

Bringing New Life To a Dying Nation Is Splendid Undertaking of America

(Continued from Page One.)

God, and all the rest of the people of the United States were atheists or infidels, and they demanded that you should worship according to their faith and should fight according to their beliefs; and you should say: "No, we can die, but we will not cease to do right." That was the situation in Armenia when surrounded by four hundred million Mohammedans, four million Christians said: "We will die, but we will not deny our Lord; we will fight by the side of the Christian nations; we will fight with England, France and America; so help us;" and they did. Because they chose to do right, half of them were killed. They were driven from their homes during nineteen-fifteen, sixteen and seventeen down to the Arabian desert, where they died of thirst and of hunger and of disease. Their girls were carried off, their children slain, until but a pitiful handful of less than two millions remained, when the Armistice was signed. That appalling situation appealed to no nation on earth save America.

Relief is Sent

We arrived in the city of Beirut, the ancient capital of Syria, north of Jerusalem, on the Mediterranean. As we anchored, the Red Cross workers came out to bid us welcome. We saw the city, and we saw Mount Hermon, the Mount Transfiguration; and I said to Major Nichol: "What a beautiful land this is." "On the contrary," he said, "it is a bitter land. It is a land full of the dead." I did not realize the import of what he said, until, later, I went through the streets of the city, early one morning, and saw a garbage wagon lumbering over the cobblestones. It stopped at my side, the driver dismounted, kicked a pile of rubbish, and there appeared the face of a little dead child. The body was thrown into the wagon. Across the street he found two more, at the next corner two more, and so on up the street, finding children that had died of starvation during the night, because they had no crust of bread, nor cup of milk.

We took over the Red Cross work. When I first visited the children's ward in the Red Cross hospital I found fifty little white cots, and on them fifty little recently starving children. Their arms and legs like pipe stems, and their stomachs distended, I said: "What is the matter with these children?" The doctor replied: "You have heard of the crazy king who used to eat grass?" "Yes." "Well, these children have been out on the hills eating grass, not because they were crazy but because they were starving. Roots and bark and buds of trees was all they had to eat." "Have you

any milk?" "Why, the hold of the ship is full of milk given us by Mr. Horlick, the milk manufacturer." So we hurried to bring the milk to the starving children, and we saved their lives.

Bread Line Picture

One day Mrs. Bayard Dodge said to me: "Come up and see my work." "What is that?" "The bread-line." So I went up and saw a sight that was saddening, indeed. There were a thousand people in every stage of starvation, who went up eagerly and waited for their turn to get their piece of black bread. They came asking for bread, and it seemed to me we gave them a stone; that is what that bread looked like to me. But we got flour from our ship, and the next morning we had a thousand loaves ready for the bread-line. We stood there, as final preparations were made, and Mrs. Dodge said to me: "Do you see that man at the end of the line? Yes, what about him?" "He has been there half the night, waiting that he may be the first to get his dose of black bread but this morning I am going to give him the surprise of his life." She handed him a half loaf of white bread. He grabbed it with his bird-like claws and cried: "It is bread, real bread from America. Thank God for America." Then there was a rush for the pile of bread; we had to hold them back, but that was not very difficult, they were so weak.

No Graft There

You business men will appreciate the sound financing of Near East Relief, when I tell you that for two years man has made it possible to send overseas every dollar that has been contributed by the people of America for Near East Relief. Last year it was one hundred and two per cent, the extra two per cent representing the interest. Accountants from the Navy Department have recently examined our books and have given us a clean bill of health. From the first of our work to the last, only five per cent of the monies collected have gone for overhead or administrative expenses.

We have five hundred thirty-nine workers engaged in this service, in Armenia and Turkey. All receive the same princely salary of fifty dollars a month. One day I took a relief train over the Berlin-Bagdad railway, back into the interior. I must not detain you with a description of how we planted, here and there in that land, hospitals, orphanages and rescue homes for the harem girls, and how we got these refugees out of the holes of the ground and out of the desert sand, and restored them to their loved ones who were left; got back their farms for

them, and fed a bread-line, last winter, of a million and a half of people. One need not dwell on these things, but I think they tell the story; they sing the song, aye, the sweetest song ever sung. This is what your money has done, my friends. Today we have two hundred thirty-nine orphanages scattered across that land of sorrow, sheltering one hundred ten thousand children who would have been dead but for your generosity—children, Christian children, the hope of the future. We have sixty-three hospitals, and every month, through these sixty-three hospitals there passes a stream of battered and diseased humanity, at the rate of one hundred and forty-eight thousand. They come in sick; they stay a day, a week or a year, and they go out well. They come in half naked, with a bit of gunny-sack about them, and they go out clothed in the clothing you have sent. They come in broken in mind, broken in morale, and we send them back to the battle of life, restored. What a thing it is to give these people once more a grip upon the eternal, a grip upon themselves? Can you imagine it? They would be broken in hope, without the will to live or the ability to make a living.

