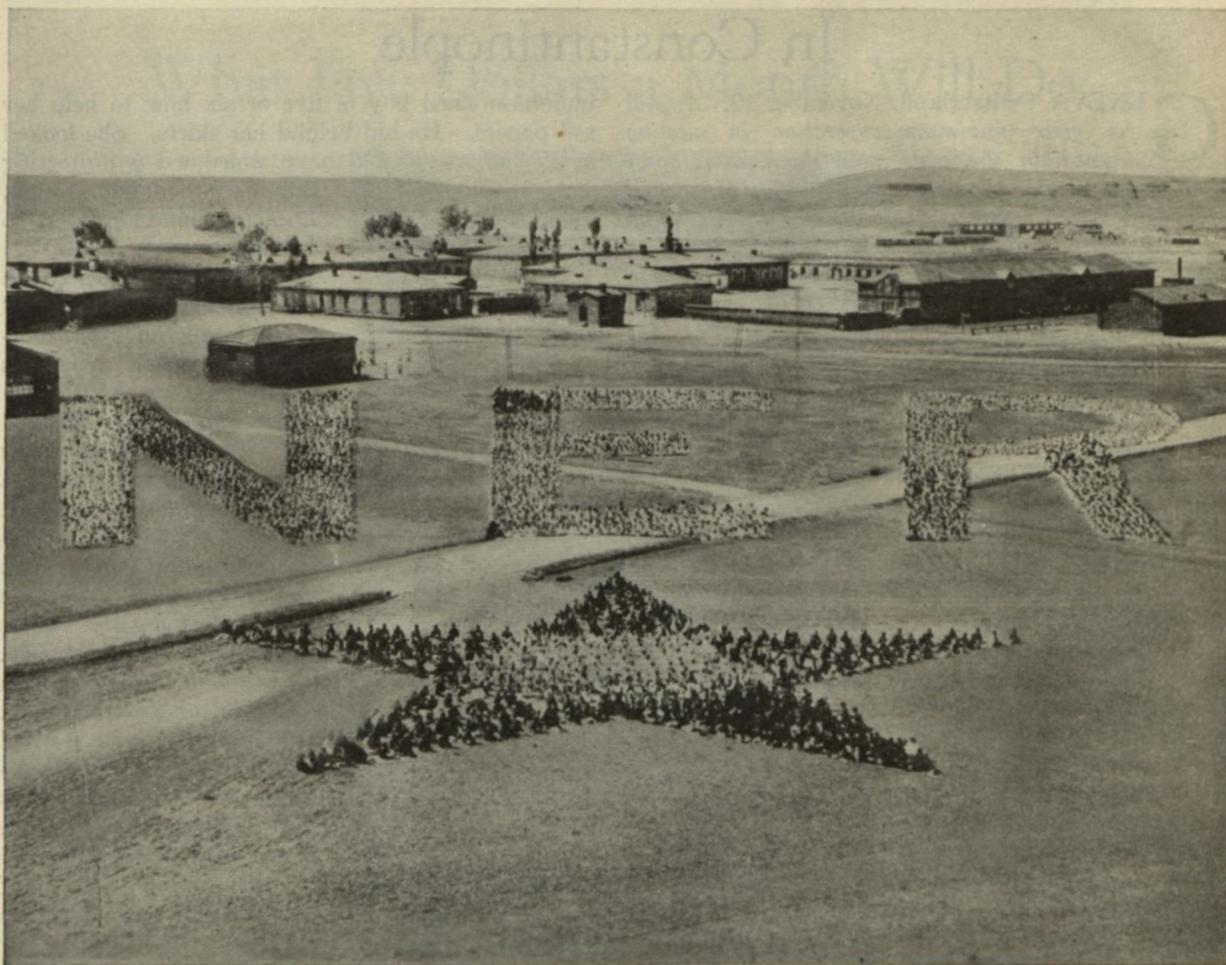
Board for his children costs twenty lire a month, eight more than he is earning. Because they have a father they cannot be accepted into an orphanage. The predicament of many a man in the Near East is heartbreaking.

Christ love will hold festival in some small way in Constantinople this winter. Near East Relief workers will see to that. Within the orphanage there will be tiny gifts, improvised out of whatever may be on hand, an extra portion at the meal, a few bits of ribbon, an occasional doll from some Pandora's box crate from America, a spray of evergreen as a symbol, the singing of carols.

But in the mysterious streets of old Stamboul and in European-tinged Pera there will be thousands of pitiful Russian gentlefolks to whom Christmas this year will bring nothing but memories.



