

HUNGER KNOWS NO ARMISTICE IN CAUCASUS

Colonel Haskell Reports to Near
East Relief on Desperate
Needs of Helpless.

"Peace may come elsewhere in the world, but hunger knows no armistice in the Near East," says Colonel William N. Haskell, Allied high commissioner in the Trans-Caucasus, in an appeal to Near East Relief, 1 Madison avenue, New York city, for food and supplies for the relief of the starving millions.

Colonel Haskell is in charge of all operations and disbursements of Near East Relief in the Caucasus.

"There is no food or shelter for the greater part of them during the terri-



COLONEL HASKELL.

ble winter in the mountains," he says, "and the existing food supply is entirely inadequate for the great number of refugees without resources of any kind."

"By a recent agreement between the premiers of the republics of Armenia, Azerbaijan and Georgia to cease hostilities and settle all differences by arbitration one obstacle to relief work in the Caucasus has been removed and makes accessible a great number of destitute people who otherwise would perish this winter."

"Two hundred thousand destitute Armenians and Tartars can now be reached in the districts of Karabagh, Shusha and Nakhichevan, in the south-east section of the Trans-Caucasus, and we are planning to extend our work there. The economic situation is so desperate and food supplies so scanty that the Georgians have ordered 100,000 persons, mainly Russian refugees without employment, to leave the city of Tiflis. About 45,000 workers in the oil fields of Baku have been ordered by the Azerbaijan government to leave the city because there is no work for them and food is scarce."

Around every station along the railway are gathered groups of hundreds of homeless people lying huddled together on the ground, the majority of them too weak even to try to help themselves. From time to time the stronger ones climb on freight cars and move elsewhere, always seeking better conditions, which do not exist. Two hundred and sixty-three thousand homeless refugees from Turkish Armenia thus are constantly milling about throughout Russian Armenia, making the relief work conducted by the Americans a problem requiring infinite patience and organizing ability.

"This is especially true in view of the existence of 248,000 destitute inhabitants of Russian Armenia who possess homes, but no food, as well as 150,000 Greeks, Russians, Persians, Syrians and Yezidis who have been driven out of parts of Transcaucasia."

"One hundred and forty thousand Moslems, whose villages were destroyed in the course of five years of constant warfare, are helplessly encamped in the open around villages of their former owners, begging infinitesimal quantities of food which they mix with dirt to give the illusion of nourishment."

"Three hundred of thousands of suffering adults, mostly homeless and lacking every necessity of life, having nothing more to lose, are concentrated in a country as yet inadequately policed or governed. They constitute a fertile field for the seeds of Bolshevism or any form of anarchy, the spread of which once loosed would be impossible to predict."

"It is generally admitted in the Caucasus that the Americans of the Near East Relief already have saved the lives of at least 30,000 babies and children and of 500,000 adult refugees and destitute. This work still is continuing."

In an effort to procure funds to carry on this work and save the lives of these hundreds of thousands who otherwise will die of starvation and exposure Near East Relief, of which Cleveland H. Dodge is treasurer, is making an appeal to the American people.

GOOD WORK ALL FOR NAUGHT

Small Wonder Charitable Young Lady
Was Annoyed by That "Meddlesome Busybody."

"The charitable should try not to be officious. Too many charitable people are like the young lady."

The speaker was Lawson Purdy, secretary of the New York charity organization. He went on:

"A young lady said one evening at dinner:

"The nerve of some people beats all!"

"How do you mean, dear?" asked her father.

"I mean they'd better mind their own business!"

"Yes?"

"Yes, that's it. You see, I joined the College Settlement guild last week, and this afternoon I began my work by carrying a big basket of provisions to an old woman. Well, when I got to the old woman's house I found that some meddlesome busybody had been there before me and given her a job. There was nothing for me to do but carry all that stuff back to the guild again. Believe me, I was furious!"

SECRETARY GOT HIS CIGARS

Good Work to Credit of Knights of
Columbus Commissioner in the
British Isles.

Edward A. Ryan, Knights of Columbus secretary, who returned from England recently, tells of receiving two boxes of cigars, sent by Sergt. C. M. Summers of Auburn, Ind., with no address other than a snapshot of Mr. Ryan in a group of soldiers. The cigars and snapshot were sent to Edgar Sharp, Knights of Columbus commissioner in the British Isles, and the soldier asked Mr. Sharp to give the cigars to the man in the picture, around whose photograph he had drawn a line. Mr. Sharp recognized Mr. Ryan and sent the cigars to him. The picture was taken when Mr. Ryan was helping the soldiers see London. Summers wrote that he desired "to give the cigars to the K. of C. man who had taken him sightseeing around England when he was clean broke."

His Intention.

"I was eighty-three years of age this 'ere last fall," admitted old Emory Umps. "I have never accomplished anything of special importance during my somewhat extended career. I have tried my hand at most everything, one time and another, and fallen down more or less flat at nearly all of it. And now, having been practically a false alarm and a total failure all these years, I am going to live on my son-in-law, and divide my time about equally between criticizing the way everything is done nowadays and telling the rising generation how to make overwhelming successes of their lives."—Kansas City Star.