Now one or two stories, if you will. Go with me to Arabia, the land of the "Veiled Ladies" and the "Camel Bells;" the land of the "Arabian Nights," of "Sinbad the Sailor," of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," or "Ali Baba and His Forty Thieves."—I found them all dead with the exception of the forty thieves; they were still alive, and a god many like them.

Feeding the Famishing

Let me tell you of just one home. Let us go to the city of Marash, in the heart of Turkey, where something like ten thousand Armenians were killed. I went into the city, the starving children were everywhere. They did not beg; they did not weep; they looked at me with their big, solemn eyes. I had learned a little of the language. Jumping from the motor car, I soon had over one hundred following me to our headquarters.

Miss Helen Blakeley, who has charge of the girls' home, welcomed us. To her I said: "How can we feed these children?" "I will call the girls," she replied and clapped her hands. I wished you could have seen those bright Armenian girls as they came out, clean, neatly dressed, with their hair beautifully arranged, smiling and happy. I heard the piano playing, I heard them singing. I looked into their faces and said: "Great God, these are as fair as my own daughter, and they have been rescued from Turkish harems." Miss Blakeley said, "My girls will be glad to cook the food." A word from the driver and the camels lunged to their knees. The girls got around the packs, untied the ropes, and soon they were carrying armfuls of food into the kitchen, toward which the children had turned

wistful faces. In about an hour out they came, with pans of cooked food steaming.

Brave American Woman

The girls heaped their plates with food, and it seemed that the food disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. We filled them up. For once they had enough. I stood there beside Doctor Barton, the leader of the Near East Relief Work in all that land. This noble man was watching these unfortunate children, and I saw the tears flowing down his curved face. "Oh, Wirt," he said, "isn't it beautiful?" I said "What—feeding starving children?" "Yes, that and more." "You mean, doctor, these fifty girls?" "Yes," he said, "that and more." "You mean—that little woman, Helen Blakeley?" "What of her?" And he told me this incident: A few days before, the Turks had come and tried to get her girls. They surrounded the home and demanded that they be released. She said, "No, you can't have them. Go away." They did so, but returned later with renewed demands; again she managed to deter them. Then came a regiment of Turkish troops and surrounded her building. The major came to the door and said: "Miss Blakeley, we want your girls. We are going to burn your building if necessary. These are nice girls, musical girls, educated girls, and we want them for the harems of our Turkish officials, and we are going to have them." Miss Blakeley turned and snatched an American flag. She threw it over the threshold and said: "Sir, you can have my girls, but only over that flag and over my dead body." He saw she meant business, turned and went away, and with him went his villainous crew. These girls are alive today because the Turk respects American womanhood and he respects the Stars and Stripes. I tell you that but for the five hundred and thirty-nine pair of American eyes in that land, watching the unspcakable Turk, with access to the American cable and the heart of Christendom, the Armenian nation would have perished ere this. Your relief workers stand today between them and death, and are doing more for the preservation of these people than all the armies and navies of Europe.

Children Beat at Gates

Now, just one more incident, and I must close. Come with me to Aleppo, a city full of starving children. Here are forty thousand Armenian refugees; by and by we are going to help them. Here are several thousand Christian girls in harems, and by and by we are going to help them, but not now. The first charge upon Near East Relief is the welfare of the children. Well, we gathered up two thousand of them. We got four or five Turkish buildings connected up and were soon ready to open the orphanage. We had two thousand little outfits of clothing, and we had food for all. We sent word to the scattered orphanages by underground methods. If we had sent it publicly the dogs would have been set upon them. One morning I looked out of my window and saw a sea of frowzy heads. We opened the gate—to them the gates of heaven; we gave each a big bun, and they were happy. We took in a thousand, two thousand, and then came the word, "Close the gate, we have no more room." The gate was closed, but I want never to hear that sound again—the beating of little skeleton hands against the gate. "Oh, let me in. Isn't there room for just one more?" We took in a few more, and then had to close the gate permanently, and turn away, literally, hundreds of little children to die in the desert, to go back to the holes in the ground and to the city's streets, where they were beset by Turkish boys and dogs. You remember a little Stranger came to that land two thousand years ago. There was no room for Him in the inn, but they found room for Him in a manger. The inns are full today in this land of Christ, and we want you to help us find some mangers for the remnant of these children, children whose parents died because they loved the Cross and not the Star and Crescent.

Fancy dancing is a feature of the Carnival at Lahaina School a week from Saturday.—Adv.