Where all the world suffers. This Russian lady, still clinging to old refinements with her lace kerchief and parasol, has no food and no way in the world of obtaining it except from the soup kitchens of Near East Relief.



The Human Flower Bed

FIVE thousand children blossomed in this curious flower bed last August in Alexandropol. Into the magic letters "N E R" and the "Star" these little wards of America, in honor of the group of Near East Relief officials who visited Transcaucasia at that time, poured all their heartfelt appreciation of what those symbols meant to them. Back of those symbols stood their friend, America, and the visitors were America's representatives. The tribute was a touching demonstration.

The ceremony took place on what had been the parade ground outside Kazachi Post, once a Russian barracks and now housing Near East Relief orphans.

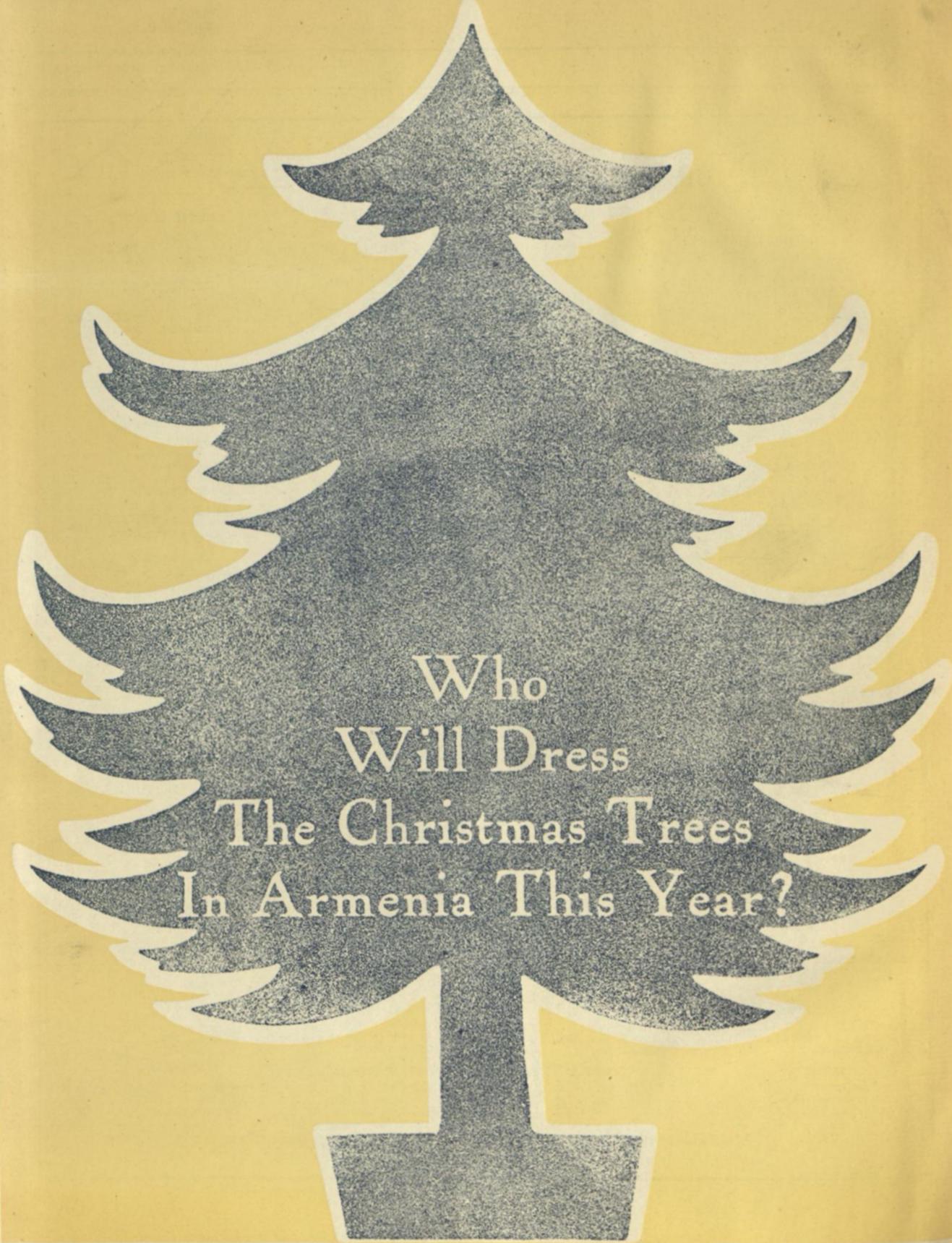
In the background are some of the orphanage buildings. If all the orphanage buildings at Alexandropol were placed end to end they would stretch a distance of three miles.