Plausible Reasons.

The bishop of Birmingham said at a Los Angeles luncheon:

"Church-going becomes rarer and rarer among the people as the years pass."

"In Birmingham one Sunday morning a clubman, seated at a club window, looked up from his Sunday paper and said:

"By George, there's Thompson and his wife on their way to church! I wonder what's up?"

"It's either," said a second clubman, "that Thompson has had another attack of heart trouble or else Mrs. Thompson has got a new dress."

Your Family Tree.

You had a father and a mother, and you grant that each of them had two parents, thus declaring that you had four grandparents. Then keep on going backward.

Fifty-four generations ago you had 2,251,790,813,685,248 ancestors (of course the decimal does not count here). Count thirty years to a generation and your many ancestors existed 1,620 years ago in the year 299 A. D.

This seems like good arithmetic, but I cannot vouch for its historical accuracy. Better look it up and see.

No Accounting for Tastes.

"Did you ever fall in love with a bareback rider in a circus when you were a boy?"

"No," replied Mr. Grimpink. "People used to say I was a queer boy. I passed up the bareback rider and the lovely trapeze performers in their pink and white tights to worship at the shrine of a snake charmer of mature years."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

An Expert Witness.

"You swear that this man is no chicken stealer," demanded the judge. "Yesur," replied Rastus Rashley. "De's what Ah said, suh."

"What do you know about the facts in this case?"

"Ah isn't s'posed to know nuffin' 'bout de facts in de case, suh. Ah is an expert witness foh de defense."

What He Did.

The Magistrate—It is charged that you used scurrilous language to this man, and then struck him with a dangerous missile.

Prisoner (Indignantly)—Oh did nothing as the kolnd. Oi called 'im a lyn' pup, an' hit 'im wid a brick.

Especially That Kind.

She (complainingly)—You said before our marriage that my every wish was your law.

He—Maybe I did, but you seem to forget that laws become obsolete.—Boston Transcript.

BEAR CUBS PROBABLY UNIQUE

New Species the Result of Mating
Canadian Black and Russian
Brown, in London Zoo.

A "marriage was arranged" in London some time ago between Teddy, the black bear from Canada, and Daisy, the brown bear from Russia.

The result is the first hybrid black-brown bear cubs ever born in the zoo—they may even be unique, hybrids, let alone produce no hybrids. They are a rich mahogany compromise between their parents' colorings, and are doing splendidly. Along with this news comes word that the ugliest beast in the world, the Matanata turtle, another emigrant from the new world, had been on hunger strike ever since his arrival in London. At home he gets his food in a nasty, treacherous way. He has a shell which looks like a lump of rock on which weeds grow freely. He keeps quiet and looks like a pleasant stone for fish to rest under. Round his jaws are a number of long lumps which look like desirable worms. These are his ground bait, and even if the Matanata be asleep a nibble rouses him to snap up a meal.

"Lady, he went on, 'I got a splittin' headache and a hackin' cough, and—'

"But the wise farm woman interrupted him.

"'A splittin' headache and a hackin' cough?' she said. 'Then you won't mind goin' out to the woodshed and splittin' the kindlin' and hackin' them oak logs. When you're through I'll give you a meal of—'

"But the sufferer with a gesture of rage and disgust was already hurrying off."

Extravagant Animals at the Zoo.

A deer with an insatiable craving for chocolate almonds acted the thief at the London zoo the other day. A child offered it one and the animal snatched the whole handful—half a pound—just bought by an extravagant mother for 75 cents. The cat-bear, or Panda, a captive brought from far Tibet, has developed a taste for sultana raisins beyond all the other side diets experimentally offered him. And sultanas are horribly dear in England now. The gaudy blue-faced mandrill used to save money for its owners by tempting the tame squirrels into its cage and eating them. Its diet at home in West Africa had consisted of roots and fruit interspersed with reptiles and scorpions. Other monkeys are tobacco-chewing fiends, and beg piteously for cigarette stubs.

The African otter now much prefers fruits and carrots to fish, and the splendid elephant seal, the only one known in captivity, killed itself by gluttonous indulgence in buns.

The Deed Was Done.

With our baskets full of goodies, a crowd of us enjoy going from house to house and having "picnic" dinners.

At our last meeting place our hostess was noted for making weak coffee.

This worried my husband, who likes his strong. To please him I promised to go early and offer to make the coffee. Luck was against me, for when I arrived, she had already made it. My husband, thinking of course, that I had done the deed, looked across the table at me, and belovved before them all: "This coffee is simply rotten."—Exchange.

Jars in Cleopatra's Needle.

Will the workmen who are busy repairing the base of London's Cleopatra's needle disturb the jars which were placed in the pedestal when the monument was erected? The jars contain British coins, a translation of the meaning of the hieroglyphics inscribed on the monument, a railway guide, a number of children's toys, copies of newspapers, a map of London, a translation into several languages of St. John 3-16, a history of the monument and its journey to London, and many other things. This was after the custom of the ancient Egyptians.