Mrs. Winne Dies—Death of Mrs. Lucy Taylor Winne was reported in Sunday's Advertiser. Mrs. Winne was a grand daughter of Asa and Lucy Thurston who came to the Islands as missionaries in 1820. She was 71 years of age at the time of her death.

NOTICE

To Whom It May Concern: During my absence from the Territory, I have appointed Wong Ahu as my attorney in fact, to act for me and in my stead with full power to collect all accounts due me until revoked by me. NEE WO. (Feb. 11, 18, 25; March 4.)

NOTICE OF MEETING

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wailuku Soda and Ice Works, Ltd., at which time officers for the year will be elected, will be held in the office of the company in Wailuku on Monday, February 28, 1921 at 7 o'clock p. m. J. MIYAMOTO, Secretary. (Feb. 18, 25.)



Greater Yields and Better Crops
P. O. Box 484 Phone 8197
2365 N. King St., Honolulu

PUREST ICE ONLY

The Maui Soda and Ice Works has purchased the ice plant of the Wailuku Soda Works and will move it down to its own plant thus securing facilities for an increased production of four tons daily. The Wailuku Soda Company is out of the ice supply business.

When the plant is installed all ice furnished by us will be manufactured from distilled water. NO INCREASE IN PRICE will result.

To new patrons we promise that it will be our endeavor to treat them with the same consideration with which we have treated our customers in the past. Any complaints arising from delivery by drivers or from other causes will be given prompt attention and steps taken for correction upon phoning No. 128.

MAUI SODA & ICE WORKS
WAILUKU

J. C. TONG

MERCHANT TAILOR

CIVILIAN SUITS PRESSED AND REPAIRED.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

TWO EXPERIENCED TAILORS

KAHULUI, MAUI

Between Sun Kwong On Store and Hatori Fish Market.

HOUSE PAINTING

Paper Hanging and Interior Decorating
Estimates furnished on application

H. YAMAGUCHI

Contractor and Painter

Near Chinese Church, Vineyard Street, Phone 247-A.

Wailuku

Second Hand Furniture Bought and Sold.

STOP! LOOK! READ!

IF YOU ARE GOING TO

MEET THE STEAMER AT LAHAINA

CALL UP

Kahului Auto Stand, Phone 191-A

JOHNNIE J. KOHAMA—For comfortable easy riding cars. Regular Trips on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

JAMES M. CAMERON

SANITARY PLUMBER

Estimates Furnished. Old Post Office Building, Wailuku.

Theo. H. Davies & Co.

Limited

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



Sixty years of experience with preparation of food products are represented in the distinctive goodness of Del Monte Brand Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

**Demand the Del Monte Brand
From Your Grocer.**

ALL MAUI READS MAUI NEWS WANT ADS.

50 Hours

At over 60 miles per hour

Essex Sets World's Mark Never Before Made and Not Yet Equaled

3037 Miles in 50 Hours Averaging 60.7 Miles an Hour

It was the first official test ever made of a car driven at top speed for fifty consecutive hours.

Contest officials of the American Automobile Association supervised this record which was made on the Cincinnati Speedway.

In three separate tests using the same car, the Essex traveled 5870 MILES IN 94 HOURS, 22 MINUTES, MORE THAN A MILE A MINUTE.

The Essex was put on the speedway to prove its reliability in a fifty-hour test.

At the end of 27 hours, 58 minutes and in the 1790th mile, rain and sleet forced a stop. A second start was made three days later but snow again ended the trial. This time the run lasted 16 hours 25 minutes and covered 1042 miles. The third run starting the following day was successful, the fifty-hour period being completed.

Thus the proof of Essex endurance is even greater than that expressed in the 50-hour run. Think what that means. The average car is driven little more than 5000 miles in the entire season. But this stock Essex chassis went more than a mile a minute for 5870 miles.

But the greatest Essex accomplishment, the greatest proof of Essex endurance, was breaking the trans-continental record from San Francisco to New York—3347 miles in 4 days, 14 hours, 43 minutes, beating the best previous record by 12 hours, 48 minutes.

Four Essex cars crossed the continent; two in each direction—during a period of 11 days. The first car from New York to San Francisco made the trip in 4 days, 19 hours, 17 minutes, beating the best time this way by over 22 hours.

Each of the four cars made the complete trip and made better time than had ever before been made by any other car.

On these four trips across America, United States mail was carried across the continent by automobile for the first time in history. The cars were not driven at any point by professionals, but the entire trip was run by Essex dealers along the route. In all, probably 25 drivers took the cars across the continent, which is an even greater testimony of the performance and reliability of the Essex.

ANY ESSEX ON MAUI CAN DO IT.

SCHUMAN CARRIAGE CO., LTD.

Most Complete Automobile Organization in Hawaii

H. S. BUSH, MAUI REPRESENTATIVE

OFFICE MAUI HOTEL, WAILUKU