Three miles of orphans in one town! Last spring, during the conflict between the Turkish Nationalists and Russian Bolsheviks, they numbered twenty thousand. When things were at their worst, in April, these twenty thousand children and all the orphanage personnel were on half rations for a month. In fact it was not until the very day when the last half ration was given out that supplies at last succeeded in reaching Alexandropol from Batum.

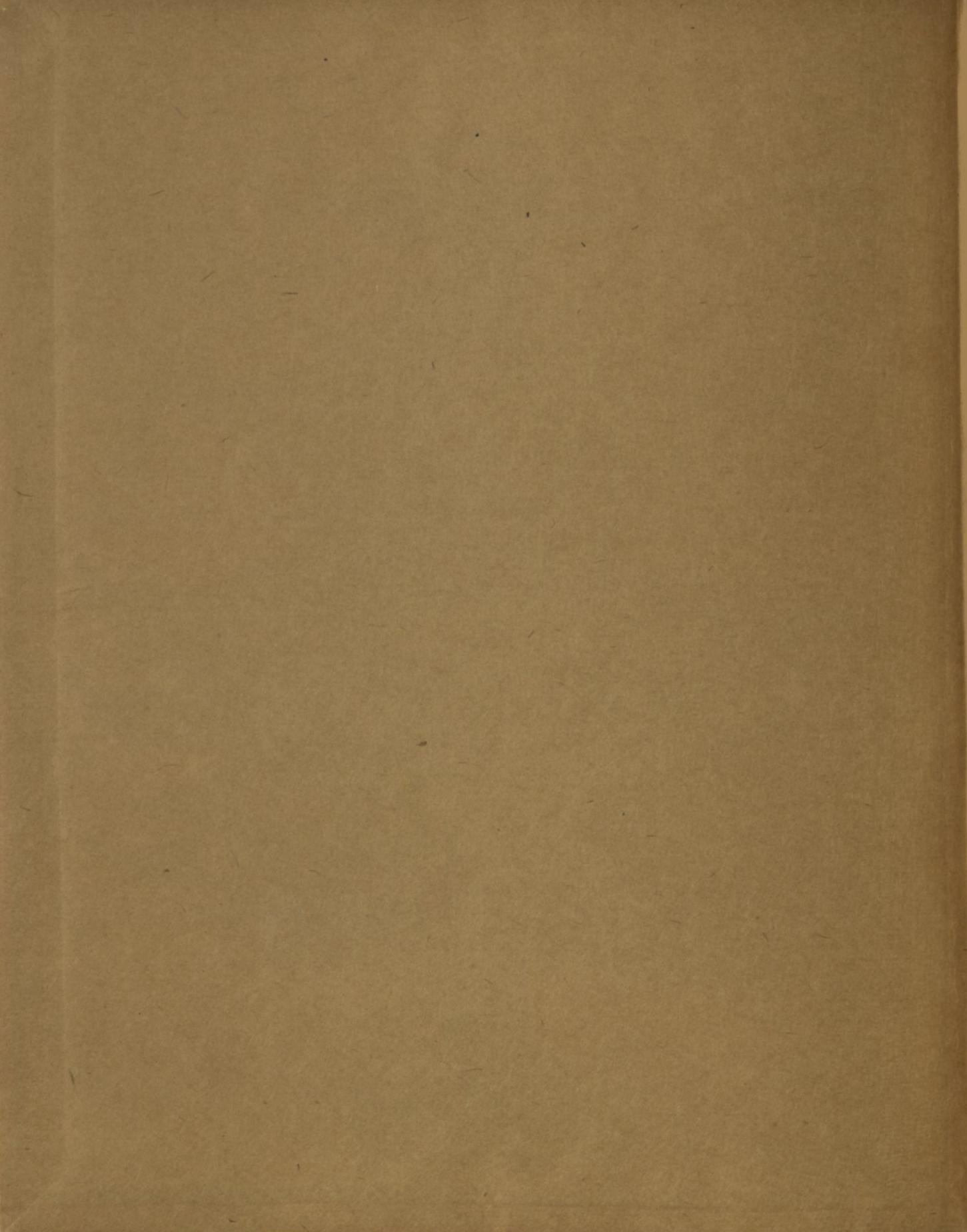
Near East Relief State Offices

ALABAMA Near East Relief, 1219 Volunteer State Life Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.	IOWA Near East Relief, 520 Securities Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.	NEW HAMPSHIRE Near East Relief, 805 Amoskeag Bank Bldg., Manchester, N. H.	SOUTH DAKOTA Near East Relief, 420 Western Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Mitchell, S. Dak.
ARIZONA Near East Relief, 20 Central Bldg., Phoenix, Ariz.	KANSAS Near East Relief, Central Nat'l Bank Bldg., Topeka, Kans.	NEW JERSEY Near East Relief, 156 Market St., Room 56, Newark, N. J.	TENNESSEE Near East Relief, 1203 Volunteer State Life Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.
ARKANSAS Near East Relief, 407 Donaghy Bldg., Little Rock, Ark.	KENTUCKY Near East Relief, 401 Louisville Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.	NEW MEXICO Near East Relief, 20 Central Bldg., Phoenix, Ariz.	TEXAS (North) Near East Relief, 405 Trust Bldg., Dallas, Texas.
CALIFORNIA (North) Near East Relief, 333 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.	LOUISIANA Near East Relief, Room 16, Grunewald Hotel, New Orleans, La.	NEW YORK Near East Relief, 925 Broadway, New York City.	TEXAS (South) Near East Relief, 1011 Goggan Bldg., Houston, Texas.
CALIFORNIA (South) Near East Relief, 517 Wright & Callender Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.	MAINE Near East Relief, Room 23, 80 Exchange St., Portland, Maine.	NORTH CAROLINA Near East Relief, 901 Citizens' Nat'l Bank, Raleigh, N. Car.	UTAH Near East Relief, Room 1, 120 E. First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
COLORADO Near East Relief, 413 Chamber of Com. Bldg., Denver, Colo.	MARYLAND Near East Relief, 14 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.	NORTH DAKOTA Near East Relief, 13 A. O. U. W. Bldg., Fargo, N. Dak.	VERMONT Near East Relief, 805 Amoskeag Bk. Bldg., Manchester, N. H.
CONNECTICUT Near East Relief, Strand Theatre Bldg., 1003 Main St., P. O. Box 1342, Hartford, Conn.	MASSACHUSETTS Near East Relief, 1218 Little Bldg., Boston, Mass.	OHIO Near East Relief, 318 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.	VIRGINIA Near East Relief, 200 Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg., Richmond, Va.