Reminded Him.

A well-known preacher was giving one of his stirring discourses, when he remarked:

"Ah! that reminds me of something I shall never forget."

Then he stopped and thought, and, after thinking and waiting a long time, greatly to the astonishment of the congregation, he said:

"Dear me, I can't think of what it is!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cruel Agreement.

Maud—This keen air is certainly exhilarating. I feel like a 4-year-old this morning.

Belle—And you look it, dear—ten times over.—Boston Transcript.

Victor's Aftermath.

He (despairing)—Oh, why did I ever learn gambling?

She—That's the trouble; you never learned.

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CHURCHES TO AID LONELY SHEEP SHEARERS OF WEST

The blent of the sheep on the backbone of the continent calls men to the mountains. On high uplands from the Canadian border to Mexico, in lonely and inaccessible places, one of the most romantic examples of the country's migrant worker—the sheep shearer—plies his trade.

Upheard of though he is to thousands of his fellow workers, it was for him that the immigration regulations of three countries—Canada, the United States and Mexico—were modified during the war. This permitted freedom of movement to many hundreds of this strange craft, and the means of employment to thousands in factories and stores.

Yet, for all his importance in the ranks of the nation's great Marching Army of the Employed, what sort of life does this man lead? The migrant fruit packer, or wheat harvester, or farmhand, or lumberman often roams inland through cities and the congested spots of civilization. But the sheep shearer, by the nature of his trade, is cut off from such influences. Through a survey of the nation's migrant labor now being made by the Interchurch World Movement, it is suggested that for men of this class relief may be afforded through churches in outlying districts. For social and other purposes these men, with proper co-operation by church bodies, could make use of many of the facilities without which they are doomed to a life of isolation.

WITTY SALLIES.

Unkind.

Howell—I am wedded to my art.
Powell—Who had the nerve to give the bride away?

It Sometimes Happens.

"Well, he made his bed—"
"And now he lies in it?"
"No, he lies about it."

Valuable Quarters.

Howell—What was the most expensive room you ever had?
Powell—I once slept in a coal bin.

Quite So.

"Did you see where potato peelers in Chicago want \$6 a day?"
"What a skin game!"

Truthful Appearance.

"Bill, I am dead broke."
"Then no wonder you look all gone to pieces."

A Difference.

"I hear you have been visiting friends?"
"No. Relatives."

Behind the Times.

"What horsepower have you in this establishment?" "Don't use any horses, mister. We've got motors."

No Wonder.

"Jabba's business record is absolutely clean." "Yes, I understand he made it in soap."

Much More.

"Why, you talk as if the man weren't human."
"He isn't. He's a tenor."

Before and After.

"Green Hill says he was first attracted by his wife's voice?" "Yes, and now he is distracted by it."

Makes a Difference.

Edith—Isn't it disgusting to hear men flattering women?
Maud—Other women, yes!

Meeting Emergencies.

"Dolton's wife is an awful talker. How does he get on so well with her?"
"He's a good listener."—Life.

Pertinent Comparison.

"How fast the winter days do fly!"
"Mercy, yes! Time goes about as fast as a ton of coal."

No Leisure for Animadversion.

"You never mention the high cost of living any more." "Too busy to talk about it! Hustling for the price!"

Its Nature.

"What do you think of that free seed business in congress?"
"I think it is a plant."

Opened a Can.

"That was really a fine poem the man wrote about baked beans."
"Yes. The poor fellow was hungry."

So It Is.

"What is the center of gravity?"
"The letter V"—Boys' Life for February.

The Locality.

"Experts say it takes fully fifteen minutes to shear a sheep by hand."
"Not if it is done in Wall street."

Naturally.

"You look depressed this morning."
"I have a good reason. When I went to look at my private stock I found I was out of spirits."

Very Likely.

"What do you suppose Mars can be signaling us for?"
"I guess he wants an engagement as a moving-picture star."

But the Other Kind.

"I don't believe in these spiritualistic seances. I went to some, and I tell you I've got the spirits bottled up."
"I wish I had."

Well Matched.

"She has dyed her hair a raven hue."
"I suppose that is to match her crow's feet."

Much Appreciated.

"They say an hour early in the morning is worth two in the afternoon." "So it is, if you can have it in bed."

The Time for Attention.

"There's a time for everything."
"Of course. That's why we don't pay any attention to getting the snow off the streets until it is warm enough for a good thaw."

Wealthy.

Howitt—Did you ever dream that you had untold wealth?
Jewett—Last night I dreamed that I was rich enough to sanding a man with sugar.

Maybe Not.

"Why don't we get any more Turkish rhapsodies?"
"Well, they ain't got nothing to rhapsodize over, I take it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Solution of the Servant Problem.

Mrs. Brogan—The people next door are very fortunate with their cook.
Mrs. Brogan—Have they had her a long time?

Mrs. Brogan—No; but she's a golf fiend and the master goes out every morning and plays golf with her, thus getting an early breakfast.—Houston Post.

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