

## DROPS OF BLOOD MARK FOOTSTEPS IN DESERT SAND

18,000 People Deported From  
One Village—5,000 Out-  
raged Women Die.

### TURKISH ARMY GUILTY

Babies Thrown Into Raging  
Rivers By Mothers To Re-  
lieve Their Suffering.



By JOHN M. OTT

Plodding across burning sands. Ever thirsty. Lips parched. Throat dry. Growing weaker with every step. Mothers are forced to lay their babies at the side of the sandy, blood-marked trail, bordered with skeletons and dying humans, because they have no nourishment in their breasts for their offspring. Every shrub uprooted and chewed until the last drop of moisture is gone. Nothing to eat. Nothing to drink.

Marching across a desert, feet worn to the bone, drops of blood are the footprints in these sands of desolation. Whitening bones of millions of massacred men, women and children strew the plains of Asia Minor from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf. In a single day's travel it is possible to see the mutilated corpses of more than 5,000 women, outraged by the Turkish army, their children wandering towards what once was their home, guided only by instinct such as an animal shows when carried away.

Thousands of living babies have been hurled into the rushing tides of the Euphrates, Tigris and other rivers by mothers who wanted them not to suffer the agony of slow death. From one town 18,000 persons were deported. Not permitted to take even a crust of bread. Allowed to carry only the clothes they wore. Deported, driven for endless miles over mountains, numbed by biting winds; over plains made barren by barbaric war; across deserts of parching heat. Passing hurriedly from one extreme of climate to another, driven by mounted guards, ex-convicts, criminals and ruffians of the lowest order.

After 64 days of wandering 185 of the 18,000 were living. They staggered into a town hundreds of miles from where they started. Shuddering skeletons, covered only with rags of the raiments that covered them at the start, half blind from starvation and heat, half dead of their suffering.

This is only one of hundreds of towns and villages similarly treated by the Turkish armies. Horrors of the underlings of the Sultan of Turkey, commanded by German officers. If this was the end of the story appeal would be useless and the work of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East would not be needed. But with the end of the war and the cessation of hostilities these abused peoples naturally attempted to return to their homes. They had nothing where they were. When they started on the return journey more of them died. However, hundreds of thousands managed to withstand the terrible ordeal and reached what once were their homes, only to find heaps of ruins.

Children lost their parents. Parents who had not lost their babies could not care for themselves. They could not be expected to feed others when they had nothing with which to regale themselves. It is to save these helpless, almost hopeless, pretty babies of the Western Asiatic countries that the American Committee for Relief in the Near East was formed from the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. The Red Cross was not organized in these countries to succor these people. That organization gave the American Committee for Relief in the Near East money with which the relief work was begun. No more could be spared from that body's treasury. Therefore the committee decided to ask the people of the United States for \$30,000,000 and the State of Tennessee was allotted one per cent of this to raise. Just \$300,000. Every hour that the money is delayed, several hundred innocent babies reach up their arms for a crust of bread, receive it not, and with a cry of despair, perish.



**"THEY SHALL NOT PERISH"**

How in God's name can you let millions die the most hideous death dealt to humanity—Starvation? You cannot do it! You will not do it! America will save the orphans and babes from their hunger. Will you do your part? You could not do otherwise and be a man, much less an American! Every penny you give goes for food and clothing for the starving, helpless people of the near East.

THE NATION'S QUOTA \$30,000,000  
YOUR QUOTA \$—?  
CAMPAIGN JANUARY 12-19-1919

**AMERICAN COMMITTEE  
FOR RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST**  
ARMENIA—GREECE—SYRIA—PERSIA

### BROWN EYED BABY PLEADS

Sufferings of Hundreds of  
Thousands of Women  
Worse Than Death.



By JOHN M. OTT

Hold our babies just a minute, plead a hundred thousand mothers to America. Take them on your knee that we may rest our arms. We have walked miles and miles. Our breasts are dry. Our babies are dying for the want of a piece of bread.

Can not the people of Tennessee hear that cry from across the seas? From the Near East where filth and disease lurk under every piece of demolished homes?

Their wail has been heard by the American Committee for Relief in the Near East and is being echoed to the whole United States. With the echo comes the call for money. Funds for the greatest and most far-reaching charitable cause ever presented to the people of this wealthy nation.

These peoples, this mother and her brown-eyed baby, were driven from their peaceful and quiet villages by the

Turkish armies when that German-officered organization of fiends invaded the Western Asiatic countries of Persia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia and others. Deported for hundreds of miles. At each turn in the winding road lies a heap of skeletons. Milestones in the march of Kultur with its Turkish atrocities.

This mother is one of hundreds of thousands returning to their former homes. Her husband died on the way that she and Baby might live. Both were refined and educated. Baby was to have been sent to the village school and then given further opportunity to become a useful citizen of the world.

What if it does prattle with a weak voice in another tongue? What is language, anyway? Speech is nothing more than certain arrangements of sounds that express thoughts. Does the fact that Baby's mother and father expressed their thoughts differently from Americans lessen the duty to answer the call for help?

And now, unless the people of the United States heed this prayer for help, 500,000 orphans will die and their deaths will be checked as the sins of a selfish heart. Every refusal to help this Baby is the signing of its death warrant.

Tennessee is asked to give \$300,000. The entire State has been organized under the direction of a state chairman and state director. T. Graham Hall is the state chairman and Seth Seiders, state director. Each county has a county chairman and effective organization which is seeking contributions for the saving of these lives. All expenses of the campaign are met by subscriptions privately solicited. Every cent of every dollar given in this drive goes to the purchase of food and clothing for these unfortunates and this Baby will be one of them. It will be placed in an orphanage and given education, and food for body, soul and mind. It will be allowed to play with others. If Tennessee does not give \$300,000 or more there always will be a stain upon it. Its citizens will not fail in the only purely charitable relief work every undertaken on a nation-wide scale, by such men as Cleveland H. Dodge, William H. Taft, and Charles Evans Hughes, who are members of the executive committee. Cleveland H. Dodge is National Treasurer. A. B. Benedict, general manager of the Nashville Trust Company, is state treasurer.

This little Baby's mother knows that somewhere there is food and lots of it. She knows that there are ships to bring it to her little darling. And the people of Tennessee know there is, too, and they will make the way clear for that life-sustaining food to reach this mother and child, and hundreds of thousands of other mothers and children, in time to keep those heaps of skeletons from growing larger.

### LAST HALF OF DRIVE IS HERE

Starving Old Man Driven  
From Decaying Animals'  
Bodies By Vultures.



By JOHN M. OTT

Tennessee today enters upon the last half of the campaign of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East for \$300,000 from this state and \$30,000,000 from all the states in the Union.

This drive is conducted for the purpose of obtaining funds for the saving of the lives of millions of such pitiful individuals as this picture shows. Hundreds of thousands of tottering men, old before their time because of the suffering they have undergone at the hands of the Turks during the war, are dying daily.

Men young in years, but old in ability, women and the little children, of the Western Asiatic countries are pleading, begging, praying that Tennessee and America would not let them starve. They have nothing. They know America has much. Tennessee must not fail. The Volunteer State is recognized as one that never has fail-

## STAUBS THEATRE

Friday & Saturday Jan. 17 & 18 Matinee Saturday

THE EVENT OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON

The ONLY COMPANY Presenting in the ORIGINAL ENTIRETY

THE GREATEST AMERICAN MUSICAL COMEDY

CHARLES DILLINGHAM'S

**CHIN--CHIN**

With WILLS & BINDER

CLEAN AND WHOLESOME FUN, RUNNING OVER WITH CLEVER ACTS

### HEAVY WOOLEN SWEATERS

The Regular \$5. & \$6. Kind Closing Out at

**\$2.98 and \$3.98**

### GLOVES OF ALL KINDS

Great Reduction

Regular \$3.50 Gloves only \$2.48

Regular \$1.50 Gloves only 98c

Get That Overcoat Now Special Reduction Of

**33 Per Cent Off**

THE GLOBE, MAX FINKELSTEIN, 215 S. GAY ST.

## STORE WITHOUT A NAME

508 SO. GAY STREET.

Opposite East Tenn. National Bank

Mr M. M. NEWCOMER

will see that you get a bargain

We are closing out all our winter stock of

**LADIES SUITS, COATS, FURS, AND DRESSES  
AT RIDICULOUS PRICES**

Even cost for these garments does not figure  
in the prices we make to close out this stock

Dresses \$9.50 to \$50. Wre \$14.50 to \$87.50  
Suits \$12.50 to \$50. Wre \$17.50 to \$85.00  
Coats \$14.50 to \$250. Wre \$19.50 to \$350.00

### FURS AT COST AND LESS

Closing Out Prices On Ladies Stylish Coats, Suits and Dresses

**NEW GARMENTS JUST ARRIVED**

NEW SUITS

NEW HATS

Every One An Exclusive Style

**STORE WITHOUT A NAME**

508 SO. GAY ST. OPPOSITE EAST TENN. BANK

en down when they came.

Imagine this man was your father or your grandfather. Think of the thousands of tottering, feeble steps he took on the journey of deportation from his village where he always had lived. Driven and goaded by Turkish fiends, worse than Huns in action, less merciful than Teutons in thought. What would you think if anyone would turn away a solicitor of aid for your father or grandfather if you were unable to help him?

He has no one to help him. No one to bring him that drink of water. The buzzards hate him. They flap their wings angrily and rush at him with fury as he reaches out to grasp a handful of decaying animal flesh that he may have moisture in his mouth, no matter how foul, just so he can reach yonder relief station.

When he reaches that little tent or hut erected by the American Committee for Relief in the Near East is he to be disappointed that he finds nothing to reward him for his super-human efforts? Will he wish that he might have died farther back on the path that some younger and more able man might eat of his flesh and retain strength until relief came?

Yes, it is horrible. It is more terrifying than the wildest dreams of novelists. Conditions in the Near East, in the countries of Persia, Armenia,

Mesopotamia and Syria and a dozen other small nationalities are more revolting than can be decently described. And think!

Human beings, such as yourself and your friends and I are suffering agonies of hunger and thirst that beggar description. This man is walking today towards that relief station. Will Tennessee's relief fund be delayed by persons asking questions to which they know the answer already? Will they unnecessarily take up the time of the hard working men and women of their towns and country sides, who are giving their time and money to make the campaign a success, and thus defeat the cause of the most needed charity of all time?

Make contributions payable to

**Morris Bart, General**

**Chairman for Knox**

**County Tenn.**

**American Committee for**

**Relief in the Near East**