

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 fuel or shelter for the greater part of them during the terr-



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 southeast 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 Azerbaijanese 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. 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 239 A. D. This seems like good arithmetic, but I cannot vouch for its historical accuracy. Better look it up and see."

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 239 A. D.

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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. Grimpkin. "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. "Tessur," replied Rastus Rashtey. "Da's what Ah said, suh."

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

"Ah isn't sposed 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 scurilous language to this man, and then struck him with a dangerous missile.

Prisoner (indignantly)—Ol did nothing av the kolnd. Ol called 'im a lyin' ap, 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 we 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 cub ever born in the zoo—they may even be unique, for nature let alone produces 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 Matamata 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 weed grows 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 Matamata be asleep a nibble rouses him to snap up a meal.

Truthful Appearance.

"Bil, 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, master. We've got motors."

No Wonder.

"Jahds' 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.

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

Meeting Emergencies.

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

No Leisure for Animadversion.

"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 your 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 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.

"Hewitt—Did you ever dream that you had untold wealth?"

Jewett—Last night I dreamed that I was rich enough to sandwich 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

fan and the master goes out every morning and plays golf with her, thus getting on early breakfast.—Houston Post.

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