DELAWARE Near East Relief, 402 Industrial Trust Bldg., Wilmington, Del.	MICHIGAN Near East Relief, 1510 Kresge Bldg., Adams Ave., West, Detroit, Mich.	OKLAHOMA Near East Relief, 312 Continental Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.	WASHINGTON <i>Spokane District</i> Near East Relief, 417 Peyton Bldg., Spokane, Wash.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA Near East Relief, 308 Bond Bldg., New York Ave. & 14th St., Washington, D. C.	MINNESOTA Near East Relief, 305 Oneida Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.	OREGON Near East Relief, 602 Stock Exchange Bldg., Portland, Ore.	<i>Seattle District</i> Near East Relief, 339 Burke Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
FLORIDA Near East Relief, 505 Clark Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.	MISSISSIPPI Near East Relief, 5 Orkin Bldg., Jackson, Miss.	PENNSYLVANIA Near East Relief, N. E. Cor. Broad & Locust Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.	WEST VIRGINIA Near East Relief, State Street Bank Bldg., Charleston, W. Va.
GEORGIA Near East Relief, 409 Georgia Sav. Bank, Atlanta, Ga.	MISSOURI (East) Near East Relief, 1423 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.	<i>Harrisburg District</i> Near East Relief, Red Cross Bldg., 2nd & South Sts., Harrisburg, Pa.	WISCONSIN Near East Relief, 229 Plankinton Arcade, Milwaukee, Wisc.
IDAHO Near East Relief, 417 Peyton Bldg., Spokane, Wash.	MISSOURI (West) Near East Relief, 601 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.	<i>Pittsburgh District</i> Near East Relief, 509 Grant St., Pittsburgh, Pa.	WYOMING Near East Relief, 413 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Denver, Colo.
ILLINOIS Near East Relief, 19 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.	MONTANA Near East Relief, 7 Montana Bldg., Helena, Montana.	RHODE ISLAND Near East Relief, Room 1, 44 Washington St., Providence, R. I.	CANADA Armenian Relief Fund Ass'n, 99 Dundas St., East, Toronto, Canada.
INDIANA Near East Relief, 403 City Trust Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.	NEBRASKA Near East Relief, 401 Mickel Bldg., 15th & Harvey Sts., Omaha, Nebr.	SOUTH CAROLINA Near East Relief, Liberty National Bank, Columbia, S. Car.	

Make checks payable to Near East Relief and send to nearest State Office



Who
Will Dress
The Christmas Trees
In Armenia This Year?



The Ocean Library at MEI